

Shibolet Basadeh: An Ear of Corn in the Field
Arr. by Charles Davidson

Ear of grain in the field, bowed in the wind
From the weight of its seed, which is great.
And in the expanse of the mountains
The day already rises.
The sun is fine gold.
Arise, oh arise,
Look, sons of the village.
The tall grain has already ripened
in the meadows.
Harvest, extend the scythe -
It's time for the beginning of the harvest.
A pure field of barley
Is crowned with a holiday wreath,
An abundance of produce and blessing.
Just before the coming of the harvesters,
With shining brilliance,
Silently, it waits for the sheaf.
Come, brandish (the scythe)
Plow for yourselves the broken-up field.
It's a holiday for the standing grain,
The time of the beginning of the harvest.
Harvest, extend the scythe -
It's time for the beginning of the harvest.