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The leaves are green, the  
apples are red

They hang so high above  
my head.

Leave them alone till windy  
weather

Then they will all fall down  
together.

Oats and beans and barley  
grow,

Oats and beans and barley  
grow.

Do you or I or anyone  
know how oats

And beans and barley  
grow?

First the farmer sows  
his seeds

then he stands and  
takes his ease.

He stamps his feet and  
claps his hands

and turns around to  
view the land.

Michaelmas day, soon it's  
Michaelmas day

A time to cut corn and a time  
to make hay.

Apples and pears and  
pumpkins too,

A wonderful harvest for me  
and you.

Fuuuff... I hear the wind sing.

Michael, a great knight,

Strong and pure and shining  
bright.

I will be a knight of Michael, too.

And polish my crown to a  
golden hue.

I will ask the gnomes the iron to  
mine,

Iron from the stars, from the  
earth so fine.

To bring to the blacksmith who  
with his might will make a  
sword, so strong and so bright.

Dear blacksmith, will you make  
me a sword?

Yes, of course.

I am a blacksmith good and  
true,

Best of work I always do.

Can you work with a hammer  
like me?

Clanging, banging, clanging so.



Now the Knights all come together  
with their hearts of gold and their  
swords so fine.

Oh, I wish for a galloping horse  
for to ride,  
The crown on my head, the sword  
by my side.  
To the mountain I ride with a hey  
and a ho,  
Against the old dragon to battle I  
go.



Trot, trot, trot, go and never stop,  
Where it's rough and where it's  
stony,  
Trot along my little pony,  
Trot, trot, trot, go and never stop.

A knight will I become, a warrior  
strong and pure, with Michael  
beside me I'll tame the dragon  
sure