Album: Like A Rhinestone Ploughboy – Artist: Sid Kipper

Come all you fair and tender men,
I pray be always on your guard,
Beware, beware, to keep your garden fair,
And let no-one steal your rhubarb.

For rhubarb is a precious thing,
Rhubarb means all to a man,
Oh, Rhubarb in its season,
Can drive away all reason,
And when pulled it will surely come again.

Now I put my rhubarb all on show,
The judges said they'd mark my card,
Oh I won a special prize, at the North Walsham Assize,
Now my rhubarb is in for nine months hard.

In April my rhubarb springs to life,
It swells most splendidly in May,
Oh it flourishes in June, and is eagerly consumed,
But in July it withers clean away.