Sung from house to house for blessing the crops in order of harvest

This season when the ploughing begins
When we are ploughing the fields
The farmers are in the fields
They are throwing seeds, like the king of the seeds
That’s when the weather is cloudy
And green like turquoise

In the summer season
Green emerges like turquoise
The farmers are in the fields
As the kings of the seeds look on the roof of the palace, you are the king of the seeds
The owner of the fields, when they throw the seeds, are ready for the growth
In the Autumn, when the fields are ready to harvest
Everything is green and growing, it looks like gold
It’s just like on the roof of the king’s palace
The owner of the fields can get seeds for future growth

In the Winter months, all the hills are covered by snow
The farmer must be happy for the roof top snow in order to get water
The owner must be happy for the snow
Karpu thundok ray lha