

Harvest Song

Frances Weld Danielson, 1905

Scotch Air

♩=110

1. Pump - ins are heaped in piles, Big and round and yel - low; Ap - ples are
2. Squir - rels their plans have laid, For the win - ter wea - ther. Brown nuts are
3. Fa - ther of child and bee, For us ev - er car - ing, Squir - rel and

stored a - way, Ro - sy - cheeked and mel - low; Oats and bar - ley fill each bin,
packed a - way, Ly - ing snug to - ge - ther. Through the sun - ny sum - mer hours
small - est bird In Thy boun - ty shar - ing; Hear us sing our har - vest song,

Corn and wheat are ga - thered in, Fra - grance of new - mown hay
Bees were steal - ing sweets from flow'rs, Now they need have no fear,
Of Thy love the whole year long. Fa - ther of child and bee,

through the wide barn pas - ses— Scent of sum - mer grass - es.
With their gold - en trea - sure— Ho - ney with - out mea - sure.
We our thanks are bring - ing— List - en to our sing - ing.