



Harvest

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The seasons change and the harvest is upon us. Time to appreciate that food is grown on the land, not behind the doors of a supermarket! A poem by Lydia A. Coonley from 'Little primary pieces for wee folk' published in 1868. Music and adaptation by Dany Rosevear for today's child.

Summer is gone, — Autumn is here, This is the har-vest for all of the year.
Car -rots in cel -lars, beet by their side, Full is the hay-loft where we like to hide.

Corn in the barn, oats in the bin, Wheat is all thresh'd, the bar-ley brought in.
Ap -ples are barrel'd nuts laid to dry. Frost in the gar den, win - ter is nigh.

For na - ture's har - vest we give thanks to all. Win - ter, Spring -time, Sum - mer and Fall,

All of these gifts we joy - ful - ly bring, For this ta - ble of plen - ty we give praise and sing. —



Summer is gone, Autumn is here,
This is the harvest for all the year.



Corn in the barn, oats in the bin,
Wheat is all threshed, the barley brought in.

Chorus

For nature's harvest, we give thanks to all,
Winter, Spring-time, Summer and Fall,
All of these gifts we joyfully bring,
For this table of plenty we give praise and sing.

Carrots in cellars, beets by their side,
Full is the hay-loft, where we like to hide!
Apples are barrelled, nuts laid to dry,
Frost on the garden, winter is nigh. *Chorus*

