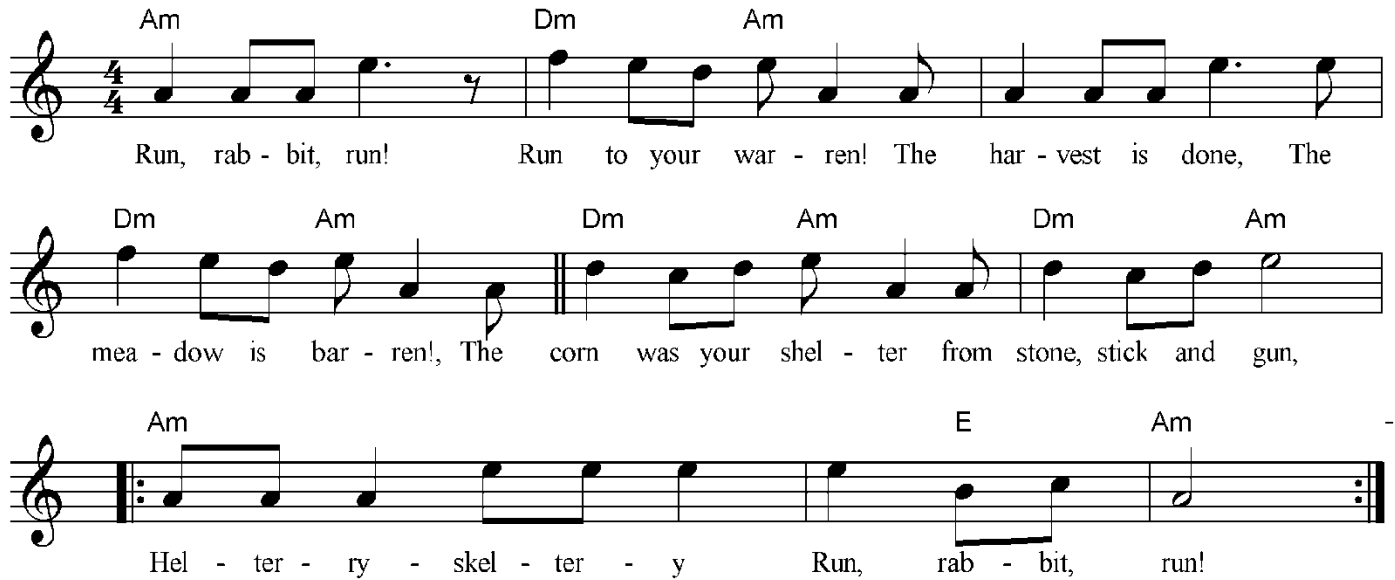


# Heltery skeltery

<https://riverofsong.uk/>



*Where do field creatures hide once the land is laid bare?  
A harvest poem written by Eleanor Farejeon. A search on line  
found no trace of this. Fortunately I have her collection: 'The children's bells'.  
Music by Dany Rosevear.*



Run, rab - bit, run! Run to your war - ren! The har - vest is done, The  
mea - dow is bar - ren!, The corn was your shel - ter from stone, stick and gun,  
Hel - ter - ry - skel - ter - y Run, rab - bit, run!



<https://riverofsong.uk/>

Run, rabbit, run!  
Run to your warren!

The harvest is done,  
The meadow is barren,  
The corn was your shelter  
From stone, stick and gun,  
Heltery skeltery  
Run, rabbit, run!

