

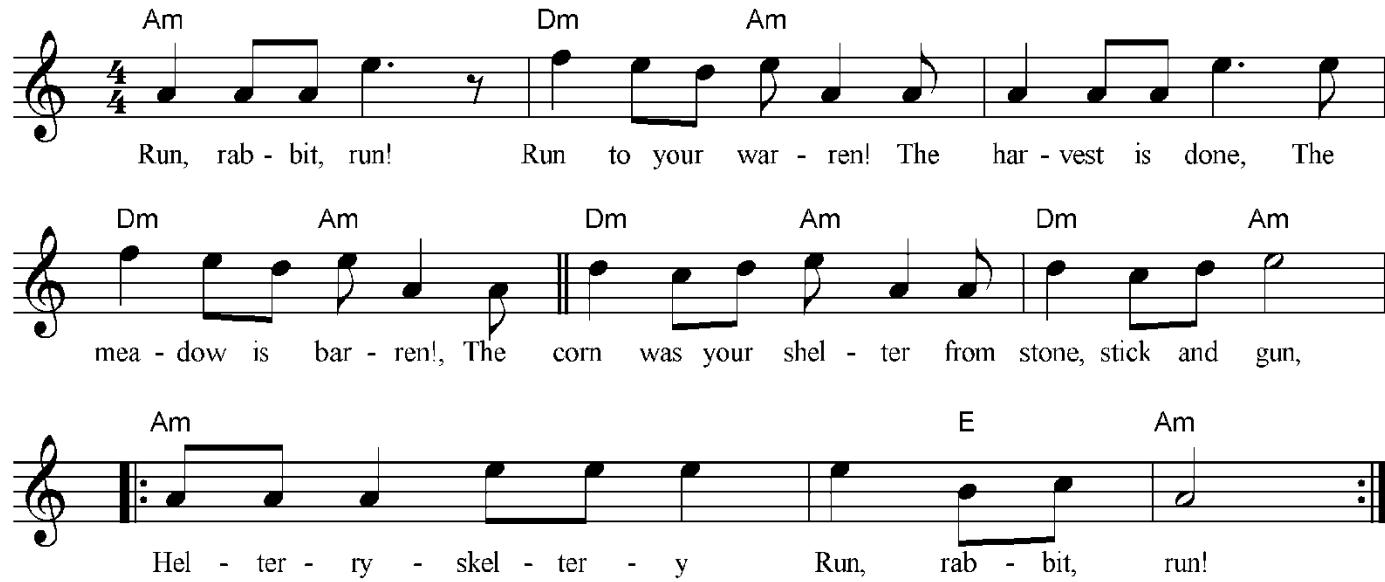
Helter skelter



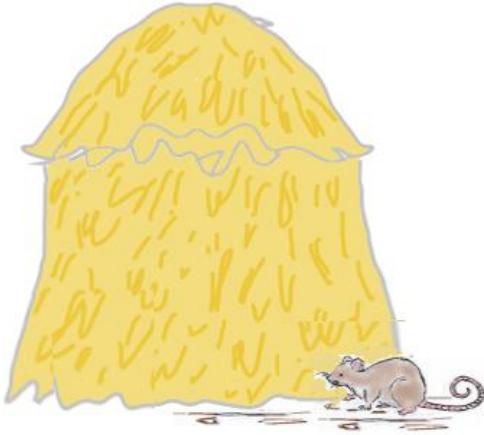
<https://riverofsong.uk/>

Where do field creatures hide once the land is laid bare?

A harvest poem written by Eleanor Farjeon. A search on line found no trace of this. Fortunately I have her collection: 'The children's bells'. Music by Dany Rosevear.



Am Dm Am
Run, rab - bit, run! Run to your war - ren! The har - vest is done, The
Dm Am Dm Am Dm Am
mea - dow is bar - ren!, The corn was your shel - ter from stone, stick and gun,
Am
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,
Helter skelter
Run, rabbit, run!

