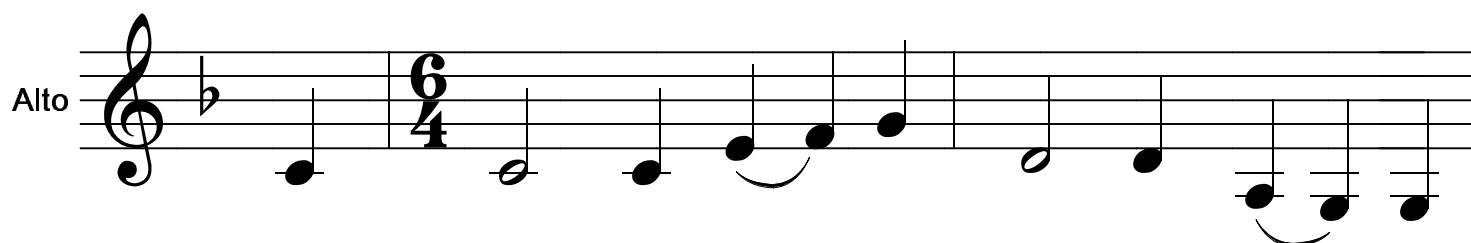
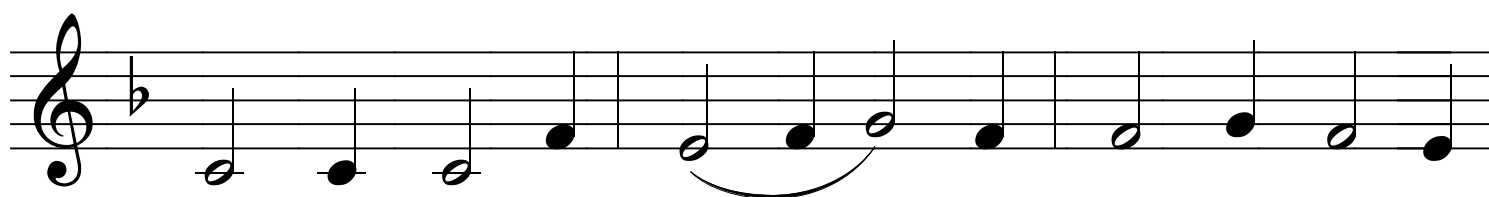


# Heap High the Farmer's Wintry Hoard

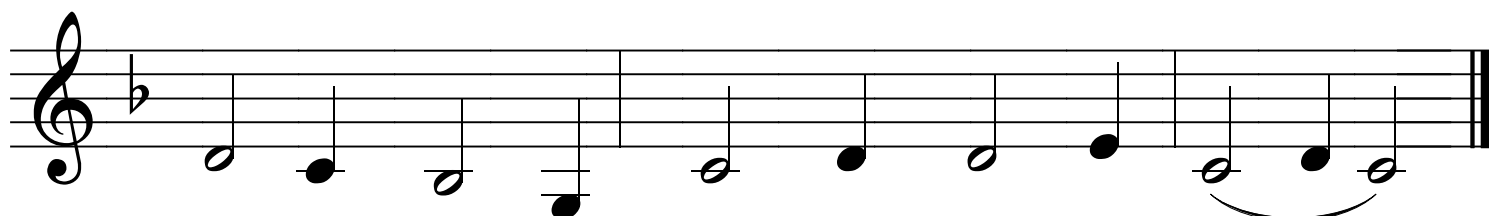
70



Heap high the farm - er's win - try hoard! Heap  
Through vales of grass and meads of flowers our  
We dropped the long, bright days of June be -  
All through the long, bright days of June its  
And now, with au - tumn's moon - lit eyes, its



high the gold - en corn! No rich - er gift has  
plows their fur - rows made, while on the hills the  
neath the sun of May, and fright - ened from our  
leaves grew green and fair, and waved in hot mid -  
har - vest time has come, we pluck a - way the



au - tumn poured from out the lav - ish horn!  
sun and showers of change - ful A - pril played.  
sprout - ing grain the rob - ber crows a - way.  
summer's noon its soft and yellow - hair.  
fros - ted leaves and bear the trea - sure home.