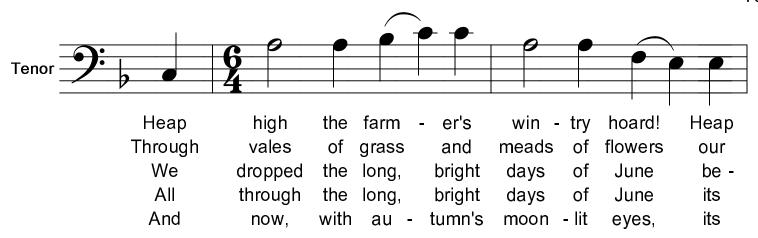
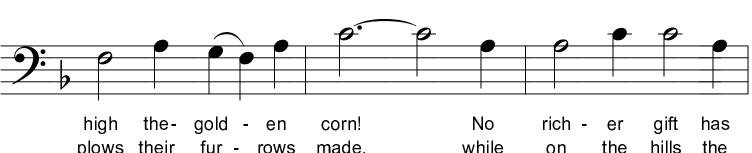
Heap High the Farmer's Wintry Hoard





plows fur their rows made. neath the sun of May, leaves grew green and fair, har - vest time has come,

hills while on the the fright - ened from and our mid and waved in hot pluck a - way the we

