

Song of Harvest Home

Our harvest is in
 Let's give in a song
 That the sweet scented rephyme
 May light it along
 Over the hill and the valley
 The river and plain
 Till it echoes from forest
 And mountain again.

To the lord of the harvest
 Our song we will sing
 And this be the incense
 Together we bring
 For the blessings of sunshine
 Of dew and of rain
 The flowery pasture
 And fields of bright grain.

The bee haunted valley
 And meadow are still
 And the work of the week
 Has ceased on the hill
 The voice of the mower
 Sabeled not the mown
 For the harvest is gathered
 And safe in the barn

The gay feathered warblers
 Of orchard and grove
 Are leaving their voices
 In accents of love
 And the clear sunny streamlet
 Burst forth in a song
 Through the green mossy borders
 It can be heard

The Same

Since the breeze of the morning
 Shal steal from the bowers
 The breath of its freshness
 The scent of the flowers
 With its music or murmurs
 Saviteth from toil
 To a bountiful thanksgiving
 For gifts of the soil

Oh when while all nature
 Delights to frolic
 The incense of worship
 In free offhand song
 To the lord of the harvest
 Will smile on our store
 And reign as a blessing
 We ask for no more, &c

A subscriber for years being me in arrears
 Still neglecting his bill for to pay.
 To the editor said unless I am dead
 I shall pay you on Christmas Day

The time flew by, and the editor was shy
 But the editor thought what he said
 In his paper next week the truth he did speak
 And announced his subscriber as dead &c.