Heap High the Farmer's Wintry Hoard

Bass

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.