

CORN SONG.

Words by Whittier.

Music by F. Arlington Smith.

1. Heap high the farm-er's win-try hoard, Heap high the gold-en corn;..... No
 2. We bet-ter love the heart-y gift Our rug-ged vales be-slow,..... To
 3. We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain, Be-neath the sun of May;..... And
 4. And now, with Au-tumn's moon-lit eyes, Its har-vest-time has come,..... We

rich-er gift has Au-tumn pour'd From out her lav-ish horn..... Let oth-er lands ex-ult-ing glean The
 cheer us when the storm shall drift Our harvest fields with snow..... Thro' vales of grass and meads of flows, Our
 frightened from our sprouting grain, The robber crows a-way..... All thro' the long, bright days of June, Its
 pluck a-way the frost-ed leaves And bear the treasure home..... There, rich-er than the fa-bled gift A-

ap-ple from the pine,..... The or-ange from its gloss-y green, The clus-ter from the vine,
 ploughs their fur-rows made:..... While, on the hill, the sun and show'rs Of change-ful A-pril played,
 leaves grew green and fair,..... And waved, in hot mid-sum-mer's noon, Its soft and yel-low hair,
 -pol-to show'd of old,..... Fair hands the bro-ker grain shall sift And knead its meal of gold.

CHORUS.

Heap high, heap high, heap high the gold-en, gold-en corn!

Heap high, heap high, heap high the gold-en corn! 3. d.c.