



THE corn is garnered in;
The farmer rests from toil;
And the harvest moon is shining down
On the bare and barren soil.

But out on the silent deep
Some twinkling lights there be,
Where the toiling men are watching keen
For the harvest of the sea.

There the nets are straining tight
With their living silver ore;
But the fishers' hearts are gay and light,
For their boats are full once more.

Thank God for the harvest moon!
Thank God for the golden corn!
Thank Him for the silver harvest brought
To the river-side at morn!

