

Autumn's Treasure

**Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has autumn poured
from out the lavish horn!**

**Through vales of grass
and meads of flowers
our plows their furrows made,
while on the hills the sun and showers
of changeful April played.**

**We dropped the long, bright days of June
beneath the sun of May,
and frightened from our sprouting grain
the robber crows away.**

**All through the long, bright days of June
its leaves grew green and fair,
and waved in hot midsummer's noon
its soft and yellow hair.**

**And now, with autumn's moonlit eyes,
its harvest time has come.
We pluck away the frosted leaves
and bear the treasure home.**