

The wheat wained in the distance like it van blown by a fan,
The pumpkins layd in the fields like an orange gypart yells,
The corn stood high in the fields,
Eileen and her husband on the silent plain, wrapped in a
month of golden grain.

Two people will be working on the fields;
The parents will be sleeping in their bed;
The children will have a shuld;
He will guard the wheat with bread
As the harvest ends, let the harvest rest.

The wind whistles and whipsaws in the corn,
The corn grows like young children,
The stalks stand like soldiers in summer,
We give them the golden corn,
But in summer they come still,
With smiling faces,
and dancing by.

It's Harvest time! Farmers are picking vegetables,
Like little puppets playing,
My cat is the head,
After all this hard work,
They are singing like newborn puppies,
They are like a new star,
Harvest time, sunny spot,
New harvest harvest.

Harvest Festival
