

Harvest Song

Reg Down
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A grade 3 poem. The first verse is 'traditional' – from Molly von Heider's book, *Come unto these yellow Sands*—the remaining verses are by Reg Down.

We've ploughed our field,
We've sown our seed,
We've made all neat and gay;
Then take a bit and leave a bit –
Away, birds, away!

We've chopped our wood,
And stacked it good,
We've made all neat and gay;
Then take a bit and leave a bit –
Away, birds, away!

We've gathered grapes,
And ground the grain,
We've made all neat and gay;
Then take a bit and leave a bit –
Away, birds, away!

We've sheered our sheep,
Our wear to weave,
We've made all neat and gay;
Then take a bit and leave a bit –
Away, birds, away!