

Harvest Songs

5 Little Leaves so bright and gay

One potato, two potato

Neath the Spreading Chestnut Tree

"Harvest" The Farmer Gathers

Conkers, Conkers

Squirrel Poem





Squirrel Poem

Whiskey Frisky
Hipperty Hop
Up he goes
To the tree top

Whirly, twirly
Round and round
Down he scampers
To the Ground

Furry, curly
What a tail
Tall as a feather
Broad as a sail

Where's his supper
In the shell
Snappy, cracky
Out it fell



Autumn Leaves

5 Little leaves so
bright and gay
were dancing around on a tree one
day.
The wind came blowing through the
town
and one little leaf came tumbling
down.



One Potato, two potato

In my little garden
Now promise you won't laugh
I haven't any flowers
And I haven't any grass
But now I'm going to dig and plant
And soon I'll have a show
With a bit of sun and a bit of rain
There'll be a lovely row of:

One potato, two potato, three potato, four
Five potato, six potato, seven potato, more
One potato, two potato, three potato, four
Five potato, six potato, seven potato, more



Neath the Spreading Chestnut Tree

Underneath the spreading chestnut tree
I loved her and she loved me
There she used to sit upon my knee
Neath the spreading chestnut tree

There beneath the boughs we used to meet
All her kisses were so sweet
All the little birds went tweet, tweet, tweet
Neath the spreading chestnut tree

Harvest

The farmer gathers his hay today
It's harvest time
The farmer gathers his hay today
It's harvest time
He cuts it down, and stacks it high
Gives it a shake, then leaves it to dry

Chorus

The farmer gathers his hay/apples/corn today

The farmer gathers his corn today
It's harvest time
The farmer gathers his corn today
It's harvest time
It grows up high, turns golden brown
Then he comes and cuts it down

Conkers, Conkers

*Conkers, conkers shiny
and round
put them in your pocket
when
you find them on the
ground.*

*Conkers, conkers fall
from the trees
a pocket full of conkers
and a sheaf of yellow
leaves.*