

48. Thanksgiving Song.

1. Swing the shin-ing sick - le, Cut the ripened grain, Flash it in the
 2. Pick the ro - sy ap - ples, Pack a-way with care, Gath - er in the
 3. Loud - ly blows the north wind Through the shiv'ring trees, Bare are all the

sun - light, Swing it once a - gain. Tie the gold - en grain - heads
 corn - ears, Gleam - ing ev' - ry where. Now the fruits are gath - ered,
 branch - es, Fall - en all the leaves. Gath - ered is the har - vest

In - to shin-ing sheaves, Beau - ti-ful their col - ors as the au - tumn leaves.
 All the grains are in, Nuts are in the at - tic, Corn is in the bin.
 For an - oth - er year, Now our day of gladness, Thanksgiving day is here.