

Heather Alexander, Harvest Season

A snap's within the summer wind,
It teases at the air
With warming glow on fields below
The harvest season's here

Soon leaves shall yield a brilliant shield
Of copper, gold and bronze
And rivers strain 'gainst summer rain
As daylight later dawns

Come gather golden honey
Come reap the tender corn
And with me lay in new mown hay
Before the winter's born

Come take my hand and work the land
Come labor side by side
We'll thresh the wheat and try to beat
The summer's ebbing tide

Our bones may ache, our backs may break
But labor's been well done
Pain will displace in your embrace
As with the fading sun

Come gather golden honey
Come reap the tender corn
And with me lay in new mown hay
Before the winter's born

With straw stacked deep and none to reap
I turn my eyes to you
Your chest laid bare to warm night air
And sparkling as the dew

You meet my gaze though twilight haze
As evening starts to fall
I slyly plea that we should heed
The harvest season's call

Come gather golden honey
Come reap the tender corn
And with me lay in new mown hay
Before the winter's born

Come gather golden honey
Come reap the tender corn
And with me lay in new mown hay
Before the winter's born