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# HARVEST SONG.

GLEE.....FOR MEN'S VOICES.....WORDS FROM THE GERMAN.....MUSIC BY J. C. HEINWORTH.

1<sup>ST</sup> TENOR. *p* Autumn winds are sighing; Summer glories dying; Harvest time is nigh: Cooler breezes *f*

2<sup>D</sup> TENOR. *p* Autumn winds are sighing; Summer glories dying; Harvest time is nigh: Cooler breezes *f*

1<sup>ST</sup> BASS. Autumn winds are sighing; Summer glories dying; Harvest time is nigh: *b*

2<sup>D</sup> BASS. *p* Autumn winds are sighing; Summer glories dying; Harvest time is nigh; *f*

PIANO FORTE.

*cres.* *f* *mf*  
quiver - ing, Thro' the pine groves shiver - ing, Sweep the troubled sky, Sweep the troubled, troubled sky.

*cres.* *f* *mf*  
quiver - ing, Thro' the pine groves shiver - ing, Sweep the troubled sky, Sweep the troubled, troubled sky.

*p* *cres.* *f* *mf*  
Cooler breezes quivering, Thro' the pine, &c. Sweep the troubled sky, Sweep the troubled, troubled sky.

*p* *cres.* *f* *mf*  
Cooler breezes quivering, Thro' the pine, &c. Sweep the troubled sky, Sweep the troubled, troubled sky.

*cres.* *f*

2  
See the fields, how yellow!  
Clusters bright and mellow,  
Gleam on every hill!  
Nectar fills the fountains,  
Crowns the sunny mountains,  
Runs in every rill,  
Runs in every, every rill.

3  
Now the lads are springing;  
Maidens blithe are singing;  
Swells the harvest strain;  
Every field rejoices;  
Thousand thankful voices  
Mingle on the plain,  
Mingle, mingle on the plain.

4  
Then when day declineth,  
When the mild moon shineth,  
Tabors sweetly sound;  
Music softly sounding,  
Fairy feet are bounding,  
O'er the moonlit ground,  
O'er the moonlit, moonlit ground