

The CORN SONG



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

PUBLISHED BY THE COE-MORTIMER COMPANY

The Corn Song

SCOTCH AIR

TUNE OF "AULD LANG SYNE"

Moderato.

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard! Heap high the gold-en corn! No rich - er gift has

The first system of musical notation for 'The Corn Song'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and common time. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G, followed by a dotted quarter note A, and then a series of eighth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

p

Autumn pour'd From out her lav - ish horn! Let oth - er lands, ex - ult - ing glean, The

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the treble staff. The lyrics continue with 'Autumn pour'd From out her lav - ish horn! Let oth - er lands, ex - ult - ing glean, The'.

cres.

ap - ple from the pine, The or - ange from its glos - sy green, The clus - ter from the vine;

The third system of musical notation. It concludes the piece. A dynamic marking of *cres.* (crescendo) is placed above the treble staff. The lyrics end with 'ap - ple from the pine, The or - ange from its glos - sy green, The clus - ter from the vine;'. The system ends with a double bar line.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

John Greenleaf Whittier, author of "The Corn Song," was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807, and died September 7th, 1892. Emphatically *the* poet of New England, he was the only one of the leading American authors who never crossed the Atlantic, and never did he travel south of the Potomac River, or west of the Alleghanies. In the prelude to "Among the Hills" he speaks of himself as "A farmer's son, proud of field-love and harvest craft, and feeling all their fine possibilities." In describing the character of his uncle in "Snow Bound," he uses a phrase particularly applicable to himself: "Strong only on his native grounds." A splendid amplification of this is developed by Brander Matthews in his tribute to Whittier: "Whittier dealt almost wholly with the facts of American life and with the legends and the thoughts, with the landscape and the people of New England." * * * "As Burns wrote for Scotland rather than for the whole of Great Britain, so Whittier wrote for New England rather than for the whole of the United States. It was the scenery of New England he loved best to paint in his ballads; it was the sentiments of New England he voiced in his lyrics; it was his steadfast faith in New England that gave strength to all he wrote." "The Corn Song" was written by Whittier in 1850. It would seem that he must have had almost a prophetic vision of the tremendous importance and value of our corn crop to-day.

WE better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

THERE, richer than the fabled gift
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

THROUGH vales of grass and meads of flowers,
Our ploughs their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

WHERE'ER the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

WE dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

THEN shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

ALL through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

LET earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat-field to the fly:

AND now, with autumn's moonlit eyes,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

BUT let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!

