

# Five Bales High



- Half the har-vest's un-der - co-ver      Half the barn's stacked five bales high  
 - Wea-ther pat-terns change so quick-ly      yes-ter-day 'twas five days clear  
 So lift the bales and fill the trai-ler      One more time, and sing the last      With



What re-mains lies two fields o-ver      Un-der-neath a clear bright sky  
 Cut and baled a gra-cious plen-ty      Hope and faith for one more year  
 songs of long-ing, love and won-der      Rea-ching out to touch the past



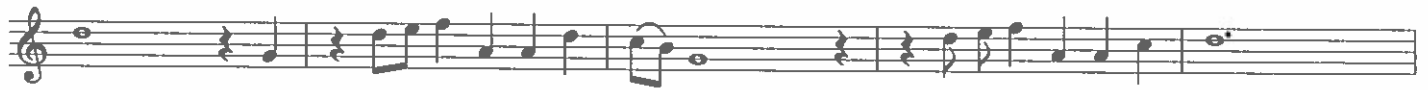
- Ga-ther in the fees and fa-vours      Ga-ther in the hel-ping hands      Ga-ther all for win-ter's  
 - Ga-ther in the wil-ling work-ers      Ga-ther in the strong of arm      Ga-ther all for Win-ter's  
 So ga-ther in the will-ing work-ers      Ga-ther in the wear-y friends      Ga-ther all for Win-ter's

*verses 1 and 2*

*verse 3*



keep-ing      Who are we, if not the land's?  
 keep-ing      Hand-fast to the work-ing farm.      keep-ing      Bring a har-vest home while Sum-mer



ends      And      ga-ther in all fees and fa-vours      Ga-ther in all help-ing hands

*verse 3*



Ga-ther all for Win-ter's keep-ing      Who are we, if not the land's?