

Marigold / Harvest Home

Steeleye Span

Marigold

When the marigold no longer blooms
When summer sun is turned to gloom
See the forecast winter snow
See the evergreen that lonely grows
Move close to the fireplace
Neglect the garden
See the ground harden
At a ghostly place
The golden summer sun is silver now
The fruit has fallen from the bough
The season moves to chestnut time
Toffee apples, treacle and mulled wine
Quilts and furs and woolens gay
You wrap around you
But the cold confounds you
On an autumn day

Stout and strong the walls of home and hearth
Curtains drawn against the draft
The rake has reaped, the blade has mown
Nights draw in to call the harvest home
The quiet of a heart at rest
In peace abounded
By love surrounded
Here the home is blest

Harvest Home:

Come, ye thankful people, come
Raise the song of harvest home
All be safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin
God, our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied
Come, ye thankful people, come
Raise the song of harvest home