

Harvest Samba

Cabbages and greens
Broccoli and beans
Cauliflower and roasted potatoes
Taste so good to me
Apricots and plums, ripened in the sun
Oranges and yellow bananas
Good for everyone

Chorus

*It's another harvest festival
When we bring out fruit and
vegetables
'Cause we want to share the best of all
The good things that we've been given
It's another opportunity
To be grateful for the food we eat
With a samba celebration to say
'Thank you' to God the Father*

Golden corn and wheat
Oats and sugar beet
Fluffy rice and tasty spaghetti
wonderful to eat
Coffee, cocoa, tea, growing naturally
Herbal plants and all kinds of spices
Very nice indeed

Chorus

Thank you for the harvest
Thank you for your goodness
For all of the fruit and vegetables
And the wonderful things that grow

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God the Father



Order of Service

Mrs White - Welcome

Song—Cauliflower's Fluffy

Class 4 — All About Harvest Presentation

Song—Autumn Days

Class 2— Big Red Combine Harvester

Revd Michelle Woodcock

Class 3— Food Glorious Food

Song—Harvest Samba

Closing Prayer

Cauliflower's Fluffy

Cauliflowers fluffy and cabbages green
Strawberries sweeter than any I've seen
Beetroot purple and onions white
All grow steadily day and night

The apples are ripe, and the plums are red
The broad beans are sleeping in a blankety bed

Blackberries are juicy and rhubarbs sour
Marrows fattening hour by hour
Gooseberries hairy and lettuces fat
Radishes round and runner beans flat

The apples are ripe, and the plums are red
The broad beans are sleeping in a blankety bed

Orangey carrots and turnips cream
Reddening tomatoes that used to be green
Brown potatoes in little heaps
Down in the darkness where the celery sleeps

The apples are ripe, the plums are red
The broad beans are sleeping in a blankety bed

Autumn Days

Autumn days, when the grass is jewelled
And the silk in a chestnut shell
Jet planes meeting in the air to be refuelled
All these things I love so well

(Chorus)

So I mustn't forget

No, I mustn't forget

To say a great big thank you

I mustn't forget.

Clouds that look like familiar faces
And the winter's moon with frosted rings
Smell of bacon as I fasten up my laces
And the song the milkman sings.

(Chorus)

Whipped-up spray that is rainbow scattered
And a swallow curving in the sky
Shoes so comfy though they're worn out and they're battered
And the taste of apple pie.

(Chorus)

Scent of gardens when the rain's been falling
And a minnow darting down a stream
Picked-up engine that's been stuttering and stalling
And a win for my home team.

(Chorus)