

7. Ensemble.
8. 4 alpha. The story of the Enormous Turnip.
9. 5 alpha & 5 Beta. Poems & Readings.
10. MVA Poems.
11. Choir.
 - To Thee, O Lord, Our Hearts we Raise.
 - Fair waved the Golden Corn.
 - Polly-Wolly-Doodle.
11. Closing hymn. 'Hosannah'

Give me joy in my heart, keep me praising,
 give me joy in my heart, I pray;
 give me joy in my heart, keep me praising,
 keep me praising till the break of day.

*Sing hosanna, Sing hosanna,
 Sing hosanna to the King of kings!
 Sing hosanna, Sing hosanna,
 Sing hosanna to the King!*

Give me peace in my heart, keep me serving,
 give me peace in my heart, I pray;
 Give me love in my heart, keep me loving,
 keep me loving till the break of day:

Give me love in my heart, keep me serving,
 give me love in my heart, I pray;
 Give me love in my heart, keep me serving,
 keep me serving till the break of day:

11. Presentation of Harvest Gifts
12. Prayer. Mr J.Bushrod.

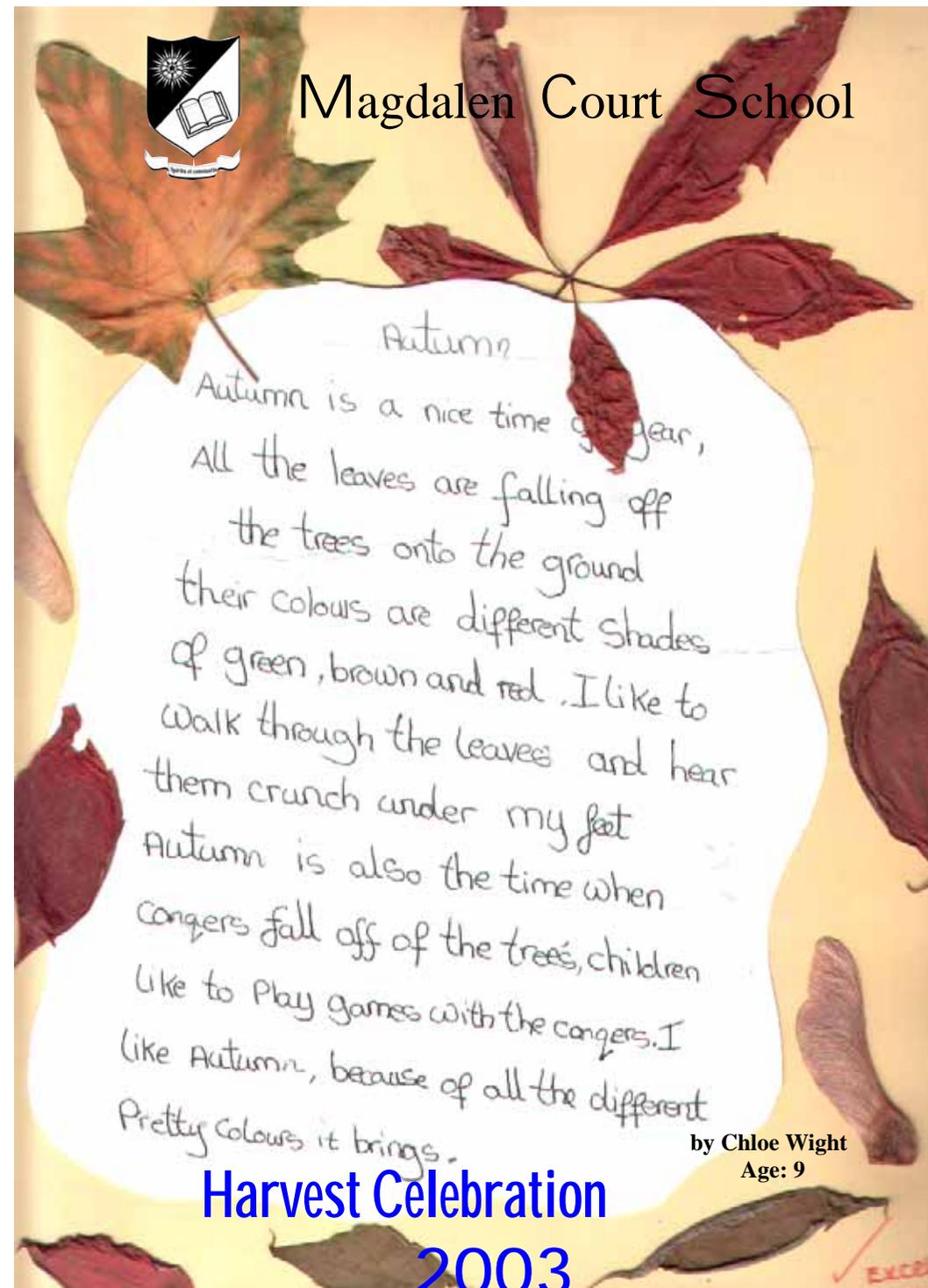
**Thank you for coming and
 have an enjoyable half-term.**

Senior School Headmaster: Mr J.Bushrod B.Sc. Hons. PGCE
 Middle School Headmaster: Mr D.Tyler B.A. Hons PGCE M.A.
 Junior School Headmistress: Mrs. J.Jenner B.Ed Hons. B.A.

Magdalen Court School
 Mulberry House, Victoria Park Road
 Exeter EX2 4NU
 Tel: (01392) 494919 & 213449 Fax: 0870-7051-321
 E-Mail: Enquires@mcs-exeter.co.uk
 Internet: www.mcs-exeter.co.uk



Magdalen Court School



Autumn
 Autumn is a nice time of year,
 All the leaves are falling off
 the trees onto the ground
 their colours are different shades
 of green, brown and red. I like to
 walk through the leaves and hear
 them crunch under my feet
 Autumn is also the time when
 conkers fall off of the trees, children
 like to play games with the conkers. I
 like Autumn, because of all the different
 pretty colours it brings.

by Chloe Wight
 Age: 9

**Harvest Celebration
 2003**

Harvest Festival

1. Nursery songs
2. Hymn. Autumn Days

*Autumn days when the grass is jewelled,
and the silk in-side a chestnut shell,
jet planes meeting in the air to get re-fuelled,
all these things I love so well,
so I mustn't forget.
no, I mustn't forget,
to say a great big thank-you,
I mustn't forget.*

Chorus

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

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.

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.

3. Transition Class. Song & Prayer
4. Hymn. All things Bright & Beautiful

*All things bright and beautiful,
all creatures great and small,
all things wise and wonderful,
the Lord God made them all.*

Chorus

Each little flower that opens,
each little bird that sings,
he made their glowing colours,
he made their tiny wings,

The purple-headed mountain,
the river running by,
the sunset and the morning,
that brightens up the sky:

The cold wind in the winter,
the pleasant summer sun,
the ripe fruits in the garden,
he made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
and lips that we might tell
how great is God almighty,
who has made all things well:

5. 3 alpha. Poems & Song
6. Hymn. We Plough the Fields & Scatter

We plough the fields, and scatter
the good seed on the land,
but it is fed and watered
by God's almighty hand:
he sends the snow in winter,
the warmth to swell the grain,
the breezes, and the sunshine,
and soft, refreshing rain,

*All good gifts around us
are sent from heaven above;
then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
for all his love.*

Chorus

He only is the maker
of all things near and far;
he paints the wayside flower,
he lights the evening star;
the winds and waves obey him,
by him the birds are fed;
much more to us, his children,
he gives our daily bread

We thank thee then, O Father,
for all things bright and good,
the seed-time and the harvest,
our life, our health, our food.
Accept the gifts we offer
for all thy love imparts,
and, what thou most desirest,
our humble, thankful hearts.