

"The Haymakers."



I RECITATIVE. (FARMER.) "*Arouse ye, arouse ye.*"

Arouse ye, arouse ye, men and maidens,
For the day begins to dawn,
Bold chanticleer now hails the morn,
And wakes the echoes far and near.
Already soars the lark aloft,
And sings her morning song,
Shake off dull sloth, and away to the hayfields, away!
For to-day must many an acre of waving grass be laid low.

2 FULL CHORUS. "*Away to the meadows, away.*"

Away to the meadows, away!
Come, come, come,
Away to the meadows, away!
For soon the sun will arise,
O come to the hayfields away,
Come to the field,
Come to the field, the glow of the morn,
The glow of the morn spreads o'er the skies.

No sluggards are we,
But willing and free.

Away, away, yes,
And swiftly shall fall
The waving grass tall,
O haste away,
Come away, to the meadows away,
Come, while yet 'tis the dawn of the day,
Away, to the meadows away, away,
Away to the meadows, away!

How cheerful is the farmer's life,
How pure the air he breathes;
Not his the merchant's wearing care,
Nor his the sigh he heaves;
No factory walls confine his limbs,
Nor crowd in heated streets;
But out in nature's glorious home
His healthful toil he greets.