

14 RECITATIVE. (FARMER.) "*The hour of noon is near.*"

Yes, the hour of noon is here,
 Come men and maidens,
 Cease all your labour, and gather to the noon's repast,
 Have heated hands in yonder brook ;
 Then to our simple fare with grateful hearts,
 The greensward forms our table and our couch,
 The spreading oak our glorious canopy.

15 CHORUS. "*'Tis the Farmer's welcome call.*"

'Tis the farmer's welcome call,
 Come to dinner,
 'Tis the farmer's welcome call,
 Come to dinner,
 Ah! ye gentry of the town,
 Little know ye as ye frown,
 Of the pleasures of the sound,
 Come to dinner ;
 From the basket's ample store,
 There is all we want and more
 Of the food our hands have won
 From the willing soil ;
 This with water from the spring,
 And the appetites we bring,
 Give enjoyment only known
 To the sons of toil.

Chorus : Then attend the welcome sound,
 Come to dinner,
 Then attend the welcome sound,
 Come to dinner,
 Come, ye mowers, one and all,
 And ye spreaders, great and small,
 Everyone attend the call,
 Come to dinner.

Yes, it is the welcome sound,
 Come to dinner,
 Yes, it is the welcome sound,
 Come to dinner,
 And contentment more than all
 Makes it sound a welcome call,
 Although in no noble hall,
 Come to dinner ;