

10 SEMI-CHORUS. (SPREADERS.) "*Toss it hither, toss it thither.*"

Toss it hither, toss it thither,
Neatly spread it to and fro,
Hither, thither, quickly turn it,
Over, under, by and through,

Merry voices gaily ringing,
Ringing over meadow fair,
Sweetly joining distant music
Floating on the fragrant air.

11 SEMI-CHORUS. (MOWERS AND SPREADERS.)

Repeat "Toss it hither," (No. 10) and "With step," (No. 7).

12 RECITATIVE. (MARY.) "*Higher and higher mounts the sun.*"

Higher and higher mounts the sun,
And more intense become his rays.

13 SONG. (MARY.) "*The birds have sought the forest shade.*"

The birds have sought the forest shade,
Where cool the soft wind blows,
Where o'er its mossy bed so green
The silver brooklet flows;
The sober cows have left the hills,
To find in meadow stream,
Beneath the drooping trees, a shield
From noontide's sultry beams.

Come, then, companions, seek the shade
Where cool the soft wind blows,
Where o'er its mossy bed so fair
The silver brooklet flows.

Yes, turn we too our weary steps
To yonder oak tree's shade,
Where on the green bank 'neath its boughs
Our simple fare we'll spread;
The basket's store with water pure,
Will make the meal complete;
We ask no more, for well we know
The laborer's food is sweet.