

- 27 RECITATIVE. (FARMER.) "*How pleasant are those cheerful words.*"

How pleasant are those cheerful words,
Happiness comes not from wealth,
Happiness comes not from station,
But from contentment, calm and true, calm and true.
He who walks cheerfully
On the path of duty,
Doing with his might what his hands find to do,
Loving God and his fellow-man,
He, he alone has the right to be happy.

- 28 SONG. (FARMER.) "*Blithely go we forth, tis our harvest day.*"

Blithely go we forth, 'tis our harvest day,
Everything around us is bright and gay ;
From the waving tree-tops, hear the merry song,
Floating thro' the valley, the tones prolong,
Hear the distant murmur of the woodland so fair ;
Welcome is its music on the bright morning air ;
Mingle then our voices as we go on our way,
With the cheerful sound, for tis our harvest day,
With the cheerful sound, tis our harvest day.

- 29 CHORUS AND ECHO. "*Light-hearted are we, and free from care.*"

Light-hearted are we, and free from care,
As forth to the fields we go.
While singing laughing, shouting,
The echoing hills are sounding,
As merrily forth we go.

Yo ho ! yo ho ! yo ho ! yo ! ho !
Sweet echoes from the hills are sounding,
As merrily forth we go.

Yes merrily forth, a happy band,
We go to the meadow fair,
The joyful birds are singing,
And hills and valleys ringing,
As merrily forth we go.

- 30 CHORUS. (MEN'S VOICES.) "*How like some tented camp.*"

How like some tented camp the distant field appears !
All glorious in the morning light,
Tho' wet with dewy tears,
How flies the heavy mist like smoke of battle's strife,
As brightening all the sky the sun is bursting into life,
Like the sword's bright flash and the saber's clash,
And the rolling drum,