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# Haymakers

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# Haymakers.

T. Pearson, 6, Chadderton-street, off Oldham-road,  
Manchester.

The noontide is hot and our foreheads are brown,  
Our palms are all shining and hard,  
And hard is our work with the wain and the plough,  
Oh! but poor is our daily reward.  
But there's joy in the sunshine and mirth in the lark  
That skims whistling away over our head,  
Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark,  
And there's a peace with our meal of brown bread.  
We may dwell on the meadows and toil on the sod,  
Far away from the city's dull gloom—  
And more jolly are we, though in rags we may be,  
Than the pale faces over the loom.

Then a song and a cheer to the bonny green stack,  
Climbing up to the sun warm and high,  
For the pitchers and rakers and merry haymakers,  
And a beautiful midsummer sky.

Come forth, gentle ladies—come forth, dainty sirs,  
Pray lend us your presence awhile,  
Your garments will take no stains from the burrs,  
And a freckle won't tarnish your smile;  
Our carpet's as soft for your delicate feet  
As the pile of your carpeted floor;  
And the scent of our green sward is surely as sweet  
As the perfume of Araby's shore.

Come forth, noble masters—come forth to the field,  
Where freshness and health may be found—  
Where the windrows are spread for the butterfly's bed,  
And the clover bloom falleth around.

Then a song, &c.

"Hold fast!" cries the waggoner, steady and quick,  
And then comes the hearty "Gee-wo,"  
While the cunning old team-horses manage to pick  
A sweet mouthful to maunch as they go.  
The tawny-faced children come round us to play,  
And bravely they scattered the heap,  
Till the tiniest one, quite outspent by the fun,  
Is curled up with the sheep dog asleep.  
Old age sitteth down by the haycock's crown,  
At the close of our labouring day,  
And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,  
May be pure at it's passing away.

Then a song, &c.

## PRETTY JANE.

My pretty Jane, my pretty Jane,  
Ah, never look so shy,  
But meet me in the evening  
While the bloom is on the rye.  
The spring is waning fast, my love,  
The corn is in the ear;  
The summer nights are coming, love,  
The moon shines bright and clear.  
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane, &c.  
But name the day, the wedding day,  
And I will buy the ring!  
The lads and maids, in favors white,  
The village bells shall ring.  
The spring is waning fast,  
The corn is in the ear;  
The summer nights are coming, love,  
The moon shines bright and clear.  
Then pretty Jane, my dearest Jane, &c.