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LIBRETTO
TO
THE PLAYMAKERS
AN OPERATIC SANTIAGO
IN TWO PARTS
BY
GEORGE F. ROOT

LIBRETTO

TO

THE HAYMAKERS;

AN OPERATIC CANTATA,

IN TWO PARTS.

BY

GEORGE F. ROOT.

=

NEW YORK:
MASON BROTHERS,

1859.

PERSONATIONS.

<i>Miss</i> <i>B. of good</i> <i>the, it low</i>	MARY (THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER),	<i>First Soprano.</i>
<i>n. to Hatch</i>	ANNA (THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER),	<i>Second Soprano.</i>
<i>E. of J. water</i>	DAIRY-MAID,	<i>Mezzo Soprano.</i>
<i>J. of J. water</i>	FARMER,	<i>Baritone.</i>
<i>H. of J. water</i>	WILLIAM (FIRST ASSISTANT),	<i>Tenor.</i>
<i>H. of J. water</i>	JOHN (SECOND ASSISTANT),	<i>Base.</i>

TRIO OF WOMEN'S VOICES.

CHORUS OF MEN'S VOICES.

QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

QUINTETTE.

SEMI-CHORUS OF MOWERS (MEN'S VOICES).

SEMI-CHORUS OF SPREADERS (WOMEN'S VOICES).

SEMI-CHORUS OF MIXED VOICES

FULL CHORUS OF HAYMAKERS.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by

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LIBRETTO TO THE HAYMAKERS; AN OPERATIC CANTATA,

IN TWO PARTS,

BY GEORGE F. ROOT.

PART FIRST.

No. 1.—RECITATIVE.—*Farmer.*

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 hay-fields, away! For to-day must many an acre of waving grass be laid low.

No. 2.—FULL CHORUS.

Away to the meadows, away!
Come, come, come!
For soon the sun will arise;
O come to the hay-fields away,
Haste, O haste!

The glow of the morning spreads over the skies.

No sluggards are we,
But willing and free,
And swiftly shall fall,
The waving grass tall.
O haste! etc.

1. 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.
2. No factory walls confine his limbs,
Nor crowd in heated streets;
But out in nature's glorious home
His healthful toil he greets.
3. We love to plow, we love to plant,
We love to reap the grain;
For all in turn give health and strength,
And bring us honest gain.

4. But most of all we love the field
 Where perfumed odors rise,
 As, gleaming in the morning sun,
 We swing our glittering scythes.

No. 3.—DUET.—*Mary and Anna.*

Sweet morn, how lovely is thy face! A thousand beauties are on earth and sky. The joyous birds from topmost branches sing their cheerful songs; the flowers that drooped in yester's sun again lift up their graceful heads, and every tree and every shrub is decked with gems of dew.

To Him who all this beauty made; whose mercies every morn are new; who through the night has kept us safe from harm,

Lift up we first our morning song of praise. Then to our labors go we forth with cheerful hearts and willing hands.

No. 4.—FULL CHORUS.—*Choral.*

1. To Him who made us, and whose power upholds,
 Whose bounteous hand our every want supplies,
 Be endless praise.
 Whose wondrous love our erring way enfolds,
 And night and day with goodness crowns our lives.
2. To Him whose power the changing seasons bring,
 The seed-time, harvest, gentle dew and rain,
 Be endless praise.
 For mercies new let our glad voices ring,
 And high o'er all exalt and praise His name.

No. 5.—RECITATIVE.—*William.*

Now steady swing your scythes in measured time, nor fear upon the smooth and well-rolled field a single stone to meet with startling crash and injured blade.

Do well what you do, for a small farm well tilled is better than a large one slighted.

No. 6.—SEMI-CHORUS.—*Mowers.*

With step firm and steady, the measure we keep;
 See the grass fall before us, as onward we sweep;
 With care follow close, cutting smooth as you go,
 For when work is well done, then 't is twice done, you know.

No. 7.—RECITATIVE.—*Anna.*

The sun has now drunk up the morning dew, and as he rises gains more power.

With light and graceful fork prepare we now to spread the fallen grass.

To swing the scythe needs sturdy arms, but here may boys of tender years, and maidens, too, lend helping hand.

No. 8.—SEMI-CHORUS.—*Spreaders.*

Toss it hither, toss it thither,
 To and fro ;
 Quickly turn it, over, under,
 By and through.
 Merry voices ringing fair,
 Sweetly in the fragrant air,
 Toss it hither, etc.

No. 9.—SEMI-CHORUSES.—*Mowers and Spreaders.*

Mowers.—With step firm and steady, etc. [See No. 6.]

Spreaders.—Toss it hither, toss it thither, etc. [See No. 8.]

Nos. 10.—RECITATIVE.

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

No. 11.—SONG.—*Mary.*

1. 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.
2. The sober cows have left the hill
 To find in meadow stream,
 Beneath the drooping trees a shield
 From noontide's sultry beam.
3. Come, then, companions, seek the shade
 Where cool the soft wind blows,
 Where o'er its mossy bed so fair
 The silver brooklet flows.
4. 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 ;
5. 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.
 Come, then, companions, seek the shade, etc.

No. 12.—RECITATIVE.—*Farmer.*

Yes ! the hour of noon is here. Come, men and maidens, cease your labor, and gather to the noon's repast. Lave heated hands and brows 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.

THE HAYMAKERS.

No. 13.—CHORUS.

1. '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.
2. 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 ;
Then attend the welcome sound,
Come to dinner.
3. Come, ye mowers, one and all,
And ye spreaders, great and small,
Every one attend the call,
Come to dinner.
4. 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.
5. To the brook we'll hasten now,
And refresh each heated brow
In the cool and limpid flow
Of its waters clear ;
And with friendly word and smile,
We'll the hour of noon beguile,
Resting from our work the while,
As we gather here.
Then attend the welcome sound, etc.

No. 14.—QUARTETTE AND CHORUS.

Sweet after toil cometh rest. Welcome the hour of repose. The soft summer breeze bringeth perfume more sweet than the rose. Come, then, companions, and sing.

We'll sing of the hour of rest,
Of the cheerful noontide hour,
Of the breeze that fans our cheek,
As we rest ;
Of the water so bright in the crystal spring,
And of all the joys that our labors bring,
As we rest.

But dearer still than these, we sing
 Of friendship warm and true ;
 Of hearts that brighten day by day,
 As love their hopes renew.

No. 15.—RECITATIVE—*Farmer*.—SEMI-CHORUS—*Spreaders*.

Refreshed now with vigor new, again resume we our labors. Come, lads and lasses, turn again the half-made hay. Bright are the beams of the mid-day sun, and too much drying is not good.

Toss it hither, toss it thither
 To and fro ;
 Quickly turn it, over, under,
 By and through.
 Merry voices ringing fair,
 Sweetly in the midnight air.
 Toss it hither, etc.

No. 16.—DOUBLE SEMI-CHORUS.—*Spreaders and Mowers*.

Hark ! hark to the cheerful sound,
 Hark ! hark how it floats around,
 Clearer than merry bells on the summer air,
 Sweetly its music tells of the true and fair.
 Hark ! hark, as they spread to and fro,
 Hark ! hark ! now, as onward they go.
 Toss it hither, toss it thither, etc.

No. 17.—RECITATIVE.—*Farmer*.

Prepare we now to close the labors of the day. Take your rakes, men and maidens ; let the weaker go first, and the stronger follow after, that they may bear the heavier burden.

No. 18.—CHORUS.

Come, follow while gayly we rake up the hay,
 And blithely we'll sing as we keep on our way,
 But neatly, but neatly no straws leave behind,
 Gather all as we go, and we'll not lose our time.
 Not roughly, but slower, hold firmly the hand,
 That the rows and the winnows compactly may stand.
 Now roll the heavy winnow, roll, they have left it for the stronger
 hand ;
 Once again companions roll it, and there let it stand.
 Then sing as so gayly we 're raking the hay,
 This closes the work of the hay-field to-day.

No. 19.—RECITATIVE.—*Mary*.

In the west the sun declineth, the shadows lengthen on the sward. Home-ward now we turn our thoughts, and soon our steps.

THE HAYMAKERS.

No. 20.—TRIO AND CHORUS.

1. When wandering o'er the deep,
The sailor turns him home,
How earnestly he longs
For that sweet hour to come,
When he again shall see
The dearest earthly spot,
Where friends and loved ones true,
He knows forget him not,
Dear home, loved home, sweet home.
2. When worn with care and toil,
The soldier marches on,
How bounds his heart with joy,
If turning to his home.
So we with spirits light,
Our labor being done,
Unite in cheerful song,
As we 're returning home.
Dear home, loved home, there's no place like home.

No. 21.—SONG.—*Dairy Maid.*

1. A dairy maid am I,
Happy and cheerful
I sing, and never sigh,
As forth to milk I go.
My cows then know my voice—
All turn to greet me,
With looks so wondrous wise,
Or gentle welcome low.
There's Spot and there's Daisy,
There's Creampot and Katy,
There's Jenny and Bessie,
And sober old Roan ;
And there in the corner
Is Lady and Ruby,
And dear little Beauty
Who's standing alone.
Yes, a dairy maid, etc.
2. My heart is light and free,
Care I'll not borrow,
There's health and joy for me
In whatsoever I do.
Each flower is my friend,
Shedding its fragrance,
And breeze and sunshine lend
To me their healthful glow.

So Daisy be quiet,
 And off with you, Lady,
 My pail must be filling,
 There's work to be done ;
 Come, Jenny and Bessy,
 Now please to be steady,
 That we may get through
 Ere the set of the sun.
 Yes, a dairy maid, etc.

No. 22.—CHORUS.

1. Softly the twilight fades,
 Slowly the darkening shades
 Creep o'er the leafy glades
 At evening's close ;
 Stars from their ether height
 Look down with loving light,
 Watching through all the night,
 While we repose ;
 Heigh ho, we're getting tired and sleepy.
 Good night,
 We're very tired and sleepy.
2. Hear the sweet lullaby
 From all the branches nigh,
 See, shines the fairy fly,
 Like diamond crest ;
 Nature to slumber calls,
 Heavy each eyelid falls,
 Languor pervades, enthalls,
 Seek we our rest ;
 Heigh ho, we're very tired and sleepy.
 Good night, etc.
3. Good night, and pleasant dreams,
 Sweet sleep till daylight beams,
 Till early morning gleams,
 Then we'll away ;
 Good night, good night to all,
 May no dark shadow fall,
 And with the early call,
 Hail the new day ;
 Good night, we're very, very sleepy.
 Good night, etc.

END OF PART FIRST.

INTERLUDE.

SERENADE.—*William and Mary.*

WILLIAM.—Mary, loye, the world reposes,
 Silence reigns o'er all around ;
 Sleep with gentle arms encloses
 Weary man in rest profound ;
 Only whippoorwill and I are singing ;
 Love, dost hear the sound ?

MARY.—There's none so brave as Willie,
 None so strong and true ;
 There's none with such a noble heart,
 And Willie loves me too.

WILLIAM.—At this hour, so calm and peaceful,
 'Tis my rest to think of thee ;
 Of thy face and form so graceful,
 Of thy heart so warm and free ;
 Only whippoorwill and I are singing ;
 Love, dost think of me ?

MARY.—But when beneath the elm-tree's shade,
 At summer twilight's hour,
 With manly voice he told his love,
 Why lost my tongue its power ?
 Ah, me ! 'tis strange when he is near,
 That I can never tell,
 But fain would hide from him the truth
 My fond heart knows so well.

WILLIAM.—Still perchance, though sweetly sleeping,
 In thy dreams my song may be,
 Hovering near and fondly keeping
 Every shadow far from thee ;
 Only whippoorwill and I are singing ;
 Love, dost dream of me ?



PART SECOND.

No. 23.—FULL CHORUS.

Good morning,
 'Tis a bright summer morn and our harvest day,
 With the first ruddy beam, away! away!
 Every creature around us seems to say,
 Good morning!

How pure, how sweet the earth, the air, the sky,
 How darts from out the east the light,
 How mount its rays on high,
 From sleep we rise with life, and strength, and joy;
 And quaff from bounteous nature's cup,
 A draught without alloy.
 How pure, etc.

'Tis a bright summer morn and our harvest day,
 With the first ruddy beam, away! away!
 Every creature around us seems to say,
 Good morning, etc.

No. 24.—RECITATIVE.—*Farmer.*

How pleasant are those cheerful words,
 Happiness comes not from wealth, comes not from station,
 But from contentment 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 alone has the right to be happy.

No. 25.—SONG.—*Farmer.*

Blithely go we forth; 'tis our harvest day,
 Every thing around us is bright and gay;
 From the waving tree-tops, hear the merry song,
 Floating through 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; 'tis our harvest day.

No. 26.—CHORUS AND ECHO.

1. 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 ! etc.
2. Yes, merrily forth, a happy band,
We go to the meadow fair,
The joyful birds are singing,
And hill and valley ringing,
As merrily forth we go.
Yo ho ! etc.

No. 27.—CHORUS.—*Men's Voices.*

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, rolling drum,
Are the glancing light,
Of the scythes so bright,
And the wood-bird's whirring hum.

No. 28.—RECITATIVE.—*Anna.*

Joy ! it is not the tented field, it is not the rolling drum, it is not the
saber's flash, nor the cannon's roar. The only tents are of fragrant hay. The
only sentinels, the hopping, hopping robins, who at our approach have flown
away.

No. 29.—SONG.—*Anna.*

Scenes of happiness I love you,
Dearer by far than the gay world's smiles,
Every object fair
Bringeth joy that no sorrow beguiles.
Home, dear home, so lovely,
With a full heart turning to thee,
I cling in my love like a vine
To the objects so dear to me.
Yes ! scenes of happiness, I love you,
Deep in my heart shall your memory dwell,
When I wander far from friends and thee,
When I must say to all farewell.

No. 30.—RECITATIVE.—*John.*

The dew now is off, and again spread we the hay, that the sun's bright
beams may finish their work.

No. 31.—QUINTETTE.

How good is He, the Giver,
Whose mercies fail us never,
Whose bounty large is ever,
Loving and free ;
From Him the bright sun shineth,
And soft at eve declineth,
Bringing the night.

His power the seasons changeth,
Summer and Winter, Autumn and Spring,
And each His praise proclaimeth,
Ever the bountiful Lord and King.

For every thing He careth,
His notice nothing spareth ;
Not e'en the sparrow falleth,
Without His kind regard,
And here His love hath brought us,
His goodness here hath taught us,
That we with one accord,
May praise the Lord.

Yet learn we a lesson from the falling grass :
In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up,
In the evening it is cut down, and withereth—
So in a day our life may be ended.
When that time shall come, may we be gathered into the garner
of the Most High.
Praise the Lord.

No. 32.—CHORUS.

How sultry is the day, no breath stirs the leaves,
The heavens are as brass, and man and beast are like to faint ;
Sings aloud the locust, who alone rejoices.
Parched are the fields, and the broad corn-leaves do curl
The air is glowing as from a heated furnace ;
The panting cattle loll their dripping tongues ;
It seems as though the earth were burning.

No. 33.—SONG.—*Farmer.*

How hushed and still are all the quivering airs !
How deep, profound, the silence nature wears ;

With dread she seems oppressed, and waiting stands,
As if in hope some mighty power would burst the heated bands ;
What power can give the parched earth life again ?
How hushed and still the meadow, field and plain !

But see! in the west a cloud appears,
 Higher and higher mounts its crest,
 See! it spreads its ample fold,
 Look! its deepening fringe of gold;
 Ha! behold the lightnings play.
 Spare not your muscles now, good lads,
 But quick to the work,
 And rest not until within the barn
 Our spoil be safely housed.

No. 34.—CHORUS.

Yes! to the work! to the work! a shower! a shower!
 Hurry, hurry, etc.

Come, follow while quickly we rake up the hay,
 The cloud rises fast, let us make no delay.
 Hurry, hurry, etc.

'Tis spreading and rising, come make no delay,
 Faster! yet faster! come, rake up the hay,
 Hurry, hurry, etc.

The cloud rises fast, 'tis spreading and rising,
 Roll the winnow, roll!
 Roll it faster, for the black cloud is here.
 Hurry, hurry, etc.

On the wagon quickly load it away,
 Pitch it faster, for the rain will not stay
 Pile it higher, so we'll not lose the day,
 Hurrah! we shall not lose the day.

No. 35.—SONG.—*John*.

Now creaks the heavy wagon with its towering load,
 While to his oxen the driver calls, Up Buck! come Bright!
 Now do your best, brave beasts!
 Put forth your mighty strength, to save from harm your winter's food.
 Gee up! gee up! g' a-lang! do your best, brave beasts;
 Open wide, open wide the doors.
 Now for a mighty pull! haw, Buck! haw, Bright! come here!
 Who ho! Who ho!

All safe, all safe, now stand at ease,
 While the coming storm is roaring,
 Our fragrant spoil is safely housed
 From the tempest rain outpouring,
 And now, if all our friends as well
 Succeed the shelter gaining,
 With joy we'll sing our harvest song,
 And care not for the raining.

No. 36.—QUAETETTE AND CHORUS.

Chorus.—Shrouded is the sun, and black the heavens as night!
 How fearful and how grand the distant thunder's roar,
 Whose awful voice proclaims its Maker's dreadful power!
 But see! the rushing wind sways back and forth the stately trees.

Quartette.—Yet fear not we; He whom the winds obeyed is master of the storm.

Chorus.—Now bursts with overwhelming crash the thunder's roar! Earth trembles in affright!

Quartette.—Yet fear not we, etc.

Chorus.—The rain! the rain! it cometh now. With mighty rush, in torrents pouring down!

Quartette.—Yet fear not we; the tempest but obeys His will.

Chorus.—Again the thunder's crash! and yonder mighty oak is riven in twain as 't were a quivering reed!
 How fearful is the storm!

Quartette.—Yet fear not we; He whom the winds obeyed is master of the storm.

No. 37.—DUET.—*William and Anna.*

Lo! the clouds are breaking,
 The storm its power hath spent;
 Nature smiles, awaking,
 With joy for mercies sent.
 But hear the distant thunder's muffled pealing!
 Where far away the storm appears,
 Behold, in radiant beauty smiling,
 Looks the blue sky e'en through tears.
 Lo! the heavens are breaking,
 The storm its power hath spent;
 And see! with golden gleaming
 The bow, the bow of promise sent.

No. 38.—CHORUS.

Rainbow! rainbow! hail, hail to thee,
 In brightness and beauty arrayed;
 Rainbow! rainbow! welcome to thee,
 Thou bright arch of glad promise made.
 Welcome, bow of promise; welcome, arch of beauty,
 Joyfully we hail thee, seal of promised mercy.
 Rainbow! rainbow! hail, hail to thee, etc.

No. 39.—SOLO.—*Mary and Semi-Chorus.*

All nature now rejoices,
 With thousand happy voices,
 O'er all her beauteous verdure
 New freshness reigns again.

On valley, hill and mountain,
 On woodland, grove and fountain,
 The beauteous light is resting,
 Where poured the summer rain.

The robin sings his song,
 From the tree-top waving high,
 With boisterous mirth it floats,
 In the golden lighted sky :

The little brook runs laughing,
 Laughing down the hill,
 And louder, louder swells the song,
 As joins each sparkling rill.

How pure the mellow light,
 How fresh and cool the air,
 While floating in beauty,
 The golden clouds appear.

On gentle breezes borne,
 The balmy odors come,
 While gladly we join
 In our merry harvest home.

RECITATIVE.—*Farmer.*

With grateful hearts sing we now our Harvest home.

No. 40.—FINALE.—FULL CHORUS.

Harvest home ! Harvest home !
 Not in vain has been our labor,
 Harvest home !
 Filled our barns with fragrant hay,
 Harvest home !
 Let the song and dance go round,
 Harvest home !
 Plenty smiles upon our labor,
 Harvest home !

Thanks be to Him who has given the increase,
 Harvest home !
 Then joyful sing, Harvest home ! etc.

THE END.

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