

No. 35  
151 THE

M E R R Y

HAY-MAKERS:

OR THE

INNOCENT PLEASURES

OF A

COUNTRY LIFE.



DUNFERMLINE:

Published by John Miller.

A B C D E F

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# MERRY HAY MAKERS.



Look what a charming  
morning this is, my dear!



See how the glorious Sun, at  
his rising, smiles upon us, and  
cheers the groves and fields.

The rosy blushing  
Morn appears,

And from her mantle  
 Shakes her tears ;  
 The sun awak'd  
 Calls up the day,  
 And drives the rising  
 Mists away.

And how ought we to praise  
 and adore God Almighty, for  
 creating such beings for our  
 use !

O Great Almighty  
 God above,  
 Plant in my heart  
 a fund of love ;  
 That I thy mercies  
 may adore,  
 And bless and praise  
 thee evermore.

Now let us turn to the

meadows, and see what the people are doing there this agreeable season. Hey day! who are these? Oh! they are the jolly mowers, come



with their scythes to cut the grass down; see how cheerful they look. Ay, that is because they are good; for those

who are good have nothing to dread ; you know God always defends and protects the good and the virtuous.

In came the jolly mowers  
To cut the meadows down,  
With bottle and with budget  
And ale that's stout and brown.

Sweet jug jug, jug,  
The nightingale doth sing,  
From morning until evening  
As they were Hay-making.

Next comes Joe, with their dinners at his back ; how he saunters along ! He is a naughty boy. I'll warrant

him. He does not consider



how hungry they are ; no, he has had his own dinner already ; and never minds any body else, which is very wicked ; for he departs from the golden rule of doing by all men as he would have them do by him ; which

rule every body ought to observe,—How exactly he answers the poet's description,

He trudg'd along, unknowing  
what he sought ;  
And whistled, as he went for  
want of thought.

Here comes the Hay-makers





with their forks and their rakes:  
See how merry they look.

Here's Tom and Diek  
and Benny,  
With Pitch-fork  
and with rake,  
And Sal and Kate,  
and Jenny,  
Come here  
their hay to make.

While jug, jug, jug,  
The nightingale doth sing,  
From morning until evening,  
As they are Hay-making.

But turn over, and see who  
comes next ;

Oh! this is a piper; I suppose he is come to play them a tune now.



Just at the closing of the day.  
When the sun was going down,  
A jolly brisk young Piper  
Came tripping from the town,

He pull'd out his pipe and  
 blew the bag,  
 And sweetly he did play ;  
 Which made them all  
 Lay down their rakes  
 And leave off making hay.

And so they all took a mer-  
 ry dance, eat their suppers, said  
 their prayers, and went to bed

If in the Country  
 there's such sport,  
 Pray who would dangle  
 round the Court ?  
 And for a place,  
 or power, or wealth,  
 Barter sweet innocence  
 and health.

## ROGER &amp; RALPH;

OR,

*The way of the WORLD.*

WILL you lend me  
your mare a mile?  
Says Ralph, she's lame  
Leaping a stile.  
But if to me  
You will her spare,