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The Haymakers

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THE HAYMAKERS.

(ELIZA COOK)

Printed by James Broadhurst Norwich.

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 skins whistling away over head—
Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark,
And there's peace with our meal of brown bread;
We dwell in the meadows and toil on the sod,
Far away from the city's dull room—
And more jolly are we, though in rage we may be,
Than the pale faces over the loom,

CHORUS.

Than a song and a cheer for the bonny green stack,
Climbing up to the sun wide and high—
For the pitchers and rakers, and merry haymakers,
And a beautiful Midsummer sky.

Come forth, gentle lady—come forth dainty sirs—
Pray lend us your presents awhile—
Your garments will take no stain from the burrs,
And a freckle won't tarnish your smiles
Our carpet's are soft for your delicate feet
As the pile of your velveted floor—
And the scent of your greensward 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 wind rows 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 munch as they go.
The tawney-fac'd children come round us to play,
And bravely they scatter the heap,
Till the finest one quite out-spent by the sun,
Is curled up with the sheep dog asleep,
Old age sitteth down on 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 its passing away.

Then a song, &c.

THE VILLAGE BORN Beauty.



See the star-breasted villain to yonder cot bound
Where the sweet honey-suckle entwines it around,
Yet sweeter, far sweeter than flower e'er seen,
Is the poor hedger's daughter the pride of the green
But more never more will she there please all eyes
Her peace of mind withers—her happiness flies,
She pauses, sighs, trembles—and yet dares to roam
The Village-born beauty—seduced from her home

From a post-chase & four she in London set down
Where robb'd of her virtues he launched on the town
Her carriage, her servants, and jewels so gay,
Tell how she has kept and o'er all bears the sway,
At the opera the playhouse the parks & elsewhere
Her beauty out-rivals each beauty that's there
And while big with envy her downfall we tell,
The village-born beauty o'er bears the swail.

But soon from indifference caprice or what not,
She's turned on the world by her keeper forgot
Yet fond to be flattered and fettered in vice,
She's this man's or that as he comes to her price,
At length growing stale all her finery sold,
In the bloom of her youth though disease looking old
Forsook by her lovers and sought for no more,
The village-born beauty becomes a street w—.

Up lanes & through alleys she now takes her way
Exposed by all weathers by night and by day,
Cold houseless and shivering and wet to the skin
With glass after glass drowns her sorrow with gin,
Distressed sore, & ragged, sad, friendless, & poor,
She borne to some garret, or work-house obscure,
Breathes a pray-hope to heaven—a sinner to save,
When the village-born beauty is laid in the grave.

Then pity, ye fair one, nor be too severe,
And I give a frail sister the boon of a tear,
When prone to condemn them reflect—think awhile
That the heart often bleeds when the face wears a smile
Think too how thro' beauty they oft owe their fall
And what may through vice be the fate of you all
And O, while sweet innocence bears a proud sway
May hell sieze the villain that smiles to betray.

