

The Merry Haymakers



'Twas in the mer-ry month of May in the Spring-time of the year,



All down in yon-ders mea - dows there runs a ri - ver clear,



And to see those lit-tle fish - es how they do sport and play -



Caus-ed many a lad and many a lass to go there a-mak-ing hay.

'Twas in the merry month of May in the Springtime of the year,
All down in yonders meadows there runs a river clear,
And to see those little fishes how they do sport and play,
Caused many a load and many a lass to go there a-making hay.

In comes three jolly scythesmen to cut those meadows down,
With a good leathern bottle and the ale that is so brown;
For there's many a smary young labouring man comes here his skill to try,
He whets, he mows, and he stoutly blows for the grass cuts devilish dry.

Then in come both Will and Tom with pitchfork and with rake,
And likewise black-eyed Susan the hay all for to make;
For the sun did shine most glorious and the small birds they did sing,
From the morning till the evening as we goes haymaking.

Then just as bright Phoebus the sun was a-going down,
Along comes two merry piping men approaching from the town.
They pulled out the tabor and pipes, which made the hay-making girls to sing
They all threw down their forks and rakes and left off haymaking.

They called for a dance and they jigged it along,
They all lay on the haycocks till the rising of the sun.
With "jug! jug! jug! and sweet jug!" how the nightingale did sing!
From the evening till the morning as we goes haymaking.