

THE SEASONS

A Farmer's Song

(From a Popular Air)

ARRANGED AS A

QUARTETT,

AS PERFORMED BY THE

HUTCHINSON

FAMILY,

IN NEW-YORK

CITY & STATE

and throughout New
with universal

England generally
acceptance.



Words by
JESSE HUTCHINSON Jr.

Also sung with unbounded applause by the

ATLANTIC GUANTANOS.

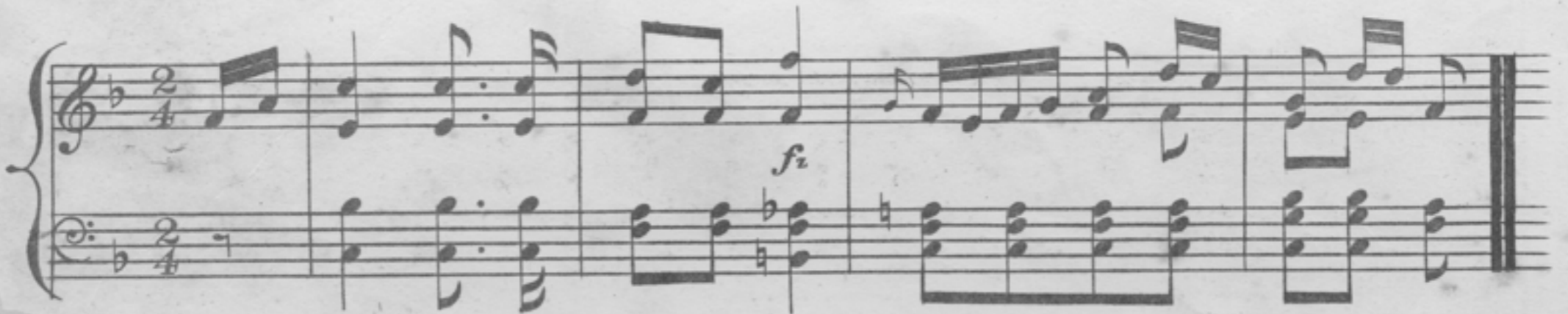
Published by C. HOLT JUN^R. 260. Broadway.
cor. of Warren St.
NEW-YORK.

25¢ nett

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1846, by C. Holt Jun^r, in the Clerk's Office of the Dis^t. Court of South Dis^t. of New York.

THE SEASONS.

Words by
Pesse Hutchinson Jr.

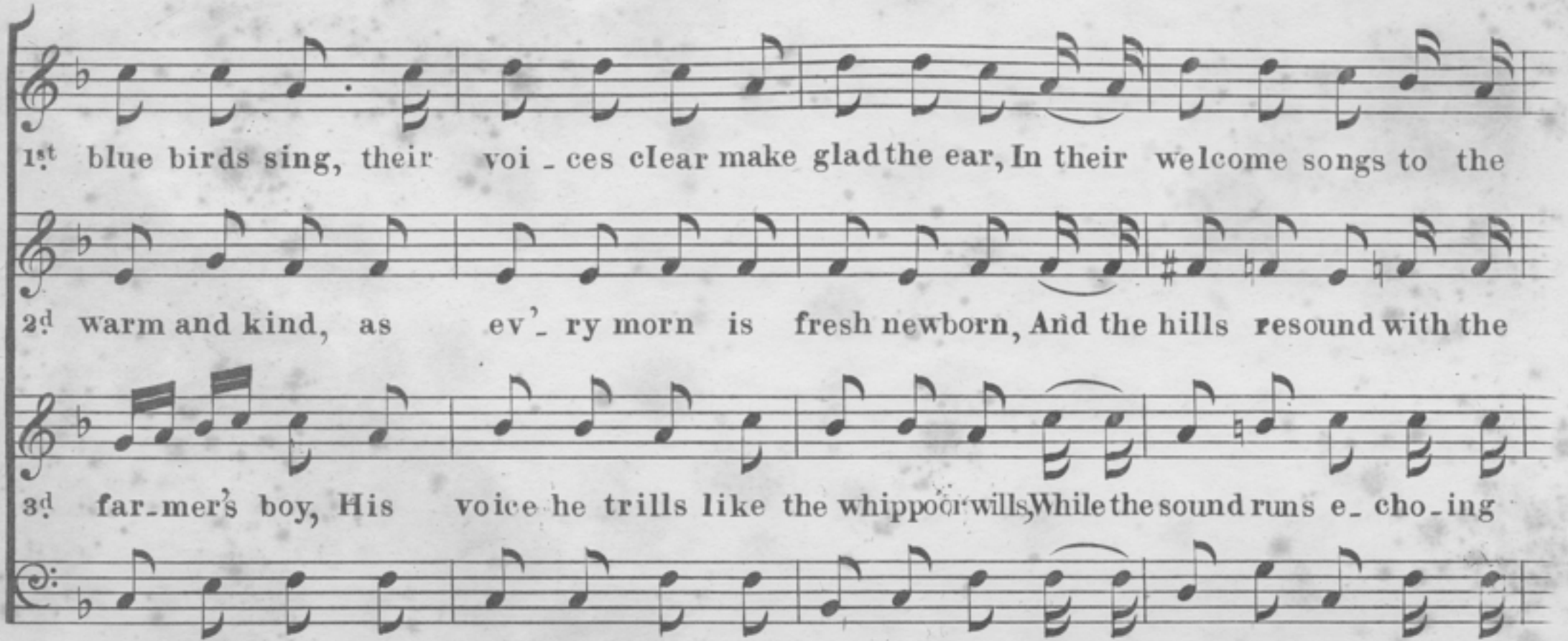


1st Verse.
 Oh sweet the Spring, with its mer-ry ring, When the ro-bins chirp, and the

2^d Verse.
 Oh wheres' the mind, so un-re-fined, But in the Spring glows

3^d Verse.
 Now full of joy, with-out al-loy, How mer-ri-ly sings, the

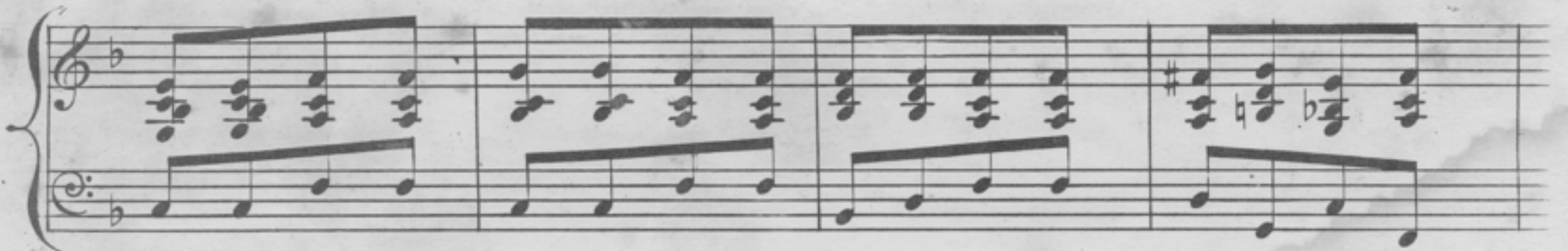
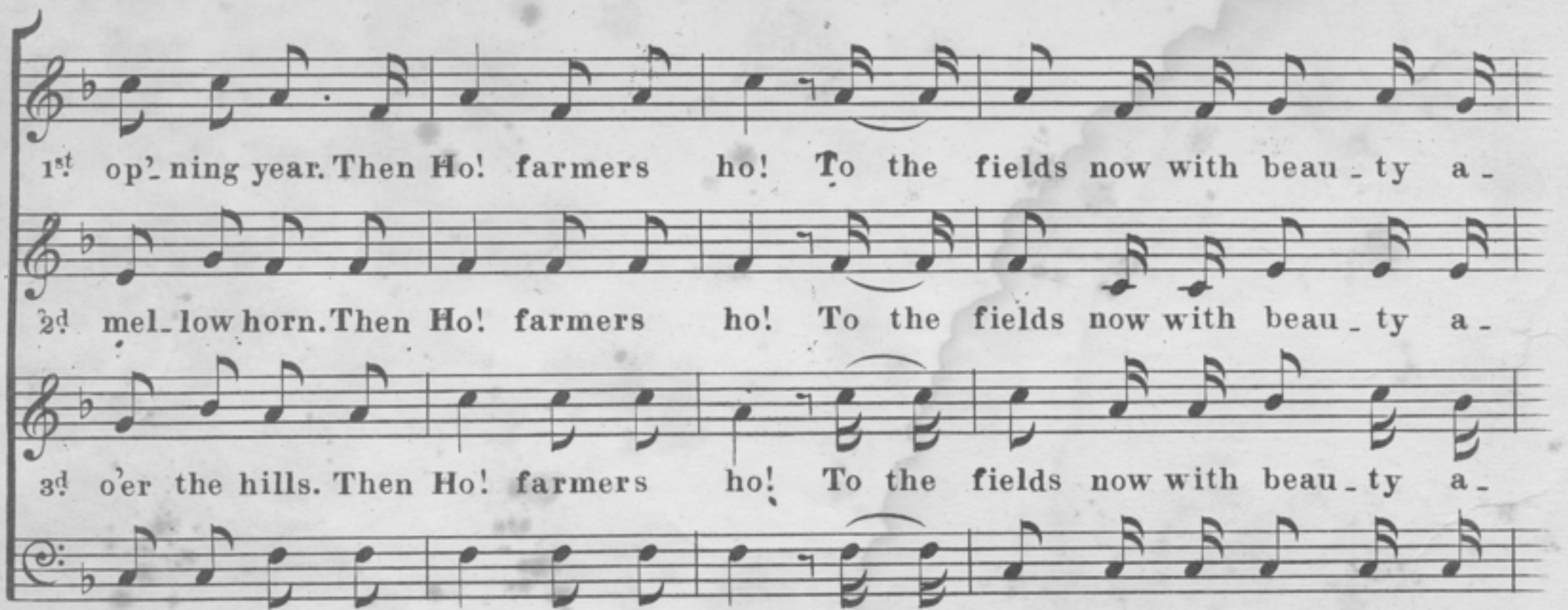




1st blue birds sing, their voi - ces clear make glad the ear, In their welcome songs to the

2^d warm and kind, as ev' - ry morn is fresh newborn, And the hills resound with the

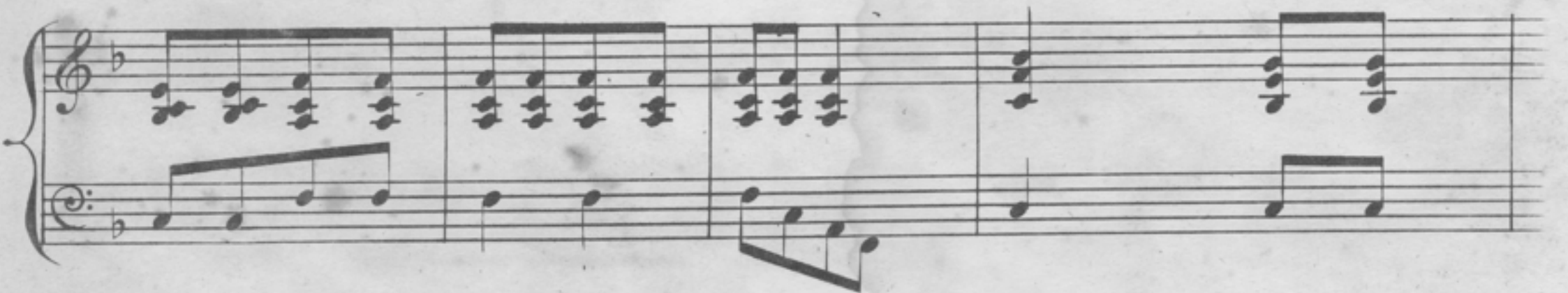
3^d far - mer's boy, His voice he trills like the whippoorwills, While the sound runs e - cho - ing

1st op' - ning year. Then Ho! farmers ho! To the fields now with beau - ty a -

2^d mel - low horn. Then Ho! farmers ho! To the fields now with beau - ty a -

3^d o'er the hills. Then Ho! farmers ho! To the fields now with beau - ty a -



1st - dor - ning with hearts all right, and spi - rits light, Well sing with the birds in the

2^d - dor - ning with hearts all right, and spi - rits light, Well sing with the birds in the

3^d - dor - ning with hearts all right, and spi - rits light, Well sing with the birds in the

Heigh ho! mor - tals go, up to the worlds where joys o'er flow. *

Close of last Verse ad lib.

1st morning. Heigh ho! the farmers go, o - - ver the fields to plough and sow.

2^d morning. Heigh ho! the farmers go, o - - ver the fields to plough and sow.

3^d morning. Heigh ho! the farmers go, o - - ver the fields to plough and sow.



* At the close of the last line, sing the upper notes in the Treble with holds over them and the other parts to correspond.

4

And Summer too, in its varied hue,
 With flowrets sweet, our footsteps strew;
 All nature's gay, at the break of day,
 While the dew perfumes the new mown hay.
 Then ho! farmers ho! your care and labor bestowing;
 With sickle and scythe, does the farmer thrive,
 Then hie to your reaping and mowing.
 Heigh ho! the farmers go, over the fields
 to reap and mow.

5

Oh blithe the hours, mid fields and flowers,
 When the earth's embalmed with Summer showers;
 'Tis then the rain o'er the waving grain,
 Makes nature sing and smile again.
 Then ho! farmers ho! your care and labor bestowing;
 With sickle and scythe, does the farmer thrive,
 Then hie to your reaping and mowing.
 Heigh ho! the farmers go, over the fields
 to reap and mow.

6

The sad heart grieves, as nature weaves
 Her winding sheet, in the Autumn leaves;
 Yet most sublime, is the tempest chime,
 Which reminds us all of the harvest time.
 Then ho! farmers ho! and gather the fruits of your
 sowing;
 For the waving corn, your fields adorn,
 In token of labor bestowing.
 Heigh ho! the farmers go, gathering the fruits
 they chose to sow.

7

When Winter drear, comes gathering near;
 The songster birds no more we hear,
 Yet dear those spells, when music swells,
 O'er the wintry storms, in the merry bells.
 Then ho! farmers ho! to the wild woods ^{let's be}
 going;
 O'er ice and snow, well onward go,
 In despite of hurricanes blowing.
 Heigh ho! the woodman go, breaking
 the roads thro' drifted snow.

8

O happy he, the farmer free,
 In his mountain home of liberty,
 For heaven gave, to the true and brave,
 The hills where ne'er could breathe a slave.
 Then ho! farmers ho! for your's is the best
 vocation;
 God's first command, was to till the land,
 In the morning of creation.
 Heigh ho! the farmers go, chanting the
 songs of freedom ho!

9

Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter's, thrall.
 Bear many a lesson to us all;
 For like the dove in the land of love,
 They sing of purer springs above;
 Then ho! mortals ho! and hasten to your
 duty;
 For though we die, like the butterfly,
 We'll rise ere long in new beauty.
 Heigh ho! 'mortals go; up to the world
 where joys o'erflow.