

AN ISLAND “HOOAM HARVEST.”

“**HOOAM HARVEST**,” or Harvest Home, as formerly celebrated, is now become a thing of the past, and lives only in the memory of a generation also fast passing away. Forty or fifty years ago it was kept in much the same style as from time immemorial, or as far back as the recollections of the “oldest inhabitant” reached; but then principally by the smaller farmers cultivating from 100 to 200 acres, who kept most of their men “in house,” and supplied their “hands” with meat and drink during the “harvest month,” following the customs of their fathers. The festivity of Harvest Home, and providing a supper for the farm labourers and servants of the farmer’s household at the end of harvest, dates from the remotest antiquity, and was established in England for many generations before it was noted by Hentzner, who in the narrative of his journey into England in the year 1598, says: “As we were returning to our inn, we happened to meet some country people celebrating their Harvest Home. Their last load of corn they crown with flowers.” Often, during the harvest month, on the conclusion of wheat or barley cart, the evening was ended after supper with songs, and an extra pint or two of strong beer was served all round to the labourers; the whole proceeding being a kind of rehearsal or foretaste of the real “Hooam Harvest,” which crowned and concluded the labours of the month. All the labourers and extra men were engaged at so much for the “harvest month,” and were provided with meat and drink during that time by the farmer, faring the same as his yearly servants engaged from Michaelmas to Michaelmas. On very busy days during harvest, if a field wanted clearing, or a rick to be finished in a given time, the carpenter and blacksmith who did the farm work came willingly with their apprentices and lent a hand, and were always invited to the Home Harvest supper as an acknowledgment.

The last load of the harvest being on the waggon, a “puncheon” of “nammet beer” was generally drunk round it in the field, and with green boughs stuck on the top, it proceeded, generally accompanied with cheering, to the “rickess.” In the meantime the farmer’s wife, with her maids, and help extraordinary from a neighbour of two, were busily engaged in cooking the eatables, arranging the tables, and putting things in order generally for the coming supper, and by the time the last load was “unpitched,” the welcome announcement was made that all was ready. No second summons was needed, and in a very short tune the carters, farm servants, and labourers, with faces glowing with expectation, and ruddy from a recent swill, arranged themselves round a long table; “meyaster” and his select circle, the carpenter and blacksmith generally included, being seated at a cross table at the top of the other, or if crowded, at a separate board, as near the labourers’ table as convenient.

A large leg of mutton, a ham to match, or sometimes two; with mutton pies, or a chine, constituted the first course; followed by plum puddings of huge dimensions, sometimes accompanied by an apple pie of still larger diameter. “Meyaster” generally carved at the top of the table, and one of the invited guests at the bottom. All these dishes having been considerably lightened, and the table cleared, —“*Mensœque remotœ, crateras magnos statuunt et vina coronant.*” Jugs of real “Hooam Harvest Stingo,” with pipes and tobacco, were placed before the men; and pipes and tobacco, with bottles of spirits, and the necessary ingredients for making grog, before “meyaster” and his party at the head of the table. Then one of the men was called upon for a song, and the business of the evening proceeded in the following fashion:—“Come Joe, open the ball, lets hay a zong.” “I don’t think I knows ar one,

mayet.” “I knows better than that, vor I’ve zid thee learnen one for the last dree weeks.” “Well, what o’ that ? I dunno nor one all droo; and if I ded, I never was noo zinger.” “Now then Joe, shet up! I’ve heerd ye rattle out *‘I’m zebenteen come Zunday,’* proper, many’s a time, zo let’s hay it.” “ Well, if I most, I most, but I can’t mind it all, I tell’ee.” Joe, after a few vigorous hems, and a deep draught of ale, commences, in a tone in which strength made up for want of harmony:

“As I walked out one Maay mornen,
One Maay mornen so early,
I overtook a handsome maade,
Just as the zun was a risen.
Wi’ my rum tum ta,
And my rum tum ta,
Fol lol the diddle lol the dido.

Now then come in coalbox [chorus] all zides,—ye don’t half help a feller out. [Chorus repeated most vociferously.]

Her stockens white, her shoes was bright,
The buckles shined like zilver,
She had a black and a rollen eye,
And her hear hung down her showlders,
Wi’ my rum tum ta, &c.

‘How wold be you my pretty maade?
How wold be you my honey?’
She answered me right cheerfully,
‘I’m zebenteen come Zunday.’
Wi’ my rum tum ta, &c.

Where be you gwyne my pretty maade?
Where be you gwyne my honey?’
She answered me right cheerfully,
‘On a arrant vor my mammy.
Wi’ my rum tum ta, &c.

Ah, there’s a hole in the ballet, I can’t mind no more on’t; but there’s two or dree more verses I used to know one time.” “I knows there es, Joe; this is a bit o’ the taail end on’t:

‘If you will come to my mammy’s house,
When the moon shines bright and clearly,’—

I know this vrom hearen Joe zing it several years agoo.” “That’s right, mayet, it comes in zomewhere, but I can’t mind the rest on’t, ‘tes zo long agoo I zung it, ‘tes all in a midgemadge wi’ me now; so jest come in coalbox once moore, and let’s finish it,—

Wi’ my rum turn ta, &c.

Now Varmer Ben, I hope, zur, you’ll gee us one o’ yourn now aater me, and I knows you can zing a good one or two.” “ No, no, Joe, I bean’t up to consart pitch it; I’ll come in vurder on, bimeby.”

The oldest labourer on the farm, rising with deliberation "Stop a bit, wullee, Joe, 'tes my turn now, and I ought to a ben avore you; I ben here on the plaace over twenty year, and I ben at all the Hooam Harvests but two all they years, and the vust thing that we used to do aater the taable was clear, when things was done in wold fashion style, was to drink meyaster's good health, all stannen up; so now vill your glasses, and I'll lead off." All stand up and join in the singing:

"Here's a health unto our meyaster,
The founder o' the feeast,
I hopes wi all my heart, bwoys,
His soul in heaven med rest,
That all the things wull prosper
That ever he takes in hand,
Vor we be all his sarvants,
And all at his command.
Then drink, boys, drink, and zee you do not spill,
Vor if you do, you sholl drink two,
If 'tes our meyaster's will."

Hip, hip, hurrah," three times repeated, the last loudest. "One moore for missus." * "Now keerter, let's hay your ditty; you knows a good one or two, I be sure." " Well you, I do know one, what I picked up when I was a bwoy, by hearen my wold granny zingen on 'en; but I never rayly learned one, 'cause I can't rade." " Ah, Keerter, there was no National Schools about when we was bwoys." " Noa there wudden't, but I went to a night school, I minds, dree times one winter, after I come hooam from work; but the vust two times the schoolmeyaster dedn't show at all, and t'other time, when a ded, we hadn't got no candle, zo I dedn't larn but very little, and never was nothen of a schollard. However, here's my wold song—' Lumps o' Pudden': †

When I lived at hooam as a bwoy,
I was my mother's onny joy;
You never would b'leeve, unless you did zee,
What lumps o' pudden my mother gid me.
Lumps o' pudden and dollops o' fat,
My mother gid me to cock up my hat.

One day we killed a gurt fat pig,
And hung 'en up by the hinder lig;
She made black puddens as big as my knee,
And lumps o' pudden my mother gid me.
Lumps o' pudden, &c.

The puddens was all hung up on a pin,
The fat run out and the hoppers got in;
I shall never vorgit, wherever I be,
What lumps o' pudden my mother gid me.
Lumps o' pudden, &c.

She'd rout me up in the morn and zay
Git up, my bwoy, without delay,

There's liver and pudden and sowse for thee,
And lumps o' pudden my mother gid me.
Lumps o' pudden, &c.

And at night, avore I went to bed,
She'd take out a pudden as big as my head;
I got zo fat I could hardly see,
With the lumps o' pudden my mother gid me.
Lumps o' pudden, &c"

"Haw, haw, haw. Well done keerter, that es a good wold zong; but you've lost a good deal o' your fat zunce you yet sich a lot o' pudden." "That I have you. I've worked hard in my time, but I bean't quite skin and booan it." "You knows wold Tom Bucket's son, don't ye,—that long zided, lanky feller, that goos by the neyam of 'Boxer'? " " Oi, I knows 'en very well; I should think a vew lumps of pudden would doo'n good by the look on 'en." "Well you, I met 'en just avore last Middlemas, t'other side of Idlecombe, stuck up on a geat by the zide o' the road, and looken like a bag o' booans; so I zays to'n: 'Thee doesn't look very thriven, Boxer; I don't think the zun wull vetch much fat out on thee.' ' Noa, Harry,' a zed, ' I han't got much fat to lose jest now, but I be gwyne to live at Yammer Bull's, in house, at Middlemas, and there's plenty of good fat pork and hard pudden, and sich things there; and Lord zend! won't I yet and scoggil! I won't vill myself up wi' callards, I warn't it.' " (Roars of laughter.) " Now Jan White, come along, let's hay your favourite,—the wold harvest zong; I heerd ye sing 'en two years agoo now, don't ye mind, at the Hooam Harvest over at Ducksmoor." "All right, Mister Read, and I don't think I've zung 'en all droo zunce then; but let's wet my whistle, and I'll zee what I can do.

Come all you jolly harvest men,
And listen vor a while;
The zong that I be gwyne to zing,
Wull cause you all to smile.
And to harvest we wull go,
We wull go, we wull go.

The corn is ripe, and fit to cut,
Our meyaster thought it right
To employ we as harvest men,
Zo we be here to night.
And to harvest we wull go, &c.

The lark, wi' his tuneful notes,
Begins the labouren day;
Our meyaster calls us vrom our beds,
His call we most obey.
And to harvest we wull go, &c.

We gapes awhile, and rubs our eyes,
To bread and cheese zets down,
And ates a bit, and drinks a sup,
Our drowsiness to drown.
And to harvest we wull go, &c.

We zets, and yets, and tipples,
Our meyaster stands behind,
And gees us orders what to do,
Accorden to his mind.
And to harvest we wull go, &c.

We then gits up, and takes our hats
And hooks, and march away;
And labours on to breakfast time,
Without the laste delay.
And to harvest we wull go, &c.

The puncheons bein empty,
And breakfast bein o'er,
We look out then vor lebben o'clock,
When we sholl hay zome moore.
And to harvest we wull go, &c.

So on we labours droo the day,
And toils on in the heat;
Our meyaster zends unto the field
A plenteous store o' meeat.
And to harvest we wull go, &c.

Wi' gearden stuff and pudden too
Our platters do abound;
Wi' long clap knives and wooden forks
We plaay a smurtish round.
And to harvest we wull go, &c.

We often whets our rip hooks,
And looks up to the zun,
And often wishes in ourzelves,
The taydious work was done.
And to harvest we wull go, &c.

But nammet time revives our souls,
Our droopen spirits cheers,
Vor we begins to stast, and wants
Zome good stiff nammet beer.
And to harvest we wull go, &c.

At vower o'clock, or thereabouts,
Our narnmet time arrives;
We twigs the bwoy that brings it out,—
That zets us all alive.
And to harvest we wull go, &c.

At zix o'clock, or thereabouts,
We cracks our jokes and laughs;
And zays one to another,

'Here comes zome half-and-half.'

And to harvest we wull go, &c.

At eight o'clock, or thereabouts,
Our supper doth prevail;
Bread and cheese, and good fat pork,
Bezides a pint o' ale.

And to harvest we wull go, &c.

And now the harvest month is o'er,
Until another year;
And then if our meyaster plaize, agen
We wull flog his beef and beer.

And to harvest we wull go, &c"

"Well done, Jan, ye got droo wi' et vust raet; I never heerd ye zing it better." " 'T'es a good wold zong, and I should like to know'n myzelf; but I gid up zingen when tunes come into fashion." "Well Tom, I never heerd thee try to zing but once, and then I thought it sounded like the scroopen o' our waggon wheels when they wants gracen." "Well gennelmen, I bleeves I be 'titled to a call now; so Varmer Ben, we shall be glad if you'll gee us a little harmony." "Ah, I spoouse I most Jan, vor I can zee I shan't hay no peace till I do; but what sholl it be?" " Oh, let's hay 'Will the Wayver,' varmer, that's the one; 'tes a good tune, and I never heerd anybody else zing it but you." Farmer Ben lays down his pipe, takes a good swig at his grog, leans back in his chair, and begins "Will the Weaver."

"Oh mother, mother, I be married,
Oh that I had longer tarried,
Vor the women do declare,
That the breeches they will wear.'

Loven son, what es the matter?
Do she frown, or do she flatter?
Every time she do rebel,
Take a stick and twank her well.'

As he went hooam, a neighbour met him,
Jest the while that he was fretten.
Zays he: 'Young man, I'll tell ye who
It was that I zid wi' thy wife jest now.

There was thy wife, and Will the Wayver,
Oh, so loven, close together;
I zid them boath,—I'll zay no moore,
They went in doors, and shet the door.'

Then he went hooam, all in a wonder,
Rappen at the door like thunder;
Who is there?' the wayver cried.
Oh! 'tes my husband, and you most hide.'

Then up the chimbley quick he ventured,

And in the door her husband entered;
He searched the house and corners round,
And not a soul could there be vound.

Awhile he stood like one amazed,
Then he up the chimbley gazed;
There he spied the wretched soul,
Perched astride the cotterel pole.

'I be glad that I have vound thee,
I won't hang thee, nor I won't drown thee,
But I wull stufle thee wi' smoke':
This he thought, but nothen spoke.

Then he knocked up a roaren vire,
For to plaise his own desire;
His wife cried out : 'My dearest Will
Oh, husband! oh, husband! the man you'll kill!'

'Take him down my dearest jewel,'
He kept heafen on moore fuel;
'Oh take him down, and spare his life,
And I wull be thy faithful wife.'

Then off the cotterel pole he took him,
And severely he shook him,
And zed to him at every stroke,
'Come no moore to stop my smoke.'

There was never nor poor chimbley sweeper
Half so black as Will the Wayver,
Hands and faace, and clothes likewise,
And sent off hooam wi' two black eyes."

(Roars of laughter and applause.) "Brayvo varmer! that's the best zong we've had it." "I thought 'twould suit ye Jan; and to keep up the ball, I'll call upon Thomas there vor a zong." "A very good call, varmer; so clear your pipes Thomas my wold hearty, and lets hay 'Whistle, daughter.'" "Noa, I dunno; 'tes onny a paacel o' wold foolishness, and ye can't come in coalbox nother." Come, come, Thomas, noo slippen out on't; moost on us never heerd *you* sing, so lay back your years and spet it out proper." "I never could sing, mayet, but I have maade a hollobulloo avore now." Thomas, after several hems, and a deep draught of ale, shuts his eyes, and in a strident tone begins:

" 'Whistle, daughter, whistle, come whistle now my dear.'
'I cannot whistle, mammy, 'tes the wrong time o' the year.'
'Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you sholl hay a pound.'
'I cannot whistle, maminy, I cannot make a sound.'
'Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you sholl hay a cow.'
'I cannot whistle, mammy, I rayly don't know how.'

'Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a man.'

'I cannot whistle, mammy, but I'll do the best I can.'

"Haw, haw, haw; well done Thomas, we didn't know you was such a zinger avore; well done our zide." "Oi, Thomas's song was like a jackass's gallop, short and sweet." "Well, 'tes the onny ditty I knows, and the shorter 'tes, the zooner its over; so I'll light my pipe, and jest call on Mr. Cooper vor the next zong, 'cause I knows he's a good zinger, and so was his father avore'n." "Very well, Thomas, you shall have a sporting ditty this time, and I louz that'll suit ye.

THE JOVIAL SPORTSMEN.

There was zome jolly sportsmen
Went out to hunt a fox
And where d'ye think they vound him?
Among the hills and rocks.

With my whoop, whoop, whoop, and my halloa!
All in this merry train;
With my ran, tan, tan, and my tivy, tivy, twang;
Right droo the woods we'll ride, brave bwoys,
Right droo the woods we'll ride.

The vust we met was a ploughman,
A ploughen of his land;
He swore he zid bold Renyard
Run by on his right hand.
With my whoop, whoop, whoop, &c.

The next we met was a miller,
A peepen out o' his mill;
He swore he zid bold Renyard
Run up the yonder hill.
With my whoop, whoop, whoop, &c.

The next we met was a blind man,
As blind as he could be;
He swore he zid bold Renyard
Run up a hollow tree.
With my whoop, whoop, whoop, &c.

The next we met was a paason,
Clad in his mournen black
He swore he zid bold Renyard
Run up the huntsman's back.
With my whoop, whoop, whoop, &c."

"Well done, Mr. Cooper, yourn es zummet like a zong,— plenty of coalbox in 'en." "Thankee, Mr. Cooper, 'tes

A very good zong, and very well zung,
Jolly companions every one."

“Oi you, I heerd wold Tom Chiverton’s son try to zing that song in at the Rid Lion jest aater last harvest, but a couldn’t make half a job on’t.” “I was there, you; ‘twas middle Bargain Zadderday, and I run up agen ‘en in Beeast Market, avore a got into the Red Lion. ‘Hollo, mayet,’ I zays, ‘where’st thee spring vrom? where bist livin now, you?’ “‘Tes never you, Ned,’ a zed, ‘es it? Why I han’t a zid thy wold physog ever zunce last year. However dost git on, you?’ ‘ Oh I be all right so fur,’ I says, ‘but where bist liven then?’ ‘Well,’ a zed, ‘ I was liven at Nettlecombe, but I be liven now wi’ wold varmer Stakebittle, down Lower Latchetts.’ ‘Thee doesn’t say so,’ says I, ‘and whatever hast got to do there?’ ‘Oh I onny keeps the kay o’ the vuz house, and draves the ducks to water.’ ‘ Tell’ee what ‘tes, mayet,’ I zays, ‘simmen to me thee hast got a good aisy plaace, and thee’st better look out and keep ‘en. But what dost git a year?’ ‘ Zix pound,’ a zed, ‘but nor nammet, you.’ I thought I’d heerd quite enough wi’ that, zo I wished ‘en good day, and went a little vurder on.” “ Well men, time’s on the wing, and there’s Andrew there zetten all the evenen as mute as a mouse, but he can zing a good zong if a mind to.” “ Hear, hear, meyaster. Now Andrew, let’s hay ‘The little Cappender.” Andrew deliberately fills his glass, empties it, and commences—

THE LITTLE CAPPENDER.

“I’ll zing you a new zong, that layetly has been maade,
 ‘Tes of a little cappender, and of a pretty maade.
 I have a fancy vor you, you goos zo neat and trim;
 But oh, the little cappender, what wull become of him

The vust was a varmer, and he could plough and zow;
 He zed, ‘My pretty fair maade, I’m come to let you know
 I have a fancy vor you, you goos so neat and trim;
 But oh, the little cappender, what wull become of him?’

The next was a wold man come hopen in the dark;
 He zed, ‘My dearest jewel, ‘tes you have won my heart;
 I have a fancy vor you, you goos zo neat and trim;
 But oh, the little cappender, what wull become of him?’

The next was a blacksmith that come vrom Newtown fair,
 He gid her his goold watch, and a little of his store,
 He gid her his silk handkercher all vor to putt it in,
 Zaying, ‘Oh, the little cappendor, what wull become of him?’

‘I’ll work wi’ my broad axe, as long as I can wag,
 And all the money I can git, I’ll putt it in the bag,
 I’ll putt it in my bag, until Zadderday at night,
 And ‘tee oh, my little cappender, you be my heart’s delight.’

“Well done Andrew, that’s a rale good wold zong; I minds hearen my father zing ‘en, years agoo.” “ Oi you, and I heerd wold Gladdis zing ‘en in Nippert, one Bargain Zadderday one time. I zay Sam, wudden’t thee there too ?” “I jist about was, mayet; Sal and I was there, and we went up in Bell Chámber rish, and had dree pennorth o’ rid stuff apiece, and a good step or two aaterwards; wold Keech was there wi’ his fiddle, and another young chap to help, but he couldn’t scraape it out like Keech.” “ Dedn’t ye zee a ghost gwyne hooam that night, and all git uptipped in the road? I fancies I heerd zo at the time.” “ Haw, haw; zee a ghost! noa;

we wudden't *quite* so zoat as that, but we did git auverdrowed, and the rine knocked off zome on us. You know you, jist as we was about starten hooamwards, we meets wi' woid Honey in his light keert, wi' that gurt chesnut mare o' hes, and a had 'Skiver ligs' and wold Whittul in the keert wi' 'en, and all on 'em was about half cocked. 'Come on Sam,' a zays, 'there's room vor thee and Sal,—jump up behind;' zo we ded, and there was a good looad on us, I can tell'ee. We got on very well till we was jest t'other zide o' Rookley, when all at once the woid mare shied at a wold gallybagger stuck up top o' hedge, and swealed round right athirt the road, and one of the wheels come off, and all the hool bwilen on us vell out wi' sich a louster right in the middle o' the road; we maade the mud vlee, I'll war'nt it. I went sprawlen in a gurt heap on't, and Sal right up top on me. Wudden't I in a mess,you! Honey, he veil athirt wold Whittul's geeam lig, and maade 'en zwear like a trooper. Skiver ligs had his head cut about, and lost his new hat; and I had a miserable black eye, and was zo tender all over vor a day or two aaterwards that I couldn't hardly wag. Wold Honey and Sal come off best,—they wudden't hurt; but Honey lost his whip, and Sal spwiled her head gear; zo I had to paay vor a new bonnet vor her the week aater." "Oi, you, I zid Skiver Jigs the next day, and a was battered a bit about the pimple on 'en." "Humph, that was nothen; you ought to zee wold 'Pay shucks' zometimes, aater he and his wold dooman have had a pint or two, and a bit of a dido over night; the faace on 'en looks like a ground fresh ploughed, wi' a good many baaks left here and there." (Roars of laughter). "Well chaps, if we meean to hay ar nother zong we must be sharp, vor the time's gitten on, and 'twull zoon be shet up time; zo come on Mister Morris, we han't had your ditty it, and you can gee us the best wold zong we've had to-night, I knows very well." " Ah, Mister Morris, jest let's hay ' Zed Jan to Joan." "Well, I thought I should hay to make a noise avore the night was over, zo I'll try what I can do to plaise ye.

§ Zed Jan to Joan,' Wull you hay me?

Vor if you wull, I'll marry thee.

I've house, and land, and cows, and swine,

And if you likes, it med all be thine.

Then tell me Joan if this wull do,

Vor I can't come every day to woo.

My barn wi' corn and haay is vull,

I've dree fat pigs jest ready to kill,

I've got a mare which es coal black,

She'll car me well, and also a zack.

Then tell me Joan, &c.

A good fat cheese lays on my shilf,

I never sholl yet it all myself,

And up the chimley, saafe in a nitch,

Es twenty guineas, 'long ride o' the fitch.

Then tell me Joan, &c.

You zees o' wealth I gut good stoore, —

When mother dies I shull hay zume moore;

I've house, and land, and goold in puss,

You med goo vurder and fare wuss.

Then tell me Joan, &c.

I hopes I shall git your consent,
But I be noo hand at compliment,
I be moore at hooam in the ground at plough,
When I hollers—whup! and whoa! gee whoa!
Then tell me Juan, &c.”

“Bravo, well done, Mister Morris, that’s about the best thing we’ve had to-night, simmen to me.” “ HolLo Andrew, thee begins to look goggle eyed; drink up, mayet, we must zoon begin to clear out.” “ I be right enough Jan; mind thee doesn’t goo and vall into the hull coop to-night, as ye ded the Hooam Harvest avore last,—I minds it min.” “Haw, haw, that was a pretty goo, Jan. But come, Thomas, can’t you gee us a verse or two vor a finisher ?” “ Noa, I can’t; I zung all I knowed a nower agoo, as I told ye, zo I be plaayed out.” “Well, I can tell a little bit of a yarn about Thomas, that’ll make ye laugh.” “Can ye, Andrew? well, do let’s hay it.” “Zome years agoo, when Thomas used to run about wi’ wold Cook’s daughter—Sairey Ann, I thinks she was called,—I happened to be in the Rose and Crown one Nippert Fair day, when who should come in but Thomas and hes gal. ‘Well Sairey Ann,’ a zays, ‘let’s hay zummet. What be ye gwyne to hay you? Here missus, gimme dree pennorth o’ that ere rid stuff out o’ the bottle.’ ‘Oh Thomas,’ zays Sairey, ‘don’t putt yourself to sich expense.’ ‘Darn expense,’ zays Thomas, ‘I don’t keer a cuss about expense; gee her a ha-penny biscuit, and let me hay another dree pennorth myself.’” “Now thee’st better shet up, Andrew; I’ve had about enough o’ that.” “All right, Thomas; don’t take noo notice o’ he— he edden’t right half hes time; but let’s hay one moore zong.” Stop a bit; why here’s Sam,—he ben yopplen a good deal to-night, but a han’t gid us nor zong; a can do’t if a likes.” “Oi, that es right; we’ve overlooked you, Sam; you knows jest the zong to top up wi’,—one wi’ a coalbox where we can all come in and rare the ruff; zo unbutton your shirt collar, and let’s hay ‘Tally ho, hark away.’” || “All right keerter, mind ye stricks in, in the proper plaace.

The zun was jest a peepen up over the hill,
The ploughboy was whistlen along ‘cross the field,
The blackbirds was a zingen all each on his spray;
Zays the Huntsman to his hounds: ‘Tally ho, hark away.’
Tally ho, hark away, Tally ho, hark away,
Tally ho, tally ho,
Tally ho, hark away.

Come up, my braave sportsmen, and make no delay,
Come zaddle your hosses, and let’s brish away;
Vor the fox he’s in view, all kindled wi’ scorn,
Zoo come my braave sportsmen and jine the shrill horn.
Tally ho, hark away, &c.

He led us in chase vull fifty long miles,
Over hedges, over deetches, over geats, over stiles
Zo come my braave huntsman, sound your musical horn,
We shall zoon overtake’n, vor his brush drags along.
Tally ho, hark away, &c.

He led us in chase vor zix hours in voll cry;
Tally ho, hark away, vor the fox he must die;

Then we'll cut off his brush with view holloas and noise,
And we'll drink a good health to all fox hunten bwoys.
Tally ho, hark away, &c.

Now chaps, coalbox! One moore vor a top up." (Chorus thrice repeated, fortissimo, and ended with unbounded applause.)

The labourers and farm servants then wished their master and his guests good night, and retired; "meyaster" and his party remaining for half-an-hour's chat over a last pipe and parting glass. The next day was always more or less a holiday, being the day following the feast, when nobody felt much disposed for sustained labour after the late hours and revelry of the preceding night; odd jobs were finished, and things generally put in order; the men engaged for the month were paid, and after a few jugs of foaming harvest beer had gone round, departed for their homes; in most cases taking to their wives and families some of the remnants of the harvest supper. The chief celebration of farming life was over for the year, and in this now disused merry-making much more genuine hospitality was practised, and more kindly feelings engendered, than in any number of Harvest Festivals as at present conducted. The farmer had taken part in the labours of his men, and often sat at the same table at dinner and supper with them during the harvest month, and at the closing joviality of "Hooam Harvest" delighted with his friends to mix with his men without constraint or distinction; thus forming a bond of union and sympathy between them and himself, of which in these days of freezing political economics, and subjection of everything to the rigid rule of supply and demand, we have scarcely any conception, and practically realising the honest and homely lines of old Tsser—

"In harvest time, harvest folk, servants and all,
Should make altogether good cheer in the hall.
And fill up the black bowl, so blithe to their song,
And let them be merrie all harvest time long.

Once ended thy harvest, let none be beguiled,
Please such as did please thee, man, woman, and child.
Thus doing, with alway such help as they can,
Thou winnest the praise of the labouring man."

NOTES

* Sometimes, according to the knowledge of the singers, instead of an extra cheer for "Missus," an additional verse in her commendation was sung, as follows

"Now harvest it is over, and summer it is past,
We'll drink our Missus's health in a full and flowing glass;
For she is a good woman, and gives us all goud cheer,
So come my brave boys, let's all tip uff our beer.
Then drink boys, drink, &c."

† "Lumps o' Pudden." A version of this song, but varying a good deal from that here given, with the tune, is in D'Urfey's "Pills to purge Melancholy."

‡ This very curious rustic song, now almost forgotten, is here printed it is believed for the first time, as also most of those following—” Will the Weaver,” “The Little Cappender, &c.”
(note this symbol does not appear in the text)

§ “Zed Jan to Joan,” better known as “The Clown’s Courtship.” This song, with the tune, is to be found in D’Urfey’s “Pills to purge Melancholy,” and also in Chappell’s Popular Music of the Olden Time.” The version sung in the Isle of Wight differs a good deal from that given in either of these works, and having been modernised, has lost much of its quaintness; but it has an additional verse, wanting in each of the others. Mr. Chappell considers the song to be as old as the reign of Henry VIII, the first verse having been found set to music in a MS. of that date.

|| Tally ho, bark away.” This is a favourite song among the peasantry, principally on account of its rollicking chorus, which can be repeated *ad lib*. Fox-hunting songs are not generally native productions, but importations from the mainland, dating from about the middle or end of the last century; as foxes were not introduced into the Island till after the year 1840.