

HAYMEAKIN ZONG

When Mid-zummer is draain nigh,
An grass in mead an vield is high;
Up we tha zun away da go,
Tha mawers var ta lay it low;
We gleamin sythe thay ael tha day,
Da whet, an swet, an mow away,
While wives da vollie on behind,
An sheaks tha swaths out ta tha wind.

CHORUS

Var haymeakin in zummer prime,
Is a joyvul happy time.

Them strappen chaps, Jim, Jack an Joe,
Be rare good fellers var ta mow;
Auver a yeaker in a day,
Thay'll cut , an caal it purty play;
An zometimes thay ull av a bout,
Ta zee who vust on em gies out;
Bit Joe's tha baste man a tha dree
Thear's narn ta come up zides we he.

Var haymeakin in zummer prime,
Is a joyvul happy time.

Down mead, it be a purty zite,
When tha weathers warm an bright;
Ta hear tha glad haymeakin voke,
Za merry like, we zong an joke;

Ta zee tha childern jump an play,
An rompse amang tha new mawn hay;
An coorten couples be tha brook,
Wanderen to zom sheady nook.

Var haymeakin in zummer prime,
Is a joyvul happy time.

Measter and Missus oft comes out,
Ta help an turn tha hay about;
Ther strappen zon, an daaters gay,
Likes ta vrolic we tha hay;
Var plazes em ta zee tha cut,
An smill tha scent, as sweet's a nut;
An oft ull zend var extry beer,
Tha leaburen people var ta cheer.

Var haymeakin in zummer prime,
Is a joyvul happy time.

At nunchin time, vrim tha hot zun,
Ta yander willer tree thay run,
Which bye tha river's baink da spread;
Like a girt tent up auver yead,
An hare tha zimple vare gooes down,
A braden cheese, an yale za brown,
Wich every man, ooman an bwoy,
Hearty an happy da enjoy.

Var haymeakin in zummer prime,
Is a joyvul happy time.

An when tha grass is ael cut down,
An zun an wind av dried it brown,
Hosses an waiggins purty quick
Haals it away up ta tha rick;
An when tis zeafly inta stack,
Beans an Beakin is tha tack;
Girt poodens too, baccy an beer,
An close tha day we jolly cheer.

Var haymeakin in zummer prime,
Is a joyvul happy time.