

## THE HAYMAKERS

New World Records 80234

### *The Haymakers & George F. Root*

by Dena J. Epstein

*The Haymakers* does not fit into the traditional picture of American musical history: It is a secular cantata on an American subject and was written in 1857, when large-scale works were not yet supposed to have developed. Its composer, George F. Root, is usually described as the writer of a few rousing Civil War songs like “The Battle Cry of Freedom” (see notes for New World Records 80202-2, *Songs of the Civil War*), moral ditties for children (80251-2, *Where Home Is*), and a great deal of sentimental rubbish. Nothing in this image prepares the listener for the charm and vitality of *The Haymakers* or explains how this work came to be written. Another unanswered question is why its initial popularity was succeeded by oblivion. The answers seem to lie in Root’s character and training and their relation to the world in which he lived. The theories of American musical history that postulate two streams of development—the “cultivated,” or “genteel,” and the “vernacular”—make no provision for a work that was neither consciously related to European models nor strictly popular, but drew on the English glee while using indigenous themes to appeal to American performers and audiences. It appears that American musical history, like Root’s approach to composition, is more complex than has been recognized: *The Haymakers* represents an aspect of American music that has been completely overlooked.

George Frederick Root was born in Sheffield, Massachusetts, in 1820, the oldest of eight musical children born to musical parents. His maternal grandfather taught singing school (see notes for 80205-2, *White Spirituals from the Sacred Harp*) and led the local choir. His mother and her five sisters all sang and could accompany the choir on the double bass. (This use of the bass, which seems incongruous today, was quite common in American and English parish churches when no keyboard instrument was available. A popular concert troupe, the Hutchinson Family [see notes for 80202-2, *Songs of the Civil War*], traveled with a double bass lashed to the top of its carriage.) Root’s father taught him to play the flute, and he tried every instrument that came his way.

As a boy, Root worked on his father’s farm, firsthand experience that lent conviction to the text and action of *The Haymakers*. In the rural community where he grew up, singing was the most common form of music, and keyboard instruments were rare; Root was eighteen and already hoping for a career in music before he went to Boston for his first piano lesson. With a background based on the singing-school tradition inherited from the eighteenth century, he quickly adapted to Boston, where Lowell Mason was beginning his work in the churches and public schools (see notes for New World 80257-2, *The Wind Demon*). In what seemed “a veritable bonanza,” Root was not only accepted as a pupil by Artemas Nixon Johnson, a choirmaster and music educator, but was hired to sweep the floors, tend the fire, and take messages. Despite “a phenomenally intractable hand,” he was soon teaching pupils even less advanced than he and accompanying hymns at prayer meetings. He joined the Handel and Haydn Society, began singing lessons with George James Webb, Boston’s leading vocal teacher and soon-to-be president of the Society, and before long was hired as an assistant teacher for public-school classes by Mason himself. Root wrote in his autobiography:

If my getting on so fast in a city like Boston seems unaccountable, I must explain . . . that music was in a very different condition then from what it is

now [1891] . . . [and] those who were early in the field had a very great advantage. We had no competition and were sought on every hand.

In 1841, three years after coming to Boston, Root began coaching singers in Mason's teachers' class; he did so well that he started conducting regular sessions in vocal technique.

Three years later Root went to New York to teach music at Abbott's School for Young Ladies. Within a short time he was also teaching at Rutgers Female Institution, Miss Haines' School for Young Ladies, Union Theological Seminary, and the New York State Institution for the Blind, besides leading the choir at the Mercer Street Church. His classes were primarily in singing, to which he gradually added scales, transposition, and other exercises.

At home he formed a vocal quartet with his wife, sister, and brother to sing glees, madrigals, and Mendelssohn part-songs. In time the group achieved such polish that they were invited to appear on a program of the New York Philharmonic Society, singing without accompaniment. Root had sung with orchestra in Boston, but he seems to have had little interest in instrumental color or effects and thought primarily in terms of the human voice. At this time he preferred in teaching to use the works of Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Haydn, among others, disdaining the songbooks then on the market. But he experienced increasing difficulty finding suitable material for his classes—the right number of parts with just the right level of difficulty for children or young girls. The schools demanded appropriate new music for opening and closing religious exercises, and he found it easier to compose his own than to search out what he needed. In his teaching he was used to “extemporizing melodies on the blackboard, before classes that could be kept in order only by prompt and rapid movements.” In composing, “such work as I could do at all, I could do quickly. There was no waiting for a melody.” He compiled his first singing book for his classes, *The Young Ladies' Choir*, in 1846.

By 1850 the pace of his many teaching assignments began to weary even his robust constitution. At the suggestion of Jacob Abbott, he decided to spend a year in Paris, studying singing. For his teacher he chose Giulio Alary, an experienced conductor in Italy and France who also composed chamber music, many songs, several operas, an oratorio, and a requiem and was a leading instructor at the Conservatoire. What Alary thought of his unsophisticated pupil from America one can only guess. A French version of Alary's opera *Le Tre Nozze* was in rehearsal as *Les Trois Mariages*. The composer invited Root to a rehearsal, but Root's religious principles prevented him from accepting. “At that time, in the church to which I belonged, it was thought wrong to go to opera or theatrical representations, and I determined when I left home that I would do nothing in Paris that I would not do in New York.” Aware that his refusal was incomprehensible to Alary, Root felt he could not continue his lessons and found another teacher. Later Root's religious views became more liberal; but a prejudice against the theater was common in America, an element in the success of his cantatas. They, like lectures and concerts, were considered educational rather than entertainment. Since concerts were permitted, Root was able to hear the great singers of his day: Luigi Lablache, Henriette Sontag, Pauline Viardot Garcia, and Sims Reeves, as well as the composers Felicien David and Hector Berlioz conducting their own works. He was acquainted with the most innovative music of his time, although he chose to write for an unsophisticated audience.

Root returned from Europe with broader musical horizons, but his practical views of the American

public remained substantially unchanged. When he needed “something new” for his classes, he thought of the floral concerts for children that were then popular. From them it was only a short step to a musical play for girls and young ladies, built around the suitably innocuous theme of the flowers choosing their queen. His first cantata, *The Flower Queen; or, The Coronation of the Rose*—possibly the first secular cantata by an American—was published in 1852. The work was intended for young ladies’ seminaries, which were numerous. It was an immediate success. Rudimentary directions for staging were included, along with a brief synopsis of the plot:

The Flowers meet in a secluded dell in the forest to choose their Queen . . .  
[They] tell of love and duty; and the Recluse—learning that, to fill well the station allotted by Providence, is to be happy—resolves to return again to usefulness and contentment among his fellow creatures.

Such highly moral philosophy struck a popular note and would recur in *The Haymakers*. Root’s effective handling of young voices contributed to the cantata’s success, although a static bass line, feeble melodies, and a lack of rhythmic variety made only too apparent his inexperience as a composer.

Soon thereafter Root wrote the first of his “people’s songs,” modeled on the sentimental ballads of Stephen Foster. With a few hits like “Hazel Dell” and “Rosalie, the Prairie Flower,” Root began to take his composing more seriously. He still thought of himself primarily as a teacher and took a leading role in organizing the first Normal Musical Institute, a pioneer three-month training course for teachers. Classes were taught by some of the leading native musicians: Lowell Mason, Thomas Hastings, William B. Bradbury, and Root himself. The enthusiastic and hard-working teacher-students provided Root with more skillful choruses than he had had before, and again he proved an effective teacher. That he could stand comparison with the best teachers in Europe was asserted by Alexander Wheelock Thayer, the biographer of Beethoven, in *Dwight’s Journal of Music* for July 25, 1857:

The best class teaching of vocalization I had ever seen was by [Karl] Goetze, in Leipzig, and [Julius] Stern, in Berlin; but in neither case did the method strike me as better than Mr. Root’s, and certainly their classes were not superior to his, in the proficiency manifested. . . . Of the chorus singing I can hardly speak in too high terms—such were the firmness of pitch, the excellent pronunciation and delivery of the text, the promptness in taking up points, the perfect time, and the full volume of tone.

An earlier dispatch in *Dwight’s* for July 4 was equally enthusiastic: “The glee and choral performances were quite remarkable, for so large a number brought promiscuously together.” With Dwight and Root in opposing musical camps, such praise was rare.

Much of the music the Normal classes performed came from Europe, but Root felt a need for works designed for an American public. In his autobiography he candidly stated his pragmatic attitude toward composing:

I never felt in the least that I had a “call” to be a musical composer. . . . I never

dreamed of eminence as a writer of music. . . . [as] I saw so many failures on the part of those who were “aiming high” . . . that I . . . preferred to shoot at something I could hit. . . . I am simply one, who, from such resources as he finds within himself, makes music for the people, having always a particular need in view. This is a thing that a person may do with some success, without being either a genius or a great composer.

His lack of pretension and his intimate knowledge of effective singing contributed to the lasting charm of *The Haymakers*.

In 1856 Lowell Mason, Jr., a partner in the publishing firm of Mason Brothers, proposed that Root write a cantata for mixed voices on a secular text, and haymaking was chosen as the subject. Root decided to write both words and music. He wrote most of the cantata at the Root family farm in North Reading, Massachusetts,

where, by stepping to the door, I could see the very fields in which I had swung a scythe and raked the hay, and in which I had many a time hurried to get the last load into the barn before the thunderstorm should burst upon us. In fact, nearly every scene described in the cantata had its counterpart in my experience on the old farm not many years before.

He knew the real thing, and his audiences sensed it. Many details in the libretto demonstrate his familiarity with haying; for example, the Farmer's instructions in Part First: “Come, lads and lasses, turn again the half-made hay . . . too much drying is not good.”

When *The Haymakers* was performed in Chicago in 1860, the *Tribune* for January 9 praised,

. . . the freshness of its music, which, combined with the naturalness of the plot, depicts with great truthfulness, while it slightly idealizes the labors of the American hayfield. . . . The Italian opera walks on stilts, deals in exaggeration, and treats largely of kings, queens, dukes and nobles. This is purely democratic, exalts labor, ridicules the useless city dandy, and holds up for your admiration the sturdy Farmer and his household, who learn from nature, the pure, the true and the beautiful. . . .

Even the usually critical *Dwight's Journal of Music* had been respectful in March, 1859: “The work is no mere juvenile affair, but one of really quite high pretensions, ‘needing only the addition of orchestral accompaniment to entitle it to the name of an opera.’” Root conducted twenty performances in Boston and vicinity that season. The Chicago performances, also conducted by Root, filled a twenty-three-hundred-seat house three times, with more performances requested. (Chicago's population at that time was roughly a hundred thousand.)

Root's cantata differed in some ways from comparable European works, for he wrote for the forces he expected to find. His prefatory “Explanations and Directions” give simple practical directions for staging the work, with alternative suggestions for performances “book in hand, without costume and action.” No orchestral accompaniment was contemplated, nor is there any evidence that one was

ever used. The portions for solo voices were accompanied by piano, with an occasional flute obbligato—the “Explanations and Directions” only mention “other instruments”—while the mildly contrapuntal choruses had no accompaniment indicated. In this recording the choruses are sung *a cappella*, although it is possible that a keyboard doubling may have been used. The liveliness and vigor of these sections anticipate the operettas of Arthur Sullivan.

Despite the work’s charm, it lapsed into oblivion after its initial success. In large part this may have been due to the troubled political situation in 1860, with war drawing near. A distracted public probably discouraged amateur groups from undertaking large-scale choral works. During the war, impromptu programs requiring little rehearsal were the rule. And when the war finally ended, European opera won over a large portion of the theatergoing public. The major cities had lost their enthusiasm for naturalistic re-creations of rural life, while the smaller towns lacked the resources for so ambitious a work. Moreover, a successful performance seemed to demand a coach and conductor as skilled as Root; with him in command, all went well. How many performances were conducted by others is not known. It seems likely that America could not boast many choral conductors of his caliber.

Finally, Root himself seemed to lose interest in his more ambitious works as he grew older. His financial success was based on his simpler pieces, not on *The Haymakers*, and though he never disowned this child of his youth, there is no reason to believe he tried to revive it. It was in print in 1870, when it was listed in the Board of Music Trade’s *Complete Catalogue*, but I wonder how many performances it had after the Civil War. If this recording inspires a rebirth of interest, perhaps we may yet see staged performances of the work as it was done in 1859-60.

### **Comments on George F. Root’s Explanations and Directions to *The Haymakers***

The directions for presenting *The Haymakers* reflect Root’s clear ideas of effective staging, despite his religious objections to the theater (he removed the stigma of theatrical vulgarity by calling the work “An Operatic Cantata”). Root’s careful concern for effectiveness in both staging and performance is evident in such directions as: “No. 6 [9], the upper part of the accompaniment attempts some imitation of the singing of the scythe through the grass. . . . The mowers pass to and fro across the stage, imitating the motions of mowing, giving the stroke at the commencement of each measure. . . . “Later: “In . . . all pieces where two choruses or parts sing together, great care should be taken to keep a good balance.” At a time when no native school of musical theater had yet developed in England or the United States, these simple and sensible directions foreshadowed not only the works of Gilbert and Sullivan but, in America, more sophisticated if no less indigenous twentieth-century productions such as *Oklahoma!*

Dena J. Epstein is the author of *Music Publishing in Chicago Before 1871: The Firm of Root & Cady, 1858–1871* (Detroit: Information Coordinators, 1969), *Sinful Tunes and Spirituals: Black Folk Music to the Civil War* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1977), and many articles and reviews.

### **Explanations and Directions, by George F. Root**

The “Haymakers,” as the title indicates, is founded upon scenes and incidents connected with the hay-field, the farm-house, and the hay-making season, and may be given with or without characteristic costume, action, scenery, etc., at the convenience or pleasure of the performers. If

sung, book in hand, without costume and action, no special direction is needed here . . .

A large platform or stage will be required, that the performers may have room enough for the necessary action. A part of the stage should be concealed from the audience, that the singers may be sometimes out of sight. This may be done by trees and shrubbery, leaving the open space in the center and in front. If convenient, the gable end of a farm house or other appropriate scenery may be represented behind the trees.

The ladies should wear straw hats and picturesque dresses of some simple material. A sort of Swiss costume is pretty, easily made, and convenient. The gentlemen should also wear straw hats and summer clothing. Jackets or blouses may be dispensed with while at work. The farmer and other principal characters may have some appropriate distinguishing dress.

Real scythes, rakes, and forks may be found too large and heavy; imitations are easily made, and will be better.

The piano-forte or other instruments should not be on the open stage where the performances take place, but rather behind the trees at the side, or below the stage in front. . . .

The singers should keep well *in front*, singing as much as possible *to the audience*. Throw out the voices freely, and speak distinctly. . . .

The first three or four “Good Mornings” may be sung before the singers come on, perhaps by single voices, as if calling to each other; or this may be carried still further by *saying* good morning, as if waking up the sleepers. When the singers come on, let them sing as if bidding each other good morning. If the two parts singing “Good Morning” are found too difficult, it will produce a very good effect to have some voices appointed to *say* good morning, as if answering to each other, while the chorus is going on. No direction is needed for Nos. 24 and 25, nor indeed for No. 26, excepting, perhaps, that as this chorus is very short it may be sung twice.

.....

William then comes on, accompanied by the mowers, who, while he sings, make ready for their work by going through the motions of whetting their scythes, etc., not, however, so as to disturb the song. Perhaps their movements may be mostly made in the interludes. In No. 6 [9], the upper part of the accompaniment attempts some imitation of the singing of the scythe through the grass. If desirable, a part only of the singers in this chorus may appear, the others singing out of sight. . . . The mowers pass to and fro across the stage, imitating the motions of mowing, giving the stroke at the commencement of each measure, and arranging their movements so that near the close of the piece they shall be out of sight, and their voices sound as if they were in the distance. During this performance the spreaders come on with their forks, and arrange themselves in groups as if conversing.

The mowing chorus may be sung two or three times, changing mowers each time if thought best. It will be well to arrange the stage so that the mowers can pass behind the trees on one side, and appear again on the other, diminishing as they pass out of sight, and increasing as they appear.

.....  
At No. 32 the chorus again comes on. This piece will require some care to make it effective.

Just before the commencement of the second movement in No. 33 let one of the men hurry up to the farmer, and call his attention to the cloud in the west. In No. 34 the raking and pitching may be imitated. The hay wagon may be *imagined* to stand just out of sight, yet so that the pitching can be seen.

.....

The room may be darkened a little for No. 36, and imitation lightning and thunder introduced, if convenient. It may be well to have a short, appropriate prelude to this chorus.

In No. 37 the light should brighten, and as William and Anna sing, “And see! with golden gleaming,” all start up, and pointing to the rainbow, commence No. 38 as soon as the duet ends.

In No. 39 Mary stands in the center, well in front, those who sing in semi-chorus forming a semi-circle around her—the others in groups. As No. 39 closes the farmer steps forward, and sings his little recitative, at which all fall into the semi-circle inclosing the principal characters.

A rustic dance may be introduced at the close of No. 40, if thought best, after which a part of the chorus may be repeated as a finale.

If during the performances generally the movements, as here indicated, should be found tiresome or inconvenient, the singers may often remain stationary. In this case, however, care should be taken not to assume positions that are too formal; arranging in little groups is a good plan. The music should be committed to memory, and no books be used in sight when the cantata is performed in this way.

In conclusion, the author hopes the “Haymakers” will be found useful and pleasant for musical practice, and innocent and healthful as a means of recreation and enjoyment.

### **Introduction to the Libretto**

*The Haymakers*, with hardly any plot at all, recalls Haydn’s *The Seasons* in its re-creation of the rural scene and the activities of haymaking and in its similar cast. Part First, not included in this recording, begins with the Farmer calling his crew to begin their work. The chorus praises the farmer’s life—“No factory walls confine his limbs”—and thank God for the beauties of nature and the fruit of the earth. The Mowers and Spreaders graphically describe how their work is done—“Now steady swing your scythes in measured time, nor fear upon the smooth and well-rolled field a single stone to meet.” Noon comes, and the crew stops for dinner. Work is then resumed, “neatly, no straws leave behind,/Gather all as we go.” At the day’s end they rest, while William, the young countryman, and Mary, the farmer’s daughter, sing a serenade. Part Second follows.

### **Libretto to the Haymakers, an Operatic Cantata, Part Two** **By George F. Root**

Personations

Mary (The Farmer's Daughter) *First Soprano*  
Anna (The Farmer's Daughter) *Second Soprano*  
Dairy-Maid *Mezzo-soprano*  
Farmer *Baritone*  
William (First Assistant) *Tenor*  
John (Second Assistant) *Bass*  
Trio of Women's Voices  
Chorus of Men's Voices  
Quartette and Chorus  
Quintet  
Semi-Chorus of Mowers (Men's Voices)  
Semi-Chorus of Spreaders (Women's Voices)  
Semi-Chorus of Mixed Voices  
Full Chorus of Haymakers

No. 23: Full Chorus

Good morning,  
'Tis a bright summer morn and our harvest day,  
With the first ruddy beam, away! away!  
Every creature around us seems to say,  
    Good morning!

How pure, how sweet the earth, the air, the sky,  
    How darts from out the east the light,  
    How mount its rays on high,  
From sleep we rise with life, and strength, and joy;  
    And quaff from bounteous nature's cup,  
    A draught without alloy.  
How pure, etc.

'Tis a bright summer morn and our harvest day,  
With the first ruddy beam, away! away!  
Every creature around us seems to say,  
    Good morning, etc.

No. 24: Recitative—*Farmer*  
[Mark Myers, tenor]

How pleasant are those cheerful words,  
Happiness comes not from wealth, comes not from  
station,  
But from contentment calm and true.  
He who walks cheerfully on the path of duty,



Doing with his might what his hands find to do,  
Loving God and his fellow man,  
He alone has the right to be happy.

No. 25: Song—*Farmer*  
[Mark Myers, tenor]

Blithely go we forth; 'tis our harvest day,  
Every thing around us is bright and gay;  
From the waving tree-tops, hear the merry song,  
Floating through the valley, the tones prolong;

Hear the distant murmur of the woodland so fair;  
Welcome is its music on the bright morning air;  
Mingle then our voices, as we go on our way,  
With the cheerful sound; 'tis our harvest day.

No. 26: Chorus and Echo

1. Light hearted are we, and free from care,  
As forth to the fields we go;  
While singing, laughing, shouting,  
The echoing hills are sounding,  
    As merrily forth we go.  
    Yo ho! yo ho! yo ho! etc.

2. Yes, merrily forth, a happy band,  
We go to the meadow fair,  
The joyful birds are singing,  
And hill and valley ringing,  
    As merrily forth we go.  
    Yo ho! etc.

No. 27: Chorus—*Men's Voices*

How like some tented camp the distant field appears!  
All glorious in the morning light, tho' wet with dewy  
    tears,  
How flies the heavy mist like smoke of battle's strife,  
As brightening all the sky the sun is bursting into life,  
    Like the sword's bright flash,  
    And the saber's clash  
And the rolling, rolling drum,  
    Are the glancing light,  
    Of the scythes so bright,  
And the wood-bird's whirring hum.

No. 28: Recitative—*Anna*

[Linda Brannon, mezzo-soprano]

Joy! it is not the tented field, it is not the rolling drum, it is not the saber's flash, nor the cannon's roar. The only tents are of fragrant hay. The only sentinels, the hopping, hopping robins, who at our approach have flown away.

No. 29: Song—*Anna*

[Linda Brannon, mezzo-soprano]

Scenes of happiness I love you,  
    Dearer by far than the gay world's smiles,  
    Every object fair  
Bringeth joy that no sorrow beguiles.  
Home, dear home, so lovely,  
    With a full heart turning to thee,  
I cling in my love like a vine  
    To the objects so dear to me.  
Yes! scenes of happiness, I love you,  
    Deep in my heart shall your memory dwell,  
When I wander far from friends and thee,  
    When I must say to all farewell.

No. 30: Recitative—*John*

[Gary Petersen, bass]

The dew now is off, and again spread we the hay,  
that the sun's bright beams may finish their work.

No. 8: Semi-Chorus—*Spreaders*

Toss it hither, toss it thither,  
    Neatly spread it to and fro,  
Hither, thither, quickly turn it,  
    Over, under, by and through,  
Merry voices gayly ringing,  
Ringing over meadow fair,  
Sweetly joining distant music  
Floating on the fragrant air.  
    Toss it hither, toss it thither, etc.

No. 16: Double Semi-Chorus—*Spreaders and Mowers*

Hark! hark to the cheerful sound,  
Hark! hark how it floats around,

Clearer than merry bells on the summer air,  
Sweetly its music tells of the true and fair.  
Hark! hark, as they spread to and fro,  
Hark! hark! now, as onward they go.

No. 31: Quintette—*Mary, Anna, William, Farmer, John*

[Carolyn Finley, soprano; Linda Brannon, mezzo-soprano; Mark Myers, tenor; Chris Hodges, baritone; Burr Phillips, bass]

How good is He, the Giver,  
Whose mercies fail us never,  
Whose bounty large is ever,  
    Loving and free;  
From Him the bright sun shineth,  
And soft at eve declineth,  
    Bringing the night.

His power the seasons changeth,  
    Summer and Winter, Autumn and Spring,  
And each His praise proclaimeth,  
    Ever the bountiful Lord and King.

For every thing He careth,  
His notice nothing spareth;  
Not e'en the sparrow falleth,  
    Without His kind regard,  
And here His love hath brought us,  
His goodness here hath taught us,  
That we with one accord,  
    May praise the Lord.

Yet learn we a lesson from the falling grass:  
In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up,  
In the evening it is cut down, and withereth—  
So in a day our life may be ended.  
When that time shall come, may we be gathered into  
    the garner of the Most High.  
    Praise the Lord.

No. 32: Chorus

How sultry is the day, no breath stirs the leaves,  
The heavens are as brass, and man and beast are like  
    to faint;  
Sings aloud the locust, who alone rejoices.  
Parched are the fields, and the broad corn-leaves do

curl.  
The air is glowing as from a heated furnace;  
The panting cattle loll their dripping tongues;  
It seems as though the earth were burning.

No. 33: Song—*Farmer*  
[Mark Myers, tenor]

How hushed and still are all the quivering airs!  
How deep, profound, the silence nature wears;

With dread she seems oppressed, and waiting stands,  
As if in hope some mighty power would burst the  
    heated bands;  
What power can give the parched earth life again?  
How hushed and still the meadow, field and plain!

But see! in the west a cloud appears,  
Higher and higher mounts its crest,  
See! it spreads its ample fold,  
Look! its deepening fringe of gold;  
Ha! behold the lightnings play.  
Spare not your muscles now, good lads,  
But quick to the work,  
And rest not until within the barn  
Our spoil be safely housed.

No. 34: Chorus

Yes! to the work! to the work! a shower! a shower!  
    Hurry, hurry, etc.

Come, follow while quickly we rake up the hay  
The cloud rises fast, let us make no delay.  
    Hurry, hurry, etc.

'Tis spreading and rising, come make no delay  
Faster! yet faster! come, rake up the hay,  
    Hurry, hurry, etc.

The cloud rises fast, 'tis spreading and rising,  
    Roll the winnow, roll!  
Roll it faster, for the black cloud is here.  
    Hurry, hurry, etc.

On the wagon quickly load it away,

Pitch it faster, for the rain will not stay  
Pile it higher, so we'll not lose the day,  
Hurrah! we shall not lose the day.

No. 35: Song—*John*  
[Gary Petersen, bass]

Now creaks the heavy wagon with its towering load,  
While to his oxen the driver calls, Up Buck! come  
Bright!  
Now do your best, brave beasts!  
Put forth your mighty strength, to save from harm  
your winter's food.  
Gee up! gee up! G'a-lang! do your best, brave beasts;  
Open wide, open wide the doors.  
Now for a mighty pull! haw, Buck! haw, Bright! come  
here!  
Who ho! Who ho!

All safe, all safe, now stand at ease,  
While the coming storm is roaring,  
Our fragrant spoil is safely housed  
From the tempest rain outpouring,  
And now, if all our friends as well  
Succeed the shelter gaining,  
With joy we'll sing our harvest song,  
And care not for the raining.

No. 36: Quartette and Chorus  
[Patti Abasolo, soprano; Phyllis Bush, mezzo-soprano;  
Marc Much, tenor; Mark Jones, bass]

*Chorus* Shrouded is the sun, and black the heavens  
as night!  
How fearful and how grand the distant  
Thunder's roar,  
Whose awful voice proclaims its Maker's  
dreadful power!  
But see! the rushing wind sways back and  
forth the stately trees.

*Quartette* Yet fear not we; He whom the winds  
obeyed is master of the storm.

*Chorus* Now bursts with overwhelming crash the  
Thunder's roar! Earth trembles in

affright!

*Quartette* Yet fear not we, etc.

*Chorus* The rain! the rain! it cometh now. With  
mighty rush, in torrents pouring down!

*Quartette* Yet fear not we; the tempest but obeys  
His will.

*Chorus* Again the thunder's crash! and yonder  
mighty oak is riven in twain as 't were  
a quivering reed!  
How fearful is the storm!

*Quartette* Yet fear not we; He whom the winds  
obeyed is master of the storm.

No. 37: Duet—*William and Anna*  
[Phyllis Bush, mezzo-soprano; Marc Much, tenor]

Lo! the clouds are breaking,  
The storm its power hath spent;  
Nature smiles, awaking,  
With joy for mercies sent.  
But hear the distant thunder's muffled pealing!  
Where far away the storm appears,  
Behold, in radiant beauty smiling,  
Looks the blue sky e'en through tears.  
Lo! the heavens are breaking,  
The storm its power hath spent;  
And see! with golden gleaming  
The bow, the bow of promise sent.

No. 38: Chorus

Rainbow! rainbow! hail, hail to thee,  
In brightness and beauty arrayed;  
Rainbow! rainbow! welcome to thee,  
Thou bright arch of glad promise made.  
Welcome, bow of promise; welcome, arch of beauty,  
Joyfully we hail thee, seal of promised mercy.  
Rainbow! rainbow! hail, hail to thee, etc.

No. 39: Solo—*Mary and Semi-Chorus*  
[Carolyn Finley, soprano]

All nature now rejoices,  
With thousand happy voices,  
O'er all her beauteous verdure  
New freshness reigns again.

On valley, hill and mountain,  
On woodland, grove and fountain,  
The beauteous light is resting,  
Where poured the summer rain.

The robin sings his song,  
    From the tree-top waving high,  
With boisterous mirth it floats,  
    In the golden lighted sky:

The little brook runs laughing,  
    Laughing down the hill,  
And louder, louder swells the song,  
    As joins each sparkling rill.

How pure the mellow light,  
How fresh and cool the air,  
    While floating in beauty,  
The golden clouds appear,

On gentle breezes borne,  
The balmy odors come,  
    While gladly we join  
In our merry harvest home.

Recitative: *Farmer*  
    [Mark Myers, tenor]

With grateful hearts sing we now our Harvest home.

No. 40: Finale—Full Chorus

Harvest home! Harvest home!  
Not in vain has been our labor,  
    Harvest home!  
Filled our barns with fragrant hay,  
    Harvest home!  
Let the song and dance go round,  
    Harvest home!  
Plenty smiles upon our labor

Harvest home!

Thanks be to Him who has given the increase,  
Harvest home!  
Then joyful sing, Harvest home! etc.

*The End*

**Frank McKinley**, director of the North Texas State University Grand Chorus and professor of music at NTSU, holds a Bachelor of Music degree from Muskingum College, New Concord, Ohio, and a Master of Music degree from Westminster Choir College, Princeton, N.J. While a graduate student he was a member of the Westminster Choir and served as minister of music at Calvin Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia. He did further graduate study at Indiana University, where he held a fellowship, and has completed class- work and residence requirements for the Doctor of Music Education degree. McKinley has been directing choirs at NTSU since 1947. Under his leadership the A Cappella Choir has presented concerts throughout Texas and in Oklahoma, Colorado, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas and in 1964 made a twelve-week, nine-country tour of Europe sponsored by the United States State Department's Cultural Presentations Program.

**The North Texas State University Grand Chorus**, organized in 1939, has sung more than a hundred performances of major choral works under such prominent conductors as Anshel Brusilow, Walter Hendl, Paul Kletzki, and Georg Solti. It has appeared seventy times with the Dallas Symphony and with the symphony orchestras of San Angelo, Wichita Falls, Corpus Christi, Fort Worth, and Houston. In 1974 the choir performed Szymanowski's *Stabat Mater* and Penderecki's *Dies Irae* with the National Symphony under Antal Dorati at the Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C.

#### **Members of the North Texas State University Grand Chorus**

Patti Abasolo, Lynne Adkins, Stephen Austin, Everett Barksdale, Anthony Barlett, Meggo Barthlow, Patricia Barton, Jeffrey Black, David Blassingame, John Bledsoe, Karen Bogan, Gretha Boston, Laurie Boyland, Cynthia Brady, Delia Braisford, Dee Brannon, Linda Brannon, Michael Branson, Dianne Breland, John Brewer, Michael Brinkely, Karl Brinkman, Rafael Briones, Ken Brooks, Melonie Burchfield, Phyllis Bush, Curtis Campbell, Teresa Capps, Mike Carnagey, Susan Carnagey, Shelia Cason, Louis Champion, Larry Clark, Bob Cole, Elizabeth Cole, Rosemary Cummings, Alan Davis, Sharlu Davis, Chris Dodson, Linda Dovalina, Gay Dykes, Wayne Eastwood, Margaret Eddleman, Laurie Finkler, Carolyn Finley, Teresa Fox, Richard Franklin, Larry Frederick, Elinabeth Ghitescu, Kathy Glover, Darlene Grant, Gail Groom, Irene Haesle, William Ham, Judi Hanning, Angela Harmon, David Haskins, Sharon Heaton, Gaylene Helvey, Jay Hill, Chris Hodges, Rick Hooten, Chrissie Horany, Don Hurst, Edward Hushfield, Richard Jackson, Tim Jenkins, Debbie Johnson, Jill Johnson, Angela Jones, Mark Jones, Sherrie Joyce, Kevan Kelly, Mary Kelly, Pamela Kinney, Morris Kinsley, Martha Kirpatrick, Marcie Kuperberg, Rachel Lebon, Jerri Lunn, John Lynch, Jimmy McClinton, Tim McGaugh, Dawn Malone, Jeff Marler, Kendall Marsh, Myron Martin, Dina Martinez, Michael Mayo, Owen Miller, Michael Mills, Shirld Milton, Virginia Moore,



Walter Morris, Marc Much, Mark Myers, Stanton Nash, Leisa Nite, Richard Nix, Robert Novak, Julie Payne, Debra Pechal, Gary Peterson, Ann Petty, Burr Phillips, Gary Pickle, Sandy Pierce, Steve Pierce, Reginald Pittman, Robert Mac Price, Mike Reid, Russell Rhodes, David Richmond, Cynthia Riley, Monica Roden, Marsha Russell, Rochelle Ruth, Karl Simmons, Kenneth Slaughter, Nannette Smejkal, Julia Stallings, Johnie Stark, Mark Stephens, Betty Storm, Daniel Terrazas, Jake Thorp, Terri Torbit, Robert Van Stryland, Tim Vaughn, Jonnie Walker, Lisa Whisenhunt, Susan White, Jean Wilkinson, Roberta Winam, Vance Wright, Dorothy Yancey, Michael Zimmerman

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*The Haymakers*

An Operatic Cantata, Part the Second

**UNIVERSITY OF NORTH TEXAS GRAND CHORUS**

**FRANK McKINLEY, conductor; Erma Rose, piano**

- 1 Full Chorus: *Good Morning* (2:24)
- 2 Recitative: *How Pleasant Are Those Cheerful Words* (0:55)  
Mark Myers, tenor
- 3 Song: *Blithely Go We Forth* (1:20)  
Mark Myers, tenor
- 4 Chorus and Echo: *Light Hearted Are We* (0:57)
- 5 Chorus: *How Like Some Tented Camp* (1:43)
- 6 Recitative: *Joy!* (0:39)  
Linda Brannon, mezzo-soprano
- 7 Song: *Scenes of Happiness* (1:48)  
Linda Brannon, mezzo-soprano
- 8 Recitative: *The Dew Now Is Off* (0:21)  
Gary Petersen, bass
- 9 Semi-Chorus: *Toss It Hither* (0:51)
- 10 Double Semi-Chorus: *Hark to the Cheerful Sound* (0:52)
- 11 Quintette: *How Good Is He, the Giver* (3:18)  
Carolyn Finley, soprano; Linda Brannon, mezzo-  
soprano; Mark Myers, tenor; Chris Hodges,  
baritone; Burr Phillips, bass.
- 12 Chorus: *How Sultry Is the Day* (2:23)

- 13 Song: *How Hushed* (2:37)  
Mark Myers, tenor
- 14 Chorus: *Yes! to the Work* (2:00)
- 15 Song: *Now Creaks the Heavy Wagon* (2:20)  
Gary Petersen, bass
- 16 Quartette and Chorus: *Shrouded Is the Sun* (6:02)  
Patti Abasolo, soprano; Phyllis Bush, mezzo-soprano;  
Marc Much, tenor; Mark Jones, bass
- 17 Duet: *Lo! The Clouds Are Breaking* (2:01)  
Phyllis Bush, mezzo-soprano; Marc Much, tenor
- 18 Chorus: *Rainbow, Hail to Thee* (1:25)
- 19 Solo: *All Nature Now Rejoices* (3:40)  
Carolyn Finley, Soprano
- 20 Recitative: *With Grateful Hearts* (0:12)  
Mark Myers, tenor
- 21 Finale-Full Chorus: *Harvest Home!* (2:29)

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TEL 212.290-1680 FAX 212.290-1685  
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