

# The Lark In The Morning

Traditional

*The lark in the morning she rises off her nest  
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her breast  
And like the jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings  
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings*

Oh, Roger the ploughboy he is a dashing blade  
He goes whistling and singing over yonder leafy shade  
He met with pretty Susan, she's handsome I declare  
She is far more enticing then the birds all in the air

One evening coming home from the rakes of the town  
The meadows been all green and the grass had been cut down  
As I should chance to tumble all in the new-mown hay  
Oh, it's kiss me now or never love, this bonnie lass did say

When twenty long weeks they were over and were past  
Her mommy chanced to notice how she thickened round the waist  
It was the handsome ploughboy, the maiden she did say  
For he caused for to tumble all in the new-mown hay

Here's a health to y'all ploughboys wherever you may be  
That likes to have a bonnie lass a sitting on his knee  
With a jug of good strong porter you'll whistle and you'll sing  
For a ploughboy is as happy as a prince or a king

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