

The Lark in the Morning

The lark in the morning she rises from her nest
And she mounts in the air with the dew upon her breast
And like the pretty ploughboy, she whistles and she sings
And comes 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, down by yon green grade
He's met with dark-eyed Susan, she's handsome I declare
She's far more enticing than the birds all in the air

Chorus

As they were coming home, from the wake of the town
With the meadows being mown and the grass it being cut down
If they by chance should stumble all on the new mown hay
Oh, its "Kiss me now or never" the bonnie lass did say

Chorus

Oh, up she rose so proudly and up she rose so strong
A blur of rapid wing beats, a-hovering, so long
And at the height of passion, she sings an hour or more
And with that they've reached such giddy heights
As they've never reached before

Chorus

"Lay still, my pretty ploughboy, and don't you rise up yet
For it's a fine, dewy morning and besides, my love, its wet"
"I care not that its wet, my love, for it is warm and fair
It's a bright sun a-shining and the lark is in the air"

Chorus

So good luck to the ploughfolk, wherever they may be
That take their sweet lovers and sit em on their knee
With a jug of good strong beer, you'll whistle and you'll sing
There's no life like a plougher's in the merry month of May!

Chorus