

The Lark in the Morning

Am C G Em
The lark in the morning she rises off her nest.
Am C Am G Am
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her breast,
C G Em
And like the jolly plowboy, she whistles and she sings.
Am C Am G Am
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 green blade.
He met with pretty Susan, she's handsome I declare.
She is far more inviting than the birds all in the air.

The lark in the morning...

One evening coming home from the rakes of the town.
The meadows they are green and the grass it is cut down.
If I should chance to tumble all in the new mown hay,
for it's kiss me now or never love, this bonny lass did say.

The lark in the morning...

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 me for to tumble all in the new mown hay.

The lark in the morning...

Here's a health to y'all ploughboys wherever you may be,
that likes to have a bonny 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.

||: *The lark in the morning...* :||