

The Lark in the Morning

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

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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

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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

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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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