

# Lark in the Morning

trad Irish (Roud 151)

The lark in the morning she rises off her nest And she goes off in the  
air with the dew all on her breast, And like the jolly plough-boy she whistles and she  
sings, She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings. 1. Oh  
2. One  
3. When  
4. Here's

Ro ger the plough-boy he is a dash-ing blade He goes  
eve-ning com-ing home from the rakes of the town, The  
twent-ty long weeks were o-ver and past, Her  
health to young plough-boys where-ever you may be, That

whis-tling and sing-ing o-ver yon-der leaf-y glade. He  
meadows being all green and the grass had been cut down. "If  
mom-my chanced to no-tice how she thick-ened round the waist. "It  
likes to have a bon-nie lass a-sit-ting on his knee. A

met with dark-eyed Su-san, she's hand-some, I de-clare, And she's  
I should chance to tum-ble all in the new-mown hay, Arrah, it's  
was the pret-ty plough-boy," this maid-en she did say, "For he  
pint of good strong por-ter, he'll whis-tle and he'll sing For a

far more en-ti-cing than the birds all in the air.  
kiss me now or ne-ver, Love," this bon-nie lass did say.  
asked me for to tum-ble all in the new-mown hay."  
plough-boy is as hap-py as a prince or a king.