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Dubliners "The Lark In The Morning"

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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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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