

Christy Carlson Romano

"The Lark In The Morning"

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The lark in the morning she rises off her nest
She goes off in the air with the dew all on her breast
And like the jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings
She goes off in the air 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 dark haired Susan, she's handsome I
declare
And she is far more enticing than the birds up in the
Air

The lark in the morning...

One evening when they're coming from the rakes of
the
Town
The meadows bein' all mown and the grass had been
cut
Down
As she should chance to stumble all on the new mown
hay
Oh it's kiss me now or never, then this bonnie lass did
Say

The lark in the morning...

When twenty long weeks, they were over and were past
Her mammy asked the reason why she thickened
round the
Waist
It was the jolly ploughboy, this bonnie lass did say
He caused me for to tumble all on the new mown hay

The lark in the morning...

Here's a health to you ploughboys wherever you may
be
That like to have a bonnie lass a-sitting on each knee
With a pint of good strong porter, you'll whistle and
You'll sing

And the ploughboy is as happy as a bird upon the wing

The lark in the morning...

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