

## Christy Moore

### "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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