

## Unknown

# "Country Life"

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### COUNTRY LIFE

chorus:

I like to rise when the sun she rises,  
early in the morning  
And I like to hear them small birds singing,  
Merrily upon their layland  
And hurrah for the life of a country boy,  
And to ramble in the new mowed hay.

1. In spring we sow at the harvest mow  
And that is how the seasons round they go  
but of all the times choose I may  
I'd be rambling through the new mowed hay.

2. In summer when the summer is hot  
We sing, and we dance, and we drink a lot  
We spend all night in sport and play  
And go rambling in the new mown hay

3. In autumn when the oak trees turn  
We gather all the wood that's fit to burn  
We cut and stash and stow away  
And go rambling in the new mown hay

4. In winter when the sky's gray  
we hedge and ditch our times away,  
but in summer when the sun shines gay,  
We go ramblin' through the new mowed hay.

5. Oh Nancy is my darling gay  
And she blooms like the flowers every day  
But I love her best in the month of May  
When we're rambling through the new mown hay

6. I like to hear the Morris dancers  
Clash their sticks and drink our ale  
I like to hear those bells a-ringing  
As we ramble in the new mown hay

Recorded by Watersons - For Pence and Spicy Ale

@England @HARMONY @chorus  
filename[ COUNTRYL  
play.exe COUNTRYL  
DC & SF  
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