

Paddy Schmidt
"THE LARK IN THE MORNING"

Visit "[THE LARK IN THE MORNING](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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
breast

Oh Roger the ploughboy, he is a dashing blade

He goes whistling and singing over yonder green
blade

He met with pretty Susan, she's handsome I declare

She is far more inviting than the birds all in the air

One evening coming home from the rakes of the town

The meadows they are green and the grass it is cut
down

If I should chance to tumble all in the new mown hay

For it's kiss me now or never love, this bonny lass did
say

When twenty long weeks they were over and were past

Her mammy chanced to notice how she thickened
around the waist

It was the handsome ploughboy the maiden she did
say

For he caused me for to tumble all in the new mown
hay

Here's a health to young ploughboys wherever you
may be

That likes to have a bonny lass asitting on his knee

With a jug of good strong porter you'll whistle and
you'll sing

For a ploughboy is happy as a prince or a king

Visit [Paddy Schmidt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.