

The Lark in the Morning

(Chorus, v1, chorus, v2, chorus)

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CH The lark in the mor - ning doth rise from her nest, She mounts through the
 V1 As I was a - walk - ing one morn - ing in the spring, I heard a pret - ty
 V2 And when the pret - ty plough - boy his day's work is done, He trips down to the

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air with the dew round her breast. And all the day long she will
 dam - sel most sweet - ly to sing. And as she was a sing - ing these
 mea - dow where the grass is all cut down. And there with his sweet - heart he'll

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whist - le and sing, And at night she will re - turn to her own nest a - gain.
 words she did say, There's no life like the plough boy's all in the month of May.
 dance and he'll sing, And at night he will re - turn with his love home a - gain.