

The Lark In The Morning
Misc Traditional

Artist: Misc Traditional

Song: Irish Traditional - The Lark in the Morning

(This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research) (weaseldog2001@yahoo.com)

[Chorus]

F **C** **Am**
The Lark in the morning she rises off her nest
Dm **C** **Dm**
She goes off in the air with the dew all on her breast
C **Am**
And like the jolly ploughboy she whistles and she sings.
Dm **C** **Dm**
She goes home in the evening with the dew all on her wings.

Oh Roger the ploughboy he is a dashing blade,
He goes whistling and singing for yonder leafy shade
He met with dark-eyed Susan, she s handsome I declare,
And she s far more enticing than the birds all in the air.

As they were coming home from the rakes of the town,
The meadow being all mown and the grass had been cut down.
As they should chance to tumble all on the new-mown hay
Oh it s kiss me now or never this bonnie lass would say.

When twenty long weeks were over and past
Her mammy asked the reason why she thickened round the waist.
It was the pretty ploughboy this girl then did say
For he asked me for to tumble, all on the new-mown hay.

Here s a health to you ploughboy wherever you may be,
That s like having a bonnie lass sitting on each knee.
With a pint of good strong porter, he ll whistle and he ll sing
And the ploughboy is as happy as a prince or a king

(Chords in the chorus and verse are the same progression)