THE LARK IN THE MORNING

As I was a-walking one morning in the Spring,
I heard a fair damsel, so sweetly she did sing,
And as we were a-walking, she unto me did say,
There’s no life like the ploughboy’s all in the month of May.

The lark in the morning she rises from her nest,
And mounts in the bright air with the dew all on her breast,
And with the pretty ploughboy she’ll whistle and she’ll sing,
And at night she’ll return to her nest back again.

When the ploughboy has done all that he has to do,
Perhaps to the country wake a-walking he will go,
And there with his lassie he’ll dance and he’ll sing,
And at night they’ll return to their homes back again.

And as they return from the wake of the town,
The meadows being mown and the grass all cut down,
If they should chance to tumble all on the new-mown hay,
It’s “kiss me now or never”, this pretty maid would say.

When twenty long weeks was over and past,
Her mammy asked the reason why she’d thickened round the waist.
”It was the pretty ploughboy”, the damsel she did say,
“He caused me to tumble all on the new-mown hay”.

So good luck to the ploughboy wherever he may be,
Who likes to have a lassie to sit upon his knee,
And with a jug of good strong beer he’ll whistle and he’ll sing,
And the ploughboy is happy as a prince or a king.