

*The LARK in the MORNING*

THE LARK IN THE MORNING, SHE RISES OFF HER NEST  
AND OFF SHE GOES A-FLYING WITH THE DEW ALL ON HER BREAST  
AND LIKE THE JOLLY PLOWBOY, SHE WHISTLES AND SHE SINGS  
AND SHE GOES HOME IN THE EVENING  
WITH THE DEW ALL ON HER WINGS

OH, ROGER THE YOUNG 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 HOMEWARDS  
FROM THE BORDERS OF THE TOWN,  
THE MEADOW BEIN' 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 DID SAY.

WHEN TWENTY WEEKS WERE OVER AND SUMMER LONG HAD PASSED  
HER MAMMY ASKED THE REASON  
WHY SHE THICKENED ROUND THE WAIST  
"IT WAS THE PRETTY PLOUGHBOY," THIS GIRL SHE THEN DID SAY,  
"HE TOOK ME FOR A TUMBLE ALL ON THE NEW-MOWN HAY!"

HERE'S A HEALTH TO YOU PLOUGHBOYS WHERE EVER YOU MAY BE,  
THAT LIKE TO HAVE A BONNIE LASS A-SITTIN' 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 AS A KING!