

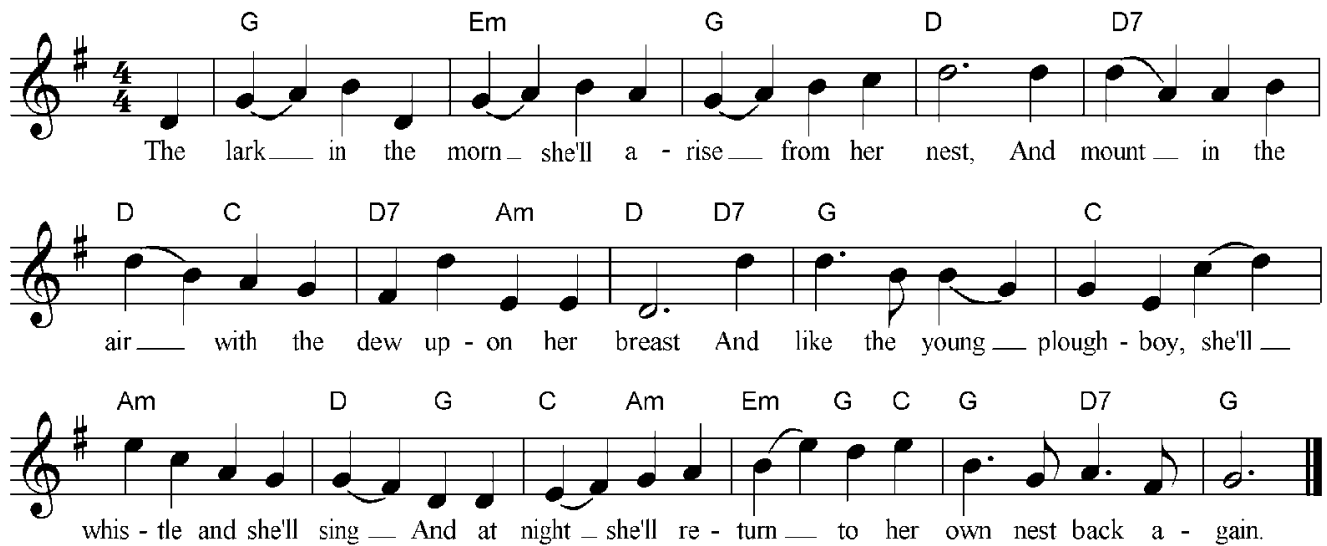
# Lark in the morn

<https://riverofsong.uk/>

*Life and its simple pursuits can be good in the late Spring.*

*An English folk song collected in Somerset, SW England in 1907 by Cecil Sharp.*

*There are many versions of this song.*



The lark in the morn she'll a - rise from her nest, And mount in the  
air with the dew up - on her breast And like the young plough - boy, she'll  
whis - tle and she'll sing And at night she'll re - turn to her own nest back a - gain.



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The lark in the morn she'll arise from her nest,  
And mount in the air with the dew upon her breast  
And like the young ploughboy, she'll whistle and she'll sing  
And at night she'll return to her own nest back again.

As I was a-walking one morning in the Spring,  
I met a young damsel, so sweetly did she sing;  
And as we were a-walking these words she did say:  
There is no life like a ploughboys's all in the month of May.