



# Pleasant and delightful

<https://rivcrofsong.uk/>



*This song, great for community singing, is often called 'The larks they sang melodious', is a tale of the sea and separation. Various versions of this 19th-century English folk tune can be heard in pubs across the country. The tradition here has been sung by Louis Killen but is slightly modified to reflect my husband's soldier variant, performed a capella. [Pleasant and delightful or The Larks they sang melodious - a traditional folk song of separation](#) It has been sung many times around our house!*



It was plea - sant and de - light - ful on a mid - sum - mer's morn, When the hills and the val - leys were cov - er'd in corn. When the black - birds and the thrush - es sang, up on ev - 'ry green - wood spray, And the larks they sang mel - lo - di - ous, at the dawn - ing of the day. And the larks they sang mel - lo - di - ous, And the larks they sang mel - lo - di - ous, And the larks they sang mel - lo - di - ous, at the dawn - ing of the day.



It was pleasant and delightful on a midsummer's morn,  
When the hills and the valleys were covered in corn,  
Where the blackbirds and the thrushes sang up on ev'ry  
greenwood spray,  
And the larks they sang melodious, at the dawning of the day.  
And the larks they sang melodious,  
And the larks they sang melodious,  
And the larks they sang melodious, at the dawning of the day.

Now a sailor and his true love were walking one day.  
Said the sailor to his true love, "I am bound far away.  
I am bound across the ocean where the loud cannons roar,  
I must go and leave my Nancy, she's the girl that I adore!"  
"I must go and leave my Nancy.  
I must go and leave my Nancy.  
I must go and leave my Nancy, she's the girl that I adore!"

Said the sailor to his true love, "Well I must be on my way,  
For our topsails they are hoisted and the anchor's awigh;  
And our good ship lies awaiting for the next flowing tide,  
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride."  
"And if ever I return again,  
And if ever I return again,  
And if ever I return again, I will make you my bride!"

Then the ring from off her finger she instantly drew.  
Saying, "Take this dearest William, and my heart will go too!"  
And as he embraced her, tears from her eyes fell.  
Saying, "May I go along with you?" "Oh no, me love, farewell!"  
Saying, "May I go along with you?"  
Saying, "May I go along with you?"  
Saying, "May I go along with you?" "Oh no, me love, farewell!"