

## Lark in the Morning

Judy Collins

The lark in the morning she rises off her nest  
And goes off in the air with the dew on her breast  
Like a jolly plough boy she whistles and she sings  
And comes home in the evening with the dew on her wings

Roger the ploughboy he is a bonny blade  
He goes whistlin' and singin' through yonder long shade  
He met with dark-eyed Susan she's handsome I declare  
And he bought her rows of ribbon for to roll around her hair

He met with dark eyed Susan she's handsome I declare  
And she's far more enticing than the birds in the air