

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