

The Lark in the Morning

Steeleye Span

"Lay still my fond shepherd and don't you rise yet
It's a fine dewy morning and besides, my love, it is
wet."

"Oh let it be wet my love and never so cold
I will rise my fond Floro and away to my fold."

"Oh no, my bright Floro, it is no such thing
It's a bright sun a-shining and the lark is on the wing."

Oh the lark in the morning she rises from her nest
And she mounts in the air with the dew on her breast
And like the pretty ploughboy she'll whistle and sing
And at night she will return to her own nest again.

When the ploughboy has done all he's got for to do
He trips down to the meadows where the grass is all cut
down.

Oh the lark in the morning she rises from her nest
And she mounts in the air with the dew on her breast
And like the pretty ploughboy she'll whistle and sing
And at night she will return to her own nest again.

Oh the lark in the morning she rises from her nest
And she climbs to the dawn with the dew on her breast
And like the pretty ploughboy she'll whistle and sing
And at night she will return to her own nest again.