The Lark in the Morning

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 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 about her breast
And like the pretty ploughboy she'll whistle and sing
And at night she'll return to her own nest again

When the ploughboy has done all he's got for to do
He trips to the meadows where the grass is all cut down
The nightingale she whistles upon the hawthorn spray
And the moon is a-shining upon the new-mown hay

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