

Country Life

*I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning
And I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon their leylum
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mown hay*

In spring we sow, at the harvest mow
And that is how the seasons around they go
But of all the times if chose I may
I'd go rambling in the new mown hay

In winter when the sky is grey
We hedge and we ditch our times away
But in summer when the sun shines gay
We'll go rambling in the new mown hay

Country Life

*I like to rise when the sun she rises
Early in the morning
And I like to hear them small birds singing
Merrily upon their leylum
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mown hay*

In spring we sow, at the harvest mow
And that is how the seasons around they go
But of all the times if chose I may
I'd go rambling in the new mown hay

In winter when the sky is grey
We hedge and we ditch our times away
But in summer when the sun shines gay
We'll go rambling in the new mown hay