

# The Lark in the Morn

♩ = 106

The lark in the morn As she ri - ses from her nest,  
Mounts thro' the white air with the dew on her breast.  
'Long with the pret-ty plough boy she'll whist-le and she'll sing  
And re - - turns to her nest in the cool ev - en - ing,  
And re - - turns to her nest in the cool ev - en - ing.

The musical score is written on five staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked as ♩ = 106. The melody is simple and characteristic of a lark's song, with a mix of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

The lark in the morn as she rises from her nest  
Mounts thro' the white air, with the dew on her breast,  
'Long with the pretty ploughboy, she'll whistle and she'll sing,  
And return to her nest in the cool evening,  
And return to her nest in the cool evening.

One morning she mounted so cherrily on high,  
She look'd round about her and at the dark sky,  
And loudly she was singing and twittering her lay,  
There's no life like the ploughboy's in the sweet month of May.  
There's no life, etc.

When the day's work is ended and over, he'll go  
To fair or to market to buy him a bow,  
And whistle as he walks, O! and shrilly too will sing,  
There's no life like the ploughboy's all in merry spring.  
There's no life like the ploughboy's in the sweet month of May.  
There's no life, etc.

Good luck to the ploughboy wherever he may be,  
A fair pretty maiden he'll take on his knee,  
He'll drink the nut-brown ale, and this song the lad will sing,  
Oh! the ploughboy is happier than noble or king.  
Oh! the ploughboy etc.