

# The Lark in the Morning

trad. arr. R. Jeffrey

♩. = 80

As I was a walk - ing one morn - ing in the Spring, I  
lark in the morn - ing she ris - es from her nest, And

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heard a fair dam - sel, so sweet - ly she did sing, And  
mounts in the bright air with the dew all on her breast, And

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as we were a - walk - ing, she un - to me did say, There's  
with the pret - ty plough - boy she'll whist - le and she'll sing, And at

13

no life like the plough - boy's all in the month of May. The  
night she'll re - turn to her nest back a - gain.