

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 laylums
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mowed hay*

In spring we sow at the harvest mow
And that is how the seasons round they go
But of all the times choose I may
I'd be rambling through the new mowed hay

*For 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 laylums
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mowed hay*

In summer when the sun is hot
We sing, we dance and we drink a lot
We spend all night in sport and play
And go rambling through the new mown hay.

*For 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 laylums
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mowed hay*

In autumn when the oak trees turn
We gather all the wood that's fit to burn
We cut and stash and stow away
And go rambling through the new mown hay.

*For 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 laylums
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mowed hay*

In winter when the sky is gray
We hedge and ditch our times away
But in summer when the sun shines gay
We'd go ramblin' through the new mowed hay

*For 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 laylums
And hurrah for the life of a country boy
And to ramble in the new mowed hay*

