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The Lark in the Morning

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SUCH A NOBBY HEAD OF HAIR.



You've called on me to sing a song,
I'll try what I can do—
I don't say whether good or bad, but that
I'll leave to you,
The subject's now before you, and I firmly
do declare,
There's no one in this room can sport such
a nobby head of hair

Tol de rol, &c.

Perhaps you think I'm bragging, but the
proof it is most clear,
If you only twig the company that sits
around me here;
But something I will tell you—now, pray
don't at me stare—
There's nothing half so handsome—as a
nobby head of hair.

Tol de rol, &c.

When an infant I a wonder was, but upwards
as I grew,
At school I so surprised the boys, they in
mobs around me flew;
But when a young man I had grown, my
mother said, if I took care,
I soon should catch an heiress, with my
nobby head of hair.

Tol de rol, &c.

I go to all places of amusement, and see
every thing that's new—
Galls, Plays, White Conduit Gardens, and
the Eagle Tavern, too,
I feel prouder than Prince Albert, when the
ladies see me there,
To hear the buz of admiration, at my nobby
head of hair.

Tol de rol, &c.

Although my hair is elegant, it often gets
me into scrapes—
At the Zoological the other day, 'twas well
pulled by the apes—
And in making my escape from them, I was
grappled by a bear,
It fancied that I was it's cub by my nobby
head of hair.

Tol de rol, &c.

Not liking this brute treatment, from the
gardens I did roam—
I caught a lady ogling me—I asked to see
her home,
Her husband we met on the road, he asunder
us did tear;
Then he dragg'd me through a horse-pond
by my nobby head of hair.

Tol de rol, &c.

He left me near dead with affright, and wet
through to the skin—
A mob soon came around me—they did
nought but jeer and grin,
A policeman took me into custody, and so-
lemnly did swear,
I a member of the swell mob was, by my
nobby head of hair.

Tol de rol, &c.

To the magistrate my innocence, I pleaded
but in vain,
He said to prison you must go, your guilt it
is quite plain:
So, to the treadmill I was sent—put on the
silent system there,
But what griev'd me most, they cut off all
my nobby head of hair

Tol de rol, &c.

I thought it would have drove me mad, but
it grew again so fast,
It put me in such spirits, that I soon forgot
the past—
The mill it dragged down all my fat, I looked
quite lean and spare—
My friends they knew me only—by my
nobby head of hair.

Tol de rol, &c.

But now that I am free again, I'm happy as
a king,
That's one reason why to-night, you see, I've
come here to sing;
But this is a fact you can't deny, it is a thing
most rare—
To see a handsome chap like me, with such
a nobby head of hair.

Tol de rol, &c.

THE LARK IN THE MORNING.

As I was a walking one morning in May,
I heard a pretty damsel these words for to say,
Of all the callings, whatever they may be,
No life like a plough-boy in all the month
of May.

The lark in the morning rises from her nest,
And mounts in the air with the dew round
her breast,
And like the pretty plough-boy she'll whistle
and sing,
And at night she'll return to her nest back
again.

When his day's work is done that he's for to do
Perhaps to some country wake he will go;
There with his sweetheart he'll dance and
he'll sing,

And then he'll return with his lass back again.

And as they return from the wake in the
town,

The meadows being mown, and the grass
cut down,

We chanc'd to tumble all on the new hay—
It's kiss me now or never the maiden did say.

When twenty weeks were over and past,
Her mammy ask'd her the reason why she
thicken'd so in the waist?

It was the pretty plough-boy, the damsel
did say,

That caus'd me to tumble on the new-mown
hay.

Come all you pretty maidens, wherever you be,
You may trust a plough-boy to any degree;
They're used so much to ploughing their
seed for to sow,

That all who employ them are sure to find
to grow.

So good luck to the plough-boys, wherever
they be,

That will take a pretty lass to sit on their
knee;

And with a jug of beer they will whistle and
sing,

And a plough-boy is as happy as a prince
at a king.

SWEET ROSE OF CASHMERE.

By the flow'r of the valley,
All bending with dew,

By the sweet water-lily
Of exquisite blue,

By the bright sky above us,
All cloudless and clear,

I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet rose of Cashmere

Young Bella of Paradise,
Shadow of light,

Sweet angel of brighter skies
Blest being bright.

Oh, rest thee or roam,
'Thou'lt ever be dear,

For I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet Rose of Cashmere.

By that glossy black hair,
And thy bright beaming eye

By the bloom on thy cheeks,
Which the roses outvie,

By the footsteps of lightness
That mocks the wild deer,

I love thee, I love thee,
Sweet Rose of Cashmere.