

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

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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