



Country Life

Trad. English Air

I like to rise when the sun she ris - es ear - ly in the morn - ing.

I like to hear them small birds sing - ing mer - ri - ly u - pon their lay - lums. And hur

rah for the life of the coun - try boy, and to ram - ble in the new mowed hay. In In

Fine

spring we sow at the har - vest mow, and that is how the sea - sons round they go. But
wint - er when the sky is gray we hedge and we ditch our times a - way But in

all the times if choose I may, soon be ram - bl - in' through the new mowed hay. For
sum - mer when the sun shines gay we'd go ram - bl - in' through the new mowed hay. For

D.C. al Fine