

Country Life

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Country Life

traditional

Chorus

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

5

I like to hear them small birds sing - ing merr - i - ly up-on their lay - - lum and hur -

9

rah for the life of a coun - try boy and to ram - ble in the new mown hay.

12

Verse

1 In spring we sow, at the har-vest mow, and that is how the sea - sons 'round they go. But of
 2. In win - ter when the sky is gray, we hedge and we ditch our time a - way. But in
 3. In Au - tumn when the oak trees turn, we gath-er all the wood that's fit to burn. We

16

1. all the times, if I choose, I may, to go ramb-lin' in the new mown hay.
 2. sum - mer when the sun shines gay, we go ramb-lin' in the new mown hay.
 3. cut and stow and stash a - way, and go ramb-lin' in the new mown hay.

%%pagewidth 660

%%stretchlast yes

X:1

T:Country Life

C:traditional

M:C

L:1/8

K:C

V:1 clef=treble

"Chorus"\

c2 c>c c2 E>E | F2 A2 G2 B2 | c3 c c2 E2 | (F2 A2) G2 z2 |

w:I like to rise when the | sun, she ris-es | ear-ly in the | morn- * ing. |

c2 c>c c2 E2 | F2 A2 G2 B2 | c>c c>c c2 E2 | (F2 A2) G2 B>B |

w:I like to hear them | small birds sing-ing | merr-i-ly up-on their | lay- *

lum and hur-
 c2 c>c c2 E>E | F2 A2 G2 C>D | E>E G>G F2 D2 | C6 ||
 w:rah for the life of a | coun-try boy and to | ram-ble in the new mown | hay.
 |
 "Verse"
 G2 | c2 c2 c2 (E>E) | F2 A2 G2 B2 | c>c c>c c2 E2 | F2 A2 G2 B>B |
 w:1~In | spring we sow, at the | har-vest mow, and | that is how the sea-sons
 | 'round they go. But of
 w:2.~In | win-ter when the * | sky is gray, we | hedge * and we ditch our |
 time a-way. But in
 w:3.~In | Au- tumn when the * | oak trees turn, we | gath- er all the wood
 that's | fit to burn. We*
 c3 c c2 (E>E) | F2 A2 G2 C>D | E>E G>G F2 D2 | C6 ||
 w:1.~all the times, if I | choose, I may, to go | ramb-lin' in the new mown |
 hay. |
 w:2.~sum-mer when the * | sun shines gay, we go | ramb-lin' in the new mown |
 hay. |
 w:3.~cut and stow and* | stash a- way, and go | ramb- lin' in the new mown |
 hay.

Chorus: *I like to rise when the sun she rises, Early in the morning I like to hear them small birds singing, Merrily upon their laylum And hurrah for the life of a country boy, And to ramble in the new mown 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 To go ramblin' in the new mown hay

[Chorus]

In winter when the sky is gray We hedge and ditch our time away, But in summer when the sun shines gay, We go ramblin' in the new mown hay.

[Chorus]

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 ramblin' in the new mown hay.

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