


# A Sweet Country Life.

No. 5.

Cheerfully. (Capo 3.)

Gm(Em) B(D) Gm(Em) D(B)



1. A sweet coun- try life is to me both dear and charm-..... ing,  
 2. Oh, naught do I ad- mire your..... robes..... and fine dress..... es,  
 3. No fidd- le, no flute, no..... haut-..... boy, no spi-..... net,  
 4. As Johnn- y the plough- boy was walk-..... ing a- lone.....,

Gm(Em) Cm(Am) Gm(Em) Am(F#m) Gm(Em) Am(F#m) Gm(Em) D(B) Gm(Em)




For to walk a- broad in a fine summ- er's morn- ing.  
 Your silks... and fine scar- lets, and oth- er ex- cess- es,  
 In aught... can com- pare with the lark or the linn- et-  
 To fetch home his catt- le so ear- ly at morn.....

Gm(Em) Cm(Am) Bb(G) F(D) Gm(Em) D(B)



Your hous- es, your ci- ties, your lof- ty gay tow-.....ers  
 For my own coun- try cloth- ing is to me more en- dear-.....ing  
 A- down as I lay all a- mongst the green bush.....es,  
 There he spied prett- y Nan- cy all a- mongst the green bush..... es;

Gm(Em) F(D) Gm(Em) F(D) Gm(Em) F(D) A(F#) Gm(Em)



In no- thing can com- pare with the sweet sha- dy bow-.....ers.  
 Than your prett- y sweet... mant- le, for 'tis home- spun wear-.....ing.  
 I was charmed.. by the notes of the black- birds and thrush.....es.  
 She was sing- ing much more sweet- ly than the black- birds and thrush-.....es.

5. 'Twas down in the meadows,  
 beneath the high mountain,  
 Where she sat a-milking  
 by the side of the fountain,  
 The flocks they did graze  
 in the dew of the morning,  
 Bright Phoebus did shine  
 the hills all adorning.  
 The flocks they did, etc.

6. So now to conclude,  
 and to end my ditty,  
 To all you country lasses,  
 that are so neat and pretty:  
 Oh never do forsake  
 your own country employment,  
 No cities can afford  
 half so sweet an enjoyment.  
 Oh never do, etc.

