

The Lark In The Clear Air

John McDermott

The lark in the clear air : to my sister margaretDear thoughts are in my mind

And my soul soars enchanted

As I hear the sweet lark sing

In the clear air of the day

For a tender beaming smile

To my hope has been granted

And tomorrow she shall hear

All my fond heart would say

I should tell her all my love

All my soul's adoration

And I think she will hear me

And will not say me nay

It is this that gives my soul

All it's joyous elation

As I hear the sweet lark sing

In the clear air of the day

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