

The Lark In The Clear Air

John McDermott

The lark in the clear air : to my sister margaret
Dear 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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