

THE LARK IN THE CLEAR AIR

Anon. Irish melody

Words: Sir Samuel Ferguson (1810-1886)

Dear— thoughts are in— my— mind, and— my
I shall tell her all— my— love, all— my

5 soul soars— en - chan - ted As I hear the sweet— lark— sing in— the clear— air of the
soul's a - dor - a - tion And I think she will— hear— me, and— will not— say me—

10 day. For a ten - der, beam - ing— smile to my hope— has— been— gran - ted, And to -
nay; It is this that gives— my— soul all its joy - ous— e - la - tion, As I

15 mor - row she— shall— hear all— my fond— heart would— say.
hear the sweet— lark— sing in— the clear— air of the day.