

# The Lark in the Clear Air



Dear thoughts are in my mind, and my soul soars en-cha-ned as I hear the sweet lark

7



sing in the clear air of the day. For a ten-der, beam-ing smile to my

12



hope has been grant-ed and to-mor-row she shall hear all my fond heart would

17



say. I shall tell her all my love, and my soul's ad-o - ra - tion, and I think she will hear

23



me, and will not say me nay. It is this that gives my soul all its

28



joy - ous e - la - tion, as I hear the sweet lark

31



sing in the clear air of the day.