

Lark in the Clear Air

Loreena Mckennitt

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 shall tell her all my love
And 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 its joyous elation
As I hear the sweet lark sing
In the clear air of the day.