

## The 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 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.