

The Lark

Words by Dryden and Lee.

Henry Lawes

Swift - - - - through the yield- ing Air I - glide, while nights shall be,

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shades a- bide; Yet in my flight - (tho' ne'er so fast) I

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Tune and Time the wild - winds' - blast:

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And ere the Sun be come a- bout, Teach the young Lark his Les- son

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out; who ear- ly as the day is born sings his shrill An- them to the ris-

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- ing morn; Let ne- ver mor- - tal lose the pains to i- mi- tate

- my Aier- y strains, whose pitch, too high for hu- man ears

was set me by the tune- ful Spheres. I ca- rol to the Fai- ries' King,

Wake him a- mor- nings - when I sing: And when the Sun

stoops to the deep, Rock him a- gain and his fair Queen a- sleep.