

The Rising Of The Lark

Roger Whittaker

See, O see the breaking day,
How the dew drop decks the thorn,
Hov'ring low the skylarks lay,
Long preluding meets the morn,
Hark! the liquid notes awake anew,
Rising sweeter with the rising dew,
Rising sweeter with the rising dew.

Come, my love, and drink the sound,
Ere the dazzling sun appears;
While the drooping flow'ret round
Bends with nature's early tears,
Poising, as she mounts with humid wings,
Still above her lowly nest she sings,
O'er her lowly nest she sings.

Now the dappled clouds among,
Sweet and clear ascends the lay;
Come before the plummy throng,
Wake to hail the king of day!
Warbling louder still, she mounts alone,
Near and nearer to his amber throne.
Nearer to his amber throne.

See the blazing gates unfold,
See his radiant head appear!
Through yon op'ning clouds of gold
Still the less'ning note we hear.
Sinking softly with the sinking strain
See her seek her lowly nest again,
See her seek her nest again.