

The Lark Clear Air [ðʌ lɑ:k klɪə ɛə]

Text by *Sir Samuel Ferguson* (1810-1886) [Br]

Set by *William Arms Fisher* (1861-1948) [Am], melody after the Irish Air *Kathleen Nowlan*; *Robert James Berkeley Fleming* (1921-1976) [Ca], from *Three duets*, #1; *Phyllis Margaret Duncan Tate* (1911-1987) [Br], melody after a traditional Irish air

Dear thoughts are in my mind,
[dɪə θɔts ɑr ɪn ma:ɪ ma:ɪnd]

and my soul soars enchanted,
[ænd ma:ɪ so:ʊl soʊz ɪ(ɛ)n.'tʃæn.tɪd]
(RP) [ɪ(ɛ)n.'tʃæn.tɪd]

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, all my soul's adoration,
And I think she will [hear]1 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.

The entire text to this title with the complete
IPA transcription is available for download.

Thank you!

