

The Lark Now Leaves His Watery Nest

Text by *Sir William D'Avenant* (1606-1668) [Br]

Set by *Horatio William Parker* (1863-1919) [Am], op. 47, #6

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
[ðʌ lɑ:k nɑ:ʊ livz hɪz 'wɑ.tə.ri nɛst]

And climbing, shakes his dewy wings.
He takes your window for the East,
And to implore your light he sings:
Awake, awake! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes.
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake! break thro' your veil of lawn,
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

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

Thank you!

