

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 læk na:ʊ livz hɪz 'wa.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 haws unto the seamen's star

