

The Lark

2. Look up and see th'un - wear-ied sun, Al - re-a-dy has his race be - gun: The

5 10

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

The

15

And sings her an - thems

pret - ty, pret - ty lark is mount - ed high, And sings her

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

pret - ty, pret - ty lark is mount - ed high, And sings her an - thems

20 25

The pret - ty, pret - ty lark

an - thems in the sky. And sings her

is mount - ed high,

The pret - ty, pret - ty lark is mount - ed high,

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

Tr. 30 35

C. an - thems in the sky. The pret - ty, pret - ty lark is mount - ed high, and sings her

T.

B.

Tr. 40 1. 2. 45

C. an - thems in the sky, And sings her an - thems in the sky. The

T.

B.

1. Awake, my soul! Awake, mine eyes
 'Tis time for morning sacrifice.
 Awake, and see the new-born light
 Spring from the darksome womb of night.

3. Arise, my soul! And thou, my voice,
 In songs of early praise rejoice!
 O great Creator! Heavenly King!
 Thy praises ever let me sing.

4. Thy power hath made, Thy goodness kept
 This fenceless body while I slept;
 Yet one day more hath lent to me,
 From all the powers of darkness free.

5. O keep my heart from sin secure,
 My life unblameable and pure;
 That, when my last of days is come,
 Serenely I may wait my doom.