

Thomas Flatman, 1674
88. 88. (L. M.)

The Lark

No copyright. Transcribed from The Psalm-Singer's Amusement..

C Major
William Billings, 1790

Treble

Counter

Tenor

Bass

2. Look up and see th'un-wearied sun, Already has his race begun: The pretty, pretty lark is mounted high, And sings her anthems

Tr.

C.

T.

B.

The pretty, pretty lark

And sings her anthems in the sky.

And sings her anthems in the sky. The pretty, pretty

is mounted high,

The pretty, pretty lark is mounted high,

Tr. 35 40 1. 2. 45

C. lark is mounted high, And sings her anthems in the sky, And sings her anthems in the sky. The

T. 8

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.