

Rise the Lark

Di Franklin

Rise the lark, awake my heart For this is Spring's first day.

Praise the sun till day is done, Summer's on its way.

The cuckoo's song rings out along The lanes bedecked in green.

She'll oust another from its nest And seldom will be seen.

The blackbird throng strikes out at morn To herald in a new day's dawn.

Rise the lark, awake my heart For this is Spring's first day.

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Praise the sun till day is done, Summer's on its way.

The leaves so green burst forth between The hedgerow and the field.

The weather warm will nurse the corn And Old Jack Frost will yield.

The young birds sing upon the wing Of joys that Summer soon will bring.

Rise the lark, awake my heart For this is Spring's first day.

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Praise the sun till day is done, Summer's on its way.

The Winter cold that once was bold Has melted into Spring.

And joining hands across the land We all shall loudly sing

For wars to cease and live in peace. Our songs ring out upon the breeze:

Rise the lark, awake my heart For this is Spring's first day.