





Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848-1918)

LARKS

What voice of gladness, hark! In heaven is ringing? From the sad fields the lark Is upward winging.

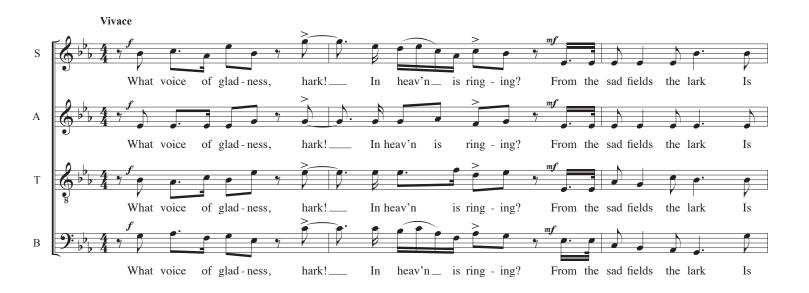
High through the mournful mist that blots our day Their songs betray them soaring in the grey.

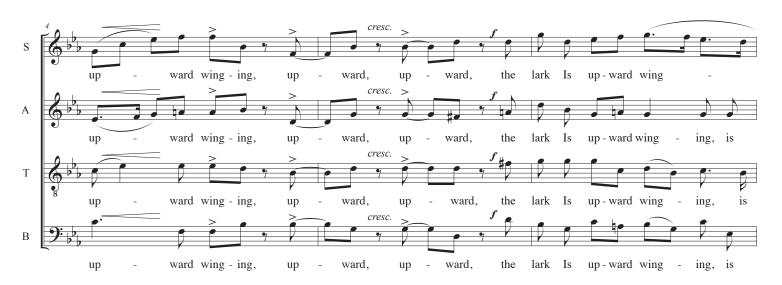
See them! Nay, they
In sunlight swim; above the furthest stain
Of cloud attain; their hearts in Music rain
Upon the plain.

Sweet birds, far out of sight Your songs of pleasure Dome us with joy as bright As heaven's best azure.

Robert Seymour Bridges (1844-1930)

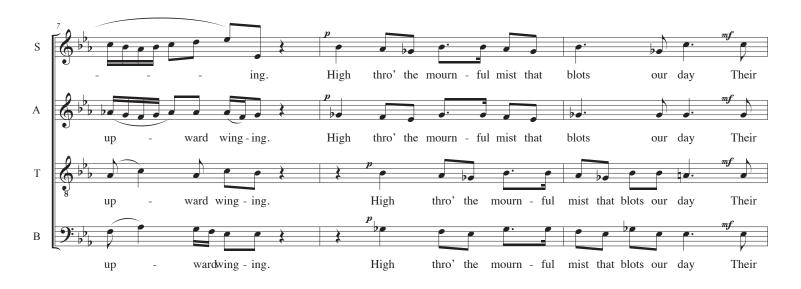
C. Hubert H. Parry

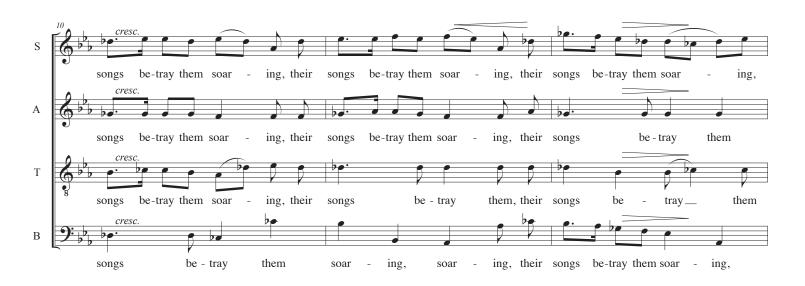


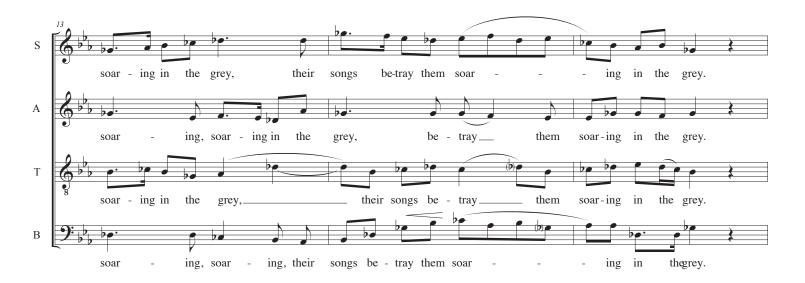


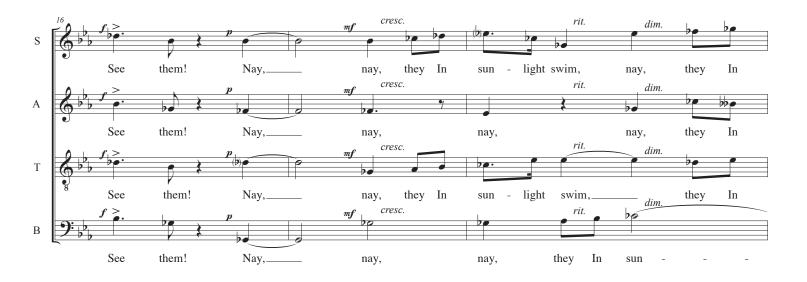


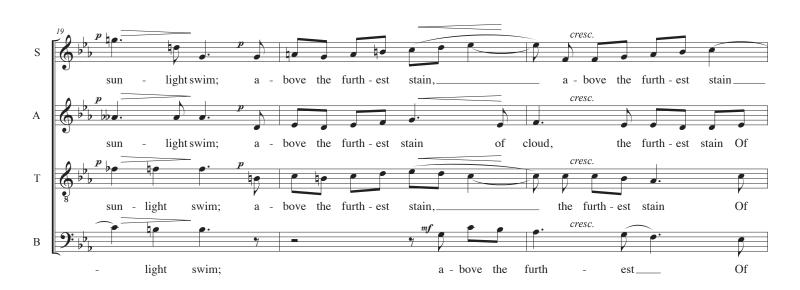
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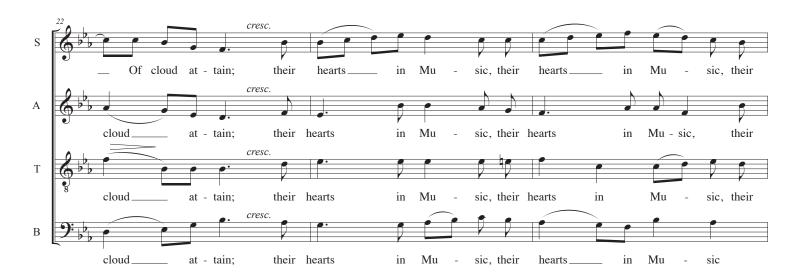


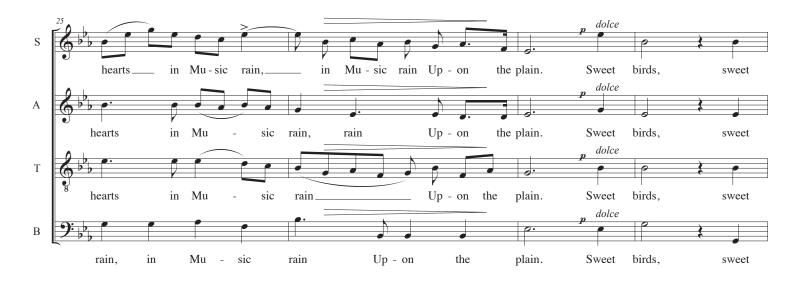


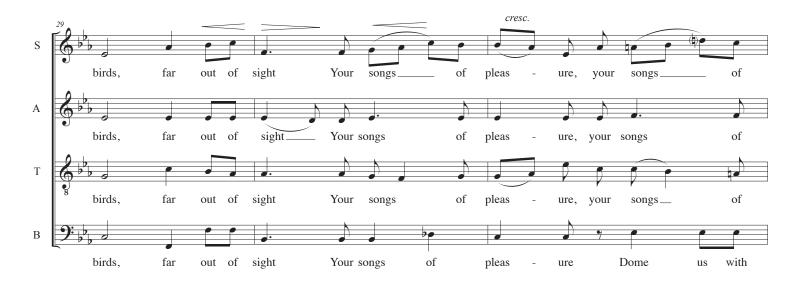


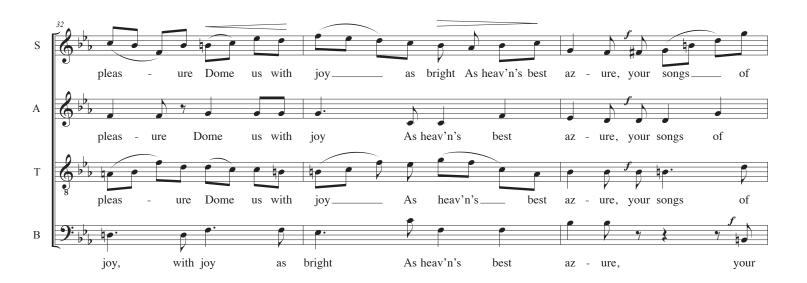


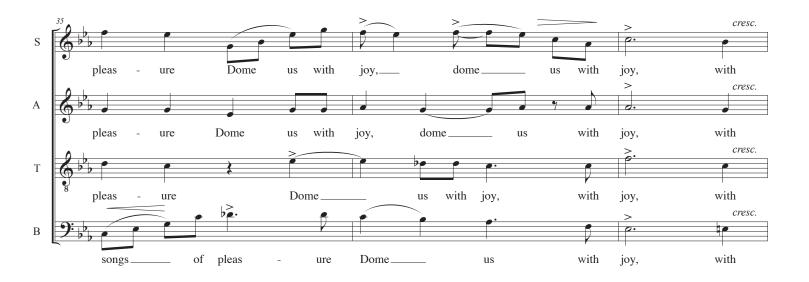




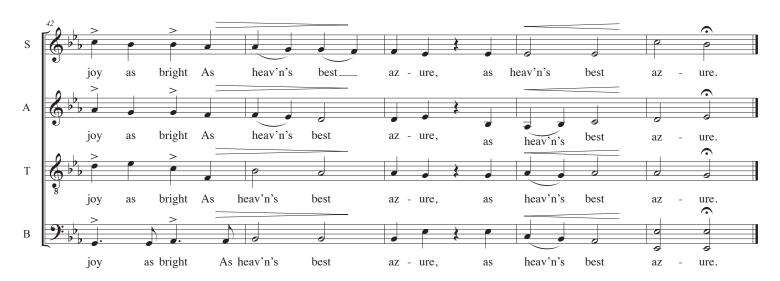












Novello, Ewer and Co. (1897)

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