

34 35 36 37 38 39

Ad lib., conversational

fool - ing? _____ When I was a girl I had a fav-'rite

Light, child like

mp

40 41 42 43

sto - ry _____ of the mead-ow lark who lived _____ where the riv - ers

vla

sfp

44 45 46 47

wind. Her voice could match _____ the an- _____ gels _____ in its

p

Rea * *simile*

48 49 50 51 52 53

glo - ry _____ but she was blind. _____ The lark _____ was blind. An

oboe

54 old king came and took her to his pal - ace where the

55 56 57

58 walls were bur - nished bronze and gol - den braid And he

59 60 61

62 fed her fruit and nuts from an iv - 'ry chal - ice and he

63 64 65

Flute *mp*

Leg. * *simile*

66 **Tempo** 67 68 69

prayed: "Sing for

accel. poco a poco *gliss*

70 71 72 73

me my mead-ow lark. Sing for

74 75 76 77

me of the sil-ver morn-ing. Set me free

78 79 80 81

my mead-ow lark, and I'll

82 83 84 85

buy you a price-less jew-el and cloth of bro-cade and crew-el and I'll

86 3 87 88 89

love you for life if you will sing for me."

90 91 92 93

Then one day as the lark sang by the

94 95 96 3 97

wa - ter the god of the sun heard her in his

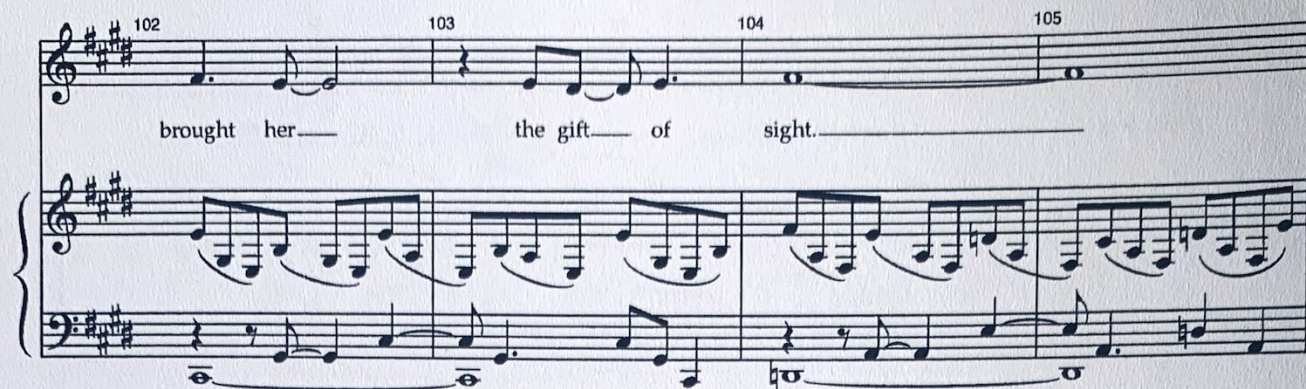
98 99 100 101

flight, and her sing-ing moved him so he came and

97

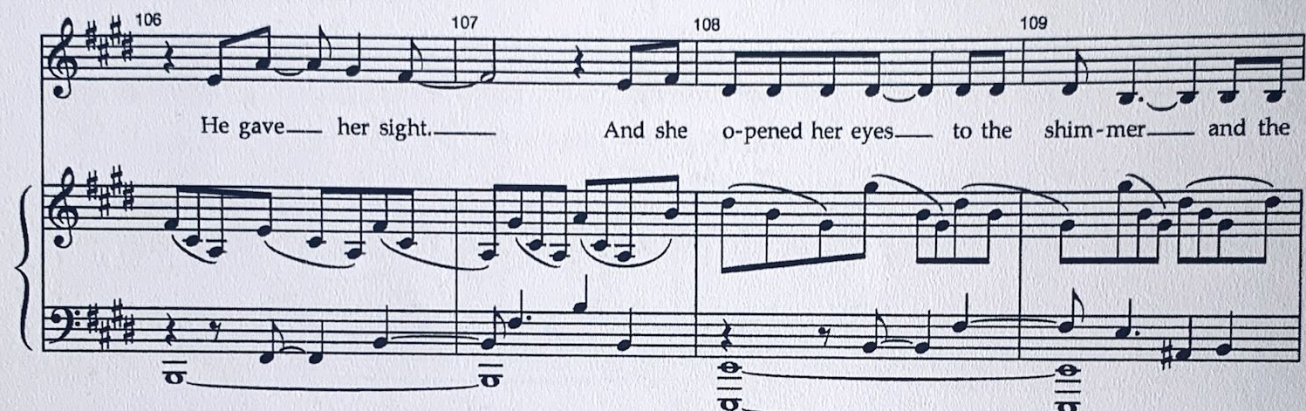
102 103 104 105

brought her — the gift — of sight. —



106 107 108 109

He gave — her sight. — And she o-pened her eyes — to the shim-mer — and the



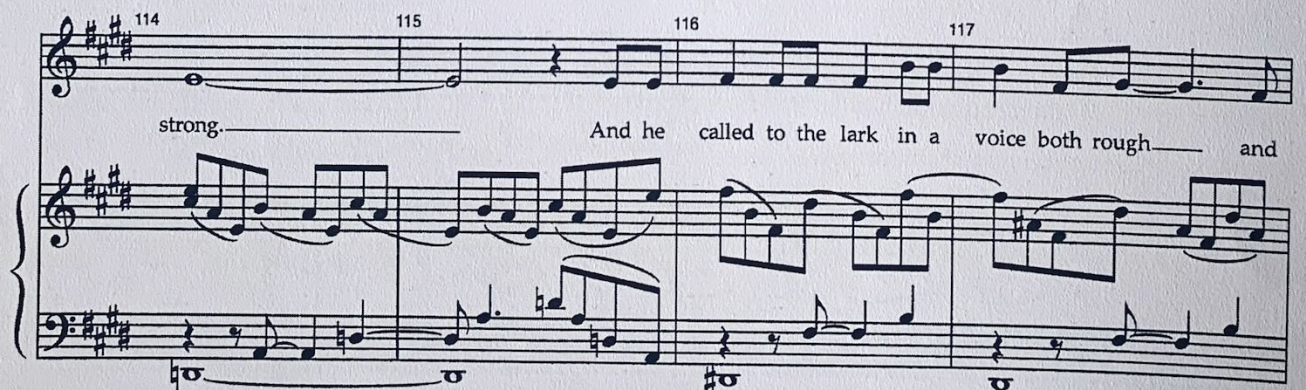
110 111 112 113

splen - dour — of this beau - ti - ful — young god so proud and



114 115 116 117

strong. — And he called to the lark in a voice both rough — and



118 119 120 121 122 123

ten - der ————— "Come a - long! ————— Fly with

gliss

124 125 126 127

me, ————— my mead-ow - lark, ————— fly with

p

128 129 130 131

me ————— on the sil - ver morn - ing ————— past ————— the

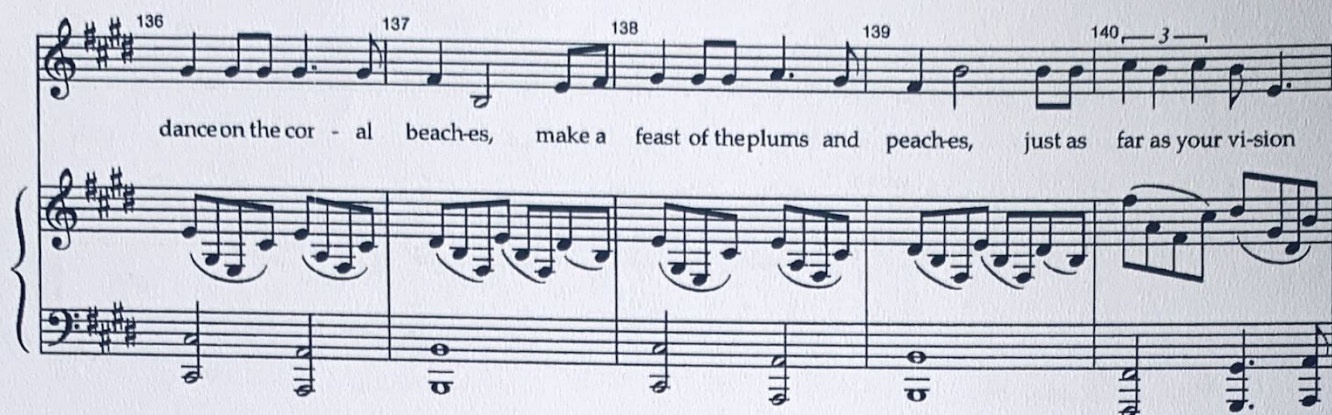
132 133 134 135

sea ————— where the dol-phins bark. ————— We will

99

136 137 138 139 140 3

dance on the cor - al beach-es, make a feast of the plums and peach-es, just as far as your vi-sion



141 142 143 144 145

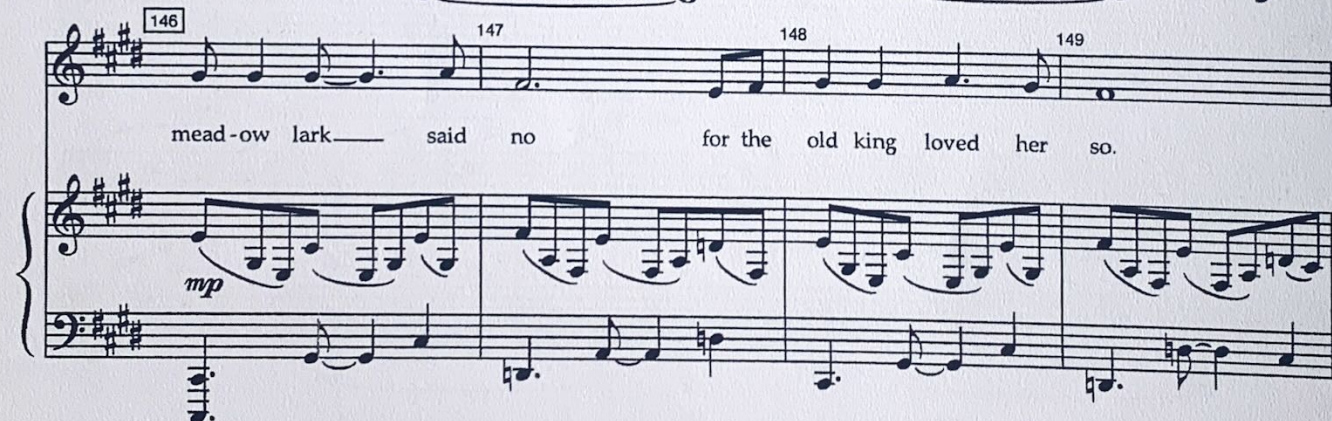
reach - es, — fly — with — me." — But the



146 147 148 149

mead-ow lark — said no for the old king loved her so.

mp



150 151 152 153

She could-n't bear — to wound — his — pride. — So the

