#### To Marie Hall

## THE LARK ASCENDING

Romance for Violin & Orchestra

HE RISES and begins to round, He drops the silver chain of sound, Of many links without a break, In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake.

For singing till his heaven fills, 'Tis love of earth that he instils,

And ever winging up and up, Our valley is his golden cup, And he the wine which overflows To lift us with him when he goes.

Till lost on his aerial rings
In light, and then the fancy sings.

GEORGE MEREDITH.



NOTE - A miniature score and the full score are published. Orchestral material is on hire.

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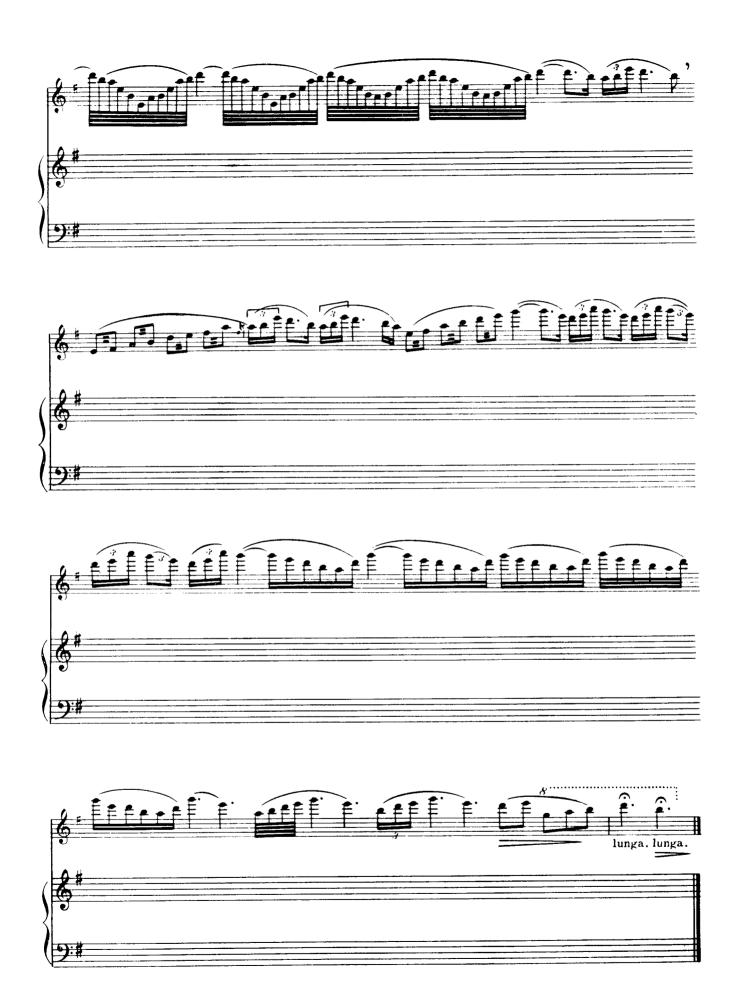






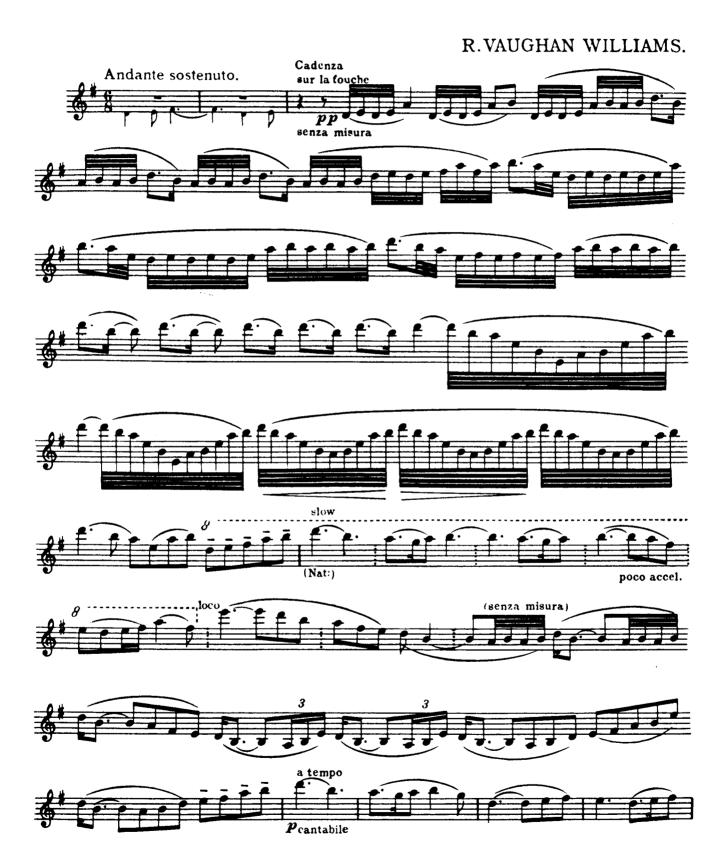






### **SOLO VIOLIN**

# THE LARK ASCENDING

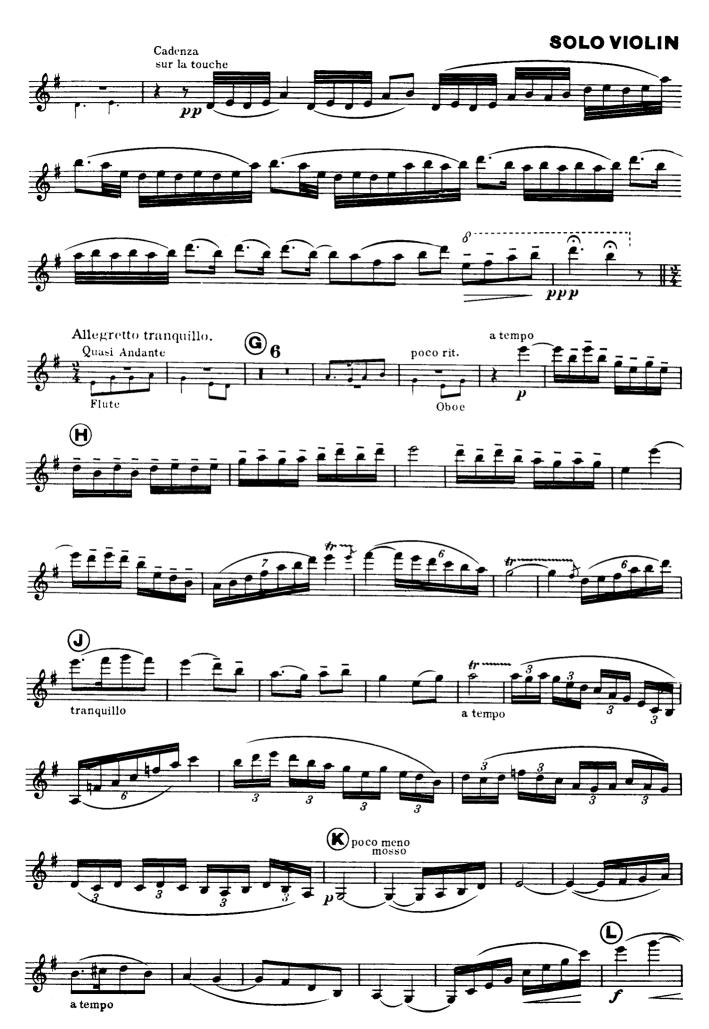


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### SOLO VIOLIN

