SKYLARK

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Music by HOAGY CARMICHAEL

Moderately

Sklark, have you any thing to say to me? Won't you tell me where my

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green with spring, where my heart can go a-journeying

over the shadows and the rain, to a blossom-covered lane? And in your

lonely flight, haven't you heard the music in the night?

Wonderful music, faint as a "will o' the wisp," crazy as a loon,
sad as a gypsy serenading the moon. Oh.

Sky-lark. I don't know if you can find these things,

but my heart is riding on your wings. So if you see them any

where, won't you lead me there? there?