

Skylark, have you anything to say to me?
Can you tell me where my love may be?
Is there a meadow in the mist
where he's just waiting to be kissed?

Skylark, have you seen a valley 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 have 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, skylark, I don't know, I don't know
if you can find these things,
but my heart, my heart is riding on your wings.
So if you see them anywhere
won't you lead me there?

Oh, won't you lead me there?
Lead me there, lead me there.
Lead me there, skylark, skylark, skylark, there . . .