

Hark the Lark!

This is a song from Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* (1611-1612, 1623) whose music was composed by the lutenist Robert Johnson (1582-1633). It is a delightful evocation of dawn and its awakening, a metaphor for the lover's mistress.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.