



*Tenderly* *The Morning Air* — set by M<sup>r</sup> Granon

Would you taste the Morning

Air to yon Verdant fields repair Where Convolvus spread by 'Tislets blue with

Grateful scents shall welcome you Hear/hear the

Soft and Cooling breeze Fanning thro' the Trees 'Till the Dew be

Sprinkling round Cools the thins by parching Groundground.

Hark the Lark now soaring high,  
 With her Echo fills the Sky;  
 The Nightingal & Thrush,  
 Are warbling notes on every Bush  
 Waste fair Nymph, then hast away,  
 Taste these joys without Delay,  
 Prove and proving you will tell,  
 The morning's joys be all well.