

The Skylark and the Sun

TAIT JONES

I hear the skylark, up so high,
Singing a song for you who lie
In this foreign field so far away.
The sun cries for you at the break of day.

The song of the skylark, up so high,
A song for you, to remember you by,
The ancient sun, never forgetting
The dawns and dusks, he is ever regretting.

The voice of the skylark, up so high,
A song to calm you from morning 'till nigh',
The suns bright rays to send you home,
So that you no longer lie here all alone.

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Aged 14

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