

## MORNING

The silence of a new morning is heard in the breeze  
With skies so white with fog and mist I'm sensing Someone here  
No wonder why Jesus Christ sought solace in the dawn  
Cuz there's beauty here and freedom here and fellowship with God

The feeling that I'm near                      I find only here

The swaying of the old pine trees is a dance that they know  
To the music of the early bird down at the orange grove  
I wonder why there is life even when we're gone  
Cuz the morning songs where we belong were written for our ears

Now that we are all listening  
Now that we are all aware of it  
Let us sing, or hum along...  
To the songs of the dawn