

Eileen Rodgers

"Miracle Of Love"

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A whippoorwill awakens
And she tells the golden morn
That while the world was sleeping
Some new whippoorwills were born
Showing the lark and the dove
Another miracle of love
A bee begins a buzzin
Makin honey out of dew
And roses by the dozen
Bloom where flowers never grew
Warmed by the sun from above
Another miracle of love
Yes, I believe in miracles
That miracles come true
Dear, I believe in miracles
Just look at me and you
Two strangers in the morning
Then two friends this afternoon
Now strangers in the morning
Are two sweethearts neath the moon
Close as a hand in a glove
Another miracle of love

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