

Judy Collins

"Bright Morning Stars"

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Bright morning stars are rising.
Bright morning stars are rising.
Bright morning stars are rising.
Day is breaking in my soul.

Bright morning stars are rising.
The night is almost gone.
The sycamores are bending their branches to the
dawn.
The wind sighs on the river.
The willows bend to pray.
And dawn is breaking gently upon a brand new day.
Day is breaking in my soul.

Bright morning stars are rising.
Bright morning stars are rising.
Bright morning stars are rising.
Day is breaking in my soul.

Bright morning stars are rising.
The promise comes again,
That heals the broken hearted
That pleads our wars to end.
The silver moon light scatters like tears upon the lawn,
But eases sorrow.
We greet a bright new dawn.
Day is breaking in my soul.
Bright morning stars are rising.
Bright morning stars are rising.
Bright morning stars are rising.
Day is breaking in my soul.

Bright morning stars are rising.
My soul is now renewed.
My love ones safe in heaven,
A better world in view.
And all our pain and pleasure,
Our struggles to break free,
Can lead us in this new dawn
To true serenity.

Day is breaking in my soul

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