

In the Morning

It's early:
I pour a cup of coffee.
The hour is my own,
The morning is young.

I walk slowly
To my window to welcome the sunrise.
My hopes and dreams are new,
Gleaming with the dew.

**It's my quiet time in the morning,
The gentle hour of daybreak and dawn.
I love my quiet time in the morning,
Life is whole in the morning.**

At my table
I take time to read the paper,
To think about my life
And the day that has begun.

I get ready
For the hours that lie before me,
When I join the crowds,
Doing things that must be done,

**But first my quiet time in the morning,
The gentle hour of daybreak and dawn.
I love my quiet time in the morning,
Life is whole in the morning.**

During the day I'm always on the go,
Always counting the hours to another morning glow.

**For my quiet time in the morning,
The gentle hour of daybreak and dawn.
I love my quiet time in the morning,
No need to hurry,
No need to worry.
Life is whole in the morning.**