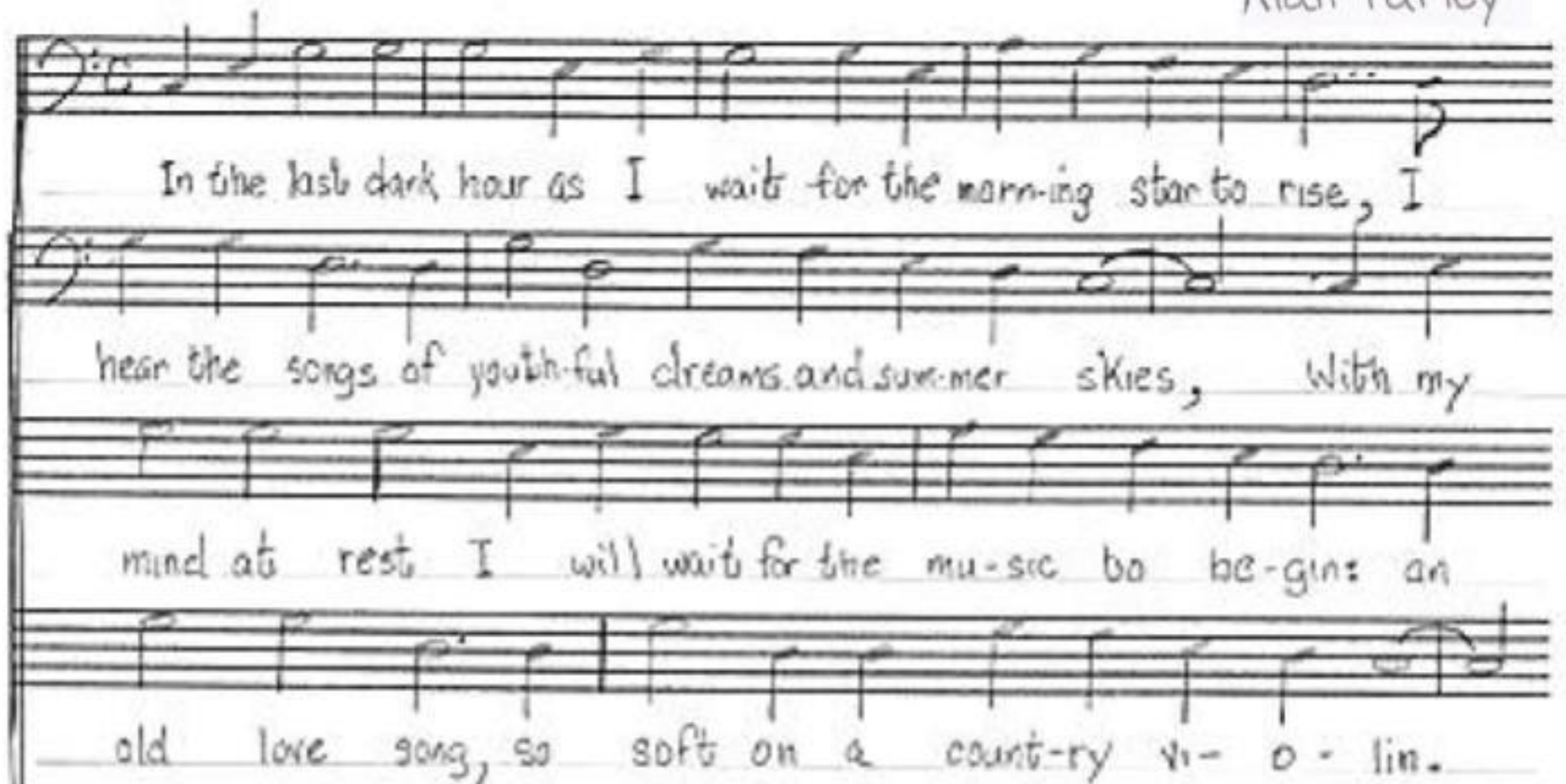


Morning Star

Alan Farley



In the last dark hour as I wait for the morning star to rise, I
hear the songs of youth-ful dreams and summer skies, With my
mind at rest I will wait for the mu-sic to be-gin: an
old love song, so soft on a count-ry vi-olin.

With my mind at ease I awaken to music from within
An old love song, so soft on a country violin

Oh the mandolin, and the fiddle don't forget the old guitar
They bring tears and joy, they bring us music from afar

All the early songs, brought in courage by those across the sea
Their beautiful words a message of hope for you and me

Then the songs of life on the farms by the flowing mountain streams
They tell it all, the poetry of human dreams

Every song a story of life in our southern mountain homes
They tell of the times of getting along the best we could

When you hear a song it could be an old time singing star
By Roy or Bill and those who sang of who we are

Let your music flow in your mind as you travel through your day
It will make you smile, it will be your friend in every way

If your days go dark and you hope for a better time to come
Remember a song, it will bring you peace to carry home