

The sky is growing light  
The moonlight fades away;  
A starry, enchanting night  
Is transforming into day.

The trees outside are glimmering  
The sky is the prettiest blue;  
The sandy shore is shimmering  
The sun is coming through.

Beautiful birds are calling  
Singing beautiful songs of love;  
Sunlit rays are falling  
Down from the heavens above.

The sun gleams ever so brightly  
With colors of orange and gold;  
A wandering breeze whispers lightly  
Without a breath of cold.

The willow trees lightly bend  
The grass is dusted with dew;  
The night has come to an end  
And day has come anew.