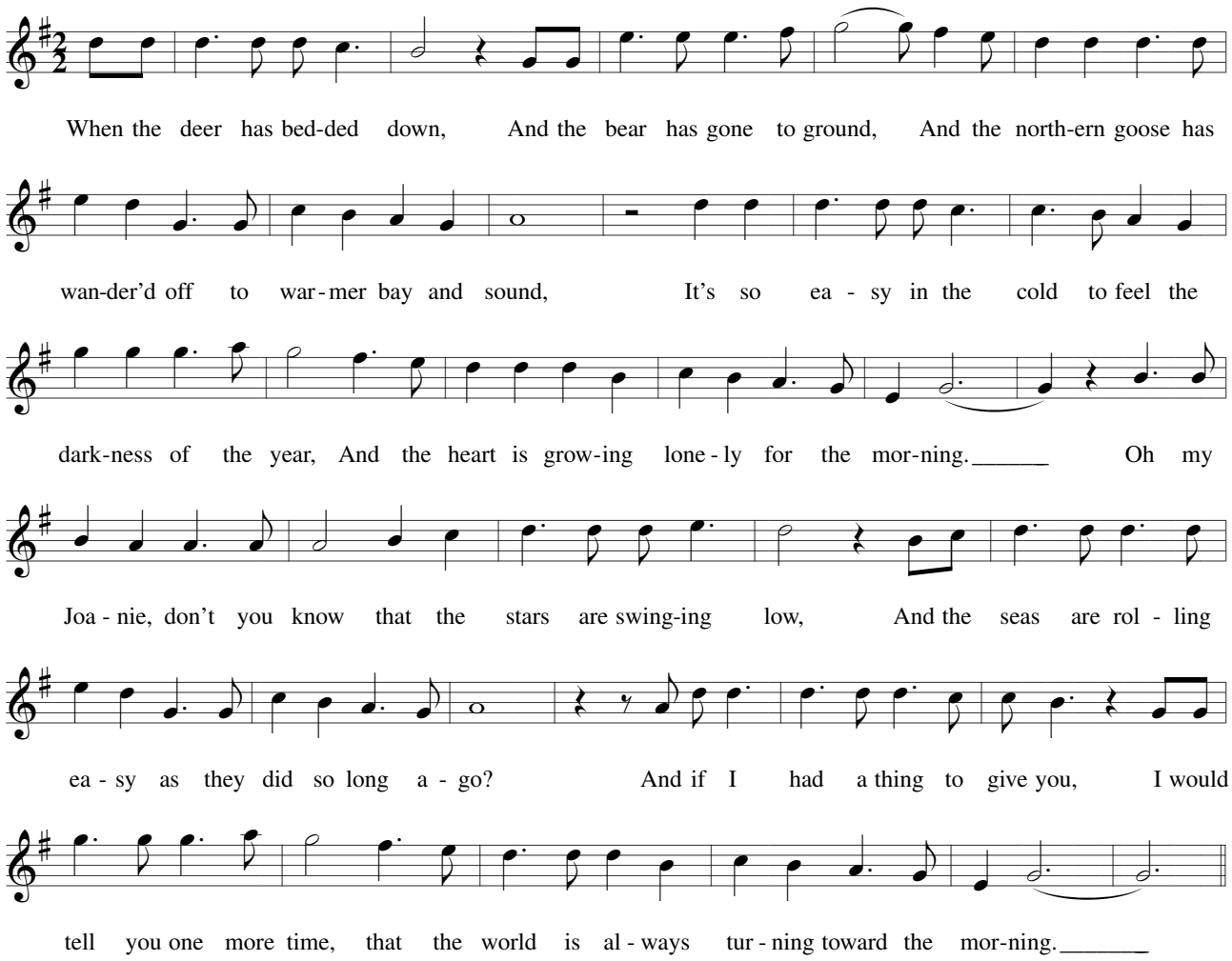
When the deer has bed-ded down, And the bear has gone to ground, And the north-ern goose has
wan-der'd off to war-mer bay and sound, It's so ea - sy in the cold to feel the
dark-ness of the year, And the heart is grow-ing lone-ly for the mor-ning. Oh my
Joa - nie, don't you know that the stars are swing-ing low, And the seas are rol - ling
ea - sy as they did so long a - go? And if I had a thing to give you, I would
tell you one more time, that the world is al - ways tur - ning toward the mor-ning.