TURNING TOWARD THE MORNING

By Gordon Bok

When the deer has bedded down

And the bear has gone to ground

And the northern goose has wandered off

To warmer bay and sound

It's so easy in the cold to feel

The darkness of the year

And the heart is growing lonely for the morning

Oh, my Joanie, don't you know

That the stars are swingin' slow

And the seas are rollin' easy

As they did so long ago

If i had a thing to give you

I would tell you one more time

That the world is always turning toward the morning

When October's growin' thin
And November's comin' home
You'll be thinking of the seasons
And the sad things that you've seen
And you hear that old wind walkin'
Hear him singin' high and thin
You could swear he's out there singin' of your sorrow

So the darkness falls around you
And you hear the north wind blow
And you hear him call your name out
As he walks the bitter snow
That old wind don't mean you trouble,
He don't care or even know
He's just walkin' down the darkness toward the morning

It's a pity we don't know
What the little flowers know
They can't face the cold November
They can't take the bitter snow
They put their glories all behind them
Bow their heads and let it go
But you know they'll be there shining in the morning