

Winter Sky

Judy Collins

Out under the winter sky,
Out under the winter sky,
Stars come trembling on my eye,
Stars to tremble my eye.

And I feel like somethin's gonna die,
I feel like somethin's gonna die,
I feel like somethin's gonna die,
Hand me wings for to fly.

High is heaven in early morn,
High is heaven in early morn,
Men lie sleeping in beds that are warm,
Sleep in beds that are warm.

I feel like ssomethin's being born,
I feel like somethin's being born,
I feel like somethin's being born,
Tells my soul not to mourn.