

Bright Morning Stars

Abigail Washburn

Bright morning stars are rising,
Bright morning stars are rising,
Bright morning stars are rising,

Day is a-breaking in my soul.

And where are our dear fathers,
Oh where are our dear fathers,
They're down in the valley a praying,
Day is a-breaking in my soul.

And where are our dear mothers,
Oh where are our dear mothers,
They've gone up to heaven shouting,
Day is a-breaking in my soul.

Bright morning stars are rising,
Bright morning stars are rising,
Bright morning stars are rising,
Day is a-breaking in my soul.