

Sweet Winter's Sun Morning

Sweet winter's sun morning
Come bless silver light
The future is looming
In the cotton-wool sky

The swallow is long gone
Has flown far away
To return on a warm
Long summery day

Sweet winter's sun morning
Spring nearly in sight
The bees have been saving
Their wings for a flight

Where the stores will be plenty
Because of the rain
A new crop is growing
On a windy day