

# The Kingston Trio, Children Of The Morning

Dance to the circle, watch it grow. Turning like forever, movin' slow.  
It's only a moment, yes, I know. Children of the morning told me so.

Burn with the fire, make it bright. Lost within the space of outer sight.  
One lonely flame against the night. Children of the morning, make it light.

Worn by a voice upon the breeze, glistened by the waters rollin' free.  
Hidden in the color of a tree. Children of the morning, it is thee.

Stand upon the mountain, it is done. Watch them at the cross roads as they come.  
Blinded by another winter's sun. Children of the morning, you have won.

(Repeat first verse)