

The morning foggy sea of the ranch just covered the whole area.  
The bell rings bravely from the black bottom of the lined poplar trees lightly.  
There are high voices around the hut already waked up.



# 牧場の朝

作詞者不詳／船橋栄吉



I wonder where the morning will come from.  
It comes beyond the sky and beyond the clouds from the land of light.  
No that is not true.  
It comes from the home of hope.  
Good morning.  
Good morning.



# 朝はどこから

森まさる／橋本国彦

