

**Mountain Morning**  
**by Martha Bean**

I chose to sing, *Mountain Morning*, as my class project for the fall 2019 Wenatchee Naturalist final gathering. Here is why I sang it.

*"When I was a teen growing up in Wenatchee, the physical environment was the source of my inspiration and faith; my solace and motivation; my wonder and confidence. This song was written in 1973 after our Wenatchee High School Alpine Club walked up Mount Saint Helens. One starts these volcano climbs in the wee hours, often with a marvelous sunrise as part of the experience.*

*In the mid-seventies I was active in the Alpine Lakes Protection Society. I testified on behalf of the proposed wilderness area at hearings in Wenatchee, Seattle and Washington D.C. Singing this song from the stand was sometimes part of my testimony.*

*My hope, in both taking this class and moving home to Wenatchee, has been to experience again a deep connection to the physical environment of my formative years. And to resurrect the unabashed clarity I had when I was young that, indeed, we can change the world. With commitment, creativity and community. And with open eyes, hearts and minds."*

**Mountain Morning**

(Written by Martha Bean in 1973)

Pastel colors float along a distant range  
Soon I know they'll blossom in to sunrise  
The coming brightness fills us new as the darkness wanes  
Could it be  
The mountain morning

For miles around we see the life surging into earth  
The sun turns gray to blue and black to green  
We're witnessing the mountain's daily rebirth  
This must be  
The mountain morning

How many more can I pray to see?  
I could live a million mountain mornings  
And never once tire of the miracle  
And never once tire of my soul's thrill

The name of god is written there  
We are set free  
in mountain mornings.

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Soon I know they'll blossom in to sunrise  
The coming brightness fills us new as the darkness wanes  
Could it be  
The mountain morning