

Sunrise, Sunset

Miriam Makeba

Is this the little girl I carried?
Is this the little boy at play?
I don't remember getting older, day by day
Sunrise, sunset, swiftly fly the years.
One season following the other,
Laden with happiness and tears.

When did she get to be a beauty,
When did he grow to be so tall,
Wasn't it yesterday when they were small?
Sunrise, sunset, swiftly fly the years.
One season following the other,
Laden with happiness and tears.