

From the river to the sea where the water goes out of the estuary  
From the mountains to the river to go on forever recycling economically;  
From the river to the sea where the mouth is the current headland,  
To the ocean full of fish that go up to breath in the river seabed.

From the river to the sea, like from the heavenly city to yourself,  
From the mind in the head to circulation of the heart to beat and love;  
From the beauty of the soul and of God who reigns and rules in heaven above,  
To the peace the fills our lives to think and live we should yourself.

From the voice of the wind to the eyes of mind and ears of heart,  
From the head the sound of beautiful peace to fill the soul so smart;  
From patience and persistence of everything that is good and great,  
To the heart and soul and mind of anything being perfect to relate.

From the summer and winter and the spring and Autumns fall,  
From the tall and big to the humblest and the best of small;  
From the least of each to be the better of the best of all,  
To God on high who lives and dies the very greatest of them all.

From the perfect peeve of heart to the mind of brilliant glory,  
From the tales of entwined poetry and verse to tell the story;  
From the pain and agony of the cross to the whole wide earth,  
To the skies up there on high, to come back again for all it's worth.

From the river to the sea where the heart beats on forever,  
From the highest skies and heavens to the earth's eternal weather;  
From the whether of to and from and beauty beyond all else,  
To the hearts and minds of people from the eyes of God Himself.

Signed,

Glowing out nicely