

How green are our mountains high,
Which bless us in the awesome sky;
Streams that flow forever and cry grace to bestow,
Their's is the magnificence for us and all to know.

A stream that runs from here to there,
It's constant trickle and winding stairs;
To see the ease from which is supplied,
Is nature's gift, God gratified in peaceful valleys simplified.

A mountain shows such power and might,
That sets a man to find his slight;
He aims to conquer it, a fear to beat,
But maintains his humbleness and grins to eat.

The air surrounds so fresh and brisk
The morning one that takes no risk;
The earth supports it's new day dawning,
Shows the world in provident glory,
This place from which is an endless story.

Signed,

Flowing Carelessly