1. Skies are fair above us; Leaves are on the trees.
2. Birds are in the tree-tops; Bees go humming by.

Flow er buds are nod ding, Swayed by gentle breeze.
Songs of joy, ascending, Echo in the sky.

Love ing hearts are happy While we work and play.
Ev erywhere is beauty; Life is at its morn.

God is in the heaven; Joy ous is our day.
Praise to God we offer For the new day born.
sky and land and river wide, The work of God I see; Oh,

may my heart be full of thanks For all he gives to me.