

Let us breathe of the pure-blown air,  
And list to the wild bird's note,  
    And the brook's glad song  
    As it wanders along  
Where the water-lilies float.

Let us look into Nature's book,  
And glean for ourselves a store  
    Of the wisdom meet  
    To direct our feet  
In the path to the Golden Shore.

Then we'll back to our tasks with joy,  
And we'll trust in His goodness more,  
    Whom the rustling trees  
    And the whisp'ring breeze  
And the streamlet's voice adore.