

## Yes "Days"

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This song of evening's light  
Would charge my memory to flight  
The trees that listen  
Swift wings do carry on through constant  
Gardens they offer delight  
It is the evening

In deepest woods and fern  
Young deer step light through morning's mist  
Ascend the swallows  
First light streams through the treetops  
Bouncing as the flowers illuminate  
The breath of morning

This song of ages past  
I lay in peace midst grass so green  
To reach to skyward  
Where larks do sing such high delights  
Do pour into my senses  
The days are blessings  
The days are blessings  
The days are blessings

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