Anderson Jon "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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