

1. Na - ture is ver - y beau - ti - ful, Her forms ex - treme-ly fair,  
 2. The chang-ing sky, the might - y sea, The ver - dant, fruit-ful fields,  
 3. The rain-bow's hues, the sun-set's glow, The ros - e's ten - der blush,  
 4. The bab - bling stream, the rus - tling leaves, The birds' sweet care-free songs,

Her as - pects give a re - al joy, That all man - kind may share.  
 The loft - y peaks, and fer - tile vales, Each its own pleas - ure yields.  
 The moon's pale beam, which chang - es all To sil - ver with her touch.  
 The drow - sy hum of an - xious bees, To na - ture's mirth be - longs.

5. But O! may nature draw my heart  
 From earth to nature's God,  
 And may I feel that He is mine,  
 O'er all created good.

6. O may I know His special love,  
 Displayed to His own choice,  
 All nature does His goodness prove,  
 But may I hear His voice.