

A song of flowers

Oh, the beauty how flowers glow
And bend and twist beneath the sun.
They sing their song with melody
It is so sweet as honey from bees.
And there are trees who tally stand up in the breeze
And when the flowers look up high
They see the trees so tall above, up in the sky
If they could climb those tall, tall trees
they would be high up in the breeze.
So sweet it would be to be up in those trees
The flowers would be oh so pleased.