Good morning, Life... Glorious morning, Life and all things glad and beautiful...

My pockets nothing hold, but he that owns the gold, the Sun is my great friend...
Hail to the morning sky,

(Good morning, Life --) which bright clouds measure,

Hail to you birds whose throats would

his spending has no end.
num-ber leaves by notes; Hail to you sha-ky

bowers and to you green fields of flowers.

(Good morn-ing, Life...) Hail to you wo-men fair,

(Good morn-ing, Life--) that make a show so rare, so rare

(Good morn-ing,
Good morning, Life

—as milk—

as milk—

Good morning, Life and all things...

...and all things glad and beautiful.

Good morning, Life!