

The purple-headed mountain,  
The river running by,  
The sun-set and the morning,  
That brightens up the sky.

The cold winds in the winter,  
The pleasant summer sun,  
The ripe fruit in the garden,  
He made them every one.

The tall trees in the green wood,  
The meadows where we play,  
The rushes by the water  
We gather every day.

He gives us eyes to see them,  
And lips that we may tell  
How great is God Almighty,  
Who made all things so well.