



## Mother Nature

Mother Nature wakes before the morning Sun,  
She colors the sky with shades of golden,  
She hushes softly through the leaf boughs,  
A million stories yet unheard.

The seas are her silver veins,  
The mounts rise upon her breast;  
The floras bloom like little smiles,  
And woods give the earth their rest,

Nature nourishes us with her gentle hands,  
She bestows us rain, and wind, and grain,  
But she never asks for nothing in return,  
Yet we requite her with our Pain.

We cut her plants, trees, we poison streams,  
We veil green with walls of stone;  
We got her precious gifts without a thought,  
And quietly make the earth our own.

But Nature mother does not speak,  
Her voice lives in wind and rain;  
A dying bird, a fallen leaf,  
A silent sea and rivers speaks her pain,.

Still, every dawn Nature bestows us that life can rise  
And bloom again after the pain.  
So let us plant a little plant,  
Let sea and rivers run clear and free;  
Let every person learn to cherish,  
We share the earth is our legacy.

Nurture the earth is not a thing we own,  
Not merely soil below our feet;  
Nature is our mother, home and breath, The heart that makes enrich our live.  
If we cherish nature, she will flourish;  
If we revere her, we endure.  
Let grace be the pledge we make,  
Save our Mother Nature, for humanity's sake.

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