

Jim Reeves, The Flowers, The Sunset, The Trees

Each time I touch a rose petal
And breathe the sweet fragrance it brings
I know there's a God up in heaven
No human could create these things.

The dogwood, the oak and the willow
So gracefully wave in the breeze
The dogwood, I'll always remember
My Lord, died upon one of these.

The sunset in its golden splendor
Such colors no artist can do
I know when I look on its beauty
Each page in the Bible is true.

No picture or painting can capture
The beauty of any of these
The handwork of God is revealed in
The flowers, the sunset, the trees...