

On The Highest Tree-Top

Piano

I'm perched on the high - est tree - top of Har - ju - la's high - est ridge. The

6

cle - ar blue wat - er glist - en as far as my eyes can bridge. And

10

Län - gel - mä - ve - si's in - lets spread wide their bright silv - er - y snood. And

14

in the dist - ance sweet Roi - ne it's shores by soft rippl - es are vooed, and

18

in the dist - ance sweet Roi - ne it's shores by soft rippl - es are vooed.

I'm but a bird, small and feeble,
With wings that are little and weak.
If only I were an eagle
To fly to the clouds' white peak.
To fly up and, always higher,
'Way up to God's almighty throne
To there trill forth my petition
I'd sing to Him, praying and prone.

Oh, Father, dear God in Heaven,
Oh, hark to a small bird's prayer.
How can your world be so lovely,
How can your sky be so fair?
Oh, pray let our lakes in brilliance
Shine forth like a torch, like a brand.
Oh teach us, Father, instruct us
To steadily love our fair land.