I will be the gladdest thing Under the sun! I will touch a hundred flowers And not pick one.

I will look at cliffs and clouds
With quiet eyes,
Watch the wind bow down the grass,
And the grass rise.

And when lights begin to show
Up from the town,
I will mark which must be mine,
And then start down!

I will be the gladdest thing Under the sun! I will touch a hundred flowers And not pick one.

I will be the gladdest thing Under the sun!