



Omaha Native American Children's Blessing

Sun, Moon, Stars, all you that move in the
heavens, hear us!

Into your midst has come a new life.
Make his path smooth, that he may reach the brow
of the first hill!

Winds, Clouds, Rain, Mist, all you that move in the
air, hear us!

Into your midst has come a new life.
Make his path smooth, that he may reach the brow
of the second hill!

Hills, Valleys, Rivers, Lakes, Trees, Grasses, all
you of the earth, hear us!

Into your midst has come a new life.
Make his path smooth, that he may reach the
brow of the third hill!

Birds, great and small, that fly in the air,
Animals, great and small, that dwell in the forest,
Insects that creep among the grasses and burrow
in the ground, hear us!

Into your midst has come a new life.
Make his path smooth, that he may reach the brow
of the fourth hill!

All you of the heavens, all you of the air, all you
of the earth, hear us!

Into your midst has come a new life.
Make his path smooth, then shall he travel beyond
the four hills!