

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!