

## **A SACRED SPOT (Version 1)**

Dear little church among the hills,  
A sacred thing thou art;  
No one can ever know how close  
I hold thee in my heart.

The winds that whisper overhead,  
The doors that stand wide-flung,  
The walls that echo with the songs  
My precious mother sung.

The tall grass flecked with flowers bright,  
The narrow winding way,  
The graveyard on the sloping hill,  
Where sun and shadows play.

Dear little church among the hills,  
A sacred thing though art;  
No one can ever know how close  
I hold thee in my heart.

By A. W. Norton

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