

BENEATH THE SNOW

Against a dull gray leaden sky,
In proud, majestic grace
The naked trees upon the hills
Their dainty patterns trace.

Within the valley deep and slow
The river comes along;
Hedged in my banks of ermine snow
It sings a plaintive song.

Yet deep within old Mother Earth
Beneath it's weight of snow,
Awaits a score of sleeping things
For God's command — to grow.

by Alice Whitson Norton

From: Signs of the Time
Vol. 82, No. 47, Pg. 7
December 20, 1955