

EASTER ON THE HILLS

Across the hills the voice of Easter sings—
In feathery, leafing elm and budding vine,
In sycamores that whisper in the sun,
And storm-lashed oaks above the timberline.

Across the hills, the voice of Easter sings—
In homing birds now nesting in the trees,
And on the passing winds the whole day long,
Broadcast, with joyous hearts, their symphonies.

Across the hills, the voice of Easter sings—
Through tender plants now bursting into bloom,
Each one revealing in a quiet way
The resurrected Christ—the empty tomb!

By Alice Whitson Norton

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