

## HEART HUNGER

The hills today are bright with Nature's gold,  
And stained with all the sunsets of the year;  
And low of voice, the winds go singing by;  
A silver stream sings through the grassy mere.  
Bu like a traitor does the hear of mine  
Go hungering among the plenty here.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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AND

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AND

**FROM:** Singing Wires: A Book of Poems  
Crescendo Publishing Company – 1958