

## **THE HOUSE ON THE HILL**

I know a house on a low green hill –  
The winds out there are never still –  
They zoon and zoon through the branches there  
Of the tall green trees, like a low, sweet prayer.  
There are grasses tall that are never still,  
Round the little house on the low green hill.  
In the zooning winds they wave and wave,  
As children do, all gay and brave.  
There are narrow paths where the shadows spill,  
Round the little house on the low green hill;  
There are spaces wide, where – fold on fold –  
The sunshine lies like cloth of gold.  
O little house on the low green hill,  
Where the zooning winds are never still,  
I can see you there, through a blur of tears,  
As you call to me through the vanished years.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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