



Our Church at Home

Sing, World, Sing

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Now in chilly places

Where the snow had been,

Wood and field and hollow,

Easter flowers begin.

Now a bud is opened,

Now a leaf uncurled;

Spring is in the sweet wind

Walking down the world.



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Snowdrops in the garden,

Violets on the hills,

Cowslips in the meadow,

Dancing daffodils

Seem to lift their faces,

Softly whispering,

“Easter’s nearly here, now —

Sing, world, sing!”