

## Spring in the Sierras

On purple hills the Eucalyptus waves

Its feathery fronds to turquoise tinted sky.

Pacific breezes sweep the perfumed land,

And o'er it wild birds swiftly onward fly.

With glory lighting all the mist-wrapt coast,

Fresh from the East the morning sun now breaks,

Laden with tidings that shall save mankind,

A new-born day with new born hope awakes.

Where the lone miner seeks elusive gold

In far Sierra camp 'mid sordid strife,

The message comes to many a sin-stained soul,

"I am the Resurrection—I, the Life."