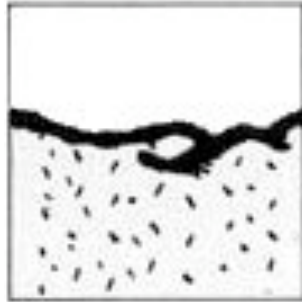


On a Golden Springtime

Words by Virginia Maughan Kammeyer
Music by Crawford Gates

Pictures from: The Friend,
The Ensign, & Gospel Art Kit

On a golden springtime,



underneath the ground,

A tiny seedling lay asleep



until the sun shone down.

Awake, awake, O little seed!



Push upward to the light!

The day is bright.
With all your might,



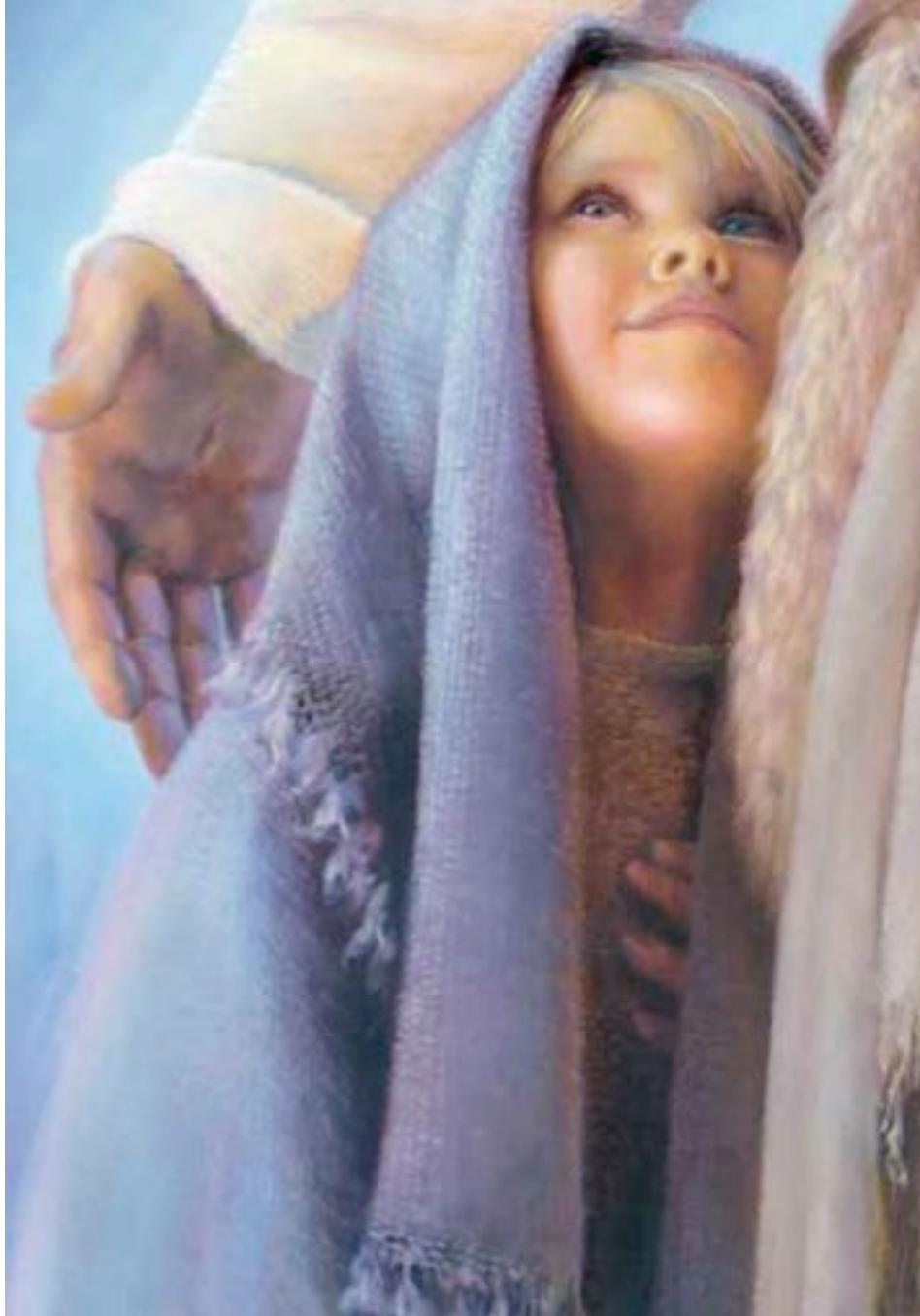
push upward to the light!

On a golden springtime,
Jesus Christ awoke



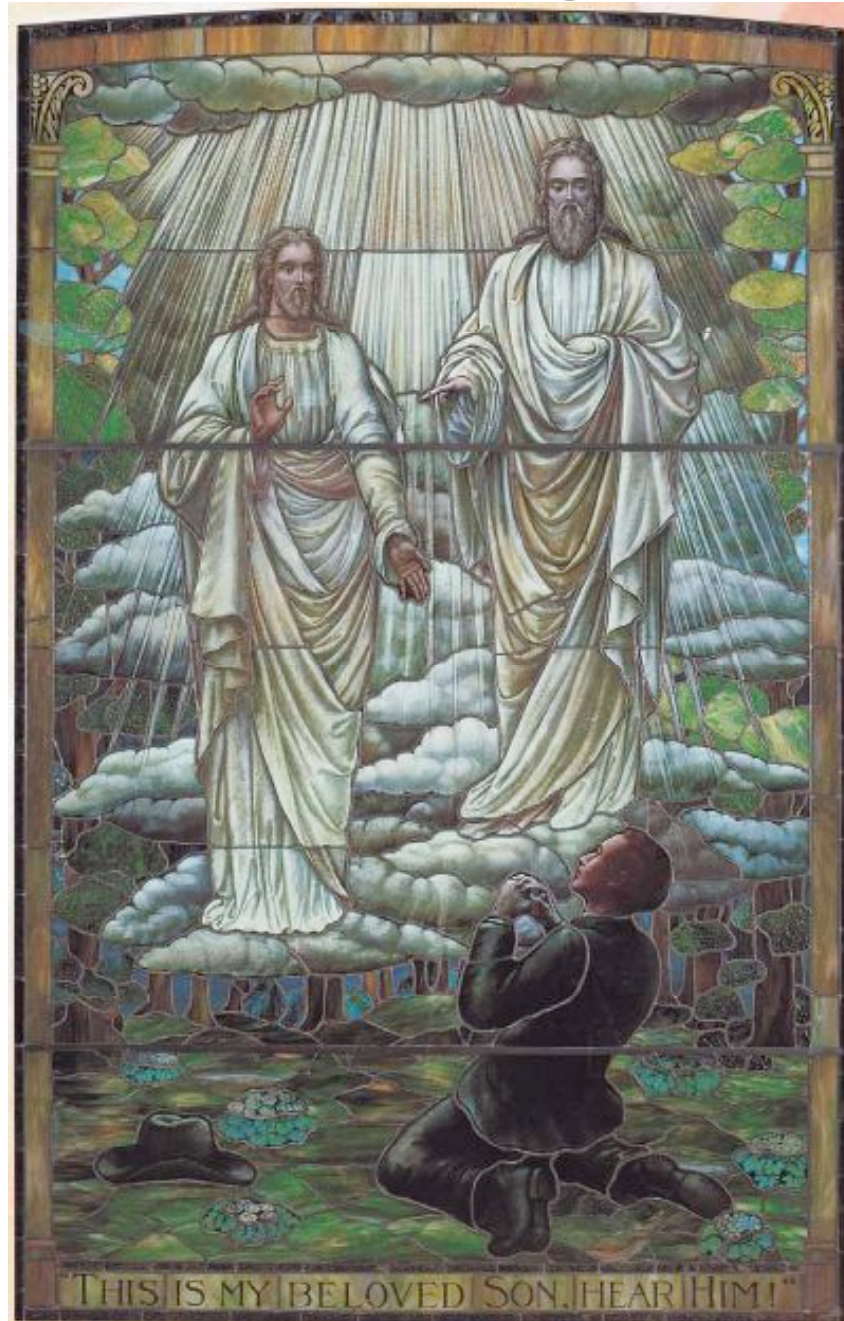
And left the tomb
where he had lain;
the bands of death he broke.

Awake, awake, O sleeping world!
Look upward to the light,



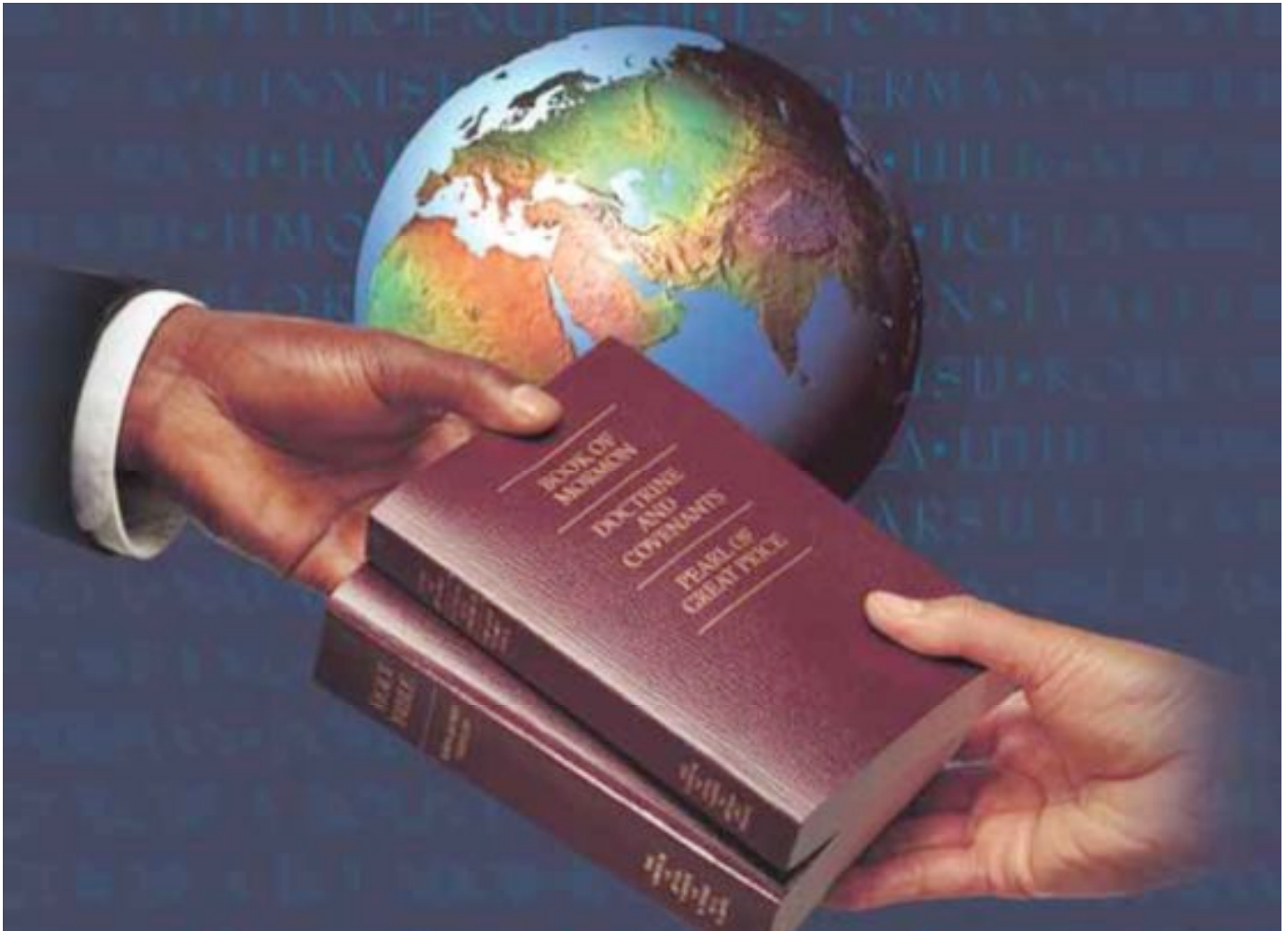
For now all men may live again.
Look upward to the light!

On a golden springtime,
in a forest glade,



The Father & the Son appeared
as Joseph knelt and prayed.

Awake, awake, O nations all!
Receive the gospel light!



The gospel true is here for you.
Receive its glorious light!