

# Easter Eggs

by Sara Fox

Rolling, rolling,  
Eggs are rolling,  
Rolling down a grassy hill.  
Spinning, whizzing,  
Quick and dizzy,  
Until they stop, completely still.

Hiding, hiding,  
Eggs are hiding,  
Hiding on a sunny day.  
Waiting in their secret places,  
For a child to come their way.

Painted, painted,  
Eggs are painted,  
Springtime patterns, colours bright,  
Neatly placed in Easter baskets,  
Such a beautiful delight.