

SEASONS

I'm happy to live where the seasons all give
Special charm to each part of the year;
I love to recall Spring and Summer and Fall,
Though Winter seems rather severe.

But though it grows old with its lingering cold,
As the trees shiver bare in the wind;
I'm glad that I know the enchantment of snow,
And may like it best in the end.

And Spring comes along with the bird's happy song
To drive Winter's doldrums away,
As flowers appear with their fragrance and cheer,
While the trees don their fine lingerie.

Then Summer slips in where the blossoms have been,
And dresses the trees in their greens;
And the moon beckons bright in the cool of the night
For a stroll its silvery scenes.

And finally Fall follows after them all,
When the harvest stands gold in the field;
And the first Autumn freeze seems to color the trees
As the fashions of Fall are revealed.

Bud Morris
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BudMorris.net