THE SEASONS.

SPRING.
Spring am I, too soft of heart
Much to speak ere I depart;
Ask the summer-tide to prove
The abundance of my love.

SUMMER.
Summer looked for long am I,
Much shall change, or ere I die;
Prithee, take it not amiss,
Though I weary thee with bliss.

AUTUMN.
Laden Autumn, here I stand,
Worn of heart, and weak of hand;
Say the word that sets me free;
Nought but rest seems good to me.

WINTER.
Ah! shall Winter mend your case?
Set your teeth the wind to face;
Beat the snow, tread down the frost!
All is gained when all is lost.

WILLIAM MORRIS.