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## *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.

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