

The Seasons
by Mary Houseman

The blast of winter storms are ceasing
Now we look forward to spring
The snow drifts have all vanished
And the birds are beginning to sing

There is life showing quick all around us
As the buds on the trees start to burst
From the dark earth there's a flower
A snowdrop, it must be the first

The catkins that hang from the hazel
Blow in a gentle warm breeze
The sparrows we fed through the winter
All twitter and fight in the eves

The sun is getting much warmer
Our top coat now we can cast
The hedge rows have changed their colour
Every things growing so fast

Daffodils, Primroses, Bluebells the lot
All flower as they come from the ground
Growing on hill sides, valleys and fields
So many colours around

New born lambs are bleating, skipping about in the field
As the cattle are turned out to grass
Soon they will be able to shelter
Neath woods and trees as they pass

Then when the sun gets high over head
The grass begins to grow fast
Then it is time to start reaping
From the seed that was sown in the past

The barns and sheds are all empty
But they won't be for very long
The harvest soon will be ready
As the long hot days of summer are all gone

We reap what we've sown and much more
As we gather fruit from a tree
Their leaves are all changing colour
A picture we all like to see

Dark winter nights are long and cold
As we sit round a nice log fire
Until we think of Christmas time
And the carols we sing with the choir

How nice to see holly with berries so red
Or decorate trees ever green
The robins return for a crumb or two
Through summer they never were seen

When storms rage with sleet and snow
Lash on our cold window pane
As the days lengthen it won't be long
Before spring comes around again.

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