

## **PASSING SEASONS**

How beautiful the balmy spring,  
When valley, dell and hill  
Are scented sweet with growing things  
And bright with daffodil!

How wonderful when summer birds  
Are singing in the trees,  
And sweet perfume of clover bloom  
Is wafted on the breeze!

How marvelous when autumn leaves  
In red and gold and brown,  
Like fairy sprites upon the winds  
Come somersaulting down!

But when the winter days come round  
And all the world is gray,  
I can the brightest picture paint  
From joys I've stored away.

by Alice W. Norton

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