

## THE SEASONS

The leaves were drifting lightly down  
When Summer went away;  
Upon her brow a faced crown  
Of many roses lay.  
Young Autumn—clad in gorgeous gown—  
Her little hour held sway.

Through fields knee-deep in withered grass  
The frost-crowned Winter came;  
He watched the stately Autumn pass,  
A proud and stricken dame.  
He heard her sob, "Alas, alas!"  
And whisper Summer's name.

Along a path with sere leaves present  
And wet with melting snow,  
Bereft of all but last year's nest,  
Spring saw the Winter go;  
While she—with violets on her breast—  
Came laughing sweet and low.

By: Beth Slater Whitson

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