



SONG OF THE SEASONS

Springtime, lovely Springtime,
With her beautiful mantle of green;
Bedecked with flowers so sweet and rare
Shedding their perfume everywhere,
Joyous time when the farmer sows
And the birdies build and sing;
Froebel's birthday you record,
E'er May's sweet lily-bells ring,
Springtime, lovely Spring;
Springtime lovely Springtime,
What joy and delight you bring.

Summer, royal Summer,
With her beautiful mantle of gold,
Her azure skies and her rippling rills,
Our hearts with delight and joy she fills.
We thank her for flowers and fruits,
And fields of ripened grain,
For July, the Fourth, the birthday
Of our country's freedom and fame.
Summer, of thee we sing;
Summer royal Summer,
What joy and delight you bring.

Autumn, lovely Autumn
With her beautiful mantle of brown;
September comes with her golden wand,
Touching the leaves on the trees around,
Brown, yellow and red they turn,
Till October shakes them down.
Thanksgiving comes in November,
When the fall is nearly gone;
Autumn of thee we sing,
Autumn, lovely Autumn,
What joy and delight you bring.

Winter, royal winter,
With her beautiful mantle of snow;
The sparrows chirp and the sleigh-bells ring
While happy children rejoice and sing,
As they long for a visit from Santa Claus,
And the treasures he will leave
In the stockings hung by the mantel-piece,
On the merry Christmas eve.
Winter, of thee we sing;
Winter, royal Winter,
What joys and delight you bring.