

Dew clings to lush, green grass,
New buds open and beautiful blossom trees grow,
Birds' nests are filled with their hungry new young,
Spring is the name you ought to know.
Calming walks in front of a sky filled with a crimson glow,
Flowers blooming such as honeysuckle, bluebells, and roses,
The smell of wild strawberries in the palm of your hand,
All delicate things to delight your noses.

Sandy beaches with blue, rolling waves,
Or running through a meadow filled with sweet-smelling flowers,
Ice creams of all the colours of the rainbow,
Those are summer's eternal powers,
The time where holidays are common,
Cartwheel around, laughing, having fun,
Strawberries, watermelons, apples, or pears,
All brought to life by yours truly, the sun.

Pumpkins grow in mid-October,
Golden leaves fall from a mighty oak,
Bonfire night is on the fifth of November,
Watch the timber burn in a big cloud of smoke.
Halloween is on the last day of the tenth month,
Witches, ghosts, werewolves, and vampires,
Pumpkins turned into jack-o-lanterns,
All lit up with ghoulish fires.

Sitting on the sofa with a mug of hot chocolate,
Or building a snowman with a carrot for its nose,
I add a smile and some eyes made of charcoal,
I put a hat on his head and place him in a different pose.
With Christmas approaching, and stockings to hang,
A snowflake dances on the tip of my finger,
I wish the snow could stay forever,
But I know that it cannot wait and linger.

When the buds open,
When the snow falls from above,
When the sun burns,
When the falling leaves wake up the dove.
When the world spins,
When the moon shines through it all,
It all come down to the seasons,
From stories short and tall.