The Seasons.

The Spirit of Spring, from the regions of light,
Brought music and odour, and all that was bright;
But vain were the blessings — they shed no delight,
On the heart that lay locked in a Lapland night.

The Spirit of Summer then came with a glow,
And warmth on the beauties of Spring did bestow;
But all of the sunshine, ne'er melted the snow,
That fell on the heart in the winter of woe. —

The Spirit of Autumn, now chills with its wing,
The blushes of Summer, and beauties of Spring;
But light is the mischief its breezes may bring,
Compared to the workings of sorrow within.

The Spirit of Winter will come very soon,
On the wings of a cloud that shall darken the noon;
More welcome to me than perennial bloom;
The frown of the storm is the type of my gloom.