

## Seasons of Love

*by Ruth Delhay*

The woods were lovely in winter  
as we tracked through the new-fallen snow.  
But the air was sparkling clean and brisk  
and our hearts felt a warming glow.

In spring when the buds unfurled their leaves  
we came to the woods again.  
We walked and talked and shared our love  
as we laughed at the gentle rain.

'Neath summer skies of purest blue  
we frolicked in youthful glee  
And danced as the birds sang overhead  
with hearts as gay as could be.

Now September comes to the aspen grove;  
the trees are a blaze of gold.  
We return to this place where we first found love  
And we never want to grow old.