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*Spring.*

**D**OWN in the country of seasons,  
As sages are wont to relate,  
Four rivals contend for dominion  
Over the kingly estate.

Summer so sweet and so smiling,  
Crowned in the city of June,  
Promised to all men and nations  
Comfort—as her great boon.

But, alas! for fickle promises,  
For the sun of power was felt,  
And throughout all towns and cities,  
Her peoples' brows rolled sweat.

Then autumn in all her beauty,  
Clad in green and gold,  
Entered the royal palace  
And bid them her beauties unfold.

That all her faithful subjects,  
Might feast their eyes thereon,  
And see in her glorious promises  
That justice sat on the throne.