

## The Seasons in Poetry and Music

Dedicated to Richard A. Grube, "A man for all Seasons" because of his gifted classical piano-playing

The seasons change in varied array  
To chase drab monotony away!

### March

The stormy March has come at last, with wind, and  
clouds, and changing skies;

I hear the rushing of the blast that through the  
snowy valley flies.

William Cullen Bryant

### April

April, April, laugh thy girlish laughter, then the  
moment after weep thy girlish tears!

April that mine ears, like a lover, greetest, if I  
tell thee, sweetest, all my hopes and fears,

April, April, laugh thy golden laughter, but the  
moment after, weep thy golden tears!

William Watson

### May

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger, comes  
dancing from the East, and leads with her

The flowery May, who from her lap throws the yellow  
cowslip, and the pale primrose.

John Milton

### June

And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if  
ever come perfect days,

Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune, and  
o'er it softly her warm ear lays.

James Russell Lowell

### July

When the scarlet cardinal tells his dream to the  
dragon-fly,

And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees, and  
makes a lullaby — it's July.

Susan Hattley Swett



## August

All the long August afternoon the little drowsy  
stream whispers a melancholy tune  
As if it dreamed of June, and whispered in its dream  
William Dean Howells

## September

O sweet September! ~~all~~ thy first breezes, bring the  
dry leaf's rustle and the squirrel's laughter,  
The cool, fresh air, whence health and vigor spring,  
and promise of exceeding joy hereafter.  
Matthew Arnold

## October

October turned my maple's leaves to gold; the most  
are gone now, here and there one lingers —  
Soon these will slip from out the twig's creak-hold  
like the coins between a dying miser's fingers.  
Thomas Bailey Aldrich

## November

November woods are bare and still, November days are clear  
and bright  
Each noon burns up the morning chill, the morning's  
snow is gone by night.  
Each day my steps grow slow, grow light, ~~as~~  
Through the woods I deservent creep  
Watching all things "lie down to sleep."  
Helen Hunt Jackson

## December

I watch the snowflakes as they fall on bank and  
brier and broken wall.  
Over the orchard, waste and brown, all noise-  
lessly they settle down  
Tipping the apple-boughs and each light quivering  
of plum and peach.  
Percy Bysshe Shelley



1. Spring Song (Felix Mendelssohn)
2. It Might as Well Be Spring (from the musical, State Fair)
3. Welcome, Sweet Springtime (piano composition, melody in F, by Anton Rubinstein. Lyricist unknown)
4. Springtime in the Rockies
5. Summertime (from the musical, Porgy and Bess)
6. In the Good Old Summertime
7. The Things We Did Last Summer
8. It's June in January
9. Autumn Leaves.
10. Autumn in New York.
11. September Song (from the musical, Knickerbocker Holiday) Knickerbocker
12. September, in the Rain
13. Winter Wonderland.
14. Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!
15. Susie Snowflake.
16. Frosty the Snowman
17. Will You Love Me in December as You Did in May?