The Soil in the Four Seasons

I. What is this song that’s so bold?
It’s a song of the soil in the cold,
When the landscape is white,
And day may be less than the night.
The red birds make a cheerful sight.
The winter’s grip on our land is tight.
The soil seems dead; the soil seems dead.

II. What is this song that I sing?
It’s a song of the soil in the Spring,
When the grass turns green
And early flowers may be seen.
The robin warbles like a thrush;
Sweet spring has come all in a rush,
The soil is alive! the soil is alive!

III. What is this song so up-beat?
It’s a song of the soil in the heat,
When plants respond to the light
Of days far longer than night.
The nesting birds are rearing young;
Insects are splendid in the sun;
The soil is at work; the soil is at work.

IV. What is this musical call?
It’s a song of the soil in the Fall,
When red-robed trees stand tall,
And drop their leaves over all.
The birds fly south in boistrous flocks;
And autumn smiles as Winter knocks.
The soil has done well! The harvest’s gone well!

F.D. Hole (Aug., 1988)

Music after Franck