

Four Seasons

When Snaefell's slopes no longer carry snow
When Brown Buds Burst and green begins to show
When blue skies prove the winter storms are past,
Then spring is a reality at last.

The Islands at its best in spring,
Rain washed, clear and cool.
Golden with gorse, and clean and green
From North to South Barrule

The pastel shades that spring spread on the land
Grow stronger, brighter, stronger, till summer takes a hand
And splashes colour madly on garden glen and beach.
Using her age old secret paint the sunlight cannot bleach.

I think I like the summer best,
Spending its sun drenched hours
Bathing, or lazing, or walking
Through a scent filled world of flowers.

Glen Auldyn's Trees turn orange red and gold
The purple heathered hills grow bleak and cold
Streams course their sides, the valleys fill with mist
The equinoxial gales remind us autumns still exist.

I think I like the autumn best.
More mellow perhaps, and dull,
But fields are reaped, and harvest's home,
And barns satisfying full.

Once more the snow screams down upon the hills,
Sending the sheep to shelter in the gills.
Once more the great winds beat our Island home,
Giving the rocks their winter petticoats of foam.

I like the winter best, I think
But maybe you have guessed -
I like this Island just as much
No matter how it's dressed.

By R. J. Fell