

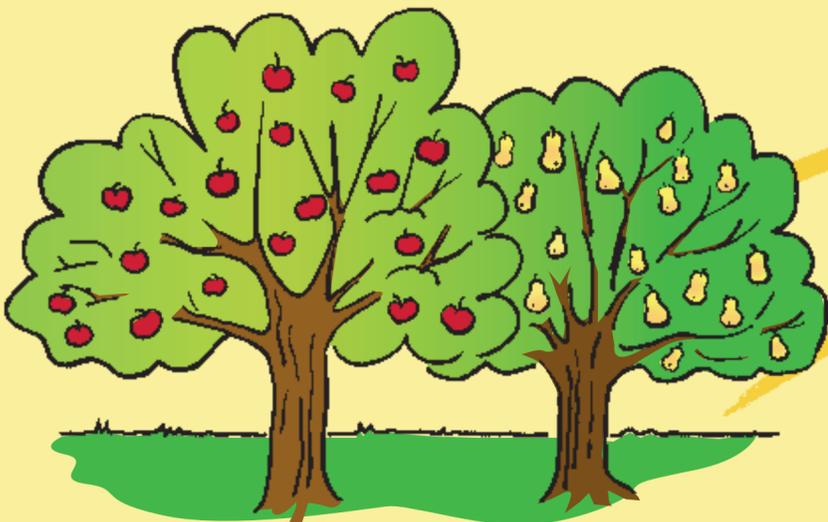
The Sun and the Seasons



In **Spring** baby veg in their vegetable plots
Wake and stand up like babies in cots
Reaching wee fingery **leaves** to the sun
Who holds out her rays and calls –
“Come children, **come!**”



In **Summer** the sun shines long **daylight** hours –
No better thing for **growing** young flowers.
They **bloom** and they **blossom** their colourful best
Just like a garden full of bright wedding guests.



In **Autumn** the sun's work is almost done
She just has to **ripen** her apples, pears, plums
She plumps up each one with a juicy little tum
Fruit of the labour of **golden** Autumn **sun**.



In **Winter** the sun gets so **tired** – poor thing
She slithers down the sky as the **darkness** creeps in
While many of her **plants** retire to their **bed**
Pulling blankets of earth up over their heads.

And there they will **sleep**, the long winter through
Without the **sun's** warmth, what else can they do?
But early in **Springtime**, the sun'll start to climb
Calling to all **plants**, “Wake up, **rise** and shine!”