

Spring	Summer
<p>The festive Spring has arrived, The birds celebrate her return with happy songs, And the brooks of the gentle Zephyrs With sweet murmurs flow, but,</p> <p>The sky is covered in a dark mantle And lightning and thunfer announce a storm. When quiet returns, the birds Again take up their lovely songs.</p> <p>And in the flower-rich meadow, To the gentle murmur of leaves and plants The goatherd sleeps, his faithful dog at his side.</p> <p>To the merry sounds of a rustic bagpipe Nymphs and shepherds dance in their beloved spot When Spring appears in its brilliance.</p>	<p>Under the merciless sun Languishes man and flock; the pine tree burns, The cuckoo begins to sing and at once Join in the turtle doves and the goldfinch.</p> <p>A gentle breeze blows, but Boreas Joins battle suddenly with his neighbour, And the shepherd weeps because overhead Hangs the dreaded storm, and his destiny.</p> <p>His tired limbs are robbed of their rest By his fear of the lightning and the heavy thunder And by the furious swarm of flies and hornets.</p> <p>Alas, his fears are well founded There is thunder and lightning in the sky And the hail cuts down the lofty ears of corn.</p>
Autumn	Winter
<p>The peasant celebrates with song and dance The pleasure of the rich harvest, And full of the liquor of Bacchus They finish their merrymaking with a sleep.</p> <p>All are made to leave off singing and dancing By the air which now mild gives pleasure And by the season which invited many To enjoy a sweet sleep.</p> <p>At dawn the hunters With horns and guns and dogs leave their homes; The beast flees; they follow its traces.</p> <p>Already terrified and tired by the great noise Of the guns and the dogs, and wounded it tries Feebly to escape, but exhausted dies.</p>	<p>Frozen and shivering in the icy snow. In the strong blasts of a terrible wind To run stamping one's feet at every step With one's teeth chattering through the cold.</p> <p>To spend the quiet and happy days by the fire Whilst outside the rain soaks everyone. To walk on the ice with slow steps And go carefully for fear of falling.</p> <p>To go in haste, slide and fall down: To go again on the ice and run, Until the ice cracks and open.</p> <p>To hear leaving their iron-gated house Sirocco, Boreas and all the winds in battle: This is winter, but it brings joy.</p>