

Seasons come, seasons go
moon-struck tides will ebb and flow;
when I forget my constant one
He draws me back, He brings me home.
O love, my love, I hear You faraway,
a distant storm that will refresh the day.

Seasons come seasons go,
petals fall though flowers grow;
and when I doubt love lifts a hand
and scatters stars like grain of sand.
Oh love, my love, I see You passing by
like birds that fearlessly possess the sky.

Seasons come, seasons go,
times to reap and times to sow;
but You are love, a fruitful vine,
in ev'ry season yielding wine.
I hear my love in laughter and in song,
no day too short, no winter night too long.