Nothing Gold Can Stay

*By Robert Frost*

Nature's first green is gold,   
Her hardest hue to hold.  
  
Her early leaf's a flower;  
But only so an hour.  
  
Then leaf subsides to leaf.  
So Eden sank to grief,  
  
So dawn goes down to day.  
Nothing gold can stay.

Composition date is unknown - the above date represents the

first publication date. The lyrical form of this poem is couplets.

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