Nothing Gold Can Stay

Robert Frost, 1874 - 1963

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.

1. Mark the **rhyme scheme** beside each line of poetry.
2. How many **stanzas** are there?
3. Underline at least 3 words and write down their **connotations**.
4. Write a **theme statement** for this poem.