

# *The Months*

By: Sara Coleridge

January brings the snow;  
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain;  
Thaws the frozen pond again.

March brings the wind so cold and chill;  
Drives the cattle from the hill.

April brings us sun and showers,  
And the pretty wildwood flowers.

May brings grass and leafy trees,  
Waving in each gentle breeze.

June brings roses, fresh and fair,  
And the cherries ripe and rare.

July brings the greatest heat,  
Cloudless skies and dusty street.

August brings the golden grain;  
Harvest time is here again.

Mild September brings us more  
Fruit and grain, for winter store.

Brown October brings the last  
Of ripening gifts, from summer past.

Dull November brings the blast:  
Down from the trees the leaves fall fast.

Cold December ends the rhyme  
With blazing fires and Christmas time.