



January brings the snow,
Makes your nose and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

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



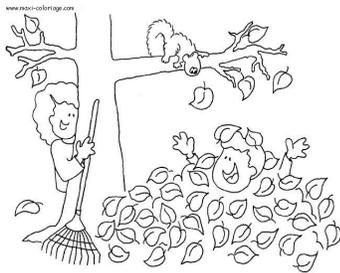
April brings us sun and showers,
And the pretty wildwood flowers.

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



June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

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



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

Warm September brings the fruit,
Sportsmen then begin the shoot.

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



Dull November brings the blast,
Then the leaves are falling fast.

Cold December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat