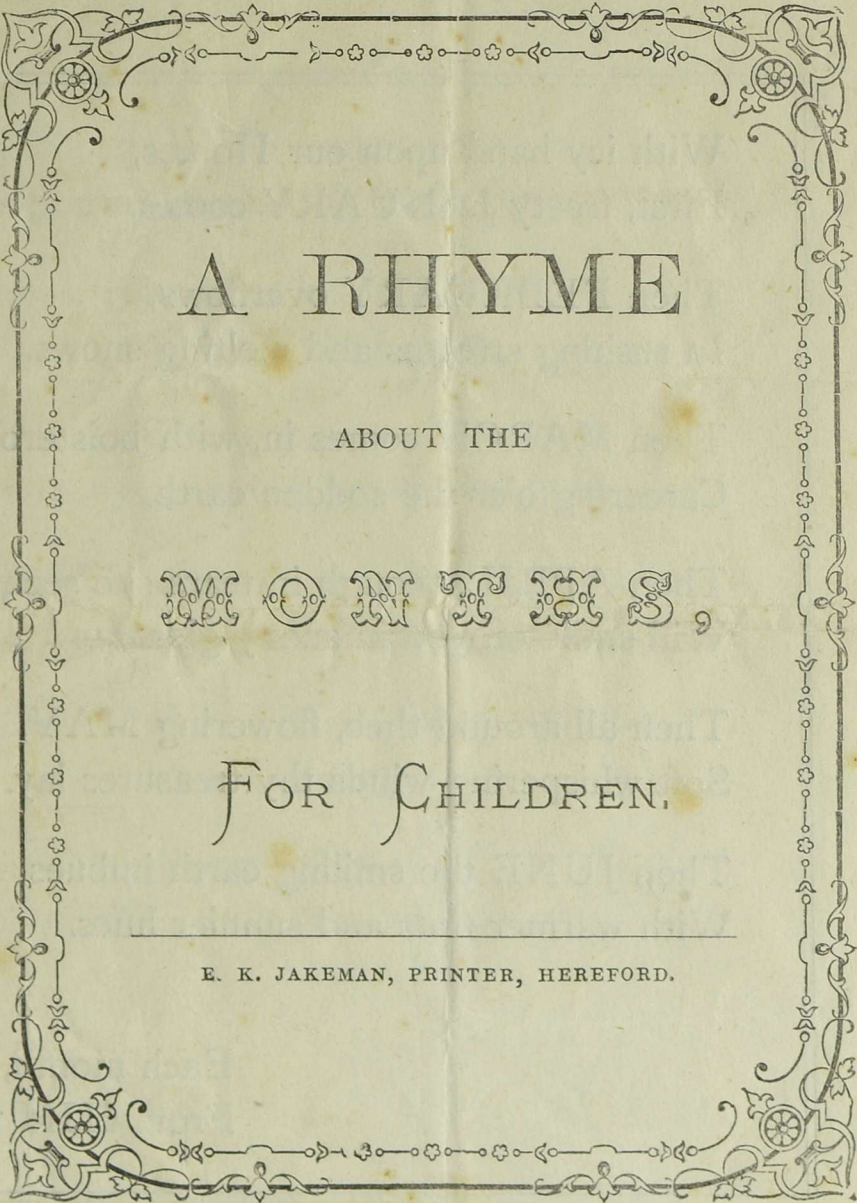


In Bobby Gabb



A RHYME

ABOUT THE

MONTHS,

FOR CHILDREN.

E. K. JAKEMAN, PRINTER, HEREFORD.

With icy hand upon our Homes,
First, frosty JANUARY comes.

Then FEBRUARY overflows,
In rushing streams and melting snows.

Then MARCH comes in, with boisterous mirth,
Careering o'er the sodden earth.

Then APRIL, though in tears she seems,
Will smile on you in sunny gleams.

Then all around thee, flowering MAY,
Soft whispering winds thy treasures lay.

Then JUNE the smiling earth imbues
With warmer tints and sunnier hues.

Then from JULY'S remorseless sun,
To sheltering nooks, the cattle run.

Delicious fruits their luscious store
Into the lap of AUGUST pour.

SEPTEMBER, with a wealth untold,
Decks many a field in brown and gold.

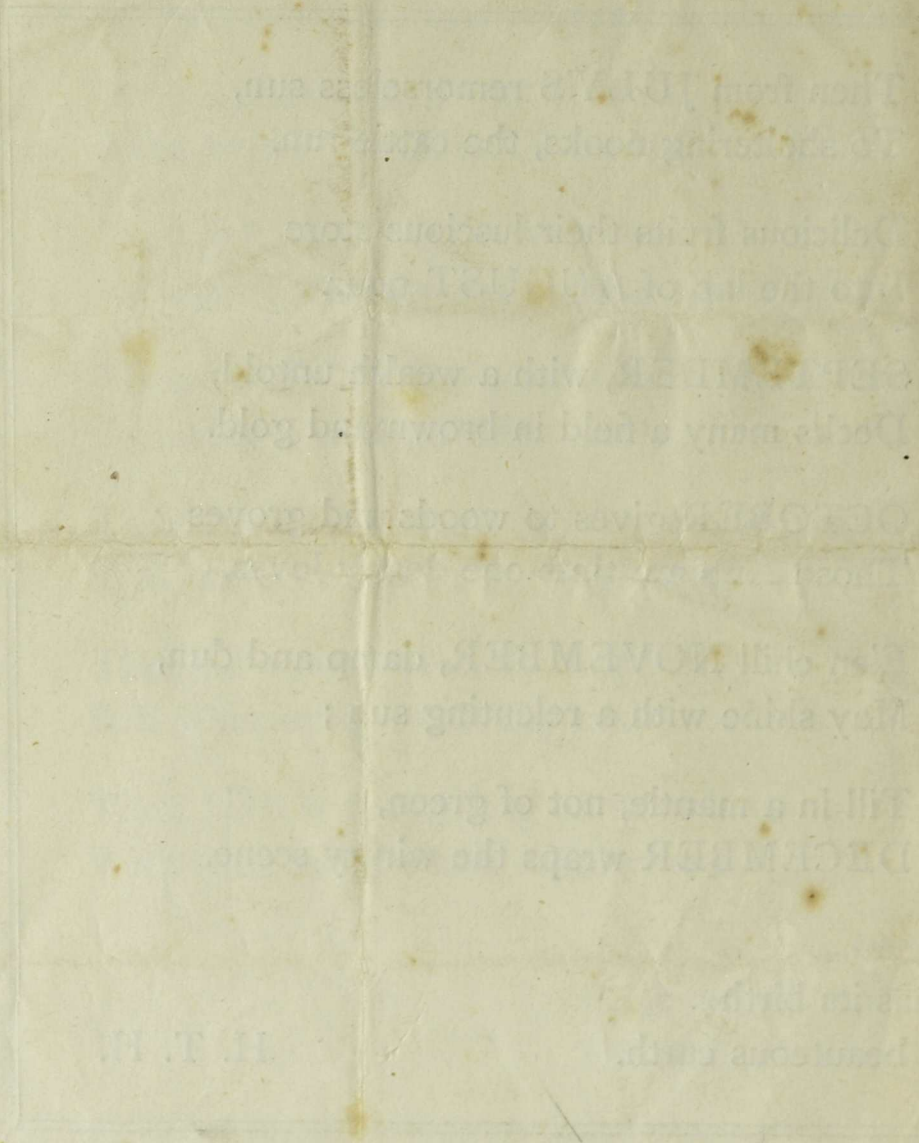
OCTOBER gives to woods and groves
Those Autumn tints one dearly loves.

E'en chill NOVEMBER, damp and dun,
May shine with a relenting sun ;

Till in a mantle, not of green,
DECEMBER wraps the wintry scene.

Each month, each season, has its birth
From HIM who made this beauteous earth.

H. T. H.



Then from the
The author books the
Delicious in their
to the at of the

with a well
Docks many of the in
gold

to wood
to wood

and
May also with a
relating

Fill in a
DICKENS

W. T. W.

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