

MONTHS OF THE YEAR P-H

139 words

Christmas is o'er,
January cold is plucky,
Is any good in store
For the unlucky or lucky?

Of founding presidents we're proud,
To February they give clout,
To Lincoln and Washington,
"Happy Birthday," we shout.

March blows in,
We hold our coats tight,
Hoping calmer winds
Will ease our plight.

April heralds Easter,
The Redeemer reigns,
His people all victors,
Heaven for them He gains.

May's spring arrival
Is welcomed by all,
June follows closely,
The Belle of the Ball.

July ushers in hotness,
Nobody really minds,
Sports and sandy beaches,
Help them unwind.

August is pesky,
Often days are too hot,
Appetites water,
Cob corn hits the spot.

When schools open their doors,
Kids only remember
What they were doing,
Before September.

October and November,
Please hurry by,
So we can again see,
God's angels in the sky.