

September

SEPTEMBER

The goldenrod is yellow
The corn is turning brown
The trees in apple orchard
With fruit are bending down;

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty, pods the milkweed
It's hidden silk is spun.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here;
With summer's best of weather
And autumn's best of cheer.

Parent's Signature_____

Date Due_____

