

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!  
After the dust and heat,  
In the broad and fiery street,  
In the narrow lane,  
How beautiful is the rain!

How it clatters along the roofs,  
Like the tramp of hoofs  
How it gushes and struggles out  
From the throat of the overflowing spout!

Across the window-pane  
It pours and pours;  
And swift and wide,  
With a muddy tide,  
Like a river down the gutter roars  
The rain, the welcome rain!

The sick man from his chamber looks  
At the twisted brooks;  
He can feel the cool  
Breath of each little pool;  
His fevered brain  
Grows calm again,  
And he breathes a blessing on the rain.

From the neighboring school  
Come the boys,  
With more than their wonted noise  
And commotion;  
And down the wet streets



Sail their mimic fleets,  
Till the treacherous pool  
Engulfs them in its whirling  
And turbulent ocean.

In the country, on every side,  
Where far and wide,  
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide,  
Stretches the plain,  
To the dry grass and the drier grain  
How welcome is the rain!

In the furrowed land  
The toilsome and patient oxen stand;  
Lifting the yoke encumbered head,  
With their dilated nostrils spread,  
They silently inhale  
The clover-scented gale,

And the vapors that arise  
From the well watered and smoking soil.  
For this rest in the furrow after toil  
Their large and lustrous eyes  
Seem to thank the Lord,  
More than man's spoken word.  
Near at hand,  
From under the sheltering trees,  
The farmer sees  
His pastures, and his fields of grain,  
As they bend their tops

To the numberless beating drops  
Of the incessant rain.  
He counts it as no sin  
That he sees therein  
Only his own thrift and gain.

These, and far more than these,  
The Poet sees!  
He can behold  
Aquarius old  
Walking the fenceless fields of air;  
And from each ample fold  
Of the clouds about him rolled  
Scattering everywhere  
The showery rain,  
As the farmer scatters his grain.

He can behold  
Things manifold  
That have not yet been wholly told,—  
Have not been wholly sung nor said.  
For his thought, that never stops,  
Follows the water drops  
Down to the graves of the dead,  
Down through chasms and gulfs profound,  
To the dreary fountainhead  
Of lakes and rivers under ground;  
And sees them, when the rain is done,  
On the bridge of colors seven  
Climbing up once more to heaven,  
Opposite the setting sun.

Thus the Seer,  
With vision clear,  
Sees forms appear and disappear,  
In the perpetual round of strange,  
Mysterious change  
From birth to death, from death to birth,  
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;  
Till glimpses more sublime  
Of things, unseen before,  
Unto his wondering eyes reveal  
The Universe, as an immeasurable wheel  
Turning forevermore  
In the rapid and rushing river of Time.