

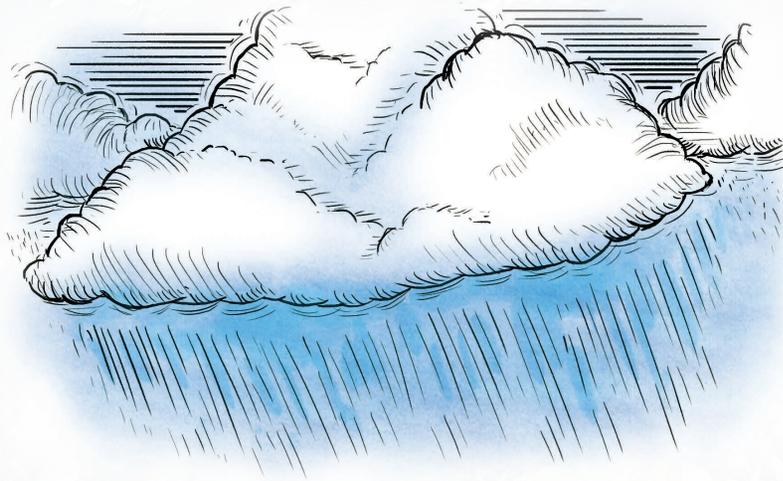
Poems About the Rain

The Shower

Unknown

Hear the rain, patter, patter,
On the pane, clatter, clatter!
Down it pours, helter, pelter;
Quick indoors! Shelter, shelter!
See it gush, and roar and whirl,
Swiftly rush, eddy, and swirl
Through the street, down the gutters!
How it splashes—but we don't care
Though it dashes everywhere.
We don't care, for, peeping through—
See! Up there—a patch of blue!
And the sun, in spite of rain,
Has begun to smile again.





Rainy Day Song

Violet Alleyne Storey

The spring rain is soft rain.
The soft rain is sweet
And warm, and falls gently
On each country street.

And out in the soft rain,
Pink blossoms now blow;
In sweet rain and warm rain,
Blue violets grow.

Kiss of the Rain

Unknown

Pretty little raindrops,
Laughing, kissed the daisy.
Dozing on its couch of green,
Oh, so hot and lazy!

Then the daisy upward sprang,
And sang out so gaily,
"Kiss again, oh! kiss again.
Rain-drops, soft, I pray ye!"

A Rainy Piece

Ivy O. Eastwick

Rain on the clover!
Rain on the tree!
Rain on the rosebud
But--DON'T rain on me!

Clover is thirsty--
So is the tree--
But I've brought some lemonade
Ice-cold, with me!

And I have some ice cream,
Some jam and some bread,
And on the green grass is
My picnic cloth spread.

So rain all around, rain
On hilltop and tree,
On lilac and rosebud,
But--DON'T rain on me!

Little Raindrops

J.F. Kinsey

Little raindrops fill the fountains,
Little birds sing in the trees,
Little sand grains make the mountains,
Little hives are filled with bees.

All the little things are useful,
And the children must be too,
There is always work made ready
For the little hands to do.

Rain

Robert Louis Stevenson

The rain is raining all around,
It falls on field and tree,
It rains on the umbrellas here,
And on the ships at sea.

Rain in Summer

Henry W. Longfellow

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!

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!

Rain, Rain

James Hörner

Rain rain
Falls on the street,
Mud in puddles
Cleaning my feet.

Thunder thunder
Rumble and roar,
Close the windows
And lock the door.

Clouds clouds
Black and gray,
Heavy with water
To drop all day.

Sun sun
Is breaking through,
Clouds are moving,
The rain stops too.

Rainbow rainbow
Across the sky,
See-through colors
To tickle my eyes.



Rainy Day

Bee Bowers

Three little ducks walk out in the rain.
Quack! Quack! Quack!
Each with his waterproof feathers
Folded along his back,
Each with his little pink rubbers
Waddling into town.
Each finds a pond of which he is fond
And stands in it upside down!

Rubbers and Galoshes

Marie Louise Allen

Rubbers are for rainy days,
Galoshes are for snow.
They make my feet walk quietly,
Everywhere I go.

In summer, when I walk, my feet
Go "Crackle, crackle," down the street.
But when it rains, or when there's snow,
My feet so very softly go.

With rubbers or galoshes on,
I cannot hear my feet.
Without them, I go "Crackle, crackle,
Crackle," down the street!

Spring Rain

Donna Read Goodale

The wind brushes briskly and busily by,
O'er the gracious expanse of the tender blue sky,
And the misty white veils that about her will crowd,
Are silently gathered in pillars of cloud.

The warm vapor skyward no longer can stay,
It melts into rain and it patters away;
Each drop, as below in the earth it doth creep,
Awakens a flower from its long winter's sleep.

The grass, dead and brown, at its touch groweth green,
The bud yet unopened, a blossom is seen;
All nature is started to vigor again
At the magical call of the soft-falling rain.

Sky Laundry

Marie Louise Allen

Last night, the rain was busy
With washing out the sky--
This morning, white and fluffy,
The clouds are out to dry.