

November 5, 1939

## RAIN

The cooling, soothing, dribbling rain  
In tinkling drops descends,  
It drips, and dips the willow trees  
That swing and sway before the breeze  
Whose sighing never ends.

It lightly swirls through scarlet leaves  
And swells the streams sere,  
The quivering grains on fertile plains  
Are watered by the constant rains  
That keep the grasses green.

It cleanses cluttered city streets  
As soothingly it hums,  
The flowers bloom, freed from the doom  
Of thirst, and through the misty gloom  
The blessed sunshine comes.