

With cheer and exaltation,  
With hope for all things born,  
To hearten the disheartened,  
To solace the forlorn,  
Too gentle and all-seeing  
For judgement or disdain,  
She comes with lovingkindness—  
Our Lady of the Rain.

*Our Lady  
of the Rain*

With magical resurgence  
For all the sons of men,  
She crosses winter's frontier,  
They know not whence nor when.  
Yet silently as sunlight  
Along the forest floor,  
Her step is on the threshold,  
Her shadow at the door.

On many a lonely clearing  
Among the timbered hills,  
She calls across the distance,  
Until the twilight fills  
With voice of loosened waters,  
And from the marshy ground  
The frogs begin refilling  
Their flutes with joyous sound.

Then note by note is lifted  
The chorus clear and shrill,  
And all who hear her summons  
Must answer to her will;  
For she will not abandon  
The old Pandean strain  
That called the world from chaos—  
Our Lady of the Rain.

And still her wondrous music  
Comes up with early spring,  
And meadowland and woodland  
With silver wildness ring;  
The sparrow by the roadside,  
The wind among the reeds,  
Whoever hears that piping  
Must follow where it leads.