

### THE RAIN UPON THE ROOF.

Oh, I love to hear the rain upon the iron roof at night !  
And I lie awake and listen, with a feeling of delight,  
To the wild and mystic murmur, to the rushing,  
rustling sound,  
That is like a mighty flood where every other noise  
is drowned.

I can hardly hear the time-piece tick, so loud it  
sometimes seems,  
Yet so soft it hushes me to sleep, and mingles with  
my dreams.  
It is like a strain of music with its jars and discords  
gone,  
While the grandest part, the harmony, is speaking  
out alone.

And I know I have an inner power that rises up in  
me,  
That shall silence all my discords, that shall some  
time set me free  
From the little, evil impulses, and coward thoughts  
that cling,  
And the puny, mean annoyances, that daily bite and  
sting.