

*Our Lady
of the Rain*

Her look is soft with dreaming
On old forgotten years;
Her eyes are grave and tender
With unpermitted tears;
For she has known the sorrows
Of all this weary earth,
Yet ever brings it gladness,
Retrieval and new birth.

And when her splendid pageant,
Sidereal and slow,
With teeming stir and import
Sweeps up from line to snow,
There's not an eager mortal
But would arise and make
Some brave unpromised venture
For her immortal sake.

For no man knows what power
Is sleeping in the seed,
What destiny may slumber
Within the smallest deed.
In calm no fret can hurry,
Nor any fear detain,
She brings our own to meet us—
Our Lady of the Rain.

She saw the red clay moulded
And quickened into man;
The sweetness of her spirit
Within his pulses ran;
The ardour of her being
Was in his veins like fire,
The unreluctant passion,
The unallayed desire.

'Twas she who brought rejoicing
To Babylon and Ur.
To Carthage and to Sidon
Men came to worship her.
Her soft spring rites were honoured
At Argolis and Troy,
And dark Chaldean women
Gave thanks to her for joy.