

AFTER THE RAIN.

Shining and green are the maple leaves,
 Washed from the soiling of dust and stain,
 Filled with a murmuring grateful breeze,
 After the rain.

How the wild storm on my red rose bed
 Beat out its pitiless floods amain,
 Sweeter than ever each lifts its head,
 After the rain.

Down by the river a waving field
 Of daisies and buttercups, nodding, vain,
 Glimmers and gleams, like a golden shield,
 After the rain.

Freshness and beauty the showers bring ;
 And from the wayside-dust low lain,
 Down-trodden, hidden, new blossoms spring,
 After the rain.

Deeper the blue upon sky and sea,
 Whiter the sails on the heaving main,
 Laden the winds with new melody,
 After the rain.

Sweetest the eyes that have had to weep,
 Tend'rest the hearts that have borne most pain,
 Brightest the sun that, through storm-clouds deep,
 Breaks—After the rain.