

*Our Lady
of the Rain*

Though no man knows the reason,
Nor how the rumour spread,
Through canyon-streeted cities
Her message has been sped;
And some forgotten longing
To hear a bluebird sing
Bids folk from open windows
Look forth—and it is spring.

Come out into the sunshine,
You dwellers of the town,
Put by your anxious dolours,
And cast your sorrows down.
O starved and pampered people,
How futile is your gain!
Behold, there comes to heal you
Our Lady of the Rain.

Go where the buds are breaking
Upon the cherry bough,
And the strong sap is mounting
In every tree-trunk now;
Where orchards are in blossom
On every spray and spire,
Go hear the orioles whistle
And pass like flecks of fire.

Go find the first arbutus
Within the piney wood,
And learn from that shy dweller
How sweet is solitude;
Go listen to the whitethroat
In some remote ravine
Rehearse in tranquil patience
His ecstasy serene.

Go down along the beaches
And borders of the sea,
When golden morning kindles
That blue immensity,
And watch the white sails settle
Below the curving rim
Of this frail vast of colour,
Diaphanous and dim.