

AUTUMN RAIN.

HEAR the music in the murmur of the rain,
 And the touch of little fingers on the pane!
 There are shadows on the mountain,
 Deep within me there's a fountain
 Of wild, welling, anxious thoughts that rise in vain.
 O the constant, cheerful chatter of the rain!
 Cease, poor heart of mine! Ah, pray do not complain!
 There are wet days yet before thee,
 Do not fret! Forget the chilly
 Feel of hurts in life's wide, open, green domain!

There are words that fall upon our hearts like rain,
 Crowding out sunshines in that fair, little Spain,
 Where they rise, Hope's glowing towers,
 And where bloom Joy's fragrant flowers,
 In the land, upon whose bosom Love has lain.
 But each heart must feel the sting of such a rain,
 Else this life would be all pleasure and no pain.
 We must take the sweet with bitter,
 God ne'er made Life a rose-litter.
 There are weeds and they are thickest in life's lane.