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Darling Drops of Rain

Angels they are !

The darling drops of rain!

With steps tiny and tender

They visit the vales and mountain.

They tread the twinkling grass

And loiter about the lush fields

To all the lads that play around

The sight a pristine joy yields.

In their blissful sport they sit

And dangle their feet in the pool

Where lasses float their paper boat

Bunking off their boring school.

With their feet soft and wet

they run about and dance

They are drenched to the skin

And move about in a trance.

In their trance they little know
They are away from home
It is dusk and they are late
Skimming across the river stones.

The darkness grows dense
And they come to sense
That their staying late on earth
Will spoil their mother's mirth.

In a flash they scuttle away
Back to their hearth and home
The earth tarries in darkness
To be guarded by the gnome.