

# Rain on the Roof

When the humid shadows hover  
Over all the starry spheres  
And the melancholy darkness  
Gently weeps in rainy tears,

What a bliss to press the pillow  
Of a cottage-chamber bed  
And lie listening to the patter  
Of the soft rain overhead!

Every tinkle on the shingles  
Has an echo in the heart;  
And a thousand dreamy fancies  
Into busy being start,

And a thousand recollections  
Weave their air-threads into woof,  
As I listen to the patter  
Of the rain upon the roof.

Now in memory comes my mother,  
As she used in years ago,  
To regard the darling dreamers  
Ere she left them till the dawn:

O! I feel her fond look on me  
As I list to this refrain  
Which is played upon the shingles  
By the patter of the rain.[]

