

A SKY PANORAMA

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A Sky Panorama by Emma C. Dulaney

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EMMA C. DULANEY

**A SKY
PANORAMA**

*Book of the
L. S. G.
✓
1885*

A SKY PANORAMA

BY

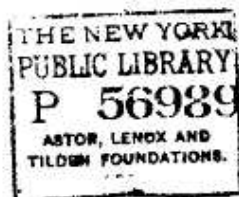
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From early morning, in hard, heavy showers,
The rain had fallen until the flowers,
The bushes, the vines, and every tree,
And the tasselled corn were wet as could be;
Not a dry spot anywhere on the ground,
Unless it was covered up, could be found.

Not a bird had sung its sweet, cheery song;
The honey-bees hid themselves all day long;
The butterflies, folding their bright wings, crept
Into the hedges, for shelter, and slept;
The fire-flies hid their queer candles bright,
To keep them dry so they'd burn well at night,
In case the rain-clouds should go rolling by
And let the twinkling stars trim up the sky.

The doves cooed softly within their snug home,
Not venturing from its shelter to roam;
The cute little "peepies" cuddled and slept
'Neath the soft wings of their mothers, who kept

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Close watch lest some hungry hawk should swoop
down

And steal the soft balls of yellow and brown.
But the gawky goslings were not afraid.
They ran about in the showers, and played
With the dumpy ducklings who searched and found
The puddles the rain made in the soft ground;
Into them they tumbled, on mischief bent,
And paddled and ducked to their hearts' content.
Each calf nestled close to its mother's side,
But the little lambkins shivered, and cried,
And the skittish colts took the chance for a run
Around the big paddock, to have some fun.
The shrill-voiced Guinea fowls called out: "More
rain!"—

From their roosts in the haw-trees in the lane—
And old Towser whined, and Tabby purred loud,
And the children made such a doleful crowd,
That Mammy went to the kitchen to make
Honey-balls, jelly-pies, and ginger pound cake
For them to play party with; then, away
To the play-room she went the cloth to lay.

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"Now, chil'n, yo' fix de table," said she,
"Whilse I slip down ter de spring-house ter see
Ef I kin spar' yo' er li'l' bit uv cream
Ter float dem honey-balls in. Hit won't seem
Lak er pahty 'less ev'ything des so!"
Then away she went, with her arms a-kimbo.

The "party" helped out but the afternoon
Stretched out *so* long the world seemed out of tune.
The showers kept falling, keeping things wet,
Till near the right time for the Sun to set,
When, suddenly, out of his hiding place
He came, with a smile on his big round face,
To order the wind its cool breath to blow
On the rain-clouds so that home-ward they'd go,
And send forth many dazzling rays of light
To dance with the glistening rain-drops bright;
Then, ere he put on his funny night-cap,
And settled himself for a good sound nap,
He hung up—in the twinkling of an eye—
A great, beautiful rain-bow in the sky.