**THE VOICE OF THE RAIN.**

 **Walt Whitman**

**And who art thou? said I to the soft-falling shower,**

**Which, strange to tell, gave me an answer, as here translated:**

**I am the Poem of Earth, said the voice of the rain,**

**Eternal I rise impalpable out of the land and the bottomless sea,**

**Upward to heaven, whence, vaguely form'd, altogether changed, and yet the same,**

**I descend to lave the drouths, atomies, dust-layers of the globe,**

**And all that in them without me were seeds only, latent, unborn;**

**And forever, by day and night, I give back life to my own
origin,**

 **and make pure and beautify it;**

**(For song, issuing from its birth-place, after fulfilment, wander-
ing,**

**Reck'd or unreck'd. duly with love returns.)**