

Wet Weather Days

James Whitcomb Riley

It hain't no use to grumble and complane;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice. –
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

Men ginerly, to all intents –
Although they're apt to grumble some –
Puts most theyr trust in Providence,
And takes things as thy come –
That is, the commanality
Of men that's lived as long as me
Has watched the world enough to learn
They're not the boss of this concern.

With *some*, of course, it's different –
I've saw *young* men that knowed it all,
And didn't like the way things went
 On this terrestchul ball; –
But all the same, the rain, some way,
Rained jest as hard on picnic day;
 Er, when the raily *wanted* it,
 It mayby wouldn't rain a bit!

 In this existunce, dry and wet
 Will overtake the best of men –
 Some little skift o' clouds'll shet
 The sun off now and then. –
And mayby, whilse you're wundern who

You've fool-like lent your umbrell' to,
And *want* it – out'll pop the sun,
And you'll be glad you hain't got none!

It aggervates the farmers, too –
They's too much wet, er too much sun,
Er work, er waitin' round to do
Before the plowing's done:
And mayby, like as not, the wheat,
Just as it's lookin' hard to beat,
Will ketch the storm – and jest about
The time the corn's a-jintin' out.

These-here *cy-clones* a foolin' round –
And back'ard crops! – and wind and rain! –
And yit the corn that's wallerd down
 May elbow up again! –
They hain't no sense, as I can see,
 Fer mortuls, sich as us, to be
 A-faultin' Natchur's wise intents,
And lockin' horns with Providence!

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