

Kindergarten

Talks and Tales

... BY ...

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Story of a Raindrop



STORY
OF
THE RAINDROP.

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Story of the Raindrop.

A LONG time ago there lived in a queer, old, brown house some wee, wee babies. Funny little round tots, oh, *so* small! smaller than midgets or fairies.

The house in which they lived was a very old house, and a very dark house; almost as dark as the road which led to King Pluto's palace (this if the children have had the story of King Pluto).

It was so dark inside of this old house that the funny, little, brown babies after having been put in nice, soft, warm beds did not wake up for a long, long time.

Days and days passed by, in fact whole

months had gone, and still the babies slept on. What funny, little, sleepy heads they were !

By and by there came a gentle tap! tap! tap! at the door of the big, brown house.

The tapping was so gentle that at first the babies did not hear it. But tap! tap! tap! came again. Tap! tap! tap! went on sounding just outside, until at last one dear, little, round baby began to stir, and then to stretch his little arms up, and his little feet down as far as he could reach.

Tap! tap! tap! came the sound again. "Dear me!" thought the waked-up baby, "what can that be? I guess I'll go to the door and see." Tap! tap! tap! tap! tap! came again very gently, but still it was a determined sound as if the visitor meant to keep on tapping until he aroused some one in the house.

At last the little round baby managed to get to the door, and put his dear, little head outside of it.

“Come, come!” said the visitor, “why don’t you people in there wake up? The sun has been shining, the birds are all singing, and we are having a fine time out here. Go and call to your brothers and sisters, and tell them that they have been asleep long enough. It is time to get up and come out of doors now.”

The dear, little, round baby nodded his head and seemed to smile a “thank you.”

It was so good to breathe the air, and to hear the chirping of the birds and to see how things looked out of doors.

So instead of going back, the delighted little fellow called to his brothers and sisters to come out. And soon they all came, gaily nodding their heads and saying as well as

they could—"thank you, Mr. Rain—thank you for your tap! tap! tap!"

And the rain seemed to laugh good naturedly, and say, "All right, Violet, Crocus, Tulip and Rose! I thought it was time for you all to awaken—that is why I rapped tap! tap! tap! so long at your door."

Would you like to learn a song about these queer little babies? Here it is:

RAIN SONG.

"To the great brown house, where the flowerets live,
 Came the rain with its tap! tap! tap!
 And whispered, 'Violet, Snowdrop and Rose,
 Your pretty eyes you must now unclose
 From your long, long winter's nap!
 Said the rain, with its tap! tap! tap!"

"From the doors they peeped, with a timid grace,
 Just to answer this tap! tap! tap!
 The Snowdrop bowed with a sweet 'good day;
 Then all came nodding their heads so gay,
 And they said 'we have had our nap;
 Thank you, rain, for your tap! tap! tap!'"

And here is another song about the rain
which came to see a little child who lived in
a city:

RAINDROPS.

“Tiny, little raindrops, falling in the street,
Tapping at my window, making music sweet—
How I love to watch you, sweet, refreshing rain,
Bringing to the pretty flowers life and health again.
Tiny, little raindrops, falling in the street,
Tapping at my window making music sweet.”

