**Rain Rain**

Rain rain  
falls on the street,  
mud in puddles  
cleaning my feet.

Thunder thunder  
rumble and roar,  
close the windows  
and lock the door.

Clouds clouds  
black and gray,  
heavy with water  
to drop all day.

Sun sun  
is breaking through,  
clouds are moving,  
the rain stops too.

Rainbow rainbow  
across the sky,  
see-through colours  
to tickle my eyes.

**Little Raindrops**

This is the sun, high up in the sky.  
A dark cloud suddenly comes sailing by.  
These are the raindrops,  
Pitter, pattering down.  
Watering the flower seeds  
That grow under the ground.

**Raindrops**

Raindrops, raindrops,  
Falling all around,  
Pitter-patter on the rooftops,  
Pitter-patter on the ground.  
Here is my umbrella,  
It will keep me dry,  
When I go walking in the rain,  
I hold it up so high.

**Rainbow**

One spring day the big round sun  
Winked at a cloud just for fun.  
That dark gray cloud thundered and cried,  
Scattering raindrops on all outside.  
But when the sun peeked out from a sunset low  
Together they both made a gay rainbow!

**The Fog**

I like the fog  
It's soft and cool,  
It hides everything  
On the way to school.  
I can't see a house  
I can't see a tree,  
Because the fog  
Is playing with me.  
The sun comes out  
The fog goes away,  
But it shall be back  
Another day.

**Thunder and Lightning**

When a storm begins in the clouds,  
It sometimes may look frightening.  
You see a quick electrical spark--  
Flash! goes the lightning!

Long and thin and streaky and fast,  
Its glow is oh so brightening.  
Watch for the electric spark--  
Flash! goes the lightning!

When a storm begins in the clouds,  
It truly is a wonder.  
You hear a rumble loud in the sky--  
Clap! goes the thunder!

Lightning bolts are heating the air,  
Over clouds and under.  
When the air expands enough--  
Clap! goes the thunder.

**The Wind**

The wind came out to play one day,  
He swept the clouds out of his way,  
He blew the leaves and away they flew,  
The trees bent low and their branches did too,  
The wind blew the great big ships at sea,  
The wind blew my kite away from me.

**Rhyme**

I like to see a thunder storm,  
        A dunder storm,  
                    A blunder storm,  
I like to see it, black and slow,  
Come stumbling down the hills.

I like to hear a thunder storm,  
        A plunder storm,  
                    A wonder storm,  
Roar loudly at our little house  
And shake the window sills!

**Clouds**

What's fluffy, white, and floats up high,  
Like piles of ice cream in the sky?  
And when the wind blows hard and strong,  
What brings the rain?  
What brings the snow?  
That showers down on us below?

**One, Two**

One, Two.  
The west wind blew.  
Three. Four.  
The thunder's roar.  
Five. Six. Seven.  
Rain from heaven.  
Eight. Nine. Ten.  
Sunny again.

**Wind Pictures**

Look! There's a giant stretching in the sky,  
A thousand white-maned horses flying by,  
A house, a mother mountain with her hills,   
A lazy lady posing in her frills,  
cotton floating from a thousand bales,  
And a white ship with white sails.

See the old witch fumbling with her shawl,  
White towers piling on a castle wall,  
the bits of soft that break and fall away,  
Airborne mushrooms with undersides of gray -  
Above, a white doe races with her fawn  
On the white grass of a celestial lawn.  
Lift up your lovely heads and look  
As wind turns clouds into a picture book.

**Winter**

**Winter is snowy,** (Зима снежна,)

**Winter is frosty.** (Зима морозна.)

**The ground is white** (Земля бела)

**All day and all night**. (И днем и ночью.)

**This is the season** (Это сезон)

**When children can ski,** (Когда дети могут кататься на лыжах,)

**Play snowballs** (Играть в снежки)

**And dance round the New Year Tree.** (И танцевать вокруг новогодней елки.)

**Who loves the trees best?**

Who loves the trees best?

I! – said the Spring.

Green beautiful leaves

To them I bring

Who loves the trees best?

I! – Summer said.

I give them flowers

White, pink and red.

Who loves the trees best?

I! – Autumn said.

I give them ripe fruits

Sweet and red.

Who loves the trees best?

I love them best.

White Winter answered.

I give them rest.

**Weather**  
Weather is hot,  
Weather is cold,  
Weather is changing  
As the weeks unfold.  
  
Skies are cloudy,  
Skies are fair,  
Skies are changing  
In the air.  
  
It is raining,  
It is snowing,  
It is windy  
With breezes blowing.  
  
Days are foggy,  
Days are clear,  
Weather is changing  
Throughout the year!

**Robert Louis Stevenson**

**Autumn Fires**

In the other gardens  
And all up the vale,  
From the autumn bonfires  
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over  
And all the summer flowers;  
The red fire blazes,  
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!  
Something bright in all!  
Flowers in the summer,  
Fires in the fall!

**Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star**

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

How I wonder what you are,

Up above the world so high,

Like a diamond in the sky.

When the glorious sun is set,

When the grass with dew is wet,

Then you show your little light,

Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

In the dark-blue sky you keep,

And often through my curtains peep,

For you never shut your eye,

Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark

Guides the traveller in the dark,

Though I know not what you are,

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!

**Robert Louis Stevenson**

**AUTUMN FIRES**

In the other gardens  
And all up the vale,  
From the autumn bonfires  
See the smoke trail!  
  
Pleasant summer over  
And all the summer flowers,  
The red fire blazes,  
The grey smoke towers.  
  
Sing a song of seasons!  
Something bright in all!  
Flowers in the summer,  
Fires in the fall!

**THE WIND**

I saw you toss the kites on high   
And blow the birds about the sky;   
And all around I heard you pass,   
Like ladies' skirts across the grass--   
O wind, a-blowing all day long,   
O wind, that sings so loud a song!   
  
I saw the different things you did,   
But always you yourself you hid.   
I felt you push, I heard you call,   
I could not see yourself at all--   
O wind, a-blowing all day long,   
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

**Percy Bysshe Shelley**

**SUMMER**

It was a bright and cheerful afternoon,  
Towards the end of the sunny month of June,  
When the north wind congregates in crowds  
The floating mountains of the silver clouds  
From the horizon—and the stainless sky   
Opens beyond them like eternity.  
All things rejoiced beneath the sun; the weeds,  
The river, and the corn-fields, and the reeds;  
The willow leaves that glanced in the light breeze,  
And the firm foliage of the larger trees.

**Robert Louis Stevenson**

**THE SUN’S TRAVELS**

The sun is not a-bed, when I   
At night upon my pillow lie;   
Still round the earth his way he takes,   
And morning after morning makes.   
  
While here at home, in shining day,   
We round the sunny garden play,   
Each little Indian sleepy-head   
Is being kissed and put to bed.   
  
And when at eve I rise from tea,   
Day dawns beyond the Atlantic Sea;

And all the children in the west   
Are getting up and being dressed.

**WINDY NIGHTS**

Whenever the moon and stars are set,

Whenever the wind is high,

All night long in the dark and wet,

A man goes riding by.

Late in the night when the fires are out,

Why does he gallop and gallop about?

Whenever the trees are crying aloud,

And ships are tossed at sea,

By, on the highway, low and loud,

By at the gallop goes he.

By at the gallop he goes, and then

By he comes back at the gallop again.

**Robert Burns**

**BONNIE BELL**

The smiling Spring comes in rejoicing

And surly winter grimly flies:

Now crystal clear are the failing waters,

And bonnie blue are the sunny skies;

Fresh o’er the mountains breaks forth the morning,

The evening gilds the ocean’s swell;

All creatures joy in the sun’s returning,

And I rejoice in my bonnie Bell.

The flowery spring leads sunny summer,

And yellow autumn presses near;

Then in his turn comes gloomy winter,

Till smiling spring again appear.

Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,

Old Time and Nature their changes tell;

But never ranging, still unchanging,

I adore my bonnie Bell.

**Robert Louis Stevenson**

**Bed in summer**

In winter I get up at night

And dress by yellow candle-light.

In summer quite the other way,

I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see

The birds still hopping on the tree,

Or hear the grown-up people's feet

Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,

When all the sky is clear and blue,

And I should like so much to play,

To have to go to bed by day?

**Winter Time**

**by Robert Louis Stevenson**

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed,

A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;

Blinks but an hour or two; and then,

A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies,

At morning in the dark I rise;

And shivering in my nakedness,

By the cold candle, bathe and dress.

Close by the jolly fire I sit,

To warm my frozen bones a bit;

Or with a reindeer-sled, explore

The colder countries round the door.

When to go out, my nurse doth wrap

Me in my comforter and cap,

The cold wind burns my face, and blows

Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod;

Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;

And tree and house, and hill and lake,

Are frosted like a wedding-cake.

**The Gladness of Nature**

**(William Bryant)**

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,

When our mother Nature laughs around;

When even the deep blue heavens look glad,

And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,

And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;

The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,

And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space

And their shadows at play on the bright-green vale,

And here they stretch to the frolic chase,

And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,

There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,

There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,

And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles

On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,

On the leaping waters and gay young isles;

Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.