



## The Thunder

Rolling, grumbling, mumbling low,  
The Thunder thunders to and fro,  
Shaking houses, shaking trees,  
Scaring children, birds and bees.

Grumbling, mumbling, scolding loud,  
Calling every little cloud  
Home from playing peek-a-boo  
With the wind and sunbeams too.

Scolding loud and scolding long,  
The Thunder sends his dripping throng  
Scuttling down and down and down,  
Wetting mountain, plain and town.

The tall trees shake, small houses quake,  
The Thunder laughs without a break,  
Then spent with glee on this long spree,  
The Thunder sleeps contentedly.

*L. V. Reyes*