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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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The Pot Of Gold

April showers, April showers,
Sing the drops of rain;
April showers, April showers,
On the window-pane.

So sang the rain one morning as it went "rap-a-tap" on the window pane.

There were showers inside that day as well as out, for Peter and Polly said they could have no fun on a rainy Saturday.

Peter said, "Why do we have rain on Saturday?" and he cried a little.

To his surprise, the umbrella in the corner answered:

"April showers, bring flowers again,

How I like the April rain;

At the rainbow's end I'm told,

There may lie a pot of gold."

Polly said, "We did not know anyone liked rain," and she cried a little.

To her surprise, the rubbers in the corner spoke up:

"How we like the April rain,

Rainbow colors in her train;

If we could reach the rainbow's end,

We'd have a pot of gold to lend."

Peter and Polly looked out the window and saw the drops of rain splash up and down in puddles in the street. They said:

"Let's pretend we like the rain,
And be happy, once again;
We may behold the pot of gold,
It's at the rainbow's end we're told."
At that very minute Polly said, "Oh, look!" And Peter
said, "Oh, look!"

What do you suppose they saw?

Down in the puddle of water, four and twenty little
raindrops turned into four and twenty little fairies, and
each one carried a little umbrella.

They cried to the children:

"The Rain-Drop Fairies laugh and shout,
Oh, get your rubbers and come out;
If you should have umbrellas, too,
Be sure to bring them out with you."

Peter and Polly lost no time, you may be sure.

They got rubbers and umbrellas and ran out to find the
Raindrop Fairies.

There they stood, with their four and twenty little
umbrellas bobbing up and down.

They said:

"Hurry, for we give you warning,
We're busy on an April morning."

Peter and Polly followed them, and they gave cool,
refreshing showers everywhere they went.

Suddenly they came to the heart of a great woods, and
they called in their four and twenty little voices:

"Lady April, Lady April,
Wake up from your nap;

Lady April, Lady April,
Hear the Fairies tap."

The Fairies rapped and tapped with their little umbrellas at every tree they came to, hoping Lady April might come out.

Then the Raindrop Fairies sat down in a circle and began to cry:

"Spring has come, we're not mistaken,
But Lady April does not waken."

The Fairies cried into their four and twenty little handkerchiefs because they could not waken Lady April.

They acted very much like real children after all!

Just how Fairy Sunshine came filtering in through the little green leaves of the trees no one could tell, but there she stood before them, and the Fairies dried



their eyes, for she took a little gold key and unlocked the nearest maple tree.

Out stepped Lady April in her rainbow gown.

She wore a crown of spring flowers.

She was full of tears and smiles!

As Lady April stepped out of the tree, the wind blew warmer and warmer, and Fairy Sunshine knelt on one knee and presented her with the pot of gold, for she had been at the rainbow's end and found it.

Lady April opened the pot and found it full of smiles, and sunshine, and loving thoughts, and laughter.

She said, "I will open the pot of gold when I feel like weeping." All the flowers sprang up to greet her.

Yellow butterflies floated about her.

Bird songs were in the air.

Everything was singing!

The four and twenty Raindrop Fairies closed their four and twenty little umbrellas and slipped away.

Fairy Sunshine kissed the children on both cheeks and said:

"A merry heart does not mind whether
it is fair or stormy weather;

As showers and sunshine run a race,

Please wear a happy, smiling face."

Suddenly Peter and Polly were all alone in the woods.

Peter said, "How golden your curls are, Polly!"

Polly said, "How sunny your smile is!"

As they started homeward, they saw sunshine everywhere.

Fairy Sunshine had touched the dandelions on the bank.

The oriole's breast reflected sunshine.

There was gold on the butterflies' wings.

When Peter and Polly arrived home, they found the bird in his cage was singing of sunshine, and the prism on the table reflected all the rainbow colors.

The children said, "Wherever we go, we will always carry sunshine with us!"

After that, Peter was called "Little Sir Sunshine," for he had such a sunny smile, and Polly was called "Little Miss

Sunshine," for her golden curls went dancing wherever she went.

They were glad they had learned the song that Fairy Sunshine taught them.