## A Change of the Moon

A plain, clever man is my neighbor Gray,
And we often take counsel together,
He lives in a farm-house over the way,
And is wise in respect to the weather;
He watches all signs, night, morning and noon,
But pins his great faith on a change of the moon.

In dull, drizzly May, when the signs were all bad,
And day after day it kept raining,
When the farmers were sad and the women were mad,
And all the wide world were complaining;
Farmer Gray went on piping the very same tune,
"It will never clear off till a change of the moon."

I admired his great faith, for the east wind blew strong,
From icebergs and isles of the ocean,
The moon had changed thrice, while the storm kept along,
But my neighbor still stuck to his notion;
At length it cleared up, near the coming of June,
Two days and a half from a change of the moon!

In the long summer drought, when the springs had run dry,
Not a sign of a rain-cloud appearing,
Neighbor Gray, who knew the wherefore and why,
Spake out, and his accents were cheering;
"We are bound to have different weather soon,
For to-morrow, you know, there's a change of the moon."

I sit by his fire, on a sharp winter night,
When the glass below zero is ranging,
My neighbor instructs with honest delight,
(For his faith in the moon is unchanging),
That a thaw will set in by Saturday noon,
For just at that time comes a change of the moon.

Heat and cold, wet and dry, or whatever the grief,
Under which our poor earth may be lying,
Neighbor Gray knows the source whence must come our
relief:

No use of this groaning and sighing; He tells all he meets that the change will come soon, "We must wait, my dear friends, till a change of the moon."

He cares not a jot for the college or school,
And passes their doings unheeded,
Still he holds by the old philosophical rule,
To name no more causes than needed,
And as one is enough, the rest let us prune,
And make all things proceed from a change of the moon.