

# Plodding Through The Rain - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Plodding Through the Rain.

Sitting lately at my window  
On a rainy day,  
Time I whiled away by watching  
All who passed that way.  
From the weather some protected,  
Others moved in pain;  
Some in hunger, cold, neglected.  
Wretched in the rain.  
Plodding, tripping,  
Drenched and dripping,  
Wretched in the rain.

Postman comes, delivers letters.  
Sorelv I'm afraid,  
Of public servants few are better,  
None so badly paid.  
Men must vary in their station,  
Let him not complain;  
But heaven keep him from temptation,  
Plodding through the rain.  
Plodding, tripping,  
Drenched and dripping,