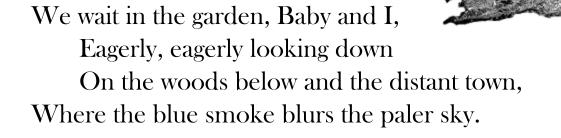
## Name:

## Waiting for Mother



Why do we wait, do you want to know?

Mother is coming home from the fair;

She brings us presents we know, from there,
A doll, or a hoop, or a ribbon bow.

Last year she brought me a wooden horse,
And Tom a knife, and Frank a drum;
Tom cut a stick so that Frank could strum;
I sang to the music he made, of course.

And now, oh now, what will it be?

We're so impatient, we scarce can wait:

See! There she comes through the orchard gate.

Oh, please mother, hurry, and let us see!