
Name:

Waiting for Mother



We wait in the garden, Baby and I,
Eagerly, eagerly looking down
On the woods below and the distant town,
Where the blue smoke blurs the paler sky.

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!