

At Dawn

They come to my room at the break of the day,
With their faces all smiles and their minds full of play;
They come on their tip-toes and silently creep
To the edge of the bed where I'm lying asleep,
And then at a signal, on which they agree,
With a shout of delight they jump right onto me.

They lift up my eyelids and tickle my nose,
And scratch at my cheeks with their little pink toes;
And sometimes to give them a laugh and a scare
I snap and I growl like a cinnamon bear;
Then over I roll, and with three kids astride
I gallop away on their feather-bed ride.

I've thought it all over. Man's biggest mistake
Is in wanting to sleep when his babes are awake;
When they come to his room for that first bit of fun
He should make up his mind that his sleeping is done;
He should share in the laughter they bring to his side
And start off the day with that feather-bed ride.

Oh they're fun at their breakfast and fun at their lunch;
Any hour of the day they're a glorious bunch!
When they're togged up for Sundays they're certainly fine,
And I'm glad in my heart I can call them all mine,
But I think that the time that I like them the best
Is that hour in the morning before they are dressed.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)