

The Song of Loved Ones

The father toils at his work all day,
And he hums this song as he plods away:
'Heigho! for the mother and babe of three
Who watch at the window each night for me.
Their smiles are ever before my eyes,
And never the sound of their voices dies,
But ever and ever they seem to say,
'Love waits for you at the close of day.'

At home, a mother is heard to croon
To a little babe, this simple tune:
'Heigho! for the father who toils to-day,
He thinks of us, though he's far away;
He soon will come with a happy tread,
And stooping over your trundle bed,
Your little worries he'll kiss away;
Love comes to us at the close of day.'

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)