

Name: _____

Date: _____

Cursive Writing: Father Is Coming

Father Is Coming

*See, now it is the hour of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth
and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on;
The wild night wind
is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.*

*He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
He's stronger than the storm,
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm;
For father's heart is
stout and true,
As ever human bosom knew.*

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He makes all toil, all
hardships light;
Would all men were the same,
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!
Folks need not be
unkind, austere,
For love hath readier
will than fear.

Stay, do not close the
shutters, child,
For far along the lane,
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain;
I've heard him say
he loves to mark
The cheerful fire-
light thro' the dark.

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And we'll do all that
father likes!
His wishes are so few—
Would they were more;
that every hour
some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes
a happy day.
When I can please
him any way!

I know he's
coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and
crows, and stares,
Heaven bless the merry child!
His father's self in
face and limb,

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And father's heart is
strong in him!

Hark! hark! I hear
his footsteps now—
He's through the garden gate;
Run little, Bess, and
ope the door,
And do not let him wait.
Shout, baby, shout, and
clap thy hands,
For father at the
threshold stands.

Mary Howitt