Where’s mother?

Bursting in from school or play. This is what the children say,
Trooping, crowding, big or small,
On the threshold, in the hall —
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by —
"Where’s mother?"

From the bed of weary pain
This same question comes again;
From the boy with
sparkling eyes.
Bearing home his earliest prize.
From the bronzed and
bearded son.
Perils past and honors won
"Where’s mother?"
Mother with untiring hands
At the post of duty stands;
Patient, seeking not her own;
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry.
Ever as the days go by —
"Where's mother?"

Anonymous