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?”
Cursive Writing: 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