

FATHER

Out in the morning Father goes,
Whether it pours with rain or snows,
Whether the wild wind beats and blows:
By the fire sit Mother and I
Doing our lessons quietly.

Back in the twilight Father comes,
When I've finished with books and sums.
Not all the noise of all the drums
Is a jollier noise, I know,
Than Father when he says, "Hallo!"

