

## **Dreading**

Sometimes when they are tucked in bed the gentle mother comes to me  
And talks about each curly head, and wonders what they're going to be.  
She tells about the fun they've had while I was toiling far away,  
Recalls the bright things that the lad and little girl have had to say.  
Each morning is a pleasure new, and gladness overflows the cup,  
And then she says: 'What will we do, what will we do when they're grown up?'

She looks about the room and sees the train of cars beneath the chair,  
The soldiers resting at their ease, the wooly dog, the Teddy bear,  
The china doll, the painted ball, the building blocks about the floor,  
And then she smiles to see them all, and even wishes there were more;  
The whole day passes in review, she stoops and strokes the wooly pup,  
And says to me: 'What will we do, what will we do when they're grown up?'

I share with her that self-same dread, a house devoid of children's toys,  
No little tots to put to bed, no romping little girls and boys;  
No little lips to kiss at night, no broken skates or sleds to mend,  
I fear to think that such delight the years will very quickly end.  
Old Age, I dare not look at you, when we alone shall sit and sup,  
I wonder, too, what will we do, what will we do when they're grown up?

**Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)**