

When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore :
And the little birds are singing sweetly
About the door :
With the long day's work before you
You are up with the sun,
And the neighbours come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done ;
But remember that I MAY BE the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from your busy work
For evermore !
As you work your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room—
And it may be in the morning
I WILL COME !
So I am watching quietly
Every day,