

Since then fond arms will lift you up, and fold
You soft from ev'ry wind that blows too cold,
And tender voice will soothe away all fear,
While eyes will look an added blessing, dear,
Because you're tired.

But, being small, you cannot understand
How, one day, you may long too, for a hand
To guide as mother's did, nor dream of how
Hearts drift in doubt, as mine is drifting now
When I'm so tired.

So tired. I do not work, or ever heed
The hours as they go by = where is the need?
I cannot think, or cry, or even pray =
But oh, to sleep = but it must last alway
Since I'm so tired.