

Sure of his plighted truth,
What more had a wife to ask?
Is he not doing for her
Each day his daily task?

Like a child.

A child to pine and complain!
A child to grow so pale!
For want of some foolish words
Shall a woman's faith fail?
Words! he said them once—
What need of anything more?
Does one who has entered a room
Go back and wait at the door?

Like a child.

Baby Mary and Kate
Never dare climb his knee;
Motherly arms are open—
"Father is busy, you see."
Too busy to stop to hear
A babble of broken talk,
To mend the jumping-jack,
Or make the new doll walk.

Like a child.

So busy that when death comes
He pleads for a little delay,
If not to finish his work,
At least a word to say—
A word to wife and child,
A sentence to tell the truth,
That he loves them now at the last,
With the passionate heart of youth.

Like a child.

The kisses of Death are cold,
And they turn his lips to stone;
Out of the warm, bright world
The man goes all alone.
Do angels wait for him there
Over the soundless sea?
He goes as he came, a helpless wight,
To a new world's mystery.

Like a child.