

## What do Mothers do all day?

Every minute, to and fro,  
That's the way my hours go;  
Bring me this, and take me that,  
Feed the dog, take out the cat.

Standing up, I eat my toast,  
Drink my coffee, thaw the roast;  
Empty rubbish, sweep the stair,  
Rush to church, then wash my hair.

Sweep the kitchen, wax the floor,  
Scrub the woodwork, clean the doors;  
Scour the bathtub, then myself,  
Vacuum carpets, straighten shelves.

Eat my sandwich on the run,  
Now my afternoon's begun;  
To the football game I go,  
When will there be time to sew?

Meet the teacher, stop the fight,  
See the dentist, fly the kite;  
Help with homework, wash the clothes,  
Do the ironing, tea on the stove.

Shop for groceries, cash a cheque,  
Fight the crowds, now I'm a wreck!  
Dinner time it soon will be,  
What's for dinner?" they ask, Wait and see.

Dirty dishes crowd the sink,  
Next there's pudding, then a drink;  
Will they never go to bed ...  
Will I ever get ahead?

"Bring me water," ... "Get the light,"  
Turn off the TV, lock the bike;  
"Where's my pillow?" ... "Hear my prayers,"  
"Did you lock the door downstairs?"

At last in bed, my spouse and I,  
Too tired to move, too weak to cry;  
But as I doze, I hear him say,  
"What do mothers do all day?"