**The Shadow-Child**

Why do the wheels go whirring round,

Mother, mother?

Oh, mother, are they giants bound,

And will they growl forever?

Yes, fiery giants underground,

Daughter, little daughter,

Forever turn the wheels around,

And rumble-grumble ever.

Why do I pick the threads all day,

Mother, mother,

While sunshine children are at play?

And must I work forever?

Yes, shadow-child; the live-long day,

Daughter, little daughter,

Your hands must pick the threads away,

And feel the sunshine never.

Why do the birds sing in the sun,

Mother, mother,

If all day long I run and run,

Run with the wheels forever?

The birds may sing till day is done,

Daughter, little daughter,

But with the- wheels your feet must run—

Run with the wheels forever.

Why do I feel so tired each night,

Mother, mother?

The wheels are always buzzing bright;

Do they grow sleepy never?

Oh, baby thing, so soft and white,

Daughter, little daughter,

The big wheels grind us in their might,

And they will grind forever.

And is the white thread never spun,

Mother, mother?

And is the white cloth never done,

For you and me done never?

Oh yes, our thread will all be spun,

Daughter, little daughter,

When we lie down out in the sun,

And work no more forever.

And when will come that happy day,

Mother, mother?

Oh, shall we laugh and sing and play

Out in the sun forever?

Nay, shadow-child, we'll rest all day,

Daughter, little daughter,

Where green grass grows and roses gay,

There in the sun forever.