

## **HERE COMES DADDY!**

Here comes Daddy in a silvery plane,  
Flashing and splashing through the sun and rain,  
Soaring over hills where the wild goats graze,  
Dipping over waves where the porpoise plays,  
Racing its shadow over desert sands,  
Bringing Daddy back from the faraway lands.

Here comes Daddy in a big black car,  
Eager to be where his loved ones are,  
Looking out the window at the River Nile,  
Seeing instead his Sweetheart's smile,  
Presents for each little girl and boy,  
Heart overflowing with love and joy.

Here comes Daddy running up the stairs,  
A daddy-bear looking for his little bears,  
Lots of squeezes, kisses, and hugs,  
From Daddy to his "cuddle-bugs".  
Here comes Daddy to his children three  
Home again where he longed to be.

*During the longer of my absences, my children would begin to worry if Daddy was ever coming back home. Then, Angie would get out and read this poem to them. She would reassure them that no matter how often Daddy had to leave them, he would always come back home to them. I always did.*

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Last edited in January of 2010