Miss two years

Think of the sweetest things you will

Miss Two Years old is sweeter still,

A little darling dimpled thing

That sure should wear a cherubs wing;

A tiny angel sent to bliss

The world with love and happiness

A fairy flower that somehow grew,

A little lovely dream come true.

Old earth to greet her nursing brings

A myriad tender blossoming things,

She gives her meadows grasses sweet

To kiss the little wandering feet

She calls her bluest brightest skies

To smile into the childish eyes

And teaches little winds a song

To sing to Baby all day long

Miss Two Years rules by right divine

And all men worship at her shrine

She knows that heaven and earth were made

To give her joy or lend her aid

She makes sad hearts forget their pain

And weary age feel young again

The dreamed of long-for age of bold

Is just the age of Two Years Old.