She comes to me from morning tub,

When tears are scarcely dry,

And says – while eyes get furtive rub –

“No! Baby wouldn’t cry!”

That nasty noise is all up dere

Go ‘way, you naughty noise!”

Then, good again, with tender care

She gathers up her toys.

Poor Neddy Boy has shed a wheel,

One dolly’s got no eyes,

While Teddy Pussy’s lost her squeal

And ~~Puff~~ Quack! Quack! headless lies.

But still the maimed and broken toys

To baby’s heart are dear,

The house is filled tears and noise

If any disappear.

“Won’t” is a very naughty word

Which babies may not use,

So now a certain little bird

“Cant” let me tie her shoes!

Its – “baby can’t go up to bead!”

When time has come for sleep;

She sits and nods her drowsy head

With – “Baby can’t go peep!”

When someone’s been a tiresome girl,

After the naughty mood

She offers me her nicest curl

With – “Mama! Baby’s good”!

With yet more fascinating guile

-If still I look severe –

She says, with most engaging smile,

“Good-morning! Mamma dear!”