

Baby's.

She comes to me from morning tub
When tears are scarcely dry
And says — while eyes get furtive out —
" No! Baby wouldn't cry!

That nasty noise is all up dere! —
So '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 "Quack! Quack!" headless lies.

Yet still the maimed and broken toys
To Baby's heart are dear, —
The house is filled with tears and noise
If any disappear!

"Don't" is a very naughty word
That babies must not use,
So now a certain little bird
"Can't" let me tie her shoes!
It's — "Baby can't go up to bed!"
When time has come for sleep,
She sits and nods her drowsy head
With — "Baby can't go peep!"

When some one's been a tiresome girl,
After the naughty mood
She offers me her nicest curl
"With — Mamma! Baby's good!"
With yet more fascinating guile
— If still I look severe —
She says, with most engaging smile,
"Good-morning! Mamma dear!"

I hear the little pattering feet
Go racing down the hall —
Alas! some obstacle they meet
And Baby gets a fall!
But soon the pain is kissed away
And Mamma's tears are ended —
May all her days be just as gay!
Her hurts as quickly mended!
