

Baby Una.

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 Quack! Quack! headless lies.
But still the maimed and broken toys
To Baby's heart are dear;
The house is filled with tears and noise
If any disappear.

"Won't" is a very naughty word
Which babies may 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 someone'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} ~~an~~ obstacle they meet

And Baby gets a fall!

But soon the pain is kissed away

And Una's tears are ended -

May all her days be just as gay!

Her hurts as quickly mended!

Winifred Patton

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With someone's head a little bit

After the first good

But what a first night

With a "first night"

And you were laughing

And you were laughing

"Good night, good night"

I hear the little

Go to bed, go to bed

And you were laughing

And you were laughing

And you were laughing

And you were laughing

And you were laughing

And you were laughing

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