

She comes to me from morning tub,
When tears are scarcely dry,
And says — while eyes get further rub —
"No! Baby wouldn't cry!"
That nasty noise is all up here
"So 'way, you naughty noise!"
Then, good again, with tender care
She gathers up her toys.

Poor Niddy Boy has shed a wheel,
One Dolly's got no eyes,
While Teddy Pussy's lost his squeal
And ~~Puff~~ Knack! Knack! headless lies.
But still the mangled and broken toys
To Baby's heart are dear,
The house is filled with tears and noise
If any disappear.

"Wolt" 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 sleep!"

When someone is than a winsome girl,
After the naughty mood
She offers me her nicest curl
With - "Mamma! Baby is good!"
With yet more fascinating guile
— If still I look severe —
She says with most engaging smile
"Good-morning! Mamma dear!"