Baby una.

She comes to me from morning tub

When tears are scarcely dry

And says – whilst eyes get furtive rub –

“No Baby wouldn’t cry!

That nasty noise is all up dere!

Go ‘way you naught 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 teas and noise

If any disappear!

“Won’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 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 guide

* If still I look sever –

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

Ad baby gets a fall!

But soon the pain is kissed away

And Una’s tear are ended –

May all her days be just as gay!

Her hurts as quickly mended!