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from Grammie*

1883

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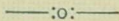
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BABY'S ALBUM.



THIS IS BABY'S ALBUM.



This is baby, pink and white,
Just a helpless little mite,
IN BABY'S ALBUM.



This is baby, twelve months
old,
Chubby, rosy, pert and bold,
Grown from baby, pink and
white,
Just a helpless little mite,
IN BABY'S ALBUM.



This is baby quite a man,
When his lessons first began :
Baby who could talk and
play,

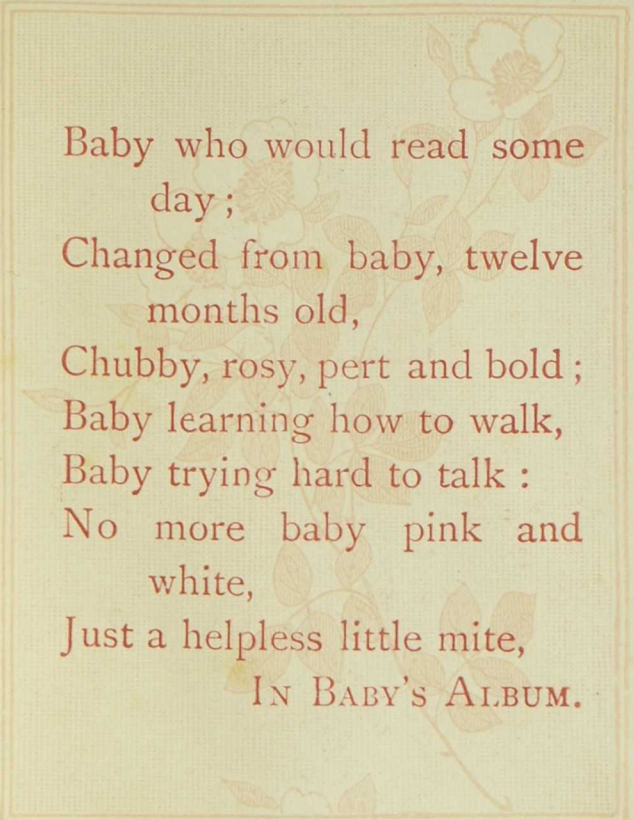
Baby who would read some
day ;
Changed from baby, twelve
months old,
Chubby, rosy, pert and bold ;
Baby learning how to walk,
Baby trying hard to talk ;
No more baby, pink and
white,
Just a helpless little mite,

IN BABY'S ALBUM.



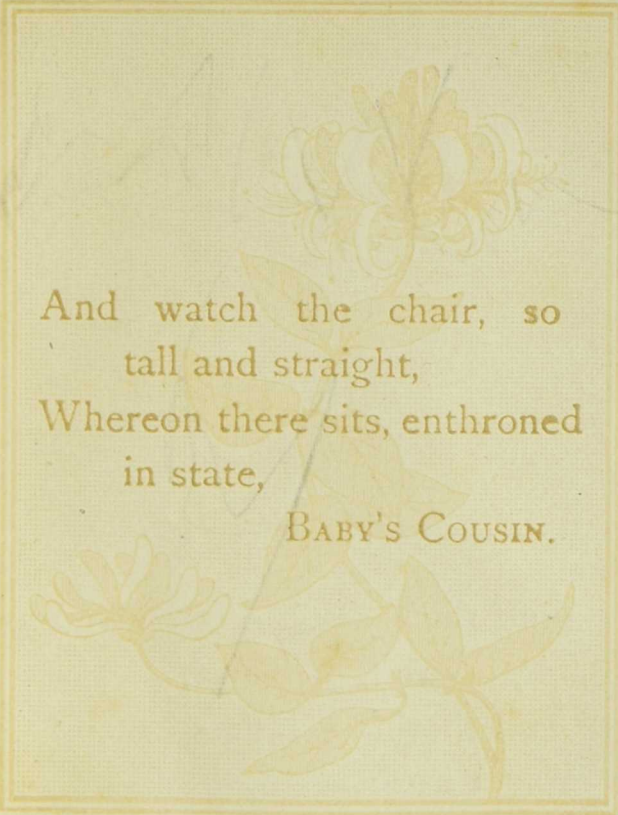
These are brothers, sisters
true

Guarding baby as he grew,
Laughing at the little man
When his lessons first began :
Baby who could talk and play,



Baby who would read some
day ;
Changed from baby, twelve
months old,
Chubby, rosy, pert and bold ;
Baby learning how to walk,
Baby trying hard to talk :
No more baby pink and
white,
Just a helpless little mite,
IN BABY'S ALBUM.



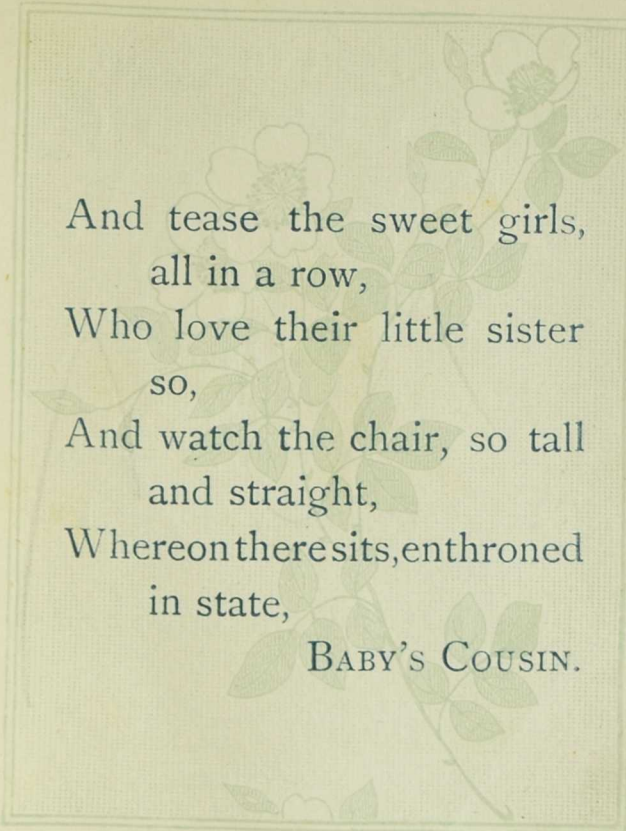


And watch the chair, so
tall and straight,
Whereon there sits, enthroned
in state,

BABY'S COUSIN.



And these are the boys, who
—well, *are* boys,
And therefore love to make
a noise,



And tease the sweet girls,
all in a row,
Who love their little sister
so,
And watch the chair, so tall
and straight,
Whereon there sits, enthroned
in state,

BABY'S COUSIN.

A BABY FROM THE SOUTH.

This is a baby from far
away,

With a face as warm as a
summer day ;

Red as a cherry,

Brown as a berry,

IN BABY'S ALBUM.

This baby, baby loves to
trace,

Puts wet fingers upon its
face,

Kisses it twenty times a day,
Until at last you'd hardly say



'Twas red as a cherry,
Brown as a berry,
IN BABY'S ALBUM.

BABY'S LITTLE AUNTS.

These are baby's little aunts,
Clever girls, their teachers say:
They can read and they can
write,
And they study, morn and night,
Caring more for books than
play—

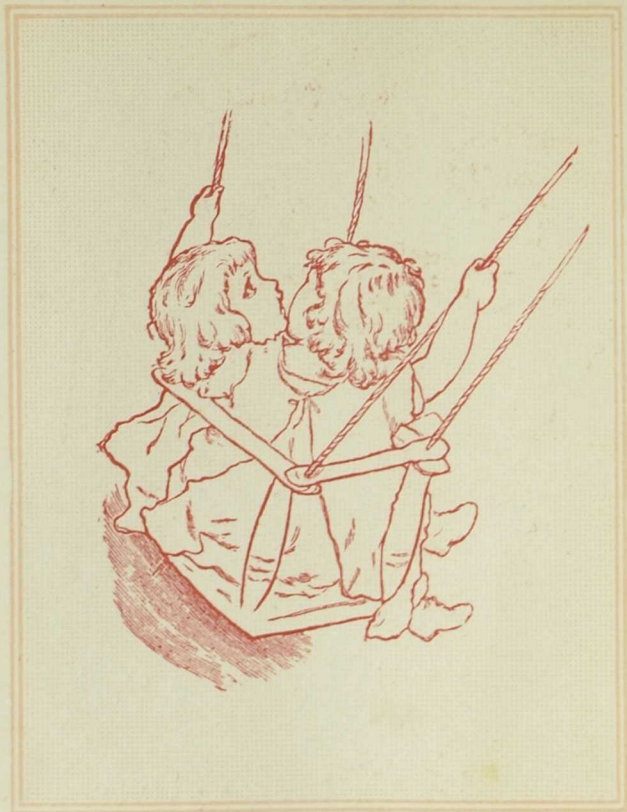
BABY'S LITTLE AUNTS.

These are baby's little aunts,
Clever girls, the wise folk say;
But they must not work too long
If they would be bright and
strong;



They should love both work
and play—

BABY'S LITTLE AUNTS.



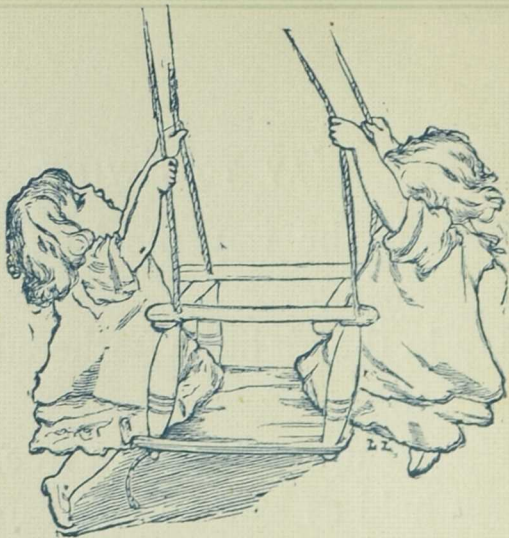
THE WAY TO SWING.

This is the way the babies
swing,

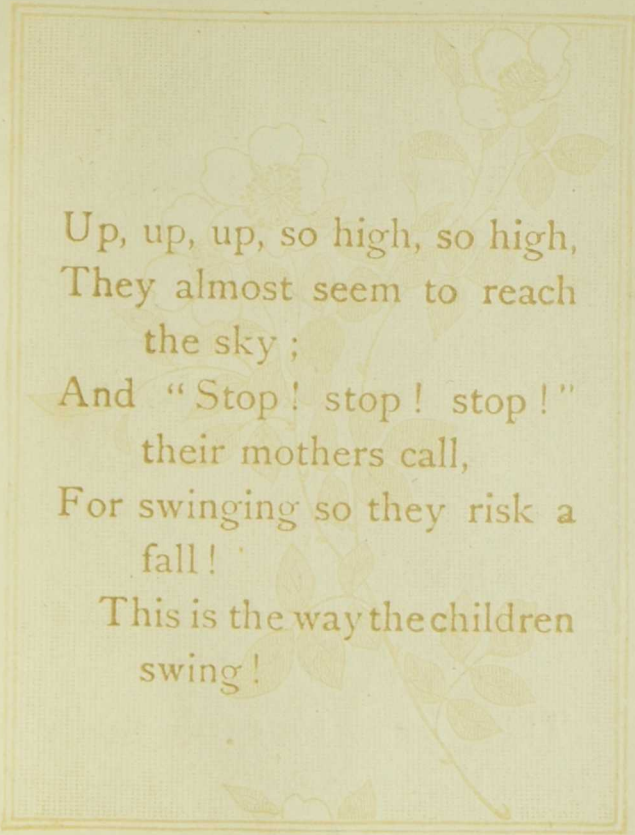
Up in the air like a feathered
thing!

Up, far up, as high as a tree,
Yet held as safe as safe can
be!

This is the way the babies
swing!



This is the way the children
swing,
With a bound and a push and
a sudden spring!



Up, up, up, so high, so high,
They almost seem to reach
the sky ;

And " Stop ! stop ! stop !"
their mothers call,

For swinging so they risk a
fall !

This is the way the children
swing !

This is the way the big boys
swing,
With just a rope to which to
cling ;
Too proud to sit, too proud
to kneel,
Although they know the
danger's real.
Far up, far off, away they
go,
Like arrows shot forth from a
bow ;
Then back to earth again
they come,

Swift through the
air with a whizz
and a hum!

This is the way
the big boys
swing!







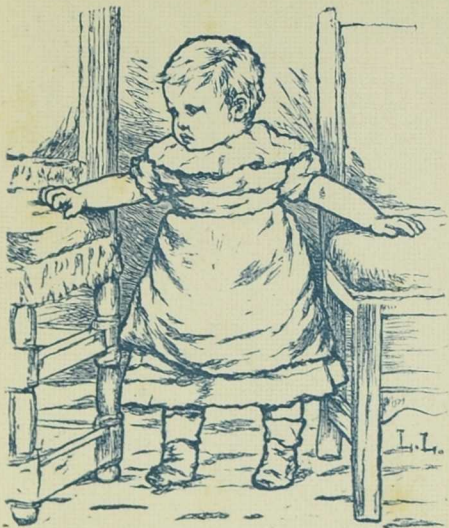
BABY ROSE.

This is Baby Rose in May,
Watching little lambkins play:
Baby Rose who sits and gazes
At the buttercups and daisies;
Baby Rose who listens long,
To the birdies' joyous song!
This is Baby Rose in May—
Merry-hearted as the day!



LEARNING TO WALK.

This is baby who can crawl,
But who cannot stand at all.



This is baby who can stand,
With a chair on either hand.



This is baby, stronger grown,
Standing bravely all alone ;



Yet who is quite sure to fall,
If he tries to walk at all.



This is baby who can run,
If he's held by any one.

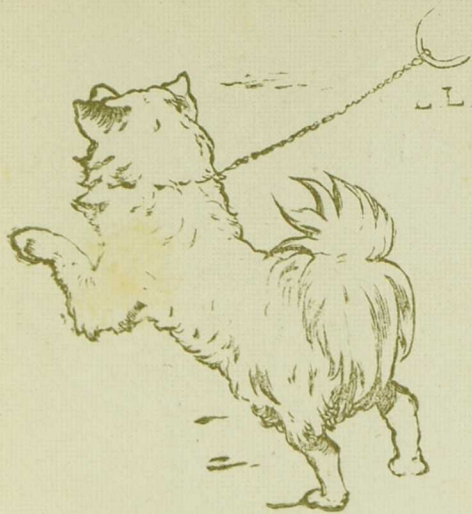


This is baby, full of pride,
Walking, running, far and
wide.

BABY'S PLAYTHINGS.

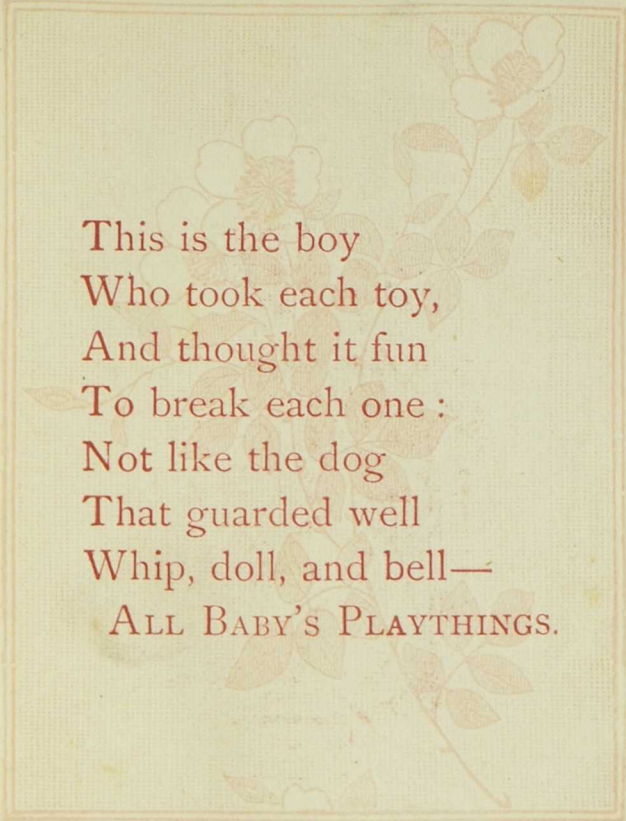


THESE ARE BABY'S PLAY-
THINGS.



This is the dog
That guarded well
Whip, doll, and bell—
ALL BABY'S PLAYTHINGS.





This is the boy
Who took each toy,
And thought it fun
To break each one :
Not like the dog
That guarded well
Whip, doll, and bell—
ALL BABY'S PLAYTHINGS.



This is the nurse who grieved
to see,
The mischief done so cruelly,
And chased the boy who took
each toy,
And thought it fun to break
each one:
Not like the dog
That guarded well
“Whip, doll, and bell”—
ALL BABY'S PLAYTHINGS.

RICK.

This is Baby's brother Rick,
With his uncle's hat and
stick ;
With a horn, too, that he
blows
As along the road he goes,
Making all the people cry—
“ Hark, a coach is coming
by ! ”



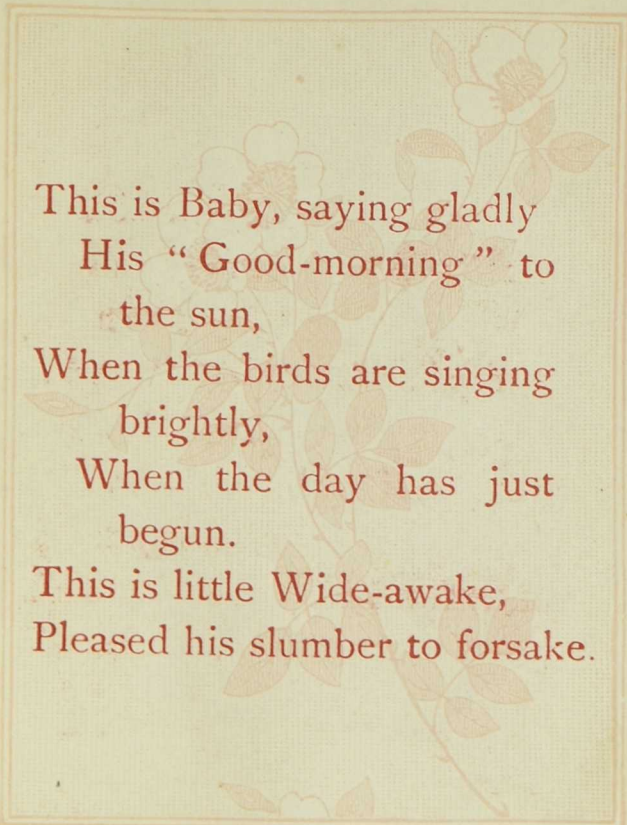
NIGHT AND MORNING.

This is Baby, very weary,
Saying " Good-night " to
the sun,
When the birds are home-
ward flying,
When the day is almost
done.

This is little Sleepy-head,
Longing for his cosy bed.







This is Baby, saying gladly
His "Good-morning" to
the sun,
When the birds are singing
brightly,
When the day has just
begun.
This is little Wide-awake,
Pleased his slumber to forsake.



BABY'S RIDE.

This is the way that Baby
rides,

Through the valley and
over the plain,

Up and down the steep hill-
sides,

Into the city and back
again.

This is the way that Baby
rides—

Baby rides!

BABY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.



THIS IS BABY'S BIRTHDAY
PARTY.



This is merry little Flo,
When she heard that she
might go
TO BABY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.



These are guests in dresses
bright,
Bowling low in way polite,
AT BABY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.



This is tearful little Milly,
Who was very shy and silly
AT BABY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.



These are Hal and Margery,
Pulling crackers, one, two,
three—

AT BABY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.



These are George and little
Mabel,
Sitting at the supper-table,
AT BABY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.



These are guests of merry
mind,
All in hats of quaintest kind,
AT BABY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

This is Baby, tired out,
When no child was left to
shout,
When each guest had gone
away,
From the happy joyous play
AT BABY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.





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