

Who Is She?

HERE is a little maiden,
Who is she, do you know?
She always has a welcome,
Wherever she may go.

Her face is like the May-time,
Her voice is like a bird's;
The sweetest of all music
Is in her litiesome words.

Each spot she makes the brighter,
As if she were the sun;
And she is sought and cherished
And loved by everyone—
By old folks and by children,
By lofty and by low;
Who is this little maiden,
Does anybody know?

You surely must have met her;
You certainly can guess;
What! I must introduce her?
Her name is Cheerfulness.



Niddlety Noddy.

"Dear Niddlety Noddy,
All head and no body,
I'm sure I can't tell
Why I love you so well.
I love you in summer,
And in winter so cold,
I don't think I'd sell you
For silver or gold!"