Who Is She?

ERE 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 lithesome words.

Each spot she makes the brighter,

As if she were the sun;

And she is sought and cherished

And loved by everyone—

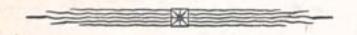
By old folks and by children,

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!"