

## Who Is She?

**H**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!"