

My Princess

HER little wooden shoes go patter-patter-
pat

On the cobbles of the sunny old French street,
As she toddles down the hill with a rat-a-tat-a-
tat,

And there's music in the clatter of her feet—
Oh, her hair is molten sunshine with the shadows
flitting through,

And her big round eyes are twinkling, shining
stars,

And her laughter is the sweetest that the old
world ever knew

Since the fairies fluttered through the rainbow
bars.

So I count myself her subject, and I stand to
serve her needs

And I come to lay my homage at her feet,
But she laughs and clatters by me, and she never
looks nor heeds—

And when she laughs she looks so wondrous
sweet!

And I'm sad when she is sorrowful, and glad
when she is gay,

And every day I love her more and more,
But she tramples on the heart of me, and laugh-
ing goes her way—

My little Princess—aged just four.