

Into that being, that erstwhile did not know  
 The bliss, the happiness, the joy profound,  
 In great creation's plan harmonious found;  
 And blighting greed, and dwarfing sordidness,  
 To noble thinking and true manliness,  
 Would yield; then would poor starveling grow to giant,  
 Much less on pelf and more on self reliant,  
 But praising God for all the good extant  
 In gladsome nature's grand and glorious chant.

### WITH THE BABIES IN A FLAT

**H**O! Sing a song of babies!  
 Babies here, babies there,  
 Babies everywhere;  
 Babies rolling on the floor,  
 Babies in the corridor,  
 Babies lean, and babies fat,  
 Oh, what fun in our flat.

In the morn and all day long,  
 We do hear their splendid song,  
 Oh, what pleasure, oh, what bliss,  
 Just to hear them crow and hiss;  
 But when they cry with all their force,  
 With raptures we are seized, of course;  
 Yes, then we're filled with ecstasy  
 In such splendid luck to be.

Babies here, babies there,  
 Babies tied upon a chair,  
 Babies sitting on the stairs,  
 Babies single and in pairs;  
 To right, to left, above, below,  
 Oh, what joy it doth bestow  
 To know we ne'er shall lonely be  
 With babies, babies, as you see.

And oft, oft in the stilly night—  
 Oh, then there's naught can us affright,