

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 flitted 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 laughing goes
her way,
My little Princess—aged just four.
Oh, her kingdom lies before her, for my heart is all her
own,
And the little tyrant rules by smile and frown,
With a rag doll for her sceptre, and a wooden stool her
throne,
And her royal robe a tattered gingham gown.
And she only asks a sugarplum as tribute to her sway,
Or a kiss, perhaps, to drive away the blues,
But I know the great big universe keeps rolling on its way
To the clatter of her little wooden shoes.