

HIS OWN LITTLE BLACK-EYED LAD.

It is time for bed, so the nurse declares,
But I slip off to the nook;
The cosey nook at the head of the stairs,
Where Daddy's reading his book.
"I want to sit here awhile on your knee,"
I say, as I toast my feet,
"And I want you to pop some corn for me,
And give me an apple sweet."

I tickle him under the chin—*just so*—
And I say, "*Please can't I Dad?*"
Then I kiss his mouth so he can't say, *no!*
To his little black-eyed lad.

"You can't have a pony, this year at all,"
Says my stingy uncle Joe,
After promising it—and there's the stall
Fixed ready for it, you know.
One can't depend on his uncles, I see,
It's daddies that are the best,
And I find mine and get up on his knee
As he takes his smoke and rest.

I tickle him under the chin—*just so*—
And I say, "*Please, can't I, Dad?*"
Then I kiss his mouth so he can't say, *no!*
To his own little black-eyed lad.

I want to skate, and oh, what a fuss
For fear I'll break through the ice!
This woman that keeps our house for us,
She isn't what I call nice.
She wants a boy to be just like a girl,
To play in the house all day,
Keep his face all clean, and his hair in curl—
But Dad doesn't think that way.

I tickle him under the chin—*just so*—
And I say, "*Please, can't I, Dad?*"
Then I kiss his mouth so he can't say, *no!*
To his own little black-eyed lad.

"You're growing so big," says my dad to me—
"Soon be a man, I suppose,
Too big to climb up on your old dad's knee
And toast your little toes."
Then his voice, it gets the funniest shake,
And oh, but he holds me tight!
I say, when I can't keep my eyes awake,
"Let me sleep with you to-night."

I tickle him under the chin—*just so*—
And I say, "*Please, can't I, Dad?*"
Then I kiss his mouth so he can't say, *no!*
To his own little black-eyed lad.

Jean Blewett.