

## 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.