

THE birds and flowers are in danger!—  
By an expected little stranger  
Who some fine morning comes to town  
They'll find themselves at once put down!—

Of Rose I take the greatest care,  
She must have exercise and air;  
Dear Lady Græme is very nice  
And gives her matronly advice.—  
I think I'll hide her books away  
And bring them out some other day—  
Yes, I must see to that indeed,  
I cannot let dear Rosa read.—  
But yet we must not rashly thwart her.—  
And will it be a son, or daughter?

WHEN Rosa took to loving me  
I'm sure we then were both agreed  
No greater happiness could be  
And that of nought beside we'd need.  
But now we very plainly see  
We then were only half content  
And what we wanted, we agree,  
Was but the baby that is sent.