

DEW DROPS

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THE HOUSEHOLD KING.

No letter does he know in all
The lengthy alphabet ;
The simplest word one ever heard
Remains a mystery yet.
One single step he cannot take,
Nor can he even stand ;
He cannot write, the dainty mite,
Or use his dainty hand.

His daily round of baby life
Is made of curious things—
To laugh and creep and play bo-peep
Untiring pleasure brings,
Until with unrelenting hand
The sand-man claims his eyes,
And then to sing this baby king
Asleep with lullabies.