

For all the ghosts and goblins weird,  
That were by all our forbears teared,  
Have been made to wilt and fade  
Before the babies' brave brigade.

And when at last they're all asleep,  
And humbly we to bed do creep,  
And weary, think the din is o'er,  
We foolishly begin to snore,  
Or glide into a pleasant dream,  
Then baby wakes and gets up steam;  
Baby ne'er a soul will rob,  
Baby's always on the job:  
Oh, what joy, what rapturous bliss,  
Living in a place like this.

Now sing a song of polliwogs,  
Of carpet tacks and painted hogs,—  
Please do not think me impolite  
Because this ditty I indite:  
I did not mean to criticize  
The little imps of tiny size,  
But there be grown-ups, not a few,  
Who tramp about and bellow too;  
To make a noise these fools delight,  
They've no regard for a neighbor's right,  
But act as though they owned the town  
And think it smart to play the clown;  
Into the day they turn the night  
As if they had gone crazy quite.

These should be made to walk a crack  
For four straight days, with pack on back,  
Without a minute's time to sleep  
While on their weary tramp they keep;  
Then sent to school to be advised,  
They're in a land that's civilized.  
So ends my song.—The babies dear,  
All innocent, need have no fear;  
They rule the roost, and so they may,  
God bless the babies, I do say.