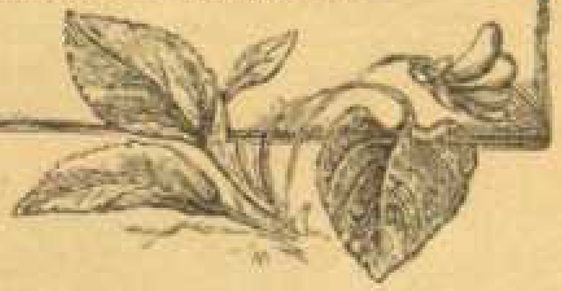
A DREARY place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it,
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms like buds to grow
And make the admiring heart surrender ;
No little hands on breast or brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

Life's song indeed would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it;
A doleful place this world would be
Were there no little people in it.



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