



MAMMA'S BOY.

“BABY, climbing on my knee,
Come and talk a while to me.
We have trotted up and down,
Playing horse, all over town.
Whose sweet darling are you, dear?
Whisper close to mamma's ear:
Tell me quickly, for you can.”
“I'm mamma's boy, but papa's man!”

“Why, you've many miles to go
Ere you'll be a man, you know.
You are mamma's own delight;
You are mamma's diamond bright;
Rose and lily, pearl and star,
Love and dove, — all these you are.”
“No!” the little tongue began:
“I'm mamma's boy, but papa's man!”

GEORGE COOPER.