



Little People

by John Greenleaf Whittier

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 and brow,

To keep the thrilling
love-chords tender.



The sterner souls would grow more stern,
Unfeeling nature more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman be less than woman.

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.

