



### THE LITTLE QUEEN'S COMING.

With Roses—red Roses,  
We'll pelt her with Roses,  
And Lilies—white Lilies we'll drop at  
her feet;  
The little Queen's coming,  
The people are running—  
The people are running to greet and  
to meet.

Then clash out a welcome,  
Let all the bells sound, come,  
To give her a welcoming proud and  
sweet.  
How her blue eyes will beam,  
And her golden curls gleam,  
When the sound of our singing rings  
down the street.