





Little One, this book's for you,

I'll read it loud and clear.

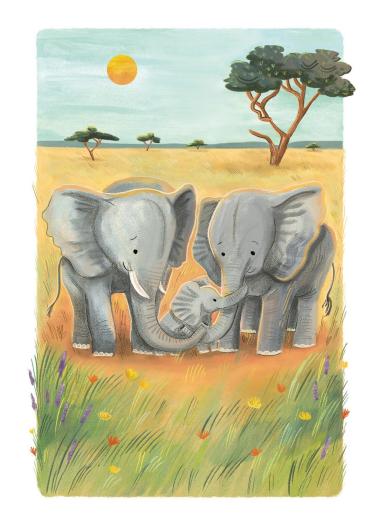




For though we haven't met you yet,

I know that you can hear.









Your mother's beating heart

Makes up the music of your day,







And when I sing, you listen in:

You wriggle and you play.

