

A queen sits in her garden.
"I want a daughter," she thinks.
"One small wish, one small prayer,
one small baby, gentle and fair."

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The queen has a baby girl.
At night she sings to her:
"Little baby, little baby,
little fingers, little toes.
Little red lips like a rose,
little eyes, little nose.
Precious hair black as night,
precious skin like white snow.
Mommy loves you, little baby,
little baby, goodnight."
"Goodnight, my Snow White,"
she says.





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