SLEEP, Dolly sleep,
For the wind is drifting the red red leaves
The birds are hiding beneath the eaves,
And the Sun sinks softly to rest,
Sleep my pretty one, sleep.

THE wild dog rose has fallen,
The flowerets gay are few,
But the nuts are in the hedgerows,
And the leaves are of golden hue.

AROUND and around a dusty little room,
Went a very little maiden with a very big broom.
And she said: "Oh! I could make it so tidy and so trig,
Were I a little bigger and my broom not quite so big!"

October 19.

October 20.

October 24.

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