

THE CARMELITE REVIEW. TELLING STORIES.

I know a boy that's sleepy,
I can tell by the nodding head
And the eyes that cannot stay open
While the good-night prayer is said.
And the whispered "Tell a 'tory,"
Said in such a drowsy way,
Makes me hear the bells of Dreamland
That ring at close of day.

So you want a story, darling,
What shall the story be?
Of Little Boy Blue in the haystack,
And the sheep he fails to see
As they nibble the meadow clover
While the cows are in the corn?
O Little Boy Blue, wake up, wake up!
For the farmer blows his horn.

Or shall it be the story
Of Little Bopeep I tell
And the sheep she lost and mourned for,
As if awful fate befell?
But there was no need of sorrow
For the pet that went astray.
Since left alone, he came back home
In his own good time and way!

Oh! the pigs that went to market—
That's the tale for me to tell;
The great big pig, and the little pigs,
And the wee wee pig as well.
Here's the big pig—what a beauty!
But not half as cunning is he
As this little tot of a baby pig
That can only say "Wee-wee!"

Just look at the baby, bless him!
The little rogue's fast asleep,
I might have stopped telling stories
When I got to Little Bopeep.
Oh, little one, how I love you!
You are so dear, so fair,
Here's a good-night kiss, my baby—
God have you in His care!