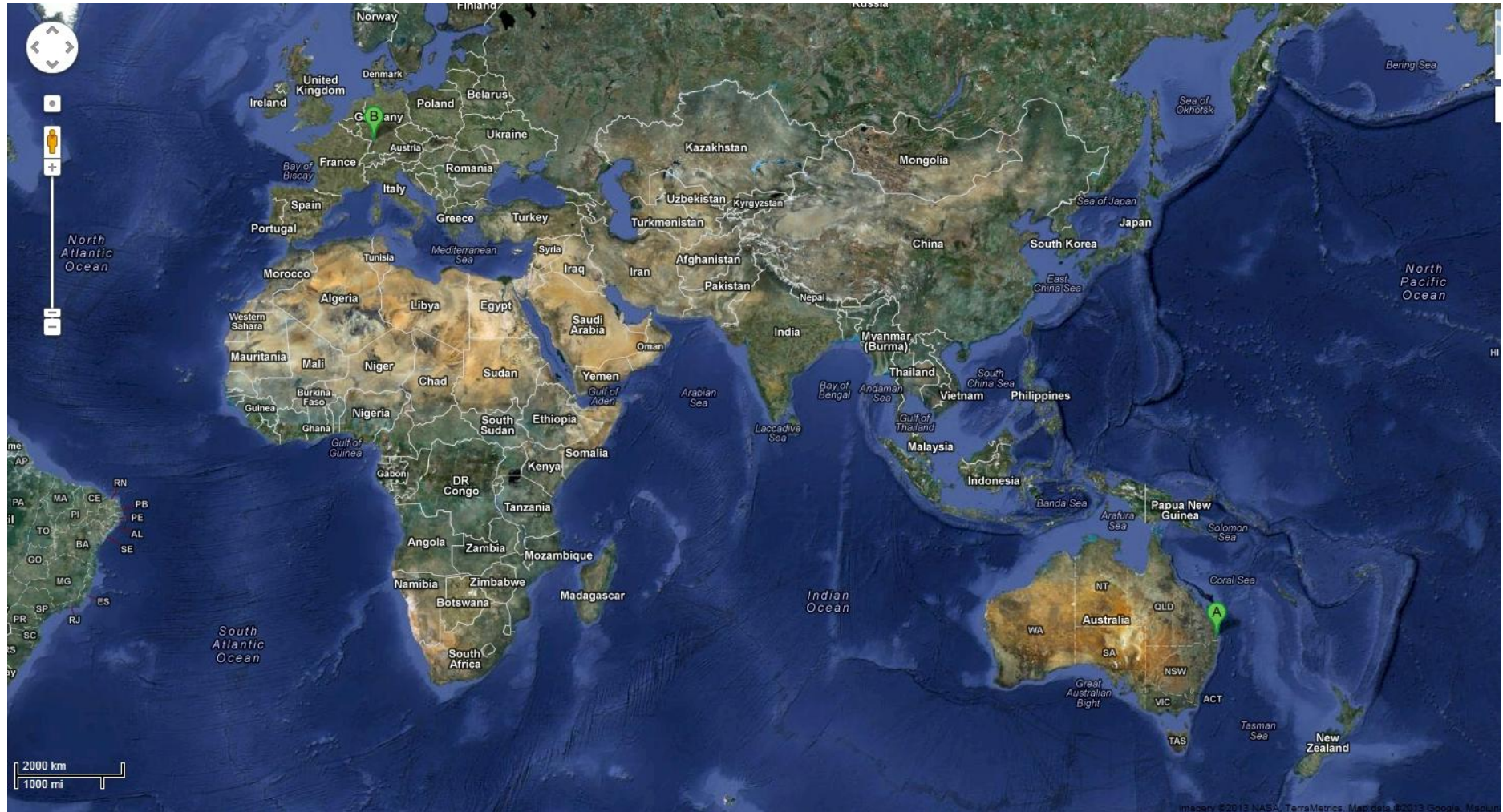


The Little Girl Who Lived Far From Home



By Patty Beecham

Genevieve
was a
growing
baby



And a baby loved
and true.



Her mother dressed her
always in pink,



Never ever in blue.

Opps!



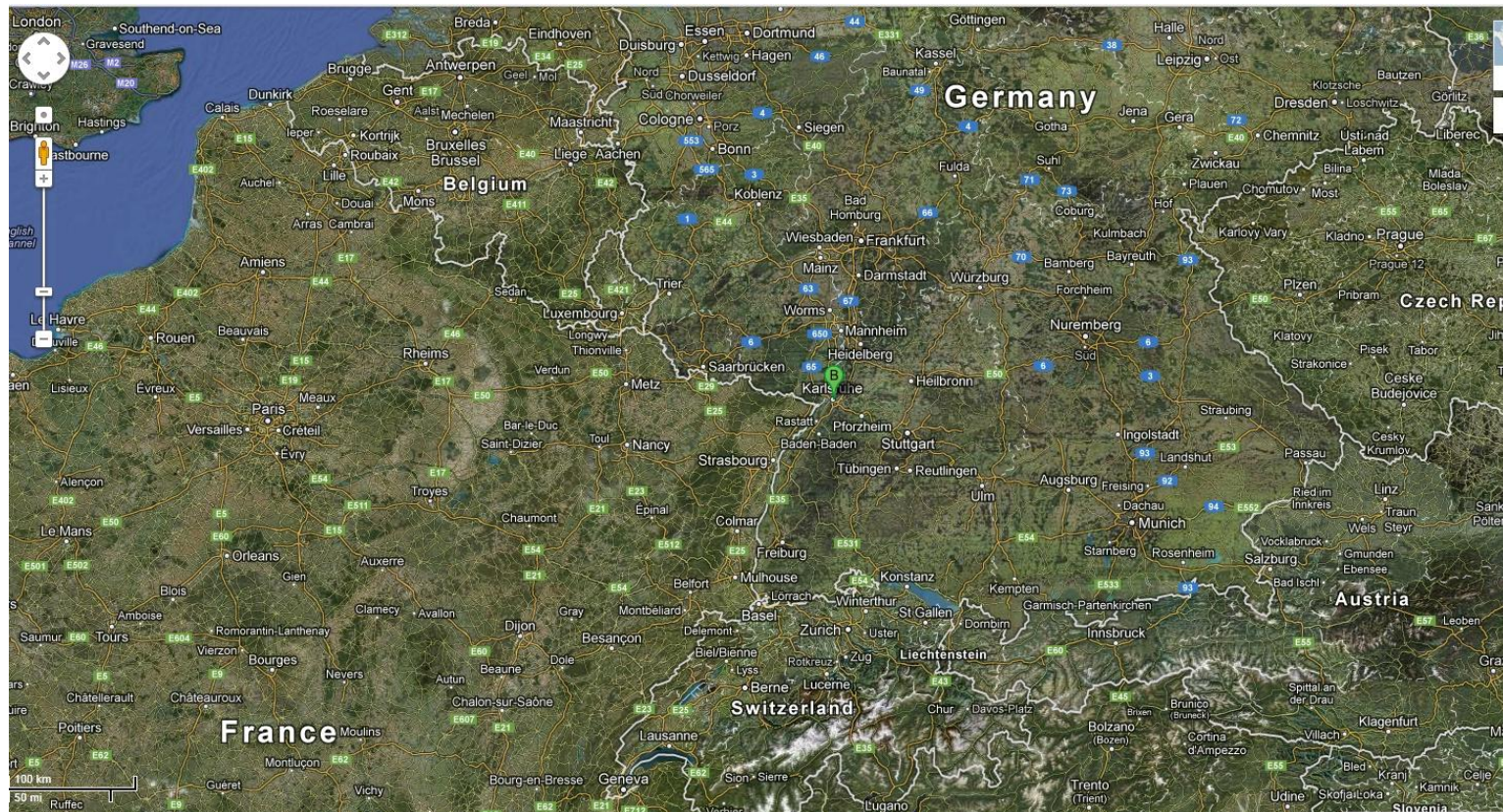
Mummy sung her lullabies.
She had such a pretty voice!



Daddy guided
aeroplanes to the
airport of their choice.



She lived outside Australia - this much was true!



She lived where the Germans lived, not one kangaroo!



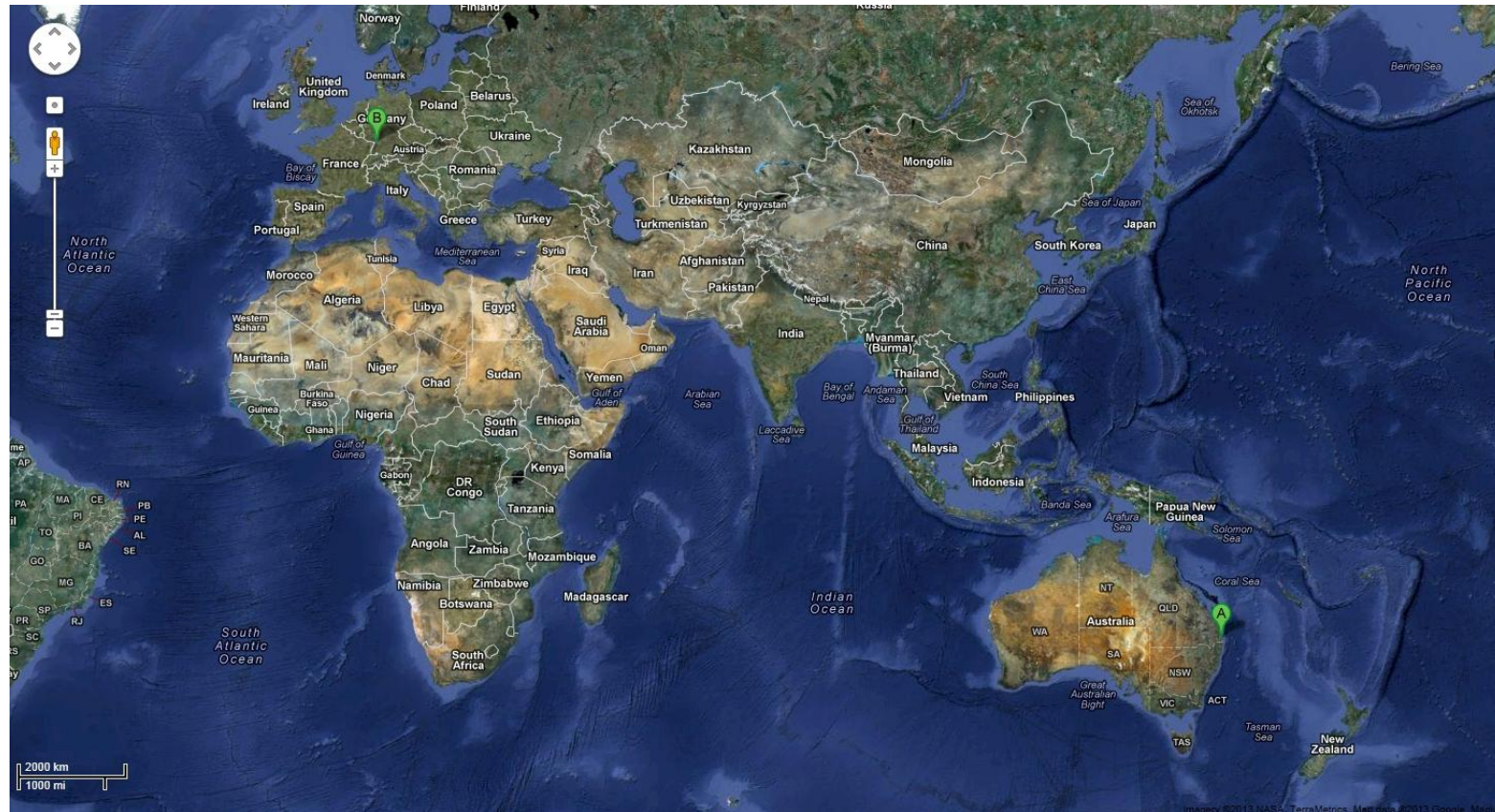
Born in a land of sauerkraut,
one day she thought she might



have a taste of her mum's homeland, the
mighty Vegemite!



Over the ocean, across the world, over the raging seas, flying through the blue sky clouds, was Australia if you please.





A flippy-floppy sleeper, she had her little ways

Of sleeping on her tummy, sometimes for days



and days and days.



But mummy didn't sleep, no, mummy never rested.



Her brain was foggy, she yawned a LOT and her humour was sorely tested.



Their darling Genevieve they loved, they loved her through and through,



All snugly in her pyjamas...and that
little girl is YOU!

Sleep well Little one.

