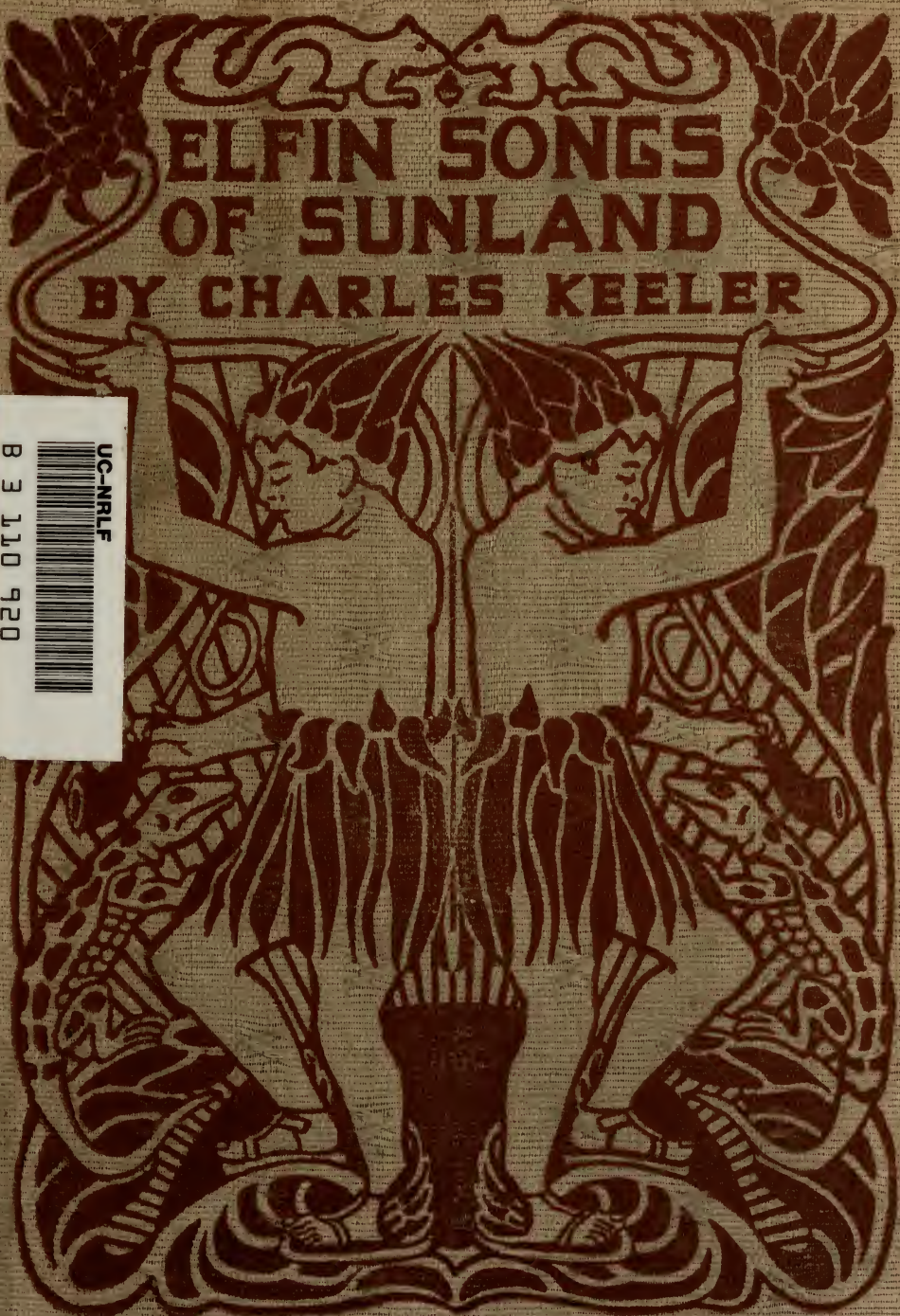


**ELFIN SONGS
OF SUNLAND
BY CHARLES KEELER**

UC-NRLF



B 3 110 920



AUG 30 1904

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

GIFT OF

Chas Keeler

Class

985

K26
e

The Library of the University of
California

From Charles Keeler

Berkeley, August 30th 1904

Elfin Songs of Sunland

By CHARLES KEELER

Decorations by Louise Keeler

Published at the Sign of
the Live Oak in Berk-
eley, California. Price
seventy-five cents net;
by mail, five cents ad-
ditional for postage

Quotations from this collection of child poems
are hereby authorized for review purposes only

Other Books by the Same Author

Idyls of El Dorado

A. M. Robertson, Publisher. Price, \$1.25 net.

From the *Boston Times*:

"There is a land of golden dreams afar that stretches for several hundred miles along the Pacific shore, and which rich and wonderful State has given birth to many splendid bright men and women. A book entitled 'Idyls of El Dorado' has reached this office which is decorated with designs from the wild flowers of California by Louise Keeler, but the beautiful poems within the volume are written by Charles Keeler. There is a great deal that is tender and true, attractive and sincere, comforting and sweet in Mr. Keeler's lines. We wish it were possible not to point out all their treasures but to quote from them, as they are very uplifting."

From the *Christian Register*, Boston:

"There is everywhere a profound sentiment for natural scenery; and when the ethical note is sounded, it is always pure and high."

From the *New York Outlook*:

"Mr Keeler's verses have the real swing and rush indicating a fullness and richness of thought sometimes difficult to limit and condense by the rules of rhyme."

A Season's Sowing

Couplets and Quatrains richly decorated with full-page designs, borders and initials by Louise Keeler. A. M. Robertson, publisher. Price, \$1.25 net.

From the *Literary World*, Boston:

"The taste, the artistic sense and skill, the mechanical handiwork embodied in this little book equal the best fruits of English education. Nothing better of its kind, within our knowledge, has appeared this season, and San Francisco may put another feather in its publishing cap."

From the *Boston Beacon*:

"It is seldom that so much wit is embodied in verses that wear so uniformly serious an aspect."

A Wanderer's Songs of the Sea

With a hand-illuminated cover of an old Spanish galleon by Louise Keeler. A. M. Robertson, publisher. Price, \$1.00 net.

From the *Philadelphia Press*:

“Charles Keeler sings with no uncertain note when he raises his voice in ‘A Wanderer’s Songs of the Sea.’ Here are ballads and chanties that have an echoing ring to them.”

From the *Boston Advertiser*:

“Mr. Keeler’s interpretation of the sea is refreshing as a salt breeze in the sultry season. He does not rhapsodize on waves of golden glow or mourn souls sucked down by the cruel deep. Rather he reproduces in deep sea chanties the humming wind, the rush of great rollers, and life on ships tossed by crashing waves.”

The Promise of the Ages

Out of print.

From the *New York Independent*:

“This is a thoughtful and lofty piece of work, as a poem of science, religion and philosophy, dedicated to Joseph Le Conte, should be. The author has imagination and a good ear for rhythm; beyond this his poem shows the working of a mind accustomed to pondering deeply over questions of life, destiny, creation, evolution. Mr. Keeler sings geology, astronomy, biology and theology, and sings them in stately measure.”

Address THE LIVE OAK GUILD
Berkeley, California

Elfin Songs of Sunland

ELFIN SONGS OF SUNLAND BY CHARLES KEELER



PUBLISHED AT THE SIGN
OF THE LIVE-OAK ♠ ♠ IN
BERKELEY · CALIFORNIA
MCMIV



copy Copyright 1904
By CHARLES KEELER
All Rights Reserved

Decorations by
LOUISE KEELER

E 2
E
19

DEDICATION

Elfin songs of sunland,
Frolicland and funland;
Little rhymes of child hours,
Wood elves and wild flowers;
Jingles of the forest green,
Songs for little Merodine!

NAMES OF THE SONGS

I. A Ring Around of Playtime

POPPING CORN	13
THE BAKER MAN	15
TOPS	16
THE KITE	18
THE SEE-SAW	20
SOAP BUBBLES	21
THE BRASS BAND	22
THE OVERLAND FLYER	24
THE SWIMMING POOL	26

II. Songs of the Wildwood

A CHILD'S BOOK	31
A LESSON	32
A WINTER WALK	33
WINTER RAIN IN CALIFORNIA	34
WILD-WOOD BOGIES	36
THE COYOTE	38
THE HUMMINGBIRD	40
THE ROADRUNNER	42

NAMES OF THE SONGS

THE BURROWING OWL	- - - - -	44
THE CRESTED JAY	- - - - -	46
TROUBLE IN THE TREES	- - - - -	48
THE SQUIRREL	- - - - -	50
THE POLLIWOG THAT LOST ITS TAIL	- - - - -	52
THE HORNED TOAD	- - - - -	54
A FAIRY IN A FLOWER	- - - - -	55
BUTTERCUP	- - - - -	56
THE COLUMBINE	- - - - -	57
THE LEOPARD LILY	- - - - -	58
JOHNNY JUMP-UP	- - - - -	59
SONG OF THE BROWN LILY	- - - - -	60
SHOOTING STAR FLOWERS	- - - - -	61
THE SCARLET LARKSPUR	- - - - -	62
THE TRILLIUM	- - - - -	63
BABY BLUE-EYES	- - - - -	64

III. Quips and Cranks

MY AUNTIE	- - - - -	67
THE BEAR HUNTER	- - - - -	69

NAMES OF THE SONGS

MAGGIE MULDOON	- - - - -	70
THE BOOBITY BUMPKIN	- - - - -	71
FARMER JONES' GOAT	- - - - -	72
POOR MR. MIDAS	- - - - -	73
THREE WISE MEN	- - - - -	74
A GOBBLER IN TROUBLE	- - - - -	75
THE TALE OF A POOR LITTLE WORM	- - - - -	76

IV. Rhymes for Toddlers

CHINA DOLLS	- - - - -	78
DOLLY ASLEEP	- - - - -	79
BABY LIFE	- - - - -	80
LITTLE BROTHER	- - - - -	81
PLAYING HORSE	- - - - -	82
BABY IN THE BARNYARD	- - - - -	83
BABY'S GOOD-NIGHT	- - - - -	85
DOGS	- - - - -	87
MY ANIMALS	- - - - -	88

NAMES OF THE SONGS

V. Brown Baby Ballads

SIX LITTLE ESKIMO - - - - -	93
THE MEXICAN BABIES - - - - -	95
THE LITTLE PIUTE - - - - -	97
THE HONOLULU BOY - - - - -	98
A SAMOA SLEEPY SONG - - - - -	99

A RING AROUND OF PLAYTIME



Elfin Songs of Sunland

POPPING CORN



COME, you merry little fellows,
Poke the coals and blow the
bellows;

Here's the popper, shell the corn,
And let it pop this winter morn.

Pop-a-tee-pop-pop-pop!
See the kernels skip and hop,
See them puff out full and white,
Hear them crackle in affright.

Now shake, shake, shake,
Till your hands and faces bake;
Tip it, turn it,
Or you'll burn it,
And a dreadful muss you'll make.



Now it's done we'll have a feast;
Smallest hands must take the least!
Hot and crisp and white and sweet,—
Isn't this a jolly treat!



THE BAKER MAN



WHO do you think is the baker
man,

And how do you think he makes
his cake?

He mixes his dough in an old tin can
And puts it out in the sun to bake.
He pats pats pats at his little mud pies;
He rounds them and rolls them and looks
so wise.

The baker man is my brother Ned,
And out in the garden he's working away,
Right by the scarlet geranium bed,
And his hands and his face are just covered
with clay,
As he pats pats pats at his little mud pies;
As he rounds them and rolls them and looks
so wise.



TOPS



HOW would you like to be a top,
To be made to spin till you couldn't
stop;—

To be pitched head first from a coil of
string,

To be made to dance till you sigh and
swing?

There's the top that is whipped and the top
with a peg

That gouges its brother and leaves him to
beg;

There's the musical top with holes in its
side,

That is said to have played till it fell down
and died.



But of all the tops that ever were spun,
The biggest are those of the old daddy Sun;
And I'll wager he has just the jolliest sport
With the Earth and with Saturn and tops
of that sort.



THE KITE

BLOW, wind, blow, wind,
Fly, kite, fly!
On and on you go, wind,
Up, kite, high!

Out sweeps your tail, kite,
Tug on the string;
Far away you sail, kite,
Proudly you swing.

If I were like you, kite,
One white wing,
With nothing else to do, kite,
But tug upon the string,



I'd sail up from town, kite,
To see the moon's back,
And then slide down, kite,
The Milky-Way's track.



THE SEE-SAW



BALANCE the ladder atop of the
rail,

And up we go, down we go, all
in a gale,

Singing like birds as we teeter away,
Bouncing and jouncing each other in play.

You are Queen Sally and I am King Peter,
And where are we going astride of our
teeter?

Riding to fairyland, over the moon.

Up we go,—down!—and we'll be there soon.



SOAP BUBBLES



LUBBLETY, flopplety, bubble and
spatter,
Soap-suds and water and clay
pipes and chatter!

Puff little cheeklets and blow, blow, blow!
Look at the bubbles beginning to grow!

O what a beauty, all purple and pink!
Whiff! it has vanished before you can think!
Now look at this one with clouds and a
tree

Swimming about in a gold-lighted sea!

Hurrah, it is floating away through the air!
Car of the fairies was never more fair.
Zip comes a goblin and clips it away!
What will the fairy who rode in it say?



THE BRASS BAND



T makes me feel so fine and gay
When drums are beat and bugles
play;

I think I'd like to be a king
And rule the earth and everything.

The big bass-drum
Goes dum, dum, dum,
The horns play tweedle dee,
And every toot and every beat
Just catches hold of my two feet
And makes them run away from me.
And this is what I hear them say
As down the street they march away:
Te dum, ratta dum, ratta dum dum dee,



Te dum, ratta dum, shout hurrah boys with
me!

Tweedle twee twee twee, tweedle anything
you can,

For I'm going to be a soldier when I get
to be a man!



THE OVERLAND FLYER



O-TOO! to-too! Ka-ding, ka-dong!

Down the mole comes the flyer
a-zipping along,—

Smoke clouds panting and hissing of steam,
Rattling of rails and a sudden scream!

The iron dragon snorts up to the station,
The proudest beast in the wide creation;
Fed on fire it puffs and blows,
Cyclops-eyed like a fiend it glows.

We kiss our hands to the friends by the
Bay,
On the dragon's tail we are whisked away,
And faster we whiz by the glistening shore,—
Towns spin past as we ride with a roar.



Now the iron throat is gasping astrain
As the beast up the mountains is dragging
his train.

O where are you taking us, monster of steel?
Out in the darkness the pine-trees reel!

Over the desert we swing and fly,
Towns and prairies are flashing by;
When, lo! to your castle you plunge in the
night,—
The great walls tower in ghostly light.

Does a princess live in that tall black tower?
Are all of the people here under your power?
I never was certain that dragons were true
Till I got on your tail and rode with you!



THE SWIMMING POOL



THE boys love to swim on a hot
summer day

In the pool where the pond-lilies
float;

There's Willie and Frankie with Bennie and
Jay

Adrift in a leaky old boat.

As Ben splashes under, a kingfisher cries:

"You'll frighten my fish with your noise,"

While the frog on the lily-pad croaks in
surprise:

"What awkward great creatures are boys!"

The poor little catfish way down in the mud

Can't imagine what's coming its way



As Frank dives head-first with a splash and
a thud,
Close followed by Willie and Jay.

Then to lie in the sand when the swimming
is done,
While the skater-bugs dance on the
stream!
Just a tickle of wind and a shower of sun
And a sigh of content as we dream!

SONGS OF THE WILDWOOD



A CHILD'S BOOK



HERE are many good books, my
child,

But the best of them all for you
Is the book that is hid in the greenwood
wild,

All bound in a cover of blue.

'Tis the book of the birds and the bees,

Of the flowers and the fish in the brook;

You may learn how to read if you go to
the trees

And open your eyes and look.



A LESSON



TELL me little spider,
Who taught you how to spin?
Tell me little minnow,
How you learned to use your fin.

Tell me little swallow,
Who taught you how to fly?
And they each said, "It is easy
If you only try and try."



A WINTER WALK



N the Berkeley Hills for miles away
I went a-roaming one winter's
day,

And what do you think I saw, my dear?
A place where the sky came down to the
hill,
And a big white cloud on the fresh green
grass,
And bright red berries my basket to fill,
And mustard that grew in a golden mass,—
All on a winter's day, my dear!



WINTER RAIN IN CALIFORNIA



EE the little drops of rain,
Falling, falling,
Softly calling
Flowers back to life again.

First the blades of grass appear,
Upward creeping,
Shyly peeping
O'er the meadow far and near.

Then the mustard spreads its gold,—
Opes its flowers
To the showers,
Little heeding winter's cold.



Poppies' velvet petals glow;
 Each new-comer
 Thinks 'tis summer,
Though the winter breezes blow.

And the little drops of rain,
 Softly falling
 Still are calling
Flowers forth on hill and plain.



WILD-WOOD BOGIES



IST little toddlekins, whisk and
away!

Now is the time for the bogies
to play;

Patter of foot-pads and eyes brightly glowing,
Noses that sniffle the night breezes blowing,
Bogies are romping the wildwood in glee,
Frisking and scampering, nimble and free.

Who are the velvet-foot, fire-eyed bogies?
Coons and coyotes and wild woodland
roguies!
Playing at night-time when baby's asleep;
Whisk! did you see that ghost jack-rabbit
leap?
"Boo!" and "Boo-hoo!" cries the fluffy
horned-owl,



And the wolf in the pine-woods calls back
with a howl.

The panther slinks on in the trail of the
deer,

The wood-rats have run to their tunnels in
fear,

And down the steep mountain with snuffling
and shuffling

A clumsy she-bear with her cubbies is
scuffling;

For night is the time for the bogies to
roam,—

Hist, little toddlekins, fly to your home!



THE COYOTE



CRUNCHING in his monkish gray,
Crunching at his dying prey,
Furtive eyes and pricking ears,
Haunted by a hundred fears!—
Yet the cotton-tail trembles to see him pass
With his pat pat patter on the parching
grass!

Lolling tongue and panting sides,—
'Mid the tawny grass he hides!
Lowered is his bushy tail,
Keen of snout he sniffs the trail!
But he yelps and howls like a mad thing
at night,
With his kai yi yi in the moon's dim light!



Friendless prowler, sage-brush thief,
Hunted rover, desert chief!
Even you who friendless roam
Have a loving mate at home,—
And her little ones yelp in their lair with
delight
As she pat pat patters anear through the
night!



THE HUMMINGBIRD

BUZ-Z! whir-r!—a flash and away!
A midget bejeweled mid flowers
at play!

A snip of a birdling, the blossom-bells' king,
A waif of the sun-beams on quivering wing!

O prince of the fairies, O pigmy of fire,
Will nothing those brave little wings of
yours tire?

You follow the flowers from southern lands
sunny,

You pry amid petals all summer for honey!

Now rest on a twig, tiny flowerland sprite,
Your dear little lady sits near in delight;
In a wee felted basket she lovingly huddles,—



Two dots of white eggs to her warm breast
she cuddles!

Whiz-z! whiff!—off to your flowers!
Buzz mid the perfume of jasmine bowers!
Chatter and chirrup, my king of the fays,
And laugh at the song that I sing in your
praise!



THE ROAD-RUNNER



GRAY-streaked road-runner scurry-
ing by

In a sage-brush valley, I happened
to spy,—

Long-legged and thin-billed, with a stretched-
out tail,

And a comical body as thin as a rail!

Oh surely, I thought, what a sad slim fowl
Compared with his neighbor the well-fed owl!
Till he pounced on a snake with a rapturous
squeak,

And rapped the poor reptile a clip with his
beak.

Then why is he nothing but feathers and
skin?



Is it running so fast that has worn him so
thin?

Just think what would happen, my lad, to
you,

If you ran all day like a ground cuckoo?



THE BURROWING OWL



Y blinkety owlet atop of your
mound,

Is your mate tucked away in a
hole in the ground?

You bare-footed gnome in your striped suit
of dun,

With your fluffy white babies that bask in
the sun!

See her bobbing and blinking
As if she were thinking
Of the poor lady cricket
That chirps in the thicket!

With a snap and a chatter
Mrs. Owlet is at her,



THE CRESTED JAY



HE jay is a jovial bird,—heigh-ho!

He chatters all day

In a frolicsome way

With the murmuring breezes that blow,—
heigh-ho!

Hear him noisily call

From a redwood-tree tall

To his mate in the opposite tree, heigh-ho!

Saying: "How do you do?"

As his top-knot of blue

Is raised as polite as can be,—heigh-ho!

O impudent jay

With your plumage so gay



And your manners so jaunty and free,—
heigh-ho!

How little you guessed

When you robbed the wren's nest,

That any stray fellow would see,—heigh-ho!



TROUBLE IN THE TREES



THE birds had a meeting,—
The owl was judge;
But a jay came along
And said 'twas all fudge.

With a quill in his ear
The shore-lark was clerk;
The wren was a witness,
And how she did perk!

The king-bird was sheriff
And brought in the shrike,
When a goldfinch could scarcely
Conceal her dislike.

What talking and squawking,
What whetting of bills!



What ruffling of feathers,
What bristling of quills!

Till a fox heard the chatter
And pounced on the jay,
When swallows and sparrows
And all flew away!



THE SQUIRREL

T must be risky
To frolic so frisky
Up in a swaying tree;
To scamper and skip
On a pine tree's tip
As you chatter away at me!

Now what's your hurry,
You wood-imp furry,
In your snug little suit of gray?
You romp and rollic
With fun and frolic
Like wind with the leaves at play.

O nervous nixie
With ways so trixie,



Fidgety sprite so frail!
Sit up and munch
At your pine-nut lunch
In the shade of your bushy tail!



THE POLLIWOG THAT LOST ITS TAIL



WIGGLY little polliwog lived in
a pool

On the edge of a stream where
the water was cool,

Till one day he turned very green and pale
For he found that he surely was losing his
tail,

And legs were sprouting and he caught the
croup

As he crawled up the bank with a hoarse,
“Ge-loup!

“Ca-thump, ca-lump, ca-chug, ca-chook!”

“Oh what can have happened?” he asked
with a croak;

“This seems like a regular bull-frog joke.”



Then he stretched his legs for a mighty
jump,
And right in the water he landed ka-plump;
Which made him smile from ear to ear,
For he felt so very delightfully queer
As he called to his mate, "I'm a frog, my
dear!"



THE HORNED TOAD



ORNYKINS, Hornykins, open your
eye,

For close to your nose is a blue-
bottle fly!

Toadykins ruffle your spines and your frills
And scurry away on the rocks to the hills!

Little squat goblin, all bristling with spikes,
Flattened-out lizard that nobody likes,
Stone-colored hermit of sagebrush and sand,
You're the drollest hobgoblin of no-baby's
land!



A FAIRY IN A FLOWER



TINY gold fairy flew into a flower
One morning at cock-crow, to hide
from a shower;

The drops fell a-patter upon his tent roof,
But what did it matter while leaves were
rain proof?

He found in the flower fine honey to eat;
"So-so," sang the fairy, "the food here is
sweet!

No prince in his palace fares better than I,
Alone in my chalice with storms blowing by!"

Now what do you think is the name of this
fairy

Who hid from the shower in lily-bell airy?
His coat is bright yellow, black banded with
fuzz;—

This bumble-bee gay with his musical buzz!



BUTTERCUP



BUTTERCUP, buttercup,
Why don't you hurry up
Out of the ground so cold!
With your little coat yellow,
You dear little fellow,
Why doesn't your blossom unfold?



THE COLUMBINE



FIVE doves the fairies took away
To the deep dark wood one summer day,

And they hung them up on a slender spray,—
Heigh-ho for the columbine!

Red and gold were the doves they took;
With heads outstretched the birdlings shook,
Till the fairies sang them to sleep by the
brook,—

Heigh-ho for the columbine!



THE LEOPARD LILY



IN the forest stilly
The leopard lily
Sways on her stem so stately;
Tall as a child
In the mountains wild,
She stands and nods sedately.

Orange and red
Is her dappled head
And her anthers brown are a-quiver;
O fie on you, lily,
So vain and silly
To look at yourself in the river!



JOHNNY JUMP-UP



S I walked under a black-oak tree
A little Johnny Jump-up laughed
at me.

Here you yellow elf,
Go and laugh to yourself,
Or wink at the cricket that chirps on your
knee.

Ha ha ha! he he he!

Merry Johnny Jump-up, wild and free!



SONG OF THE BROWN LILY

FAIRY bells of green and brown
Hanging high in a fairy town,
With cloth of gold beneath them
spread

And mossy nooks for the fairies' bed!

Who is it rings the fairy bells,

Ding dong! ding dong! down in the dells!

Who is it flits to the fairies' ball?

The bee and the beetle have heard their
call,

Ding dong! ding dong! down in the dells!



SHOOTING STAR FLOWERS



TARS of childhood,
Stars of the wildwood,
Shooting stars of purple and pink,
Stars that hang in trembling showers,
Stars of spring that are more than flowers,
Swinging blithe at the cañon's brink!

Birds are playing
Above you, swaying,
Beloved stars of the woodland spring!
Children shout and sing when they see you,
And where is the fairy who dares to free
you,
Joyous spirits that sway and swing!



THE SCARLET LARKSPUR



MERRY wee red-coats were frisking
and dancing
Down in the rocky glen,
And the jolly old sun o'er the mountains
was glancing
At the merry wee red-coated men.

Each little man had a horn on his head,
And the old sun laughed as he got out of
bed!

The wind played a tune
And they danced until noon,
And, "a jolly good time we've had," they
said.



THE TRILLIUM



TRILLIUM dear

I am glad you are here,
While March rains are pattering,

Brooklets are clattering,
Kinglets are chattering,
And you, pretty thing,
Are just smiling and dreaming of spring.

O shade-loving sprite,
The cañon's delight,—
Three petals wine-red,
Three leaves broadly spread,
You leap from your bed
In joy, pretty thing,
To sway in the breezes of spring.



BABY BLUE EYES



SONNY baby blue-eyes

Twinkling in the grass,

Smiling on the sunny hill

To see the children pass!

Of all the flowers of spring-time

The fairest and the frailest!

There's gladness in your baby eyes,—

The purest and the palest!

QUIPS AND CRANKS



MY AUNTIE



OW would you like to have for an
auntie

Kittie ka dink ka dee ka dantie?

Kittie ka dink

With frolicsome wink,

Kittie ka dink

With ruffles of pink,

Kittie ka dink,—

Now what do you think

Of Kittie ka dink for an auntie?

Kittie ka dink ka dee

Is as bright as a bumble bee,

Kittie ka dink ka dee,

She dresses my dolls for me!

Kittie ka dink ka dee,—

If you knew her I'm sure you'd agree



That Kittie ka dink
With frolicsome wink
In ruffles of pink,
Is the jolliest kind of an auntie!



THE BEAR HUNTER



IF I should meet a grizzly bear
A-roaming from his mountain lair,
I'd just get down on hands and
knees

And growl around among the trees.

Then if my growling didn't scare
That great ferocious grizzly bear,
I'd sing a song and at my ease
Just try my best the bear to please.



MAGGIE MULDOON



DOWN at Milpitas there was an
old hag

Who drove to town with a bob-
tail nag.

She rattled along in a rickety rig,

With a red bandana to cover her wig.

When a wheel came off and she tumbled
ka-flop,

She hobbled away to the blacksmith shop;

And the blacksmith said: "O Maggie Mul-
doon,

If you'll dance me a breakdown I'll sing
you a tune!"



THE BOOBITY BUMPKIN



BOOBITY bumpity bumpkin
Was sent to town with a pumpkin,
But he stumbled and tripped

As he hippity skipped,
And smackety smash went the pumpkin!



FARMER JONES' GOAT



LD Farmer Jones had a frisky old
goat

That wore a long beard and a
hairy black coat,

With hoofs on its feet and horns on its head,
And a sad hungry look on its face while it
fed.

Now what do you think was its favorite
caper?

It would eat Farmer Jones' weekly Saturday
paper;

But the diet was more than the goat could
endure,

So it fed upon sawdust and rags for a cure.



POOR MR. MIDAS



POOR Mr. Midas did nothing but
think

Of the sound that his money
made,—chink, chink, chink!

He filled his pockets, he filled his shoes,
But the more he gathered the less he could
use.

It weighed on his mind till he scarce slept
a wink,

And then he would dream of the chink,
chink, chink.

He filled his boxes, he filled his bed,
And so there was nothing to fill but his
head.



THREE WISE MEN



THREE wise men sailed away on a
bat,
But the one who was bald forgot
his hat;

The one who made music forgot his fife,
And the one who was married forgot his wife.



A GOBBLER IN TROUBLE



WHAT would the turkey gobbler do
If he got the hiccoughs before he
was through

With his gobble-gobble-gobble-gobble-gobble?

I'm sure that he never could see through
the joke,

If he started to gobble and stopped to choke,
In his gobble-gobble-gobble-gobble-gobble.

The puffed-out fool would grow red in the
face,

And the hens would laugh at their lord's
disgrace,

At his gobble, hic! gobble, hic! gobble-gobble-
gobble!



THE TALE OF A POOR LITTLE WORM



JUST listen to that,

Rat-atat-tat!

“Tis a woodpecker,” whispered a
worm.

As he crouched in a cranny
He called to his granny,
“Hark hark, hark hark,
Rap-a-tap on the bark,
That noise makes me shiver and squirm!”

Then a long barbed tongue
Right through him was flung,
And down in the gizzard he wallowed;
It made him grow pale
Till he thought of the whale
With Jonah inside,
Then he shivered and cried:
“Tis a fatal mistake to be swallowed.”

RHYMES FOR TODDLERS



CHINA DOLLS



HERE are china cups and china
dolls

And Chinamen galore,
All huddled in together
In a little China store.

The china cups are pretty,
And the china dolls, O dear,
I wish I had a hundred
Sitting round me now, right here.

But the Chinaman that sells them,
With his slits of eyes askew,
And hair all braided down his back
In such a funny queue!—

If all his dolls should grow and grow
Until like him they grew,
And I should have the care of them,
O dear, what would I do?



DOLLY ASLEEP



DOLLY'S in the cradle
Falling fast asleep;
Hush, little mamma,
Run and take a peep.

Shut are dolly's eyelids,
Cover up her arm;
Keep the little dolly dear
Safe from every harm.



BABY LIFE



WHAT can little baby do?

Clap his hands and coo and coo;

Kick and roll and smile and grow,—

That is why we love him so!



LITTLE BROTHER



LITTLE brother full of glee,
With dainty hand and dimpled
knee,

Chubby little laughing boy,
Father's pride and Mother's joy!

Ringlets gold on shapely head,
Smiles that break ere tears have fled,
Eyes of blue that open wide,
Wondering at the world outside!

Merry spirit, sweetly wild,
Why are you, my precious child,
Dearer far than any other
Loving sister's little brother?



PLAYING HORSE



HORSE and cart and tinkling lines,
Rattling under the passion vines;
Up the road and down the lane
And round the yard to the door again!

Babe is driver, snap the whip!
Watch the turn and don't you tip!
Nero barks as the chickens scatter,
Dust is flying and cart-wheels clatter.

Nell, the cook at the kitchen door,
Wonders what the noise is for.
Round the house on the run they go
Till babie calls to the horsie,—“whoa!”



BABY IN THE BARNYARD

BABY with the big blue eyes,
Tell me why you look so wise
When you watch the kitties play,
Or old Billy eating hay?

Do the horses talk to you,
Baby with the eyes of blue?
Can you tell me what they say
When they look at you and neigh?

And the romping kitties, too,
When they cry out, mew, mew, mew,
Have they secrets, baby dear,
Only meant for you to hear?

When the doggie says, bow-wow
To the lazy muley-cow,



And the cow replies, moo, moo,
Are they talking still to you?

And the piggie in her pen,
Grunting to the setting hen,
Ugh, ugh, ugh, can baby tell
What the piggie means to spell?

Lying in her bed at morn,
Baby hears a lusty horn
Sounding, rook-a-dook-a-doo!
And baby laughs as if she knew.

Baby loves them, one and all,
And she answers when they call;
And they tell her wondrous tales
Of the barnyard, hills and dales.



BABY'S GOOD-NIGHT



LITTLE eyes droop in the dim
evening light;

Wave your hand, little maiden,
good-bye, good-night;

Throw a kiss to the doggie—he's wagging
his tail—

And wave to the muley-cow down in the dale.

Hark! hark! she is ringing good-night with
her bell;—

Now toss to the kitties a sweet farewell.

Good-night to the birds, in the branches
asleep,

Good-night to the stars that twinkle and
peep;



Good-night to the horn of the moon in the
west,
And toddle away to your warm little nest.



DOGS



HAVE many little doggie friends;
There's Jip who wags at both his
ends,

And Buddie like a ball of silk,
Who laps the cream and sniffs at milk,
And Judie with her rubber ball
Who never minds me when I call,
And Rab who runs before the horse,—
I love to hear him bark, of course,
'Cept sometimes he most barks in two,
And then I wish he'd stop, don't you?



MY ANIMALS



AVE you seen my little animals
Shut in a paper house?—
There's a donkey and a camel
With a kittie and a mouse;

There's a doggie and an elephant,
A lion and a bear,
All huddled in together,
And they never seem to care!

O I'm very, very hungry
And I think I'd like to eat
The donkey and the lion
And the elephant for meat;



They are all made out of crackers,
And if Mamma says I may,
I'll eat a half a bag of them
And give the rest away.

BROWN BABY BALLADS



SIX LITTLE ESKIMO



IX jolly little Eskimo

Lived in the land of ice and snow.

They played with their ivory dolls
all night

In a stuffy igloo with a smoky oil light.

I wouldn't live in a smoky igloo,

Would you?

They dressed in seal-skin from hood to heel;

I wonder how such a suit would feel!

They chewed their blubber and smacked their
lips

And wiggled their toes and finger tips,

But I wouldn't like such food to chew,

Would you?



And when they were tired of eating and
play

Their mammas stowed them safely away

In the big white skin of a polar bear.

Six little black heads in a row were there,

But I wouldn't like to be one of that crew,

Would you?



THE MEXICAN BABIES



THE Mexican babies are chubby and
gay;

Each family has ten or a dozen,
And all in the town are related, they say,
From a first to a twentieth cousin.

The house is adobe, the floor is of dirt;
In the patio sheltered and sunny
The babies can toddle with never a shirt
While their mammas can sing without
money.

If the little black-headed brown baby should
cry,
Or madre grows sick of his prattle,



His tears in an instant his sister can dry
With the end of a snake for a rattle.

Their little black dogs are a sight to behold,
All hairless and wrinkled as mummies;
With blankets about them to keep out the
cold,
And the babies about them for chummies.

How happy these imps from the day they
are born,—
They toddle and tumble in tatters;
Their faces are dirty, their clothes are all
torn,
But nobody thinks that it matters.



THE LITTLE PIUTE



P in Winnemucca in Piute land,
Where the hot sun falls on the
sage-brush sand,

A little pappoose in a basket lay,
Fat as a badger and ready for play.

Mahali was proud of the way he grew,
Upon acorn soup and on pine-nut stew.
She caught him a lizard and let it wiggle,
Which set him off in a Piute giggle.

But where is your father, you brown pappoose?
In ghost-land he's tracking the deer and
moose;

There you will follow him, soon,—too soon,
As your clan moves on toward the setting
moon!



THE HONOLULU BOY



COCOANUT milk and poi,
Cocoanut curds and fish,
For the Honolulu boy,—
What more could a baby wish?

Taro and yams and chicken,—
Baby shall have a feast,—
Bones of the pig for pickin',
Fat little face well greased!

A sleep in the house of grasses,
A swim in the cool lagoon,
A kiss as the trade-wind passes,
And a low Kanaka tune!



A SAMOA SLEEPY-SONG



LIE on your mat, little tama, and
sleep;

The pigeon has gone to its rest
in the palm;

I see the bright moon through the ifi trees
peep,

And the sleepy waves sing on the coral-
reef calm.

Sing to my tama, soft waves of the sea;

Some day he'll ride in his rocking canoe,—

Ride on your laughing crests, happy and free,
Joyous to roll on your rollicking blue.

Sleep, little tama, the bats flutter low,

The breeze through the breadfruit-tree
sighs to the star;



And out on the water, with torches aglow,
Your father and brother are fishing afar.

Tina will tuck the siapo around;

Sleep, little chief, for the spirits are nigh!
Fish-gods and wind-gods, and gods of the
ground

Watch my brown baby as round him
they fly!



JUL 27

ELFIN SONGS OF SUNLAND BY CHARLES KEELER



PUBLISHED AT THE SIGN
OF THE LIVE-OAK ♠♠ IN
BERKELEY · CALIFORNIA
MCMIV



Elfin Songs of Sunland

By CHARLES KEELER

Published at the Sign of the
Live Oak in Berkeley, California

This book of poems for little children will be completed by the first of August. It is bound in an artistic linen, with a cover design by Mrs. Keeler. The type is a heavy black letter, old-style, on a rough paper, with a title page and initials designed by Mrs. Keeler from California wild-flower motives. ¶ The book contains five groups of child poems as follows: A Ring Around of Playtime; Songs of the Wildwood; Quips and Cranks; Rhymes for Toddlers, and Brown Baby Ballads. The scope of the book is suggested in the dedication:

Elfin songs of Sunland,
Frolicland and Funland;
Little rhymes of Child hours,
Wood elves and wild flowers;
Jingles of the forest green,
Songs for little Merodine.

Elfin Songs of Sunland will be on sale at all bookstores, or it may be secured directly from the publishers. The price is seventy-five cents, net. Address

❁ ❁ THE LIVE OAK GUILD ❁ ❁
STANDARD PRESS Berkeley, California

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

AUG 7 1941

ICLF (N)

AUG 30 1980

REC. CIR. AUG 15 '80

YC 14520



125354

