

THE

GOLLIWOGG'S

Christmas

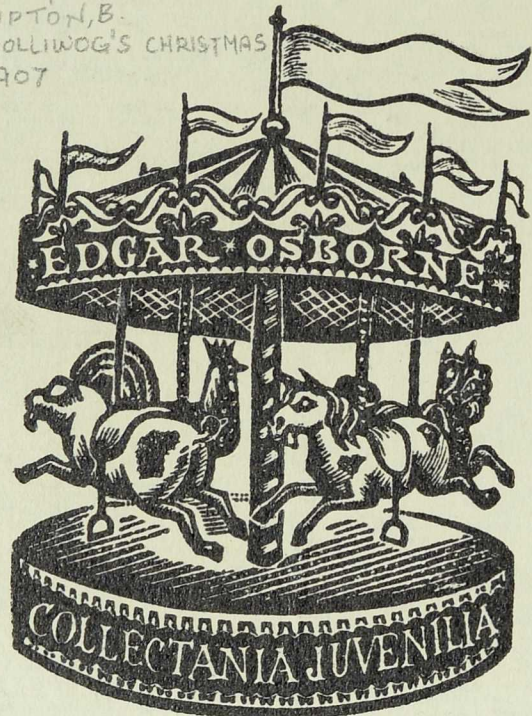


By Florence K. Upton

VERSES BY Bertha Upton

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., LONDON, NEW YORK, BOMBAY & CALCUTTA, 1907.

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UPTON, B.
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THE

GOLLIWOGG'S

CHRISTMAS



PICTURES BY *Florence K. Lupton*

VERSES BY *Bertha Lupton*

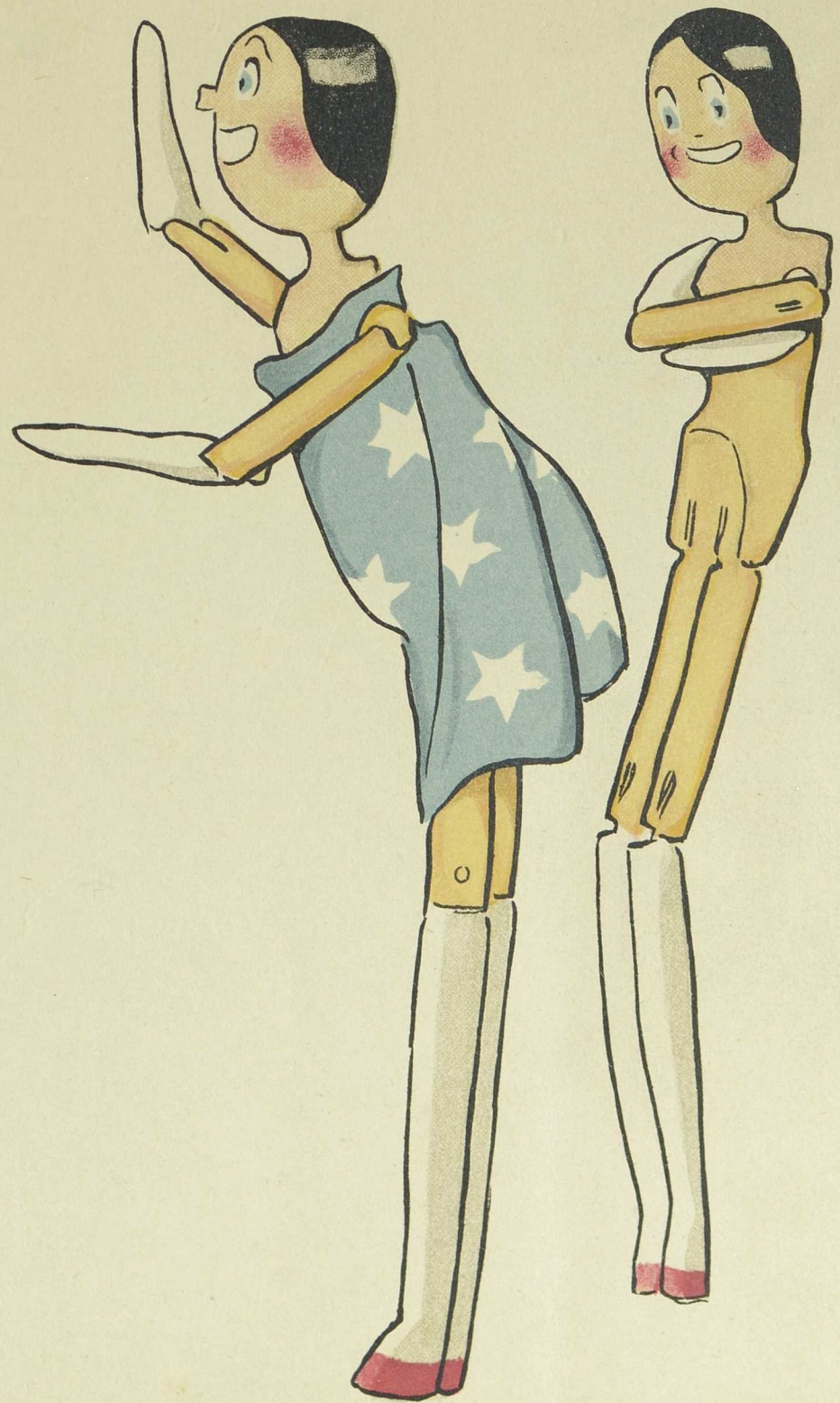
LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., LONDON, NEW YORK, BOMBAY, & CALCUTTA, 1907

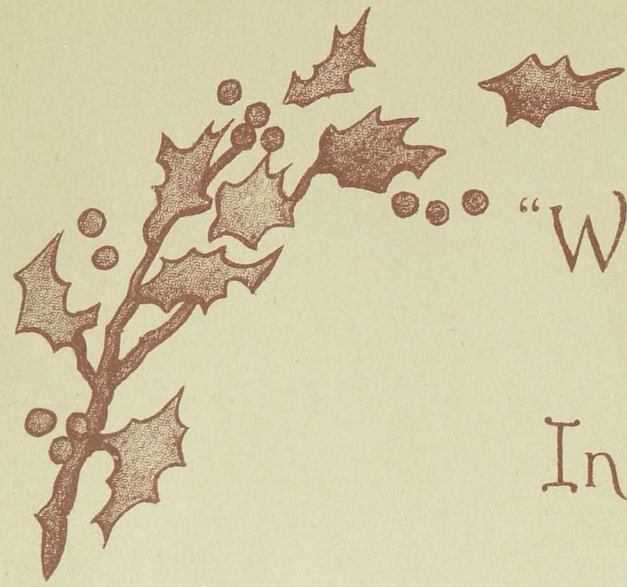
“Did'st ever hear of *Santa Claus*
Who down the chimney comes
With glistening tree all decked with toys
And bags of sugar plums?

His magic sleigh and reindeer swift
All round the world he takes,
And silently his pack unloads,
Before each person wakes:

Some letters we at once must write
To tell him all our needs,
And I shall ask if we may ride
Behind his magic steeds!”







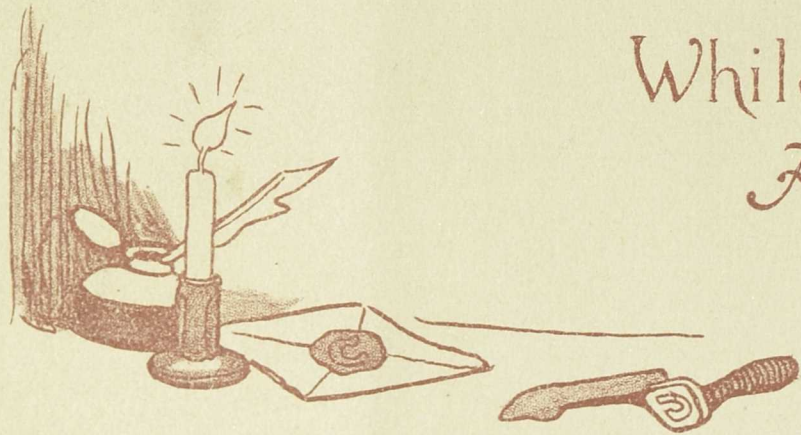
“Well, well! a task they’ve set for me
Who never did believe
In half the yarns grown people tell,
Good children to deceive:

There’s no such man as Santa Claus,
Kris Kringle is a *fake*,
Yet I might try to play the game
For little Sarah’s sake.”

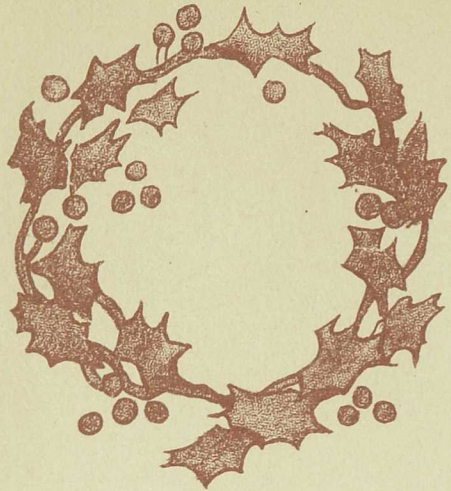


So Golliwogg pretends that he
Believes their fairy tale,
And helps them with their letters neat
Before the evening mail.

Slow Peggy envies Sarah Jane
Who knows just what to ask,
While Golliwogg writes very hard
All doubting thoughts to mask.







The girls are full of Christmas plans
Sarah excites them all —
She talks of trees and holly wreaths
And boughs upon the wall;

Of stockings hung before the hearth
For Santa Claus to fill;
But wonders, if, in coming down,
The nuts and toys he'll spill!

Of course they'll have a pudding, made
With sugar, spice and plums,
All set on fire outside the door,
And blazing as it comes.



But now they miss dear Golliwogg —
Wherever can he be?
And straightway from the window look,
While yet there's light to see.



Toward the letter-box he walks
Soliloquizing thus:
"I'd really better drop them in,
'Twill save a lot of fuss —

For though 'tis nonsense, as I said,
The girls believe it's true,
And with their eyes all fixed on me
What other can I do!"



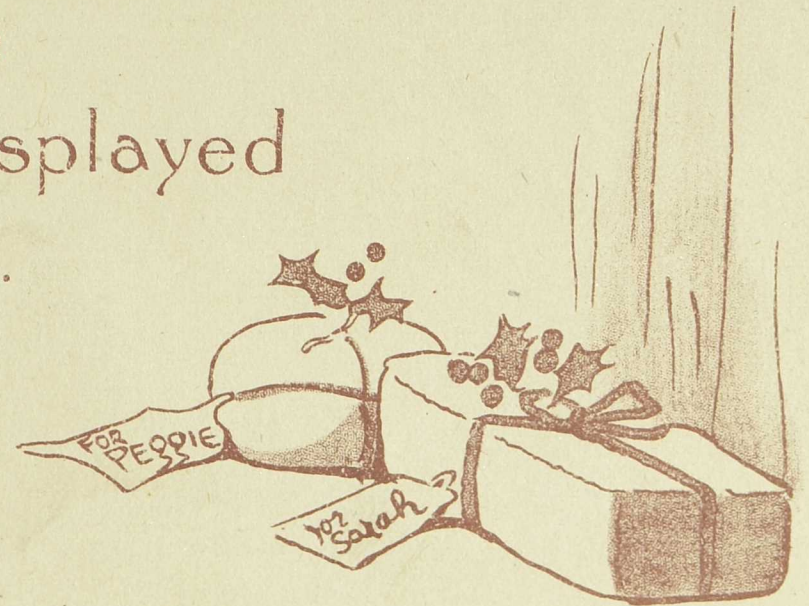
Intent upon the Christmas gifts,
Fast to the shops he flies —
French aprons, flowers and dinner gowns
For all the girls he buys;

And for their stockings, oranges,
Candy and nuts — a pile!
His purse was quite depleted, but
The shopman wore a smile.



And what a pack he carried home
Through ever-deepening snow!
His ulster buttoned o'er his chest,
His weighted form bent low.

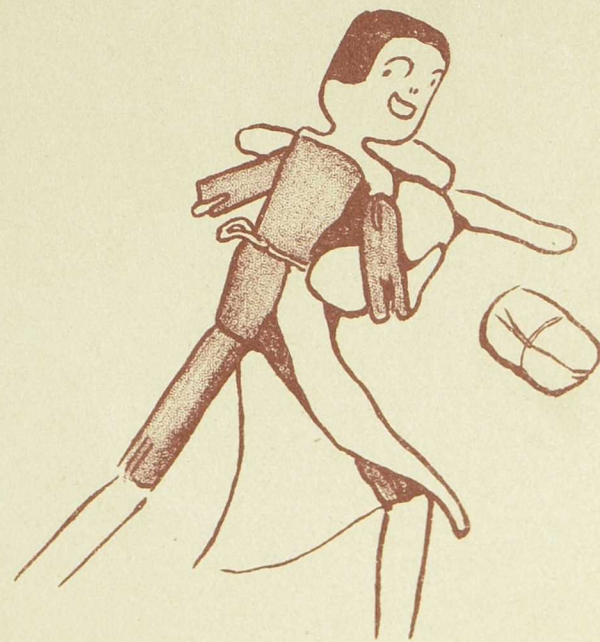
His mind is busy wondering where
These presents he can hide
Until their charms shall be displayed
Around that fireplace wide.





Each busy on her own account,
Their gifts the girls prepare:
—Pink roses round a yellow hat,
Should suit Peg's cheeks and hair.

Good Midget, watching at the door
Lest anyone should spy,
Safeguards the little Sarah Jane
From every prying eye.





But Peg has no such sentinel,
And thus, preoccupied,
Is unaware that Meg and Weg
Are watching her outside.

She ties each parcel carefully,
Marking the names in red,—
Then hearing laughter, turns about
And chases them to bed.

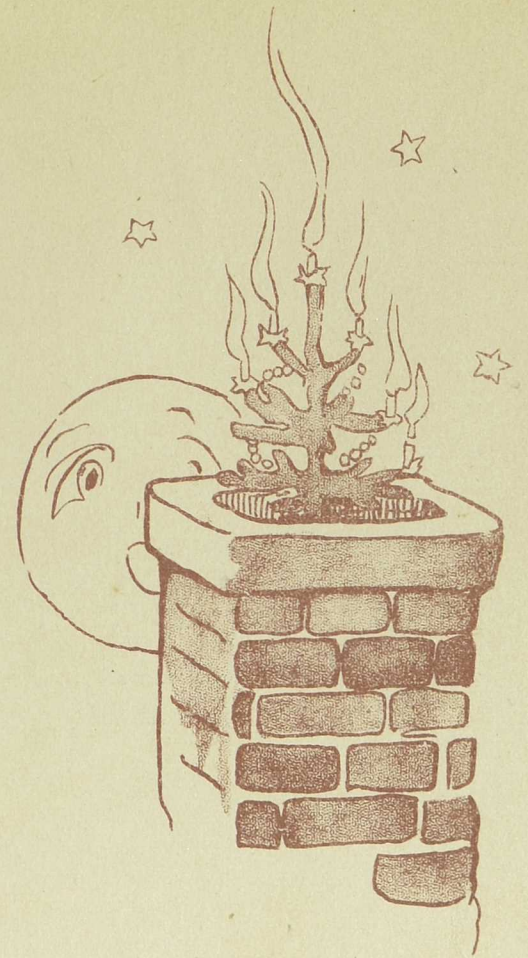


“What joy to chop a Christmas tree
From out its native wood,”
Thought Golliwogg, as with an axe
Firm to his work he stood.

“I wish the girls were in the fun,
—But they must *never* find
I’m not this fabled Santa Claus
Whom now they have in mind.



I've never trimmed a Christmas tree,
But I will do my best;
And in my wig and red cloth coat
Correctly shall be drest.



'Tis puzzling how a lighted tree
Can through a chimney go!
But ours is wide and not too high
If I but drop *just so*."



And when the tree is safely hid,
He to the kitchen flies;
'Twas good to scent the spicy breath
From rows of hot mince pies.

“Oh! let me stir the pudding, girls,
You need *my* strength,” he said,
—But Midget thought him much *too* strong
When he spilled it on her head.

The wreaths were made, the greens were roped,
And glistened on the wall;
To reach his nail, the Golliwogg
Seemed like to have a fall;

But Sarah held the weighty end
And begged he'd have a care;—
“O that's all right! I'm safe enough,
Just see what next I'll dare!”



“Wait ’til I’ve made this nail quite firm,
’Twill take a few more blows
To bear my solid weight,—stand back!
Now! *one! two! three!*—here goes!”

He grasps the nail and lifts his feet—
Breathless, the girls both stare,
And horrified, they see his form
Come whizzing through the air!!





And bearing both to earth with him,
Alas for fortune's tricks!
Alas still more for holly boughs
Whose leaves are full of pricks!

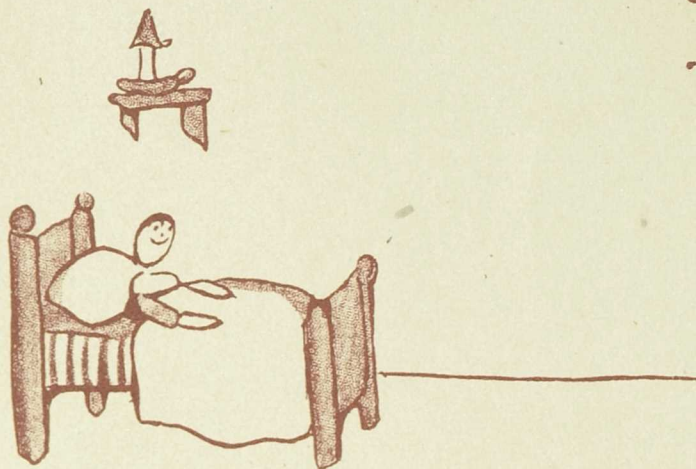


Yet not a word said they of blame
To Golliwogg, their *brave*;
While he, all kind solicitude,
Did gentle pardon crave.



"Hi! good Kris Kringle!" Midget called,
"Don't miss my little sock,
For I shall be asleep in bed
Long before twelve o'clock:

O, would that we might listen, to
Make sure he comes this way;
I long to see those reindeer white,
And hear that jangling sleigh!"





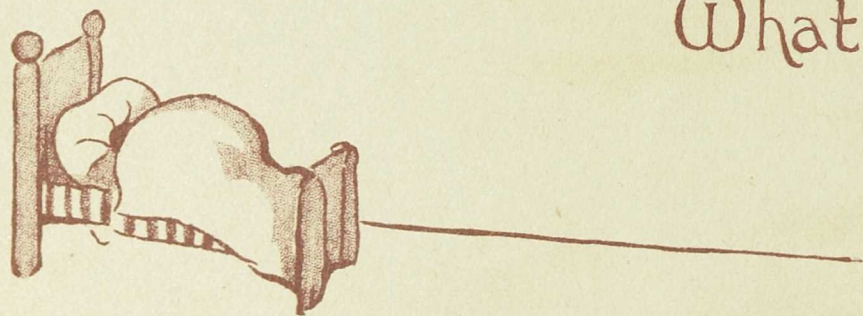
"*My breath!* but how those reindeer ran!
If they should restive be,
The girls might hear them in their sleep,
And then catch sight of *me!*"

Here goes!—I don't quite like this job,
But what I've planned to do
I'll do with all the grace I can,
And do it boldly too."



Smash! Crash! 'twas like a thousand bricks
In thunderous descent!!
—The shattered tree just broke his fall
As though for *buffer* meant.

Upon the hearthrug he lay prone;
In fear the girls rushed out;
—If Santa made a noise like that,
What could he be about!



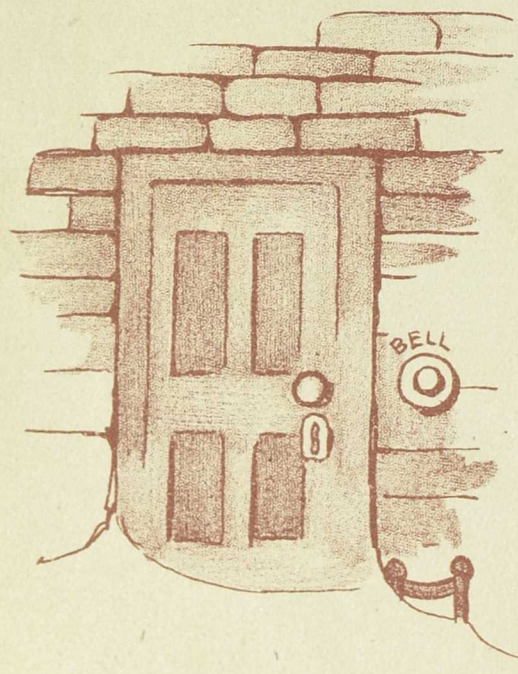


It is not he! 'tis *Golliwogg*
Has made this awful fall!—
The riddle none of them can solve
'Til he confesses all:

And adds, "Oh stupid that I am!
I never thought before
I tried to pass down chimneys, that
I *might* have used the door!"



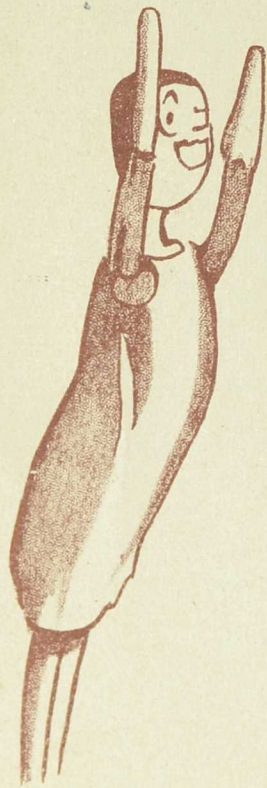
But here a smile uplifts his eyes
And dries his falling tears;
“This still shall be the happiest day
We’ve had for many years —



Come! leave this mess upon the floor,
Dear girls, we'll have our ride:
I quite forgot the magic sleigh
Awaiting us outside!"



With shrieks of glorious surprise
From out the door they flew—
For, was it not the *magic sleigh*
They had so longed to view!



holding their breath they soon beheld
Two reindeer, milky white,
Like satin gleamed their glossy coats
Beneath the moon's clear light;

Their harness was of purest gold,
Like music soft each bell,
And softer still the cushioned seat
On which the Midget fell;

For Golliwogg had tossed her there,
—Though not for long to stay,—
She soon had climbed the swan's long neck
Shouting—*“Away! Away!”*





THE FLY BYE

Waiting the word from Golliwogg,
The reindeer proudly stand,
One chirrup makes them swiftly rise
Above the snowy land.

"O Sarah Jane!" cries happy Peg,
"We're riding toward the moon,
This magic sleigh *must* know the way,
And we shall get there soon!"



THE FLY BYE

Poor Weg holds on in mortal dread,
She is the "timid kind,"—
When suddenly this curious sleigh
Changes its shape behind:

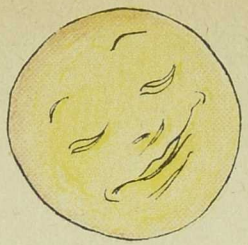
The swans seem both endued with life!,
Strong pinions they unfold!
If they should part, the hapless Weg
Must lose her trembling hold!



THE FLY BYE

Much faster! till they almost touch
The circle of the moon!
Faster, good *Flurry!* Go it, *Flash!*
We can't get there too soon!

Still faster, driver Golliwogg!,
Until you lose your breath!
And, faster! little Sarah Jane,
Until you're faint as death!



Aye! faster! further! fainter! till —

Down, down, they gasping fall
Into their own wide chimney top
Below the poplars tall!

Then, softly, swiftly, easily,

They drop through without fear,
—Go find a miracle performed!
Go see a sight most dear!



A hundred fairy candles dance
Before their dazzled eyes,
For the *real* Santa Claus has been
To give them this surprise !!!

“Why ever did I doubt it!” they
Hear Golliwogg exclaim;
“I don’t deserve his Christmas gifts,
I ridiculed his name!



The girls will surely laugh at me,
Who played his part so ill:
And, since the praise is due to him,
I hope he'll get his fill!"

"My stockings crammed!" "And so is mine!"
They cry,—then dance around;
Nor do they note the drooping form,
Still kneeling on the ground:



“Thank you! O thanks! dear Santa Claus!
You’re good!” they all declare,
And two big tears fall from his eyes,
For it *was* hard to bear.

But while excitement’s at its height
The Midget looks around,
And sees their darling Golliwogg
Still prone upon the ground;

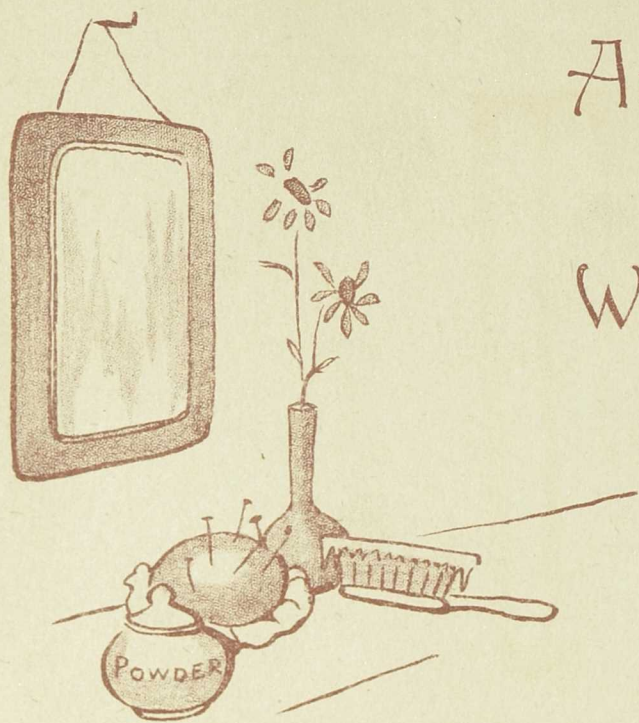




She comforts him by saying that
His Christmas was the best,
And calls the girls to come and help
Her put all doubt at rest;

Meg finds a sack upon the floor,
Which quite unnoticed lay,
Holding the presents he had bought
To give on Christmas Day

In fresh surprise they gather round
As he unpacks with haste
The loveliest of evening frocks,
Both made in perfect taste.

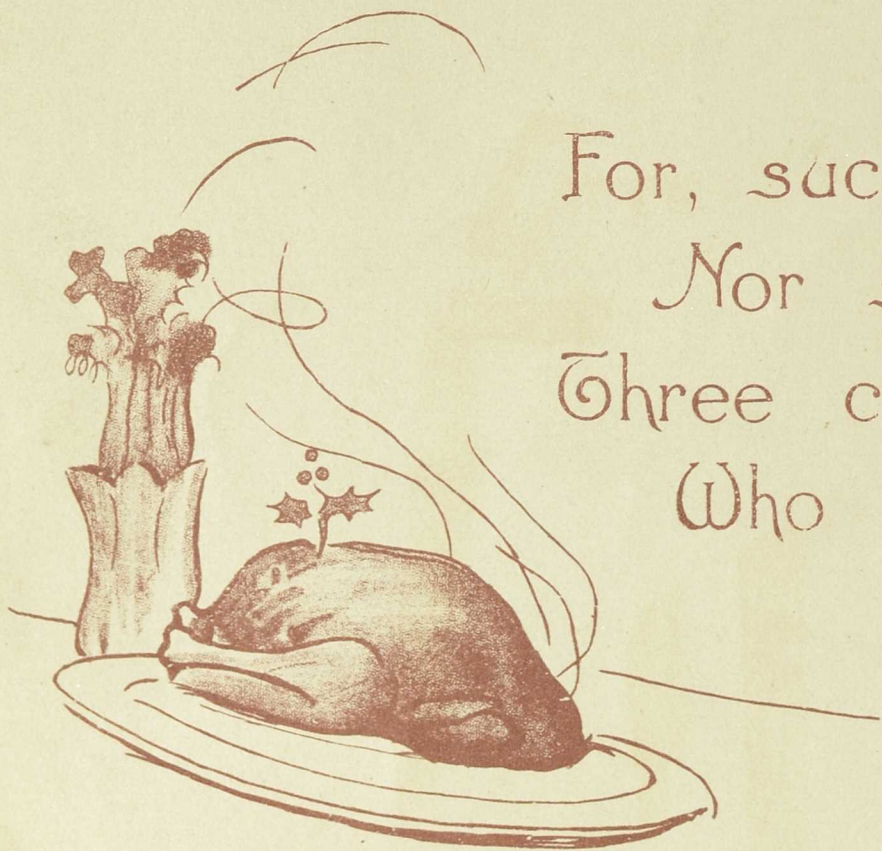


And two french aprons, blue, and pink,
Please simple Meg and Weg,
While Midget up on tiptoe stands,
Her pretty things to beg.



Now savoury odours fill the house
And laughter fills the air,
As, to the brilliant dining-room
They merrily repair ;

For, such a feast was never seen,
Nor served in finer style ;
Three cheers were raised for Peg, the cook,
Who took them with a smile.





The candles sparkle on the tree,
The Christmas logs burn low,
As round about and in and out,
In maddest dance they go,

While, from the very topmost branch,
Kisses the Midget throws,
And, as she blows each candle out,
The wild excitement grows.



"Now for a kiss!" cries Sarah Jane,
"A kiss apiece, you know;
For who deserves it more than you,
Under the mistletoe!

There never was, nor e'er will be
Another day like this!
So, let's record it with a vow,
And seal it with a kiss!"

They clasp him fondly in their arms,
This modest, gentle knight —

— And so we'll let the curtain fall
Wishing them sweet "Good Night."





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