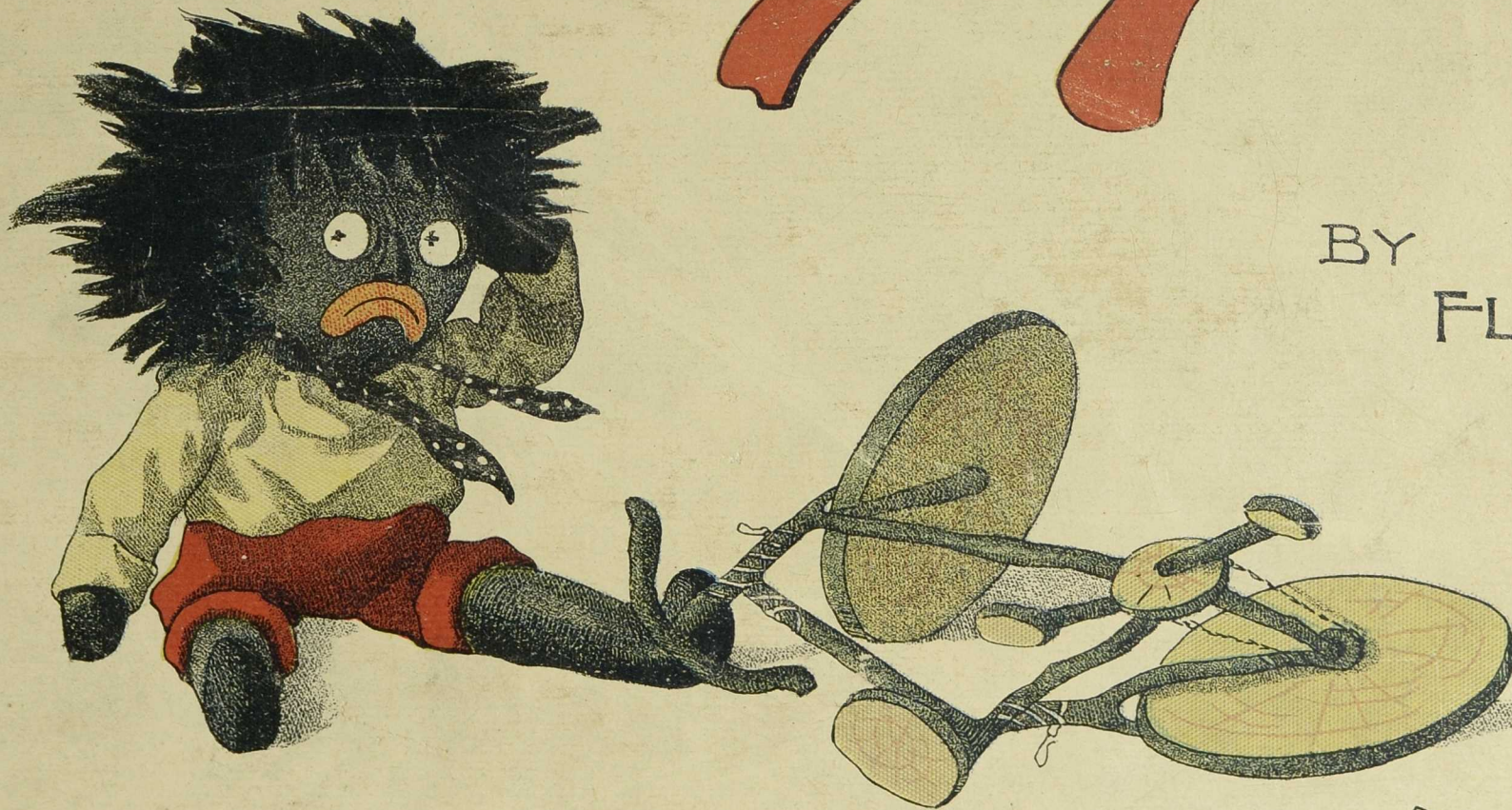


# The Golliwogg's Bicycle Club

BY  
FLORENCE  
K.  
UPTON

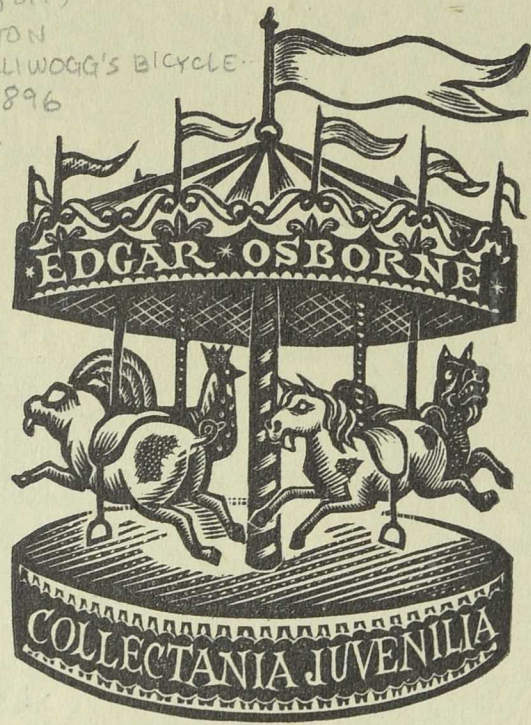


WORDS by  
Bertha Upton

Copyright 1896, by Longmans, Green & Co.

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO. LONDON, NEW YORK, & BOMBAY

PC 101.  
UPTON  
GOLLWOGG'S BICYCLE  
c. 1896  
c. 1



37131032421869 I.83





# The Golliwogg's Bicycle Club



Pictures By

*Flourence C. Upton*

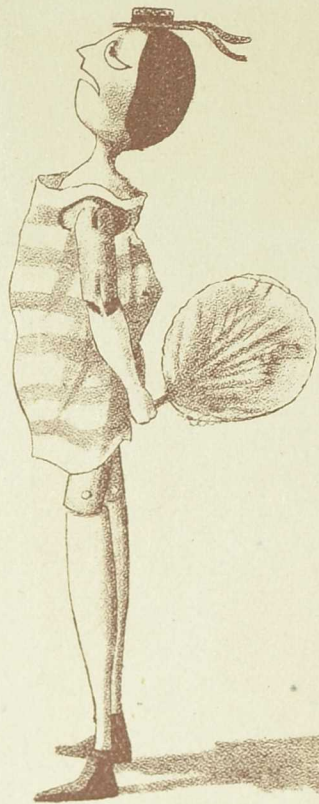
Words by

*Bertha Upton*

LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.

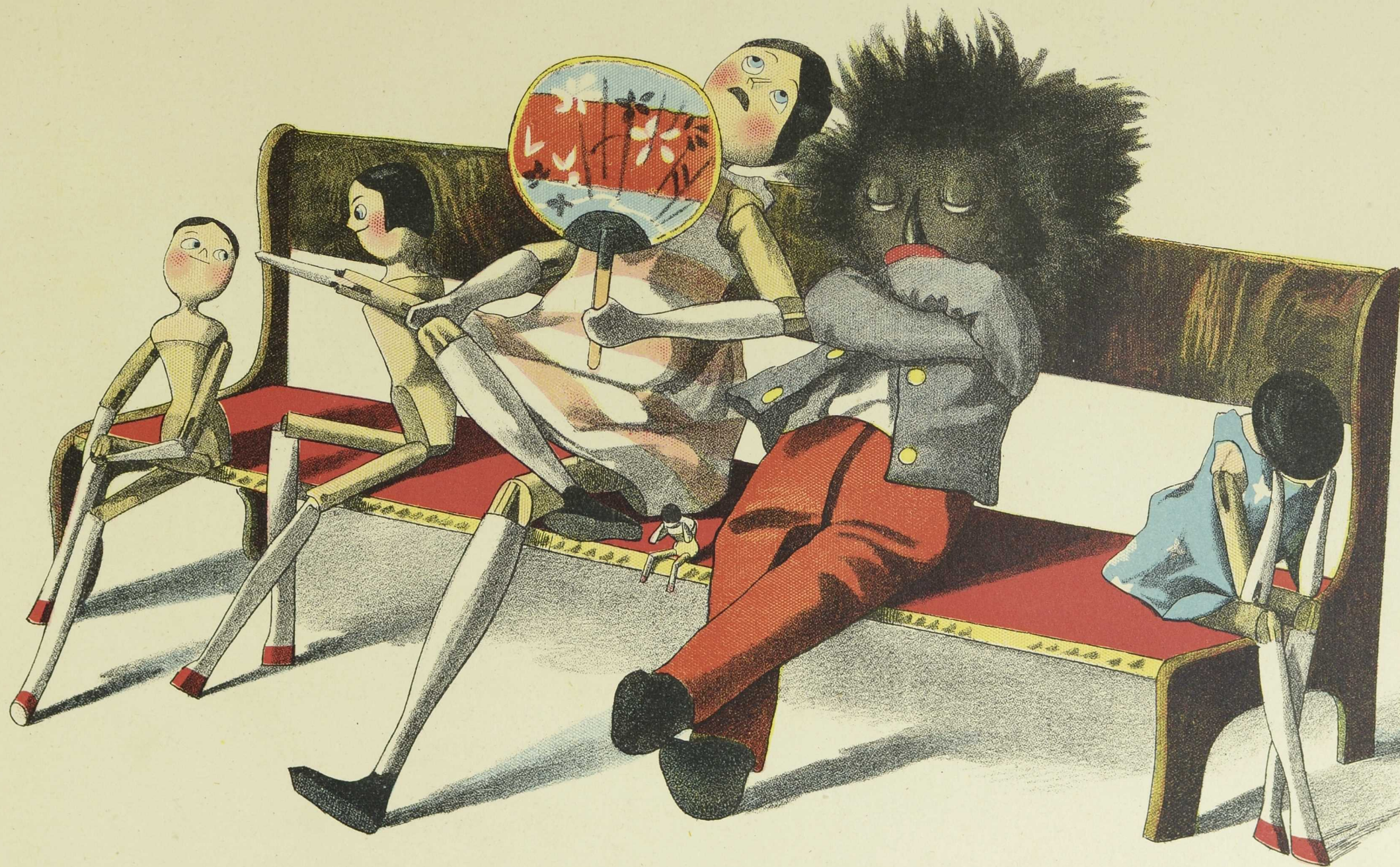
LONDON, NEW YORK, & BOMBAY

ENNUI has seized our old time friends,  
The heat has tried them sore;  
The weary day  
Has passed away  
And proved a grievous bore.



E'en Peg is suffering from the strain,  
Her active limbs are still;  
While Golliwogg,  
A jaded dog,  
Is sleeping with a will.

His innocent, familiar face  
Indifferent has grown;  
All things are old,  
Sweet pleasure cold,  
And happiness seems flown.



With sudden flash a brilliant thought  
Disturbs the Golliwogg -  
    And down they fall  
    Girls, bench and all  
So violent is the jog.

“Now what has struck you, dearest Pal!  
The heat has crazed you quite,  
    Sit down, I beg”  
    Quoth friendly Peg,  
“And soon you’ll feel all right.”

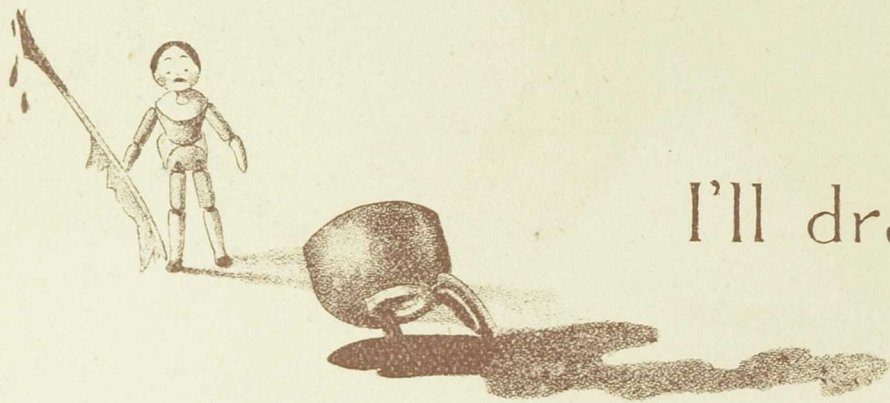
“Oh loveliest girls in all the world,  
E’en beyond mortal praise -  
    Listen to me  
    And you will see  
I’ve got the Cycle craze!





In Doll-land we're behind the times,  
And life moves sadly slow;  
But with bicycle  
And tricycle  
The pace we'll have to go!

Run, girls! the ink and paper fetch—  
I know a thing or two!  
Trust to my skill  
And with a quill  
I'll draw the wheels for you.





For cycle clubs are all the rage;  
And I am sure that we  
Some happy times  
In foreign climes  
Can pass right merrily."

And then some clever plans he draws  
With skilful hand and free;  
Upon the ground  
The girls crowd round  
His wheel designs to see;



In fact I fear their eagerness  
To get a nearer place  
Brings out bad points  
In elbow joints,  
And cross looks on one face.

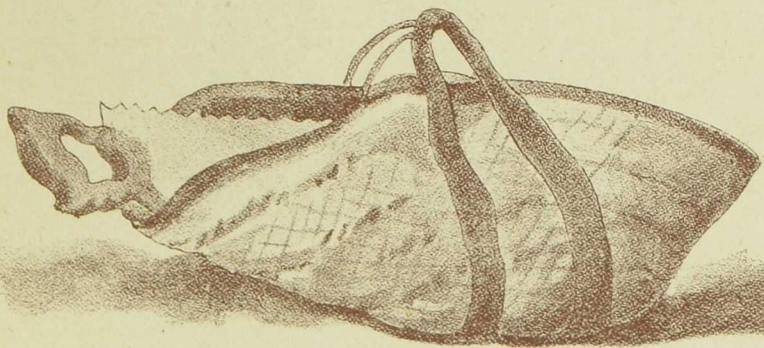
But when he's gone they set to work  
To make his cycling dress,  
The hours go by,  
The needles fly  
Faster than you can guess.





Now, saw in hand, he takes his stand  
And slices off the wood;  
While labor's drops  
He gaily mops,  
Feeling his work is good.

And when at length he homeward turns  
As evening shades grow dim;  
With merry song  
He skips along  
Bearing his tools with him.







The shirt tried on, they all cry out  
"We made it every bit;  
Within a mile  
There's not such style  
Nor such a lovely fit!"

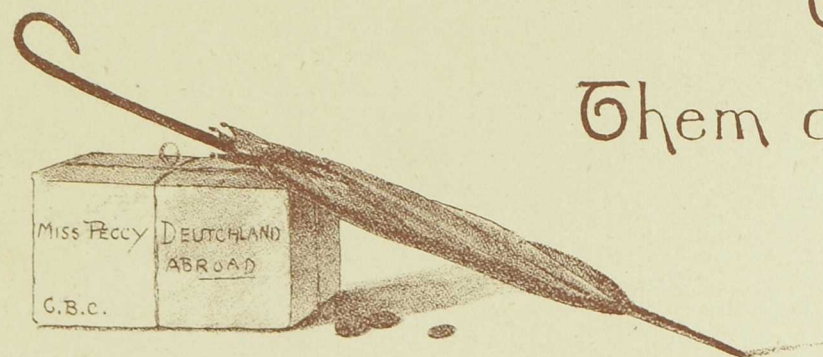


"Oh girls, go'long! you flatter me,  
You make me blush for shame!  
Let folks admire  
*Your* gay attire,  
*I'll* be content with fame."



The wheels complete, away they go,  
And sunrise sees them start;  
While two behind,  
The timid kind,  
Ride in a wooden cart.

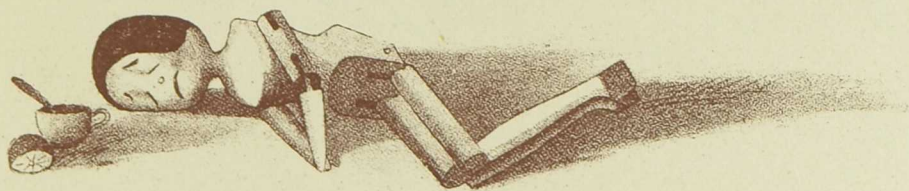
The Channel reached without mishap  
The heaving sea they'll chance;  
Nor fear the squall  
That may befall  
Them on their way to France.





Ere long it comes — and boldness flies  
In face of *mal de mer*;  
Life's joy departs,  
And merriest hearts  
Lie swamped in dark despair!

But hope revives when shore appears;  
They crane their necks to see  
This longed-for side  
Where they may ride  
Triumphant to *Paree*.





"Oh Golly', wont they envy us!"

Laughed little Sarah Jane -

"Such wheels you know

Make quite a show,

I'm really growing vain!"

But soon high looks wilt out of sight

When on the *Bois* they bowl,

And view such mounts

Their own scarce counts!

The iron cuts their soul.

Dejectedly poor Peggy sits,

Her jaunty cap falls low;

A "madder" dog

Than Colliwogg

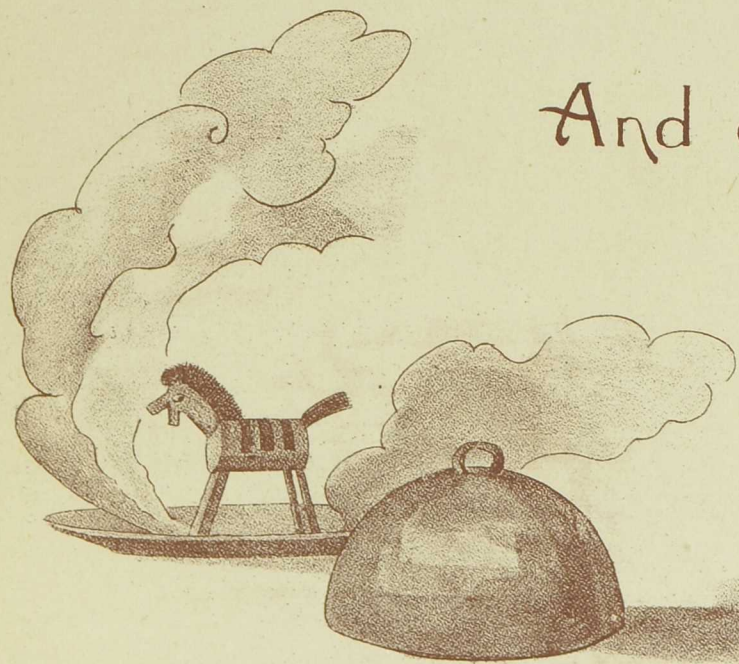
You'd hardly want to know.





All hungry now, our travellers  
Seek out a neat *Café*;  
The bill of fare  
Makes Golly stare,  
And causes some delay.

"I want some food to eat!" he cries,  
The ladies nod and grin;  
The waiter stands  
With folded hands  
And elevated chin.



"*Mangez*, you know!" cries Sarah Jane  
Who once a French doll knew;  
"*Pain*, and *potage*,  
No *persiflage*,  
For that is rude of you!"



Copyright 1896, by Longmans, Green & Co.

Says Weg, "No more Cafés for me,  
With buns we'll load the cart;  
We've paid the bill,  
There's money still,  
Let's make an early start."



They do, and on the Eiffel tower,  
Low spirits get a rise -  
So does the cap,  
Which, with a flap  
Floats lightly towards the skies.



"Come girls", at last cries Golliwogg,

"We've had enough of this!

Let's get away

From Paris gay,

The country will be bliss.

On those green hills that lie beyond  
And promise lots of fun,

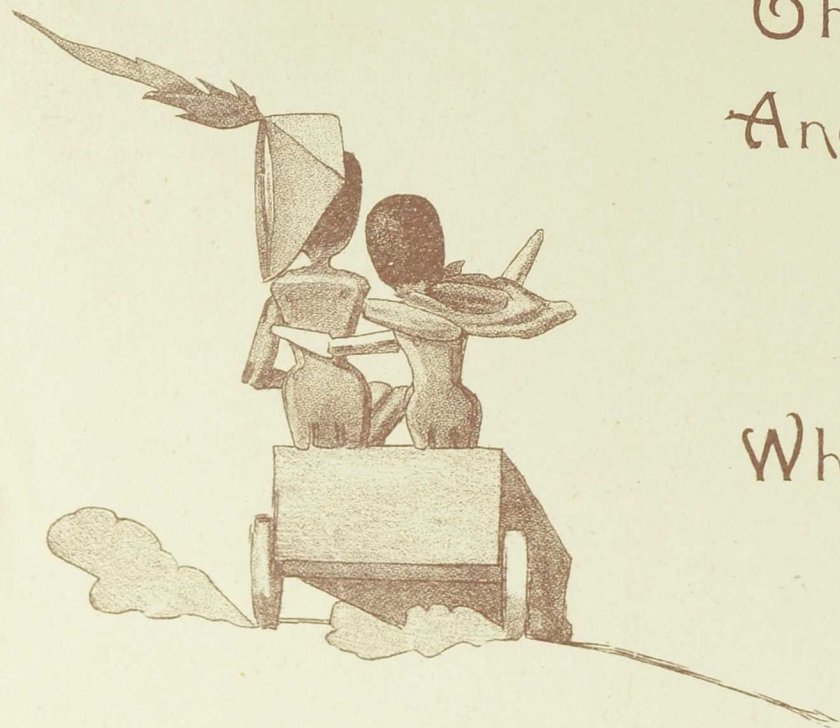
There's "coasting" prime,

Things look sublime

For quite a lengthy run."

A lofty point securely reached  
Away our travellers go!  
A fearful pace  
This downhill race,  
They cannot stop——and oh!

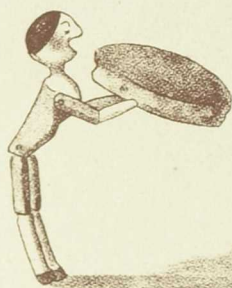
The flooring from the waggon drops!  
And French buns strew the ground;  
They land crash! dash!  
With hopeless smash  
While loud their shrieks resound.





The older girls turn comforters;  
The Midget thinks it fun;  
The Golliwogg  
Uphill must jog  
To save and "bag" each bun.

Fatigued, our weary travellers  
Soon reach the valley green;  
Here's rest at last,  
Excitement past,  
All quiet is the scene.







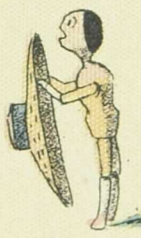
When hark! upon the stillness breaks  
A petrifying sound!

Our hero quails,  
His dark skin pales,  
With fear he gazes round.

A lion with a bristling mane  
The sunlit glade reveals!

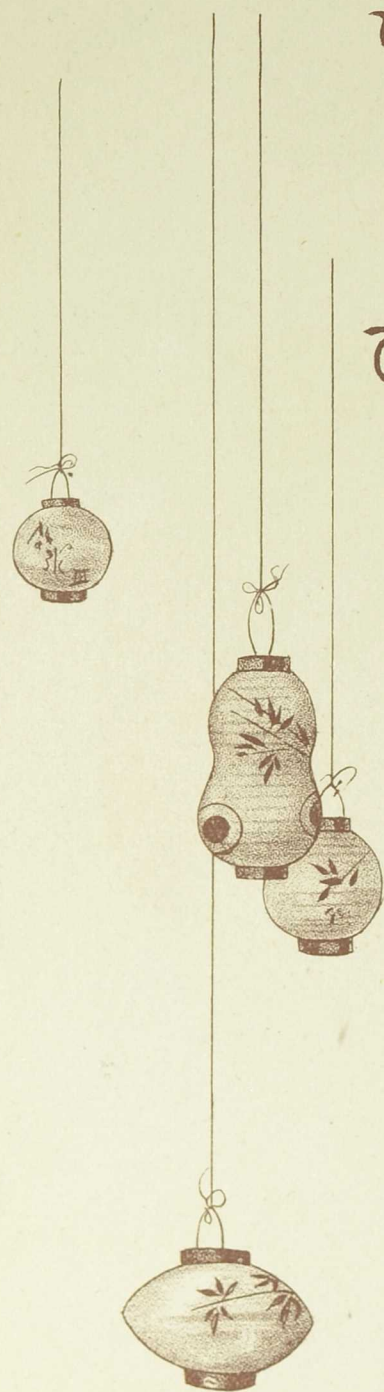
Peg faints away  
While Sarah J.  
Delivers piteous squeals.

Both Meg and Weg climb up a tree  
Leaving our hero brave,  
With pistol shot  
To save the lot  
From an untimely grave.



Now further travels they pursue,  
Arriving in Japan,  
Where in the street  
Two ladies meet  
This curious caravan.

They bow, and seem quite overcome  
By all the novel style—  
Some potentate  
In royal state  
Has dropped upon their isle!





A light *jinrikisha* first they hire,  
And start to "do" the town;  
So fast they ride,  
Folks stand aside,  
Lest they should run them down.



The Golliwogg with heated face  
Pulls hard — nor seems to tire;  
The girls confess  
His native dress  
They rapturously admire.



Then all alight to take a walk  
Umbrellas to the fore,  
And thus prepared,  
They little cared  
How heavy the downpour.

But after all they're forced to run,  
Some shelter they must find:  
A portico,  
And lanterns' glow,  
With comfort fills their mind.

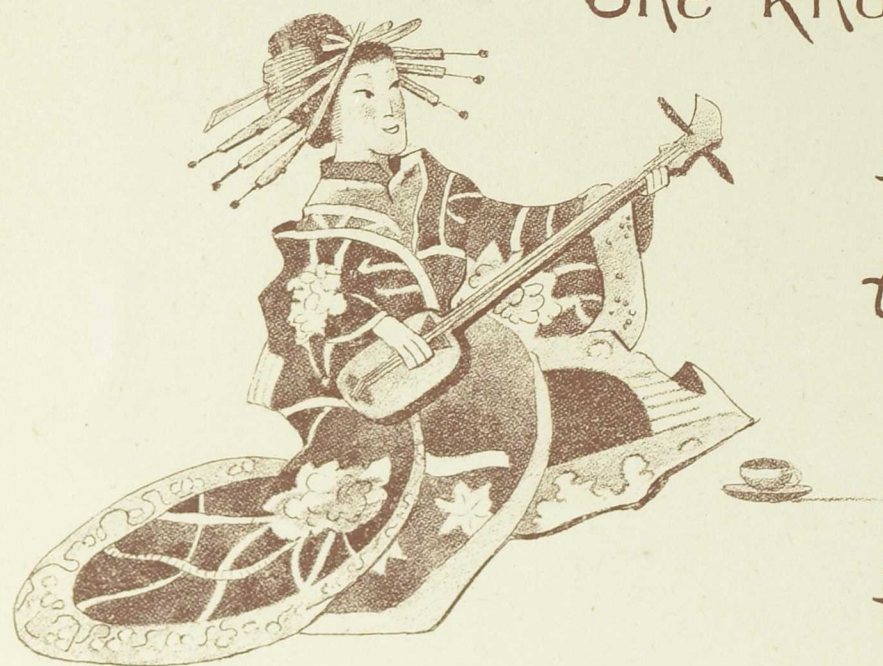






An invitation they receive  
To join a merry "fête,"  
Where cups of tea  
Are handed free  
Until the hour is late.

Our hero's hair is quite the rage,  
He feels a very king;  
And lowly bows  
When Yum-Yum vows  
She knows that he can sing!

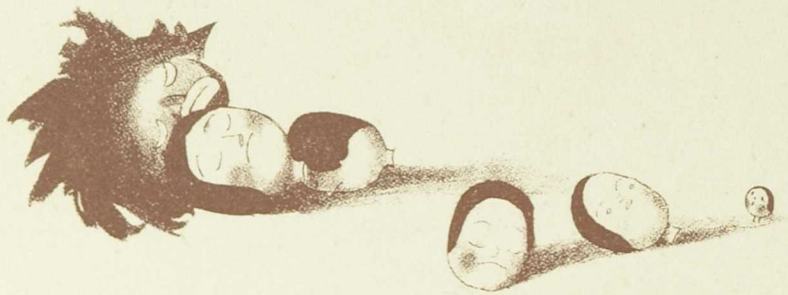


But now, the entertainment o'er,  
A farewell must be said,  
Their hats they don,  
And hurry on  
By wayward fancy led.



Reaching ere long a lonely place  
The party all dismount,  
For foes abound  
The country round,  
Too numerous to count!

The Golliwogg with frightful tales  
Alarms each maiden mind;  
He tells of Turks  
Whose vicious dirks  
Their slender necks might find.





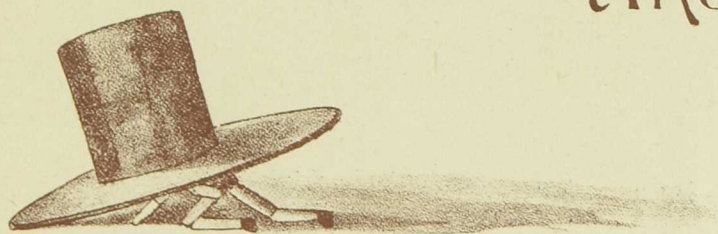
Then carefully unfolds a plan  
To comfort each faint heart  
"You see", he cries,  
"Our safety lies  
In acting out a part:

Let's play *were* Turks, and thus deceive  
These lawless, savage men;  
This we must do,  
Or none of you  
Will e'er see earth again!



Now Peggy, you're a clever girl,  
And you must undertake  
    To dress us all  
    In turbans tall  
Of purely Turkish make!"

Poor Meg and Weg both wish they'd stayed  
On more familiar ground;  
    Step in the cart  
    With shrinking heart  
And fearful glances round.

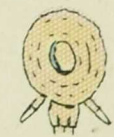
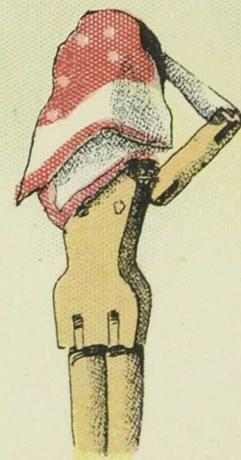
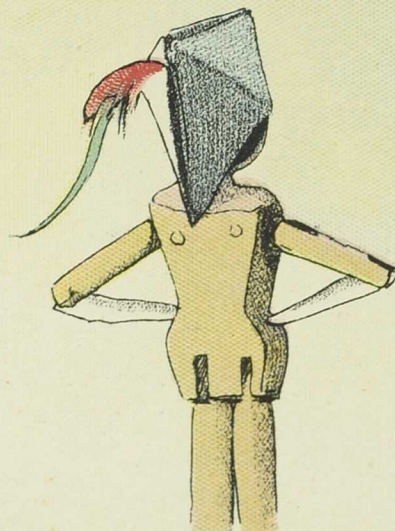
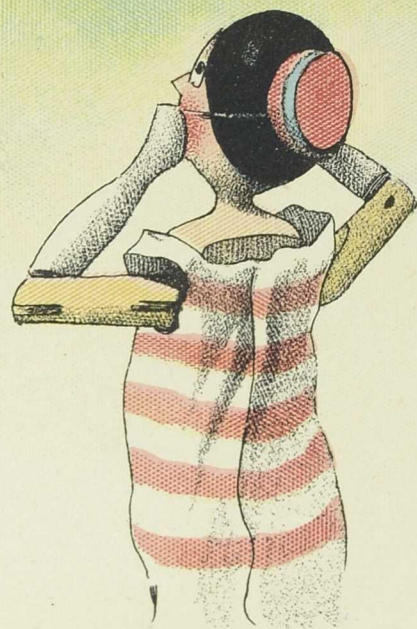






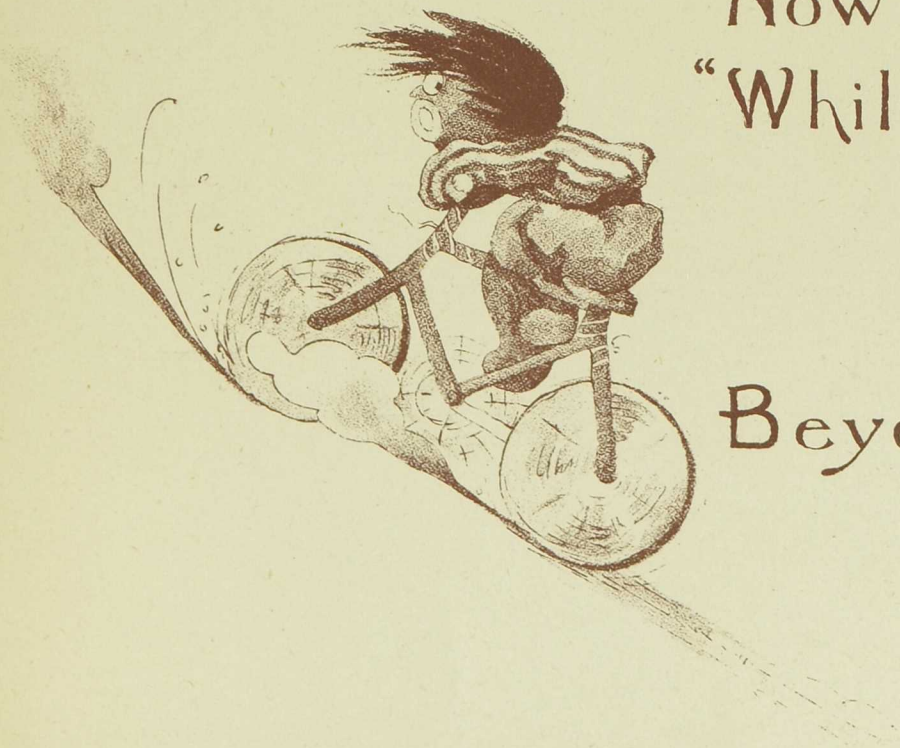
But very soon they lose all dread  
When meeting one of them,  
    With manner calm  
    And grave *salaam*  
He greets his "countrymen".

Bold Sarah carries all the guns,  
(Perhaps some powder too!)  
    And so serene  
    Her placid mien,  
They all ride safely through.



But give no thought to latitude  
Till all at once they find  
They're shut right in  
By mountains grim  
Up which they fear to wind.

"Now you stay here", cries Sarah Jane,  
"While Golliwogg and I  
Go up to see  
What there can be  
Beyond these mountains high."





The top is reached, both turn around  
To tell them what they see,  
With lightning speed  
Each wheelèd steed  
Runs downward rapidly:

An even line they chance to take  
As back to back they fly,  
While both see stars,  
(I don't mean Mars)  
A-sparkling in the sky.





An ambulance the cart becomes,  
A handkerchief protects  
The victim's face  
For just a space  
From the sun's ill effects.

Their "bikes" they leave behind, you see,  
And with united force  
O'er desert sand  
This solemn band  
Preserves a level course.





Their backs are aching with the strain,  
Their gait has been so swift;  
When camel high  
Comes stalking by  
And offers them a lift.



They gladly mount his humpy back,  
Indulging in such fun,  
Poor Midget falls,  
And spite her calls  
Is left in burning sun.





Stunned for the time, she does not move,

And then they're out of sight!

Her sobs are heard

By desert bird,

Which pauses in its flight,

And bears the Midget on its wings,

Alighting where the rest

By sparkling pool

Drink waters cool,

Of which they'd been in quest.



Sal's "stove pipe" hat stands on the ground,  
Golly stands on his head,  
Their attitude  
Speaks gratitude  
For being safely led.

When hark! a gruesome yell is heard!  
Which turns e'en Dutch blood pale  
And hair with fright  
Stands bolt upright,  
While limbs begin to fail!





His thirst scarce slaked, the Golliwogg,  
Not daring to look round,  
Hears savage cries  
And courage dies  
On feeling himself bound.

A fearful tribe of cannibals  
All armed with weapons grim,  
Brandish their spears  
And spite of tears  
Prepare to "finish" him.

Three times the knife is swung around,  
The king stands smiling near;  
This scalp so fair  
He longs to wear—  
Such trophies he holds dear.

Peg's useless howlings fill the air,  
But Sarah quickly sees  
That she can try  
To pacify  
And possibly to please.



She dearly loves her stovepipe hat,  
But with a courage grim  
Born of despair,  
She makes her prayer,  
And offers it to him:





"O Panky-Wanky Indian,  
My travelling hat please take!  
Upon our isle  
It's quite the style—  
Do wear it for my sake!

But oh! pray spare our Golliwogg,  
Our dear and only one!  
And we will sing  
'Long live the king'  
Who such kind deed has done!"



So touched was Laydizman the king  
By her devotion sweet,  
He seized his crown  
And laid it down  
At little Sarah's feet.



“I crown you queen of Panky-Wank,  
Your dark love shall be king.  
Now dance and shout  
In lively rout,  
And make the echoes ring!”



Thus all things ended joyfully  
While feast and song went round;  
Peg led the fun,  
Weg played the drum,  
And charmed them with its sound.



The Moonlight floods this Eastern land  
And weaves a fairy spell;  
Their frolic o'er  
They leave it's shore  
For the home they love so well.

And hark! the wanderers shout "Hurrah"  
As toward the beach they float,  
No more to roam,  
For "Home, sweet Home"  
Swells out each happy throat.

And when Doll-land is safely reached,  
I think we may be sure  
That bicycle  
And tricycle  
Are destined to endure.















