



THE GOLLIWOGG "HOLLAND"

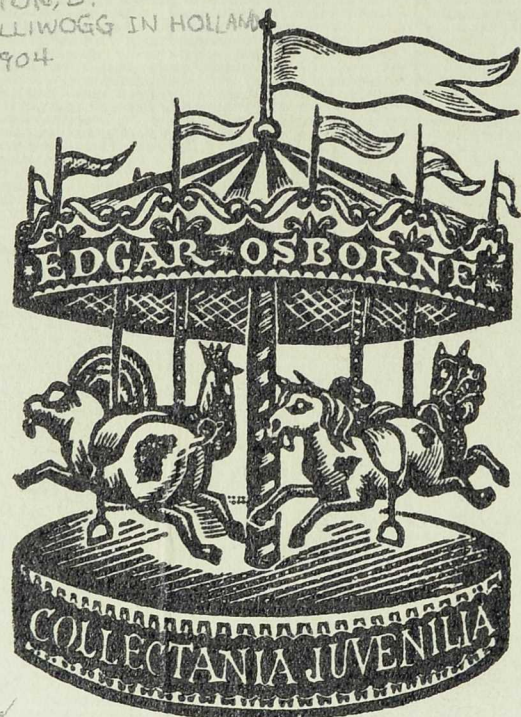
BY *Flourence K. Upton*

VERSES BY *Bertha Upton*

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P (fol.)
UPTON, B.
GOLLIWOGG IN HOLLAND
c. 1904



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BY THE SAME AUTHORS.

The Adventures of Two Dutch Dolls and a Golliwogg.

31 coloured plates, and numerous illustrations in the text, by *Florence K. Upton*.
Verses by *Bertha Upton*.

The Golliwogg's Bicycle Club.

31 coloured plates, and numerous illustrations in the text, by *Florence K. Upton*.
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The Golliwogg at the Sea-side.

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The Golliwogg in War.

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The Golliwogg's Polar Adventures.

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The Golliwogg's "Auto-Go-Cart."

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The Golliwogg's Air-Ship.

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The Golliwogg in Holland.

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The Uge-Men's Revenge.

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Oblong 4to, uniform in style with this volume.

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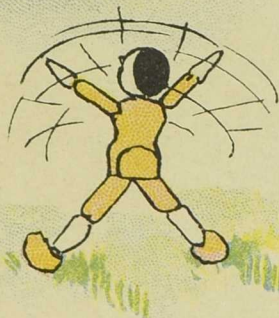
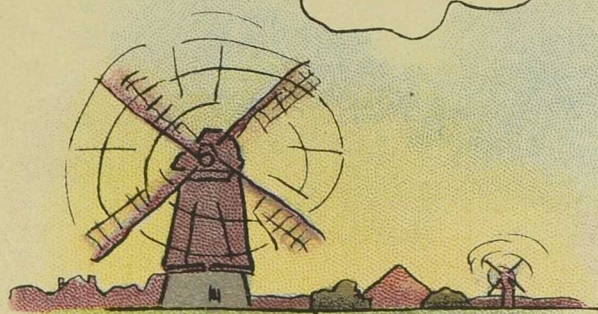
LONDON,

NEW YORK,

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THE GOLLIWOGG

IN HOLLAND



PICTURES BY *Flourence K. Upton*

VERSES BY *Berthe Upton*

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"This box has come by fast express
From Holland, as you see,
And Meg, I find, can scarce restrain
Her curiosity.

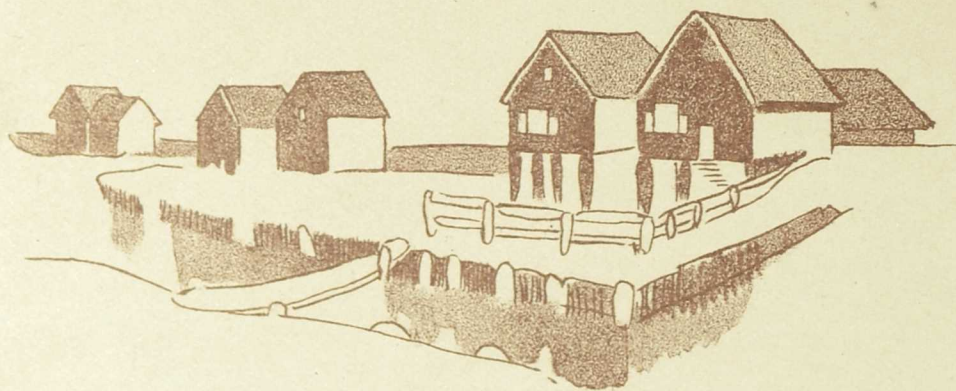
So, not to keep you waiting long,
My chisel I'll apply,
And one by one the things unfold
To your admiring eye.





Ah! here's the Marken suit for Peg,
Complete with yellow curls,
While Sarah's dress from Volendam
Well fits our queen of girls.

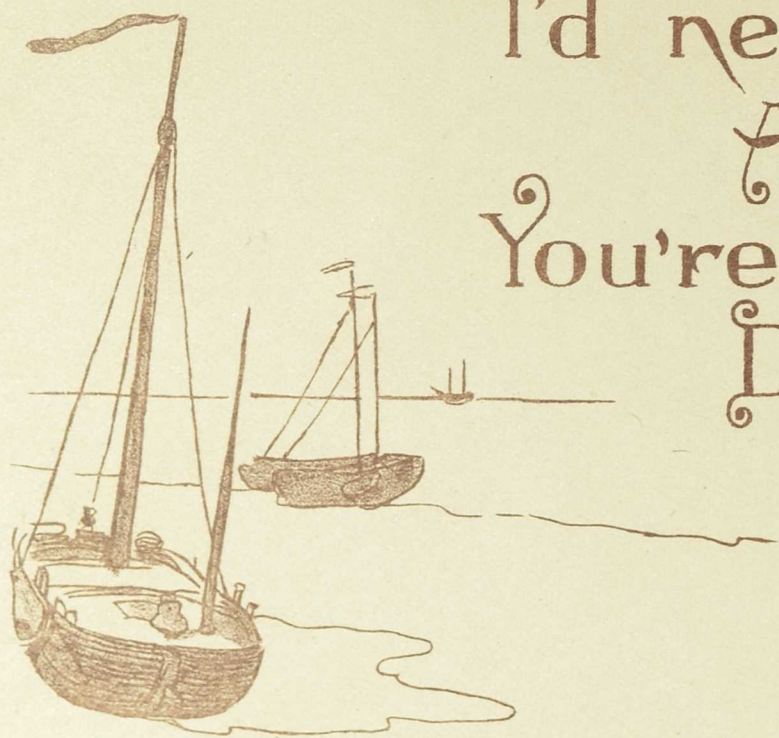
Yes, Weg! this shawl is meant for you,
This hood with springs of gold;
Go! get your mirror, try them on,
Their charms you'll then behold.

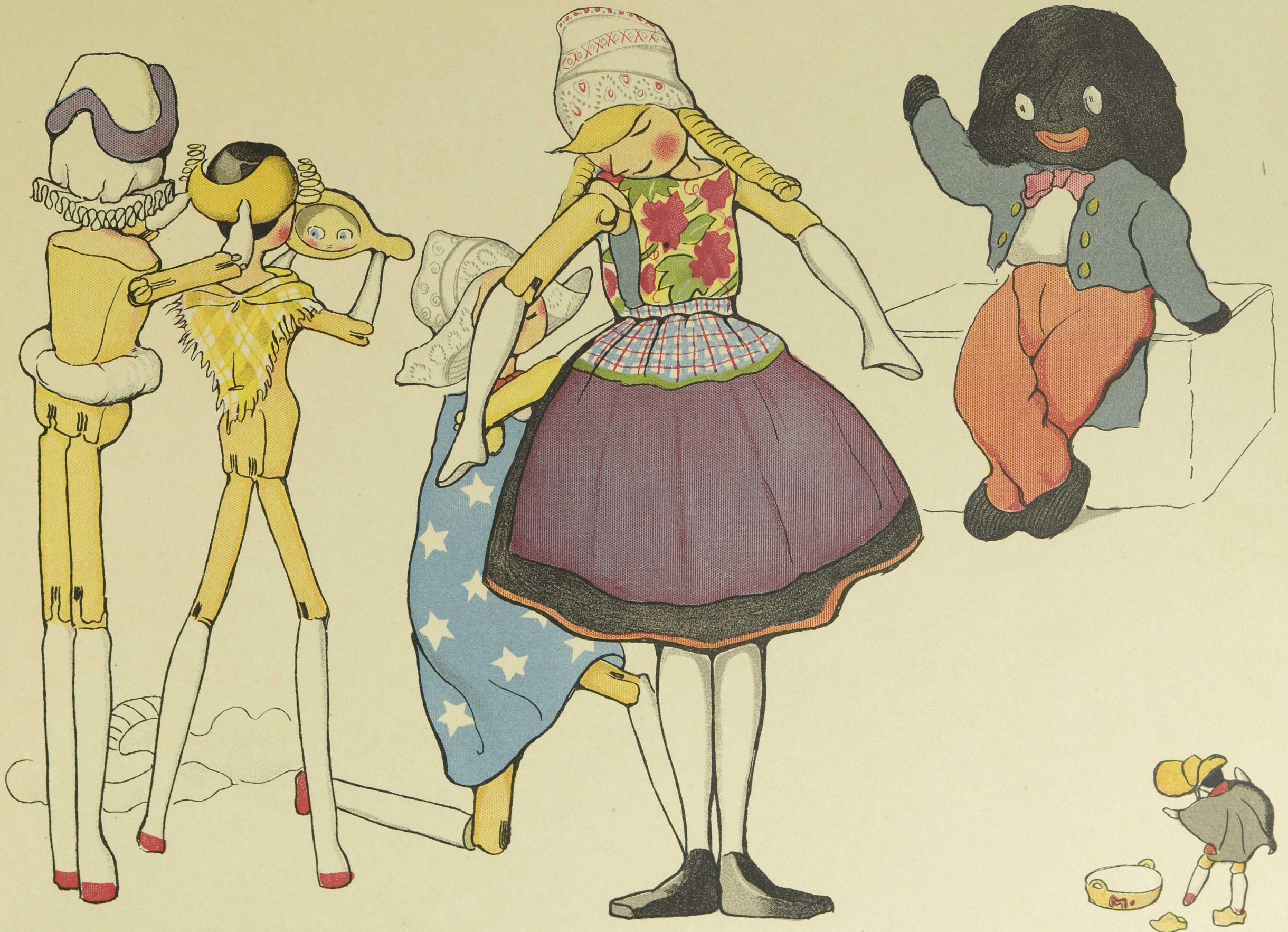


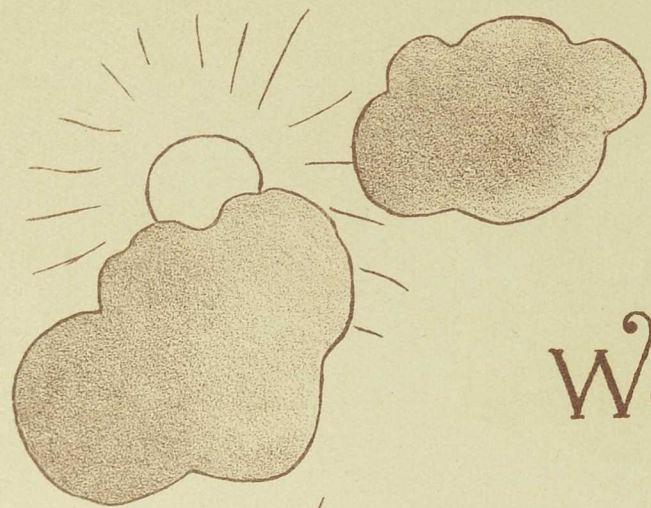


You, Midget, as a fisher maid
From Scheveningen's coast,
In bonnet, cloak and *klompen* small,
A dress unique can boast.

I'd ne'er have thought so great a change
A style was bound to make,
You're perfect as a Marken girl
Dear Peg! and no mistake.







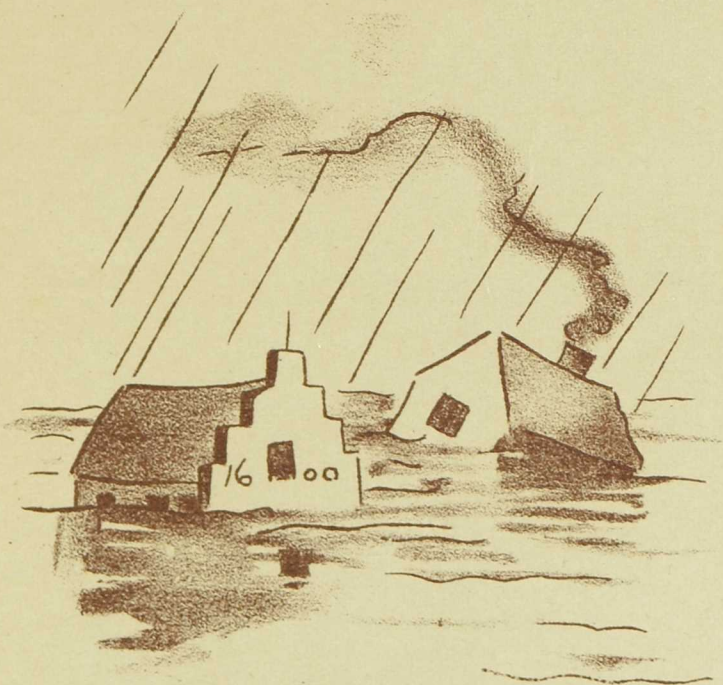
We'll start at once, the weather's dry-
Too dry, some folks declare;
But Holland never fears a drought,
There's water always there.



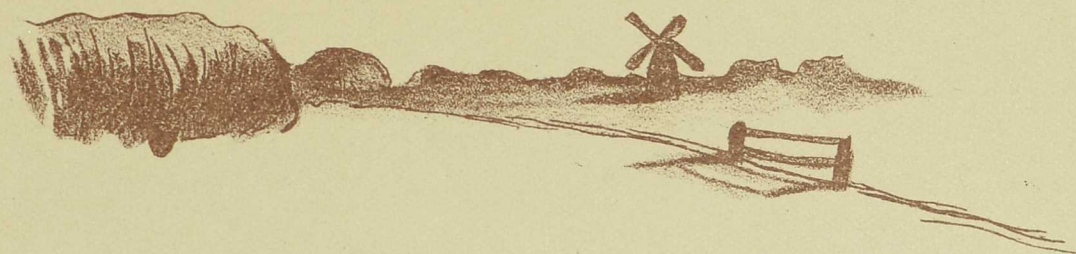
And frequently, I'm told, it rains,
While now and then it blows;
They say that once upon a time
The angry waters rose

And washed away the strongest dykes,
The houses got afloat-
But have no fear, we're quite prepared,
I've hired a ferry-boat.

Come! let's be packing for the start,
I'll tell you more *en route*,
So, while you make your toilettes, I'll
Try on my fisher suit."







"Yes, Peg, you're very weather-wise,
Maybe because you're Dutch;
Those clouds most certainly mean rain,
Yet, you won't mind it much,

For, here's a cabin to our boat,
Will keep you dry and warm,
But doubtless we shall reach our farm
Before there's any storm."



Then Golliwogg climbed up on top,
His weather eye all clear,
While little Sarah Jane, behind,
Managed the steering gear.

The wind-mills whirred their mighty wings
As though they fain would fly,
And stared from out their window-eyes
When Golliwogg passed by.







Behold them safely disembarked,
Hurrying across the bridge,
Pressing with joy towards their home
Beyond the dyke's high ridge.

Three ducklings paddling down the stream,
Noise forth a welcoming cheer,
And Wilhemine the serving-maid
Waits on the pathway near.



She waits, and looking, sees with fright
Her master disappear,
Dragging the startled Sarah Jane
Into the water clear:

'Twas little Sarah's frightened scream
Brought Peggy flying back
And two scared ducks rose in midair
With terrifying quack





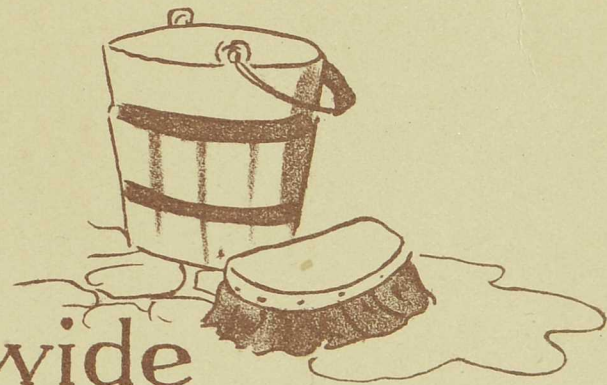
Maid Wilhemine with stiffened joints
Arrives the very last:
"Mijnheer!" she cries, "so glad am I
The danger all is past!"

The dear *Jufvrouw* has got no harm,
But just a little fright;
I'll make the tea so quick I can,
Its heat will set you right".

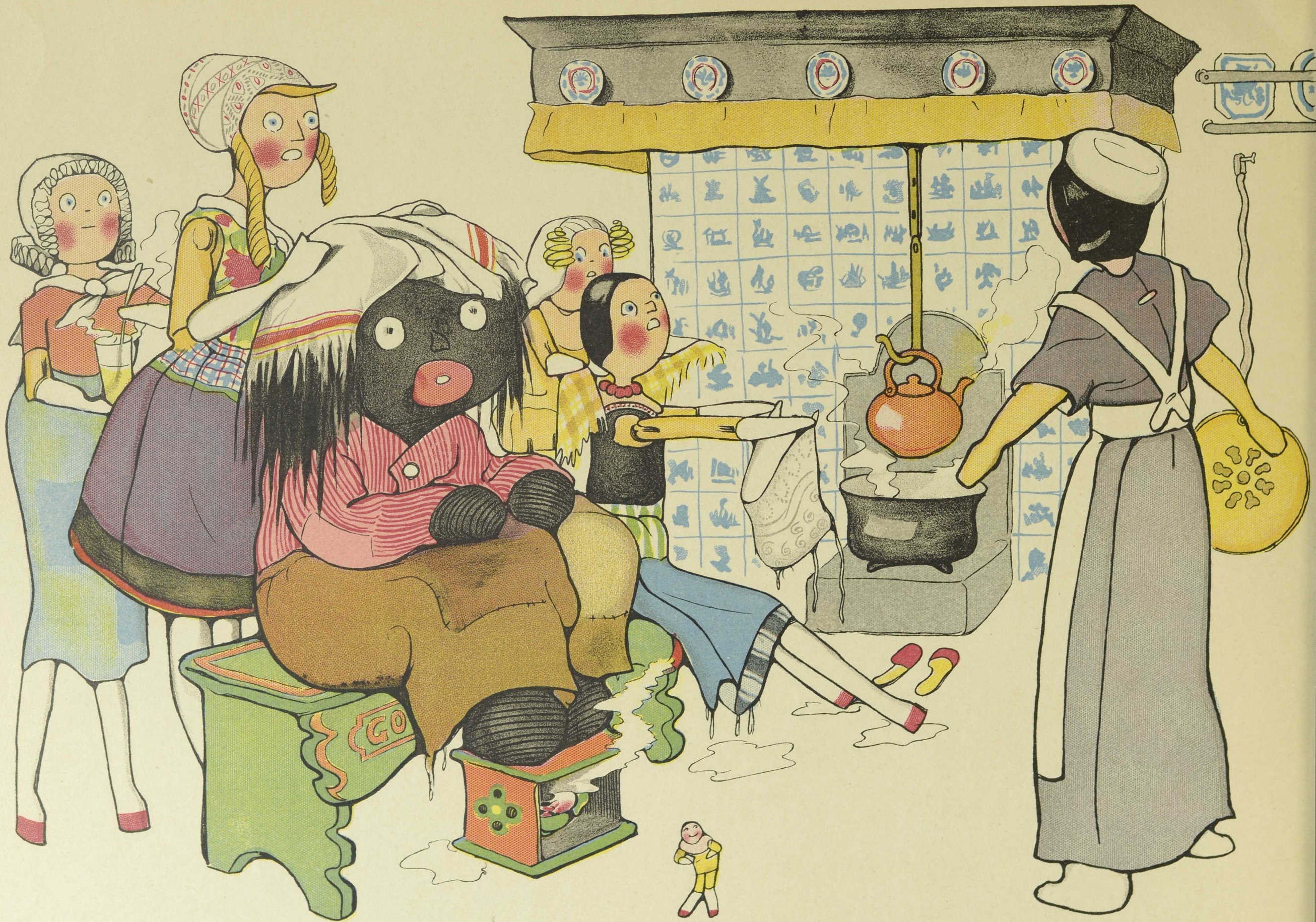




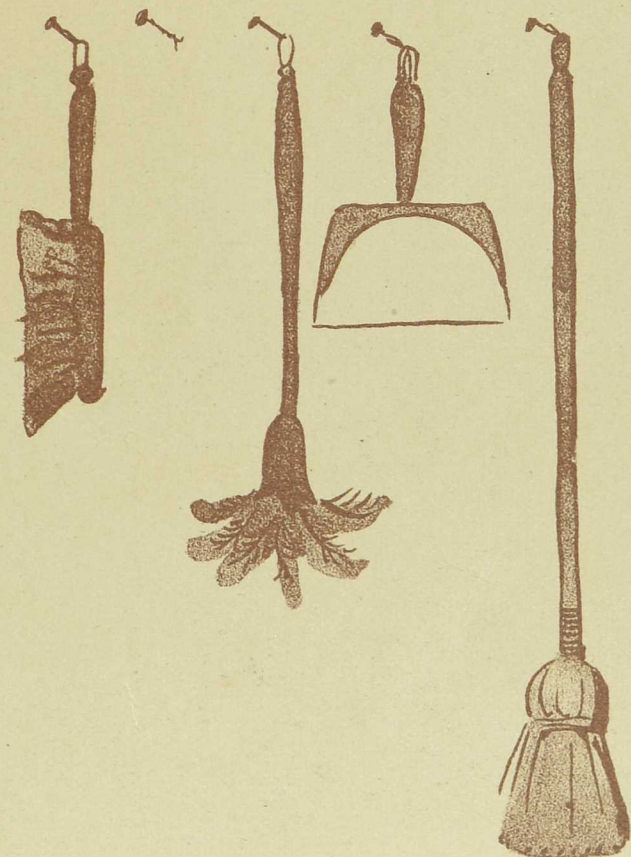
The quaint green door stands open wide
Beyond the well-scrubbed bricks,
And from each foot, each careful soul,
A wooden *klompen* kicks,



The Midget, losing half her breath,
Follows Weg's flying heel;
Plain symptoms of an appetite
Already does she feel.



The living room, a cosy scene
Presents to Midget's eye,
A smoking *stoofje* at his feet,
Helps Golliwogg to dry;



Meg brings a glass of hot *citroen*,
And all, astonished, stare,
As Wilhemina, pointing down,
Bids every one prepare

The moment they have dried *Mijnheer*
And *jufvrouw* Sarah Jane,
To scrub and clean the kitchen floor
And wipe off every stain.





"Well! Holland customs are quite odd!
There *isn't* any dust
That I can see," said Sarah Jane,
"But, if we must, we *must*."

Therefore, behold the squad at work
With brush and pail and broom;
"Ah me! I'd best get out of this,
They'd rather have my room



I'm very sure," gasped Golliwogg,
"While I prefer the sea."
So, off he ran to catch the fish
They'd have that night for tea.



At eve, quite tired, but satisfied
That they no dust had found,
Though pails of water, brooms and mops
Had scrubbed each inch of ground,

They polished up, - then crossed the dyke,
Their fisher lad to meet,
While arms and hands were waved aloft
His happy smile to greet.





From blue delft cups they sipped their tea,
The kettle simmered loud
Within the *tea-stoof*, while *Mijnheer*
Regaled the listening crowd:

He told about a fish he'd caught
And almost brought to land,
Its like had ne'er before been seen
He'd have them understand.



They talked until the hour grew late,
Nor wished the evening gone,
Then, bidding him good night, retired,
To sleep'til early dawn.



"Leave room for me, dear Peggy, while
I safely place your "dip,"
Then, with the help of this nice bench,
Between the sheets I'll slip;

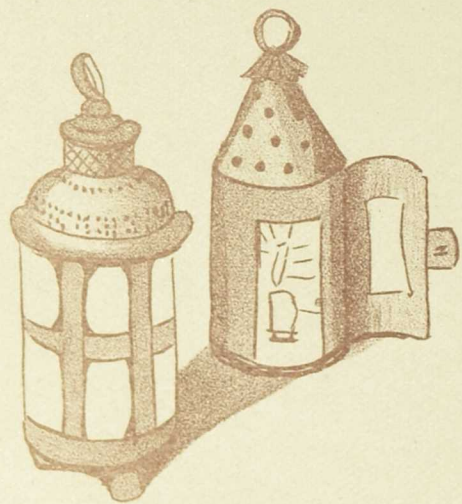
I only hope I shall not dream
About that monster fish;—
That he may ne'er be seen again,
I most sincerely wish!"





Left to himself, the Golliwogg
Locks up the little house,
The ladder stairs he next ascends
Softly as any mouse.

"Dear me! I'd better wind the clock,
Or I shall never know,
What hour to leave for market, if
The clock has ceased to go.



Hark! what a curious noise it makes,
The wheels buzz round in jerks;
Perhaps that reckless Wilhemine
Has tried to scour the works."



At half past three, the Golliwogg
Loaded his little cart,
And harnessed in his willing dog,
To make an early start;

For cheese of such superior sort,
A market must be found,
So, vaulting lightly to his place,
They skimmed across the ground.





O'er the dyke road they rattled fast,
The dog had wingèd feet
And plain good will — he'd no desire
His master to unseat.

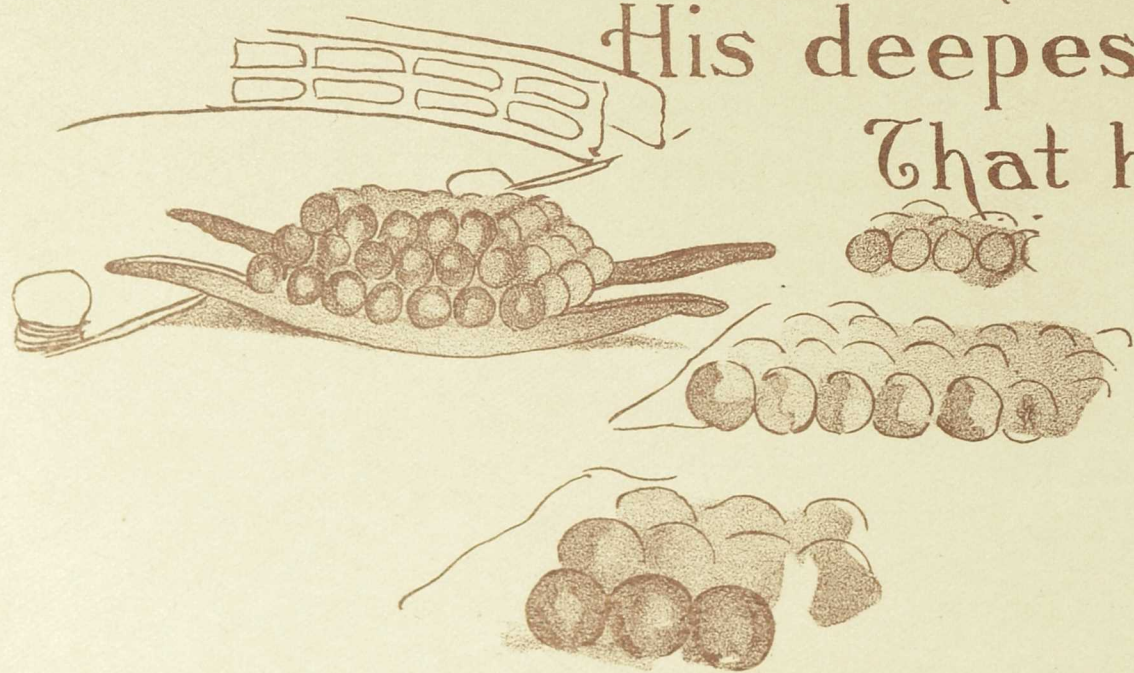
"It was the wheel, not I, *Mijnheer*,"
Sad doggie seemed to say,
"Twere better you should glance them o'er
Another Market day."





The wheel is very soon put on,
The yellow cheese piled in,
And o'er the bricks once more they fly
A foremost place to win.

Distress to laughter soon was turned
When every cheese was sold;
His deepest pocket held the purse
That held his piece of gold;



He pats his dog with gentle hand,
Then whispers in his ear
Something "Jan" seems to understand
By his expression clear.



While hurrying along the dyke,
Golliwogg thinks aloud,
So doggie knows that piece of gold
Is to the ladies vowed.

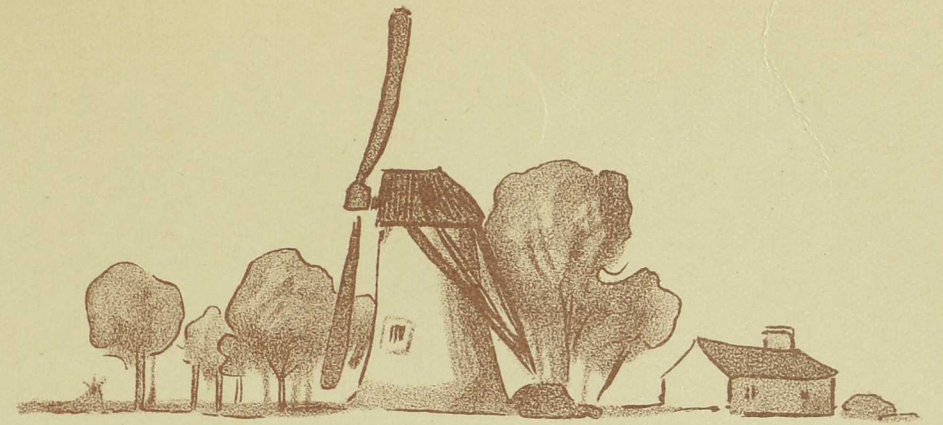


"I'm sure it's flowers they like the best,
Tulips they all adore!
I'll buy enough to fill the cart
And then return for more,"



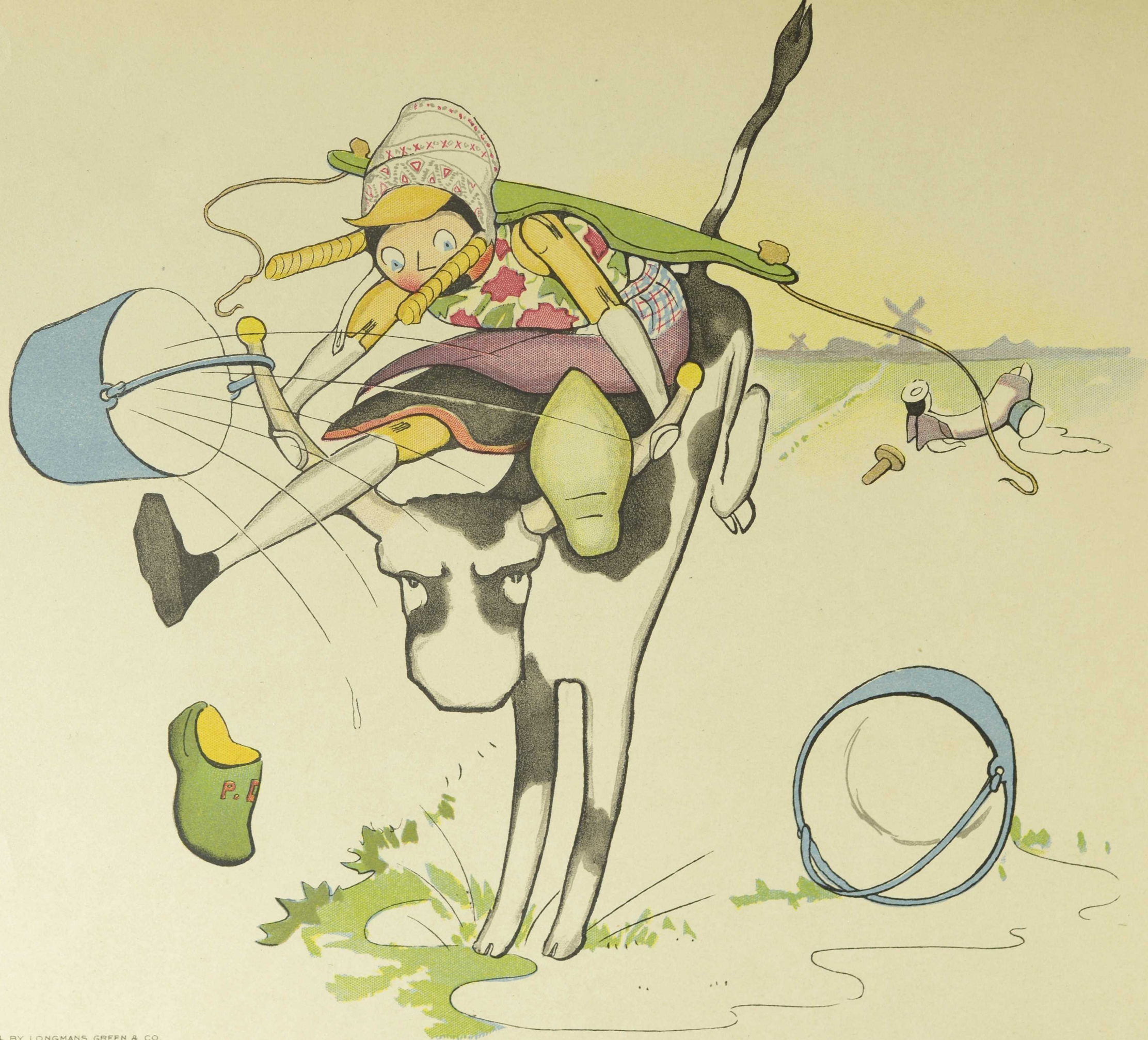
Said Golliwogg, as through the field
Of flower-cups bright and gay,
He lightly stept, nor would he hurt
One petal by the way.





Now Peggy would a milkmaid be,
Upon their little farm;
She loved the gentle, well-bred cow,
So innocent of harm;

With Wilhemine upon the stool,
And Peg to bear the yoke
That balanced two full pails of milk,
They seemed real farmer folk:



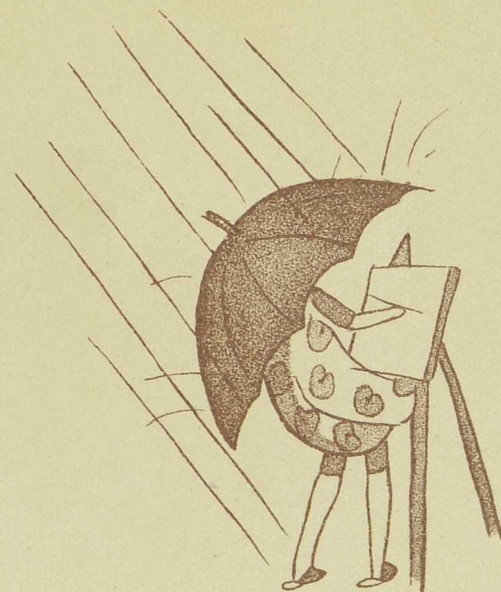
But "Spotje" was a cow of moods,
She did not like Peg's smile,
And, watching as she left the field,
Her heart was filled with guile;



She lowered both her wicked horns
And made one fatal dive,
The situation was extreme,
Yet Peg came out alive.



"How skillfully you use your brush,
Dear, clever Sarah Jane!
That you were for a painter made
Seems absolutely plain!"

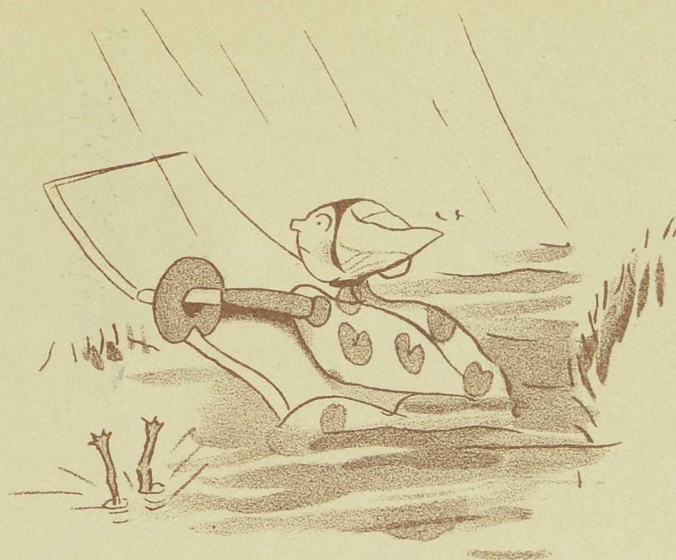


"Yes, Meg, my earliest dream began
When for our circus fun
I made that giant poster, which
So much attention won;

And here, in Holland, where, it seems
That thousands come to paint,
In spite of disadvantages
Enough to try a saint,



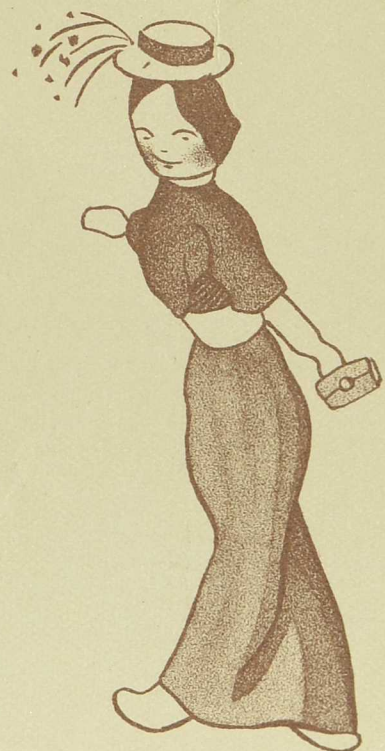
I'll strive to reach the highest mark
—It's blowing, did you say?
Well, let it blow a hurricane,
Aye! blow us both away—”



In sooth it did, that cruel wind,
It tore the canvas free,
And carried with it, Sarah Jane,
Above the tallest tree.



"Now, all put on your Sunday best,
To Edam let us go,
The yearly *kermis* has arrived,
And 'tis a merry show!"



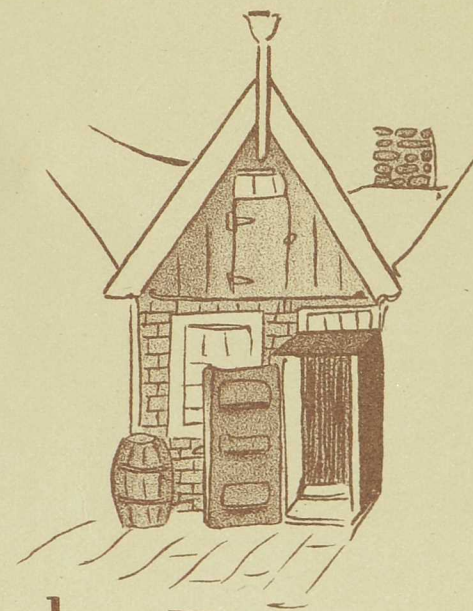
"Why! what's a *kermis*, Golliwogg?"
— "A *kermis*, Midget dear,
Is just a country fair, with booths
And every sort of cheer.

Give Wilhemine a holiday,
I don't care one dutch cent
About the house, we'll lock it up—
Come, girls! 'tis time we went."

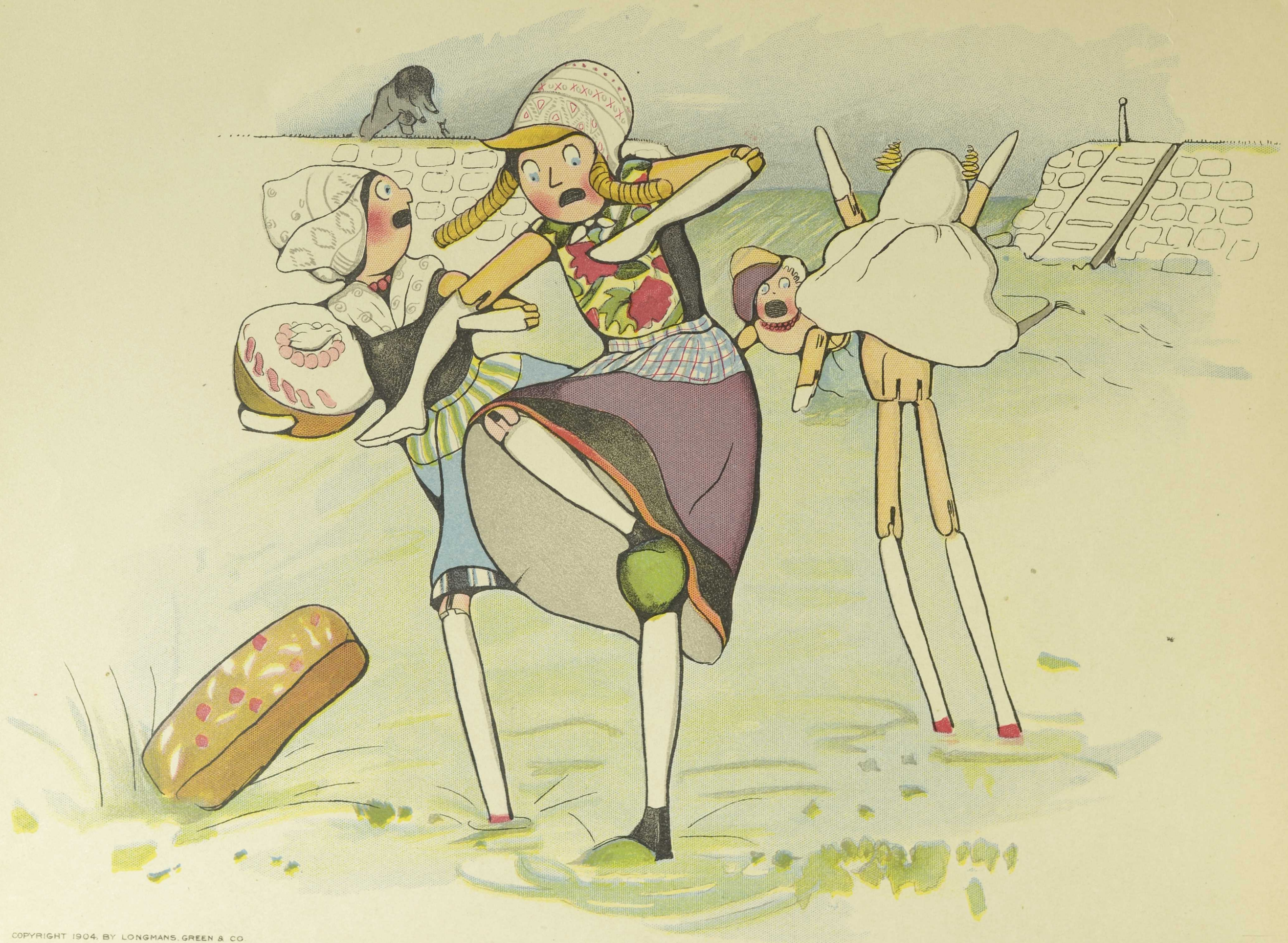


Behold the jolly "*kermis fling*"!

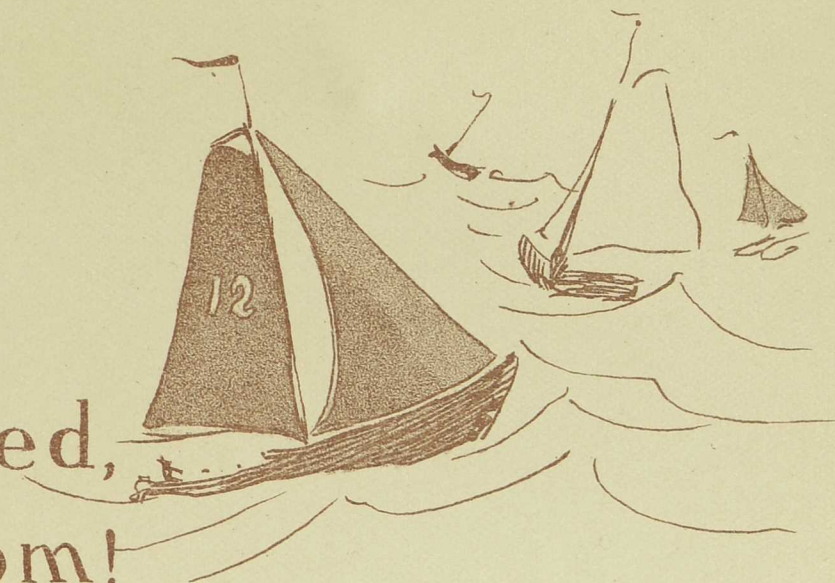
A dance the dutch hold dear,
It's measure free their *klompen* mark,
They sing and shout their cheer;



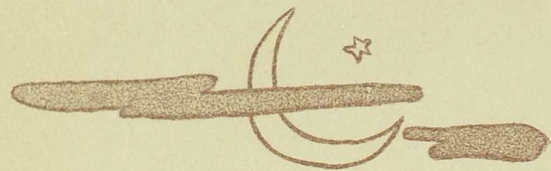
Then, wishing luck to all they meet,
Their *koekjes* grasping tight,
Along the narrow path they speed,
Under advancing night.



The farmhouse door is almost reached,
When, *hark!* a crack like doom!
The dyke gives way! the sea rolls in
With thund'rous, awesome boom!!



Peg drops her *koek*, shrieks rend the air,
The water rises fast,
It floats them to the farmhouse roof,
Where, looking round aghast



☆ The absence of their precious two
☆ Is all at once made known!
Can they be *drowned*! the very thought
Turns every heart to stone.-

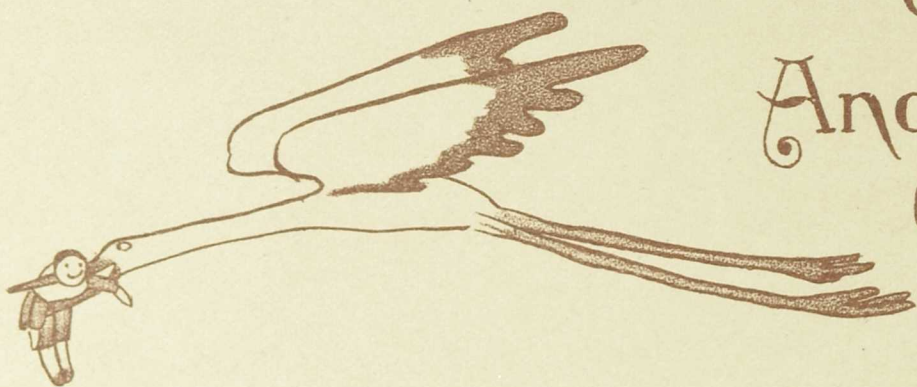
The gentle stork and Sarah Jane
In sympathy unite,
Their compact blest will be revealed
By morning's clearer light.



The stork flew o'er that cheerless waste,
A *klompje* boat she spied
Which held the tiniest of forms,
Weeping on ocean wide;

The kindly bird soon has her fast
Within her powerful beak,
Landing her safely with the rest,
Too overcome to speak.

The girls ask for the Golliwogg,
Their voices choked by tears,
And even Midget's answer brave
Cannot assuage their fears.





A glory fills the eastern sky,
All cry, "The sun! the sun!
It brings us hope that he'll appear,
Our strong, our cherished one!"

A far, faint shout falls on each ear,
A reassuring hail,
" 'Tis he! 'tis he! our Golliwogg!
We knew he couldn't fail!"





"Joyfully now we'll homeward steer
On raft as light as cork,
Come! give a cheer for Holland dear,
And yonder gentle stork;

Another cheer for Golliwogg,
Who engineered our fun,
As farmer and as fisherman
He has himself outdone;



But, in whatever guise he smiles,
His heart unchanged will be
As now, when out of sight we float
Across the Zuyder Zee."

