

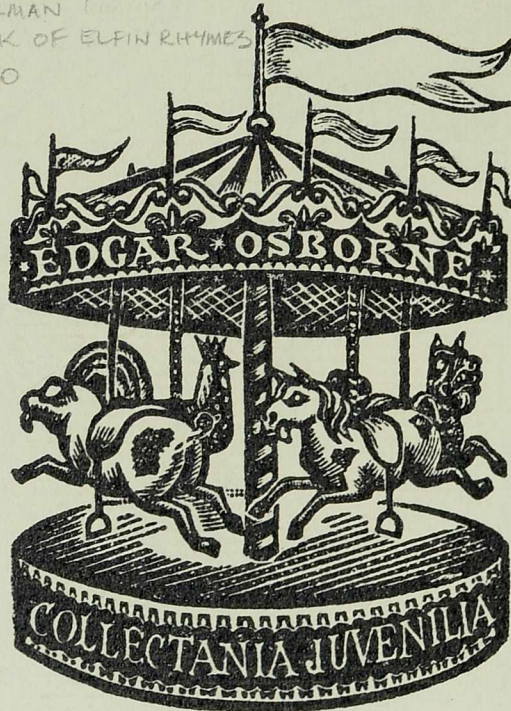
# ELFIN RHYMES

BY  
'NORMAN'



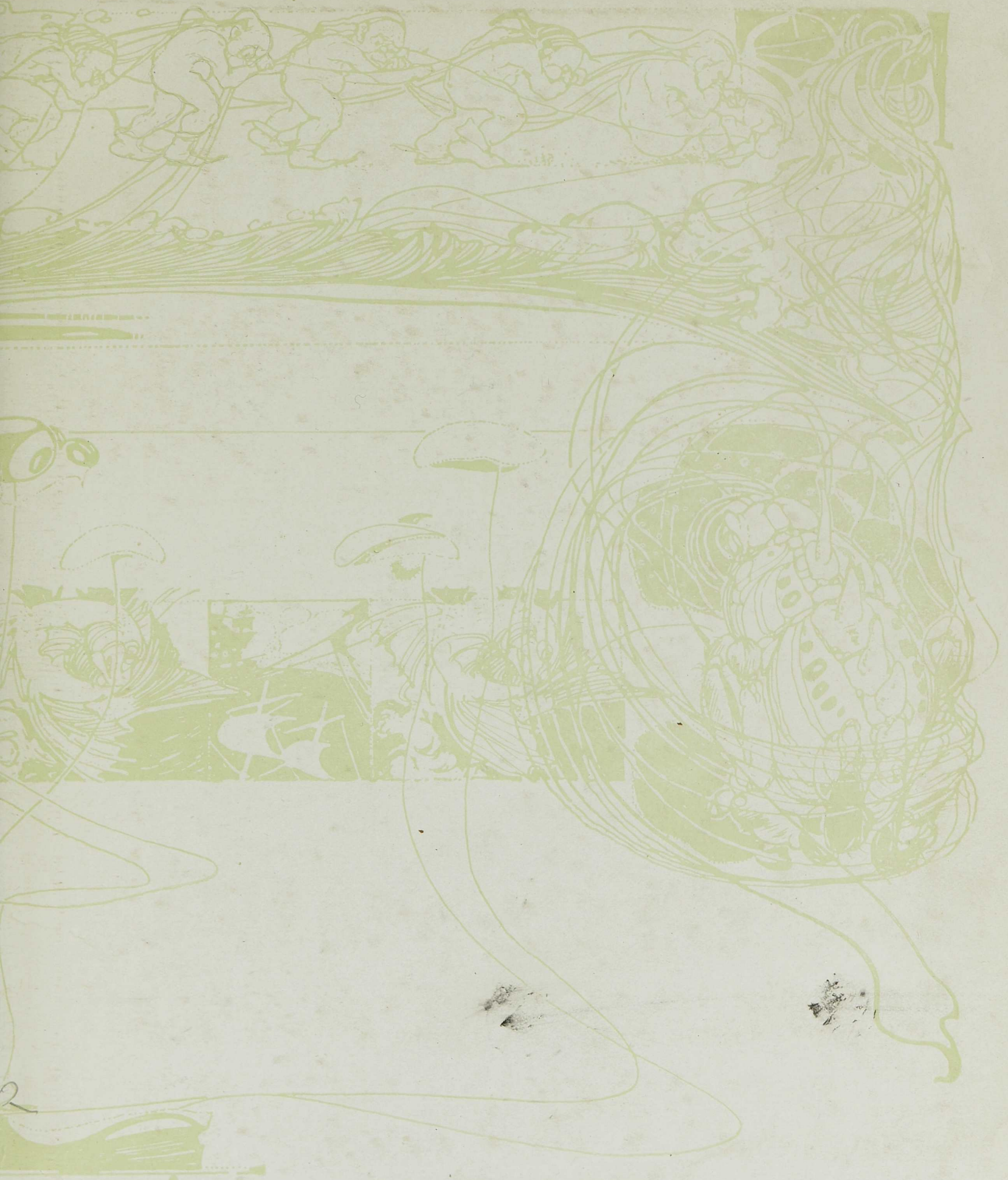
WITH 40 DRAWINGS BY  
CARTON MOOREPARK

TEC (P)  
NORMAN  
BOOK OF ELFIN RHYMES  
1900



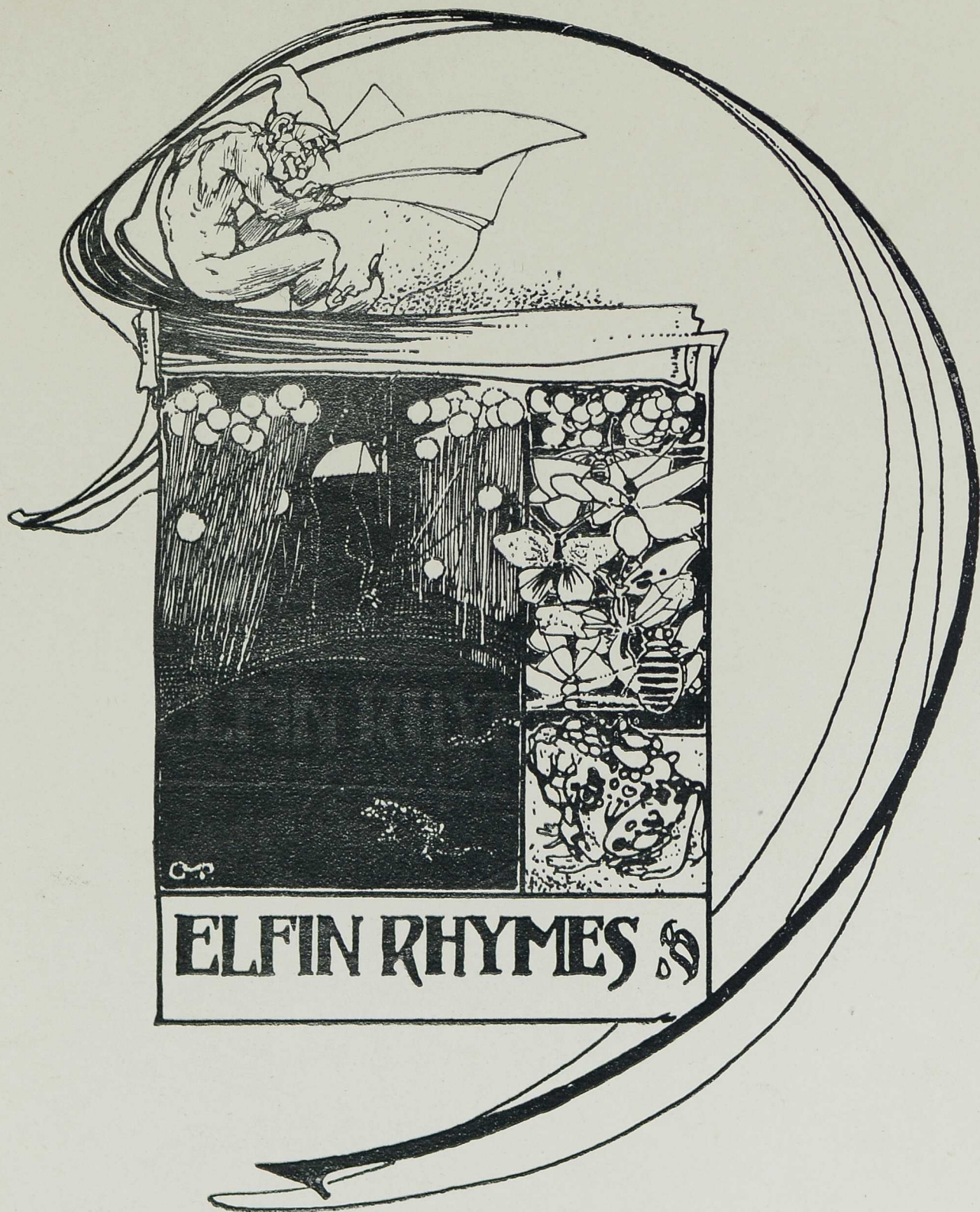
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CARTON MOORE PARK 1899





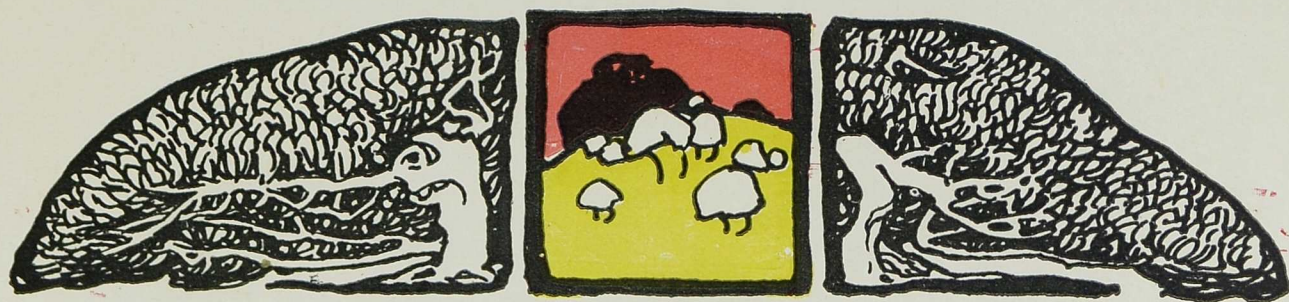
To dear little Sunshine, with love and Best Wishes  
from Chum - Dec 25<sup>th</sup> 1900.





# A BOOK OF ELFIN RHYMES

BY  
'NORMAN'



WITH 40 DRAWINGS IN COLOUR  
BY CARTON MOORE PARK

GAY AND BIRD: 22 BEDFORD STREET  
LONDON · 1900 · 90





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*Said Rosie, " And is there an elfin-land ?*

*Are goblin stories true ?*

*Did you ever see a fairy's wand ?*

*Do the fairies talk to you ?*

*Are they far away or near us ?*

*When we're speaking can they hear us ? "*

*Said I, " There is really a fairy-realm,*

*Not so very far away.*

*Shall we sit in the shade of this great old elm*

*And visit it for a day ?*

*For we'll find its true location*

*In the realm of Imagination."*



**THE PEACEFUL PEASANT**

## THE PEACEFUL PEASANT

Oh ! look at the Peasant so aged and gray,  
Who lived in a hut near the King's highway.  
He went forth to fish every good fishing-day,—  
And his whiskers grew down to his toes.

A goblin who lived in the high river-bank  
Loved to tease the old chap, for he thought him  
a crank ;  
He laughed at his figure so lean and so lank  
And the whiskers that grew to his toes.



“Booh! Funny old man with the lantern-face  
- Are you going to catch red-herring or plaice?  
Oh! I should like to see you running a race,  
With your whiskers a-tripping your toes!”

With toadstools and moss he pelted his foe,  
Stuck thorns in his hair and scared the fish so  
That at last the old fellow said “Too far you go!”  
While his whiskers he stroked with his toes.





Till a plan of revenge on the elf he had found,  
Next day he repaired to a new fishing-ground ;  
Behind a rock waited he, making no sound,  
    And his whiskers were – where d'ye suppose ?

Why, hung over the rock like a long creeping  
    plant !

Soon the elf comes along with his light-hearted  
    chant,

Tries to pass by the rock, but finds that he can't,  
    For the whiskers entangle his toes.



Now the peasant's great hand from the rock  
stretches out

And the poor little elf gives a pitiful shout,

And makes desperate efforts to get himself out

From the whiskers that tangle his toes.

But the great hand has got him, and, spite of his  
squeals,

He is bottled along with a couple of eels,

While a sly grin of pleasure the old fellow steals

Down the whiskers that grow to his toes.





**THE RACE** 

## THE RACE

Ho ! two lively little elves  
Eager to amuse themselves !  
See—a tortoise one bestrides,  
The other on a rabbit rides ;  
    And he sits (oh ain't it funny ?)  
    Looking t'wards the tail of bunny.

Very soon the two fall out ;  
And I'll tell you what about ;—  
The tortoise elf begins to jeer,  
Says the other rides so queer.  
    “ All a case of force of habit,”  
    Says the imp who rides the rabbit.





“Hi! suppose we try a race,  
Making this the starting place.”

“I agree!” says number one,

“Quarter-mile then let us run,

And the prize a comb of honey.”

“Right you are!” says he on bunny.

Off they go! The rabbit bounds  
In and out between the mounds,  
O'er the hillocks like the wind,  
While the tortoise far behind

Slowly after him comes plodding,

Feet a-crawling, head a-nodding.



Alas, alack, the bunny's elf  
Is too proud about himself ;  
For the rabbit nears its hole,  
Which of course it thinks the goal ;  
    Down it shoots he like an arrow,  
    Though the door is very narrow.

'Gainst the roof the elf has struck  
With a whack would kill a duck !  
Stiff he falls outside the mound,  
Never more to utter sound !

    Ah ! indeed I can't help crying  
    When I see how still he's lying.

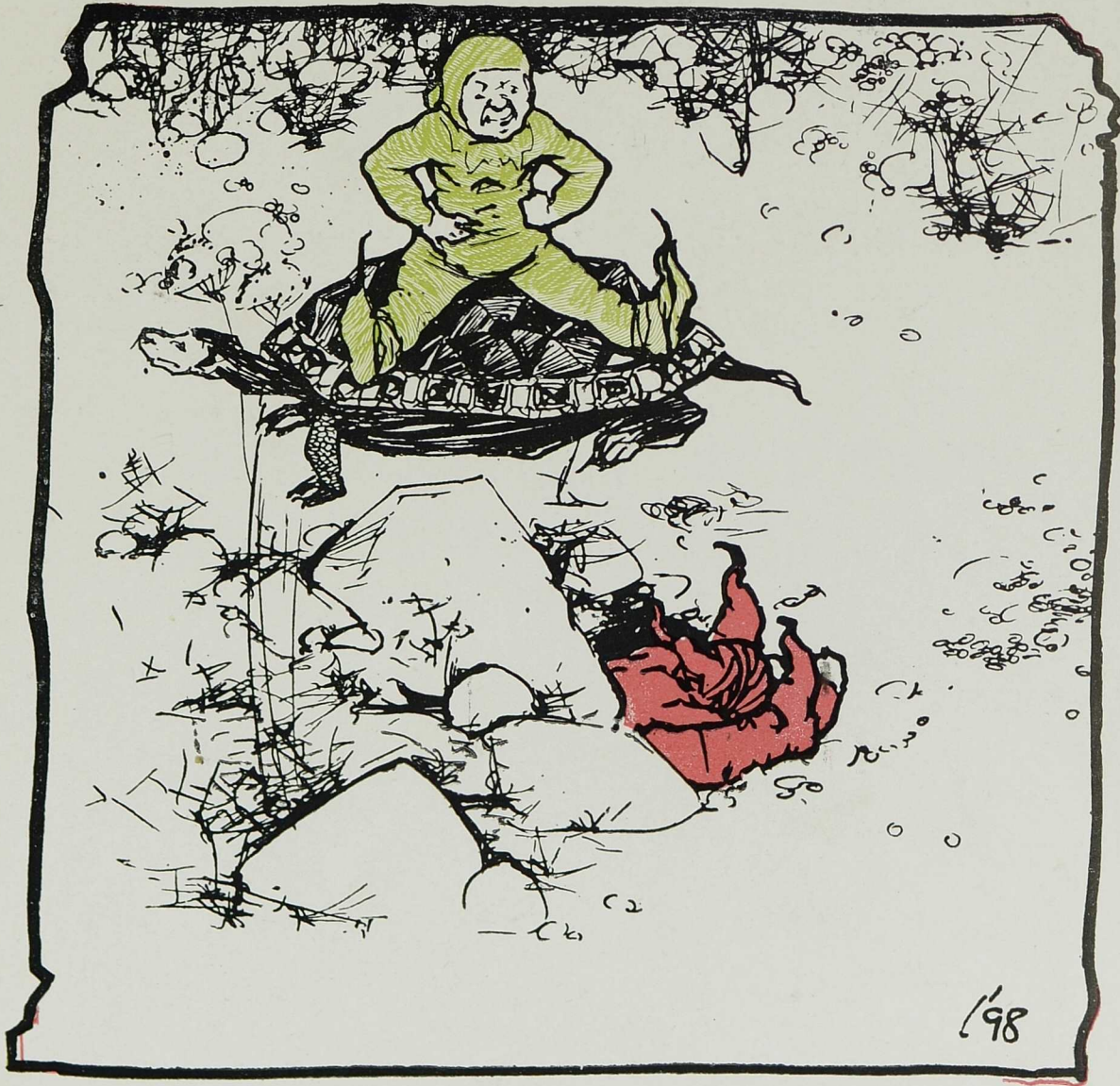


After long the tortoise strolls  
Up among the rabbit holes,  
And his rider grins with glee  
On his fallen enemy.

(Elves are clever, playful, witty,  
But, I fear they show no pity).

Now this tale has reached its end  
I the moral should append,  
But, I fear it can't be done.  
Why? Because it hasn't one.

Goo-good-bye elf, who rode on bunny  
And died in debt---a comb of honey.



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**THE LAZY ELF AND THE  
MAGIC SEEDLINGS**



# THE LAZY ELF AND THE MAGIC SEEDLINGS



'Twas a lazy little elf---  
Never worked unless he had to.  
One fine day 'tis very sad to  
Tell how he entrapped himself.

It was hot, and he was bid  
Carry a puff-bag of seedlings  
To a friend. With many wheedlings  
Coaxed to go, at last he did.



Pouf! The sun was very hot!  
(Have I said that once already?)  
Looked he round to find a shady,  
Quiet, lazy sort of spot.

On a boulder by a brook,  
Underneath a ledge o'erhanging,  
Lay he down, the seedlings banging  
By his side, nor paused to look

Once around him, but his eyes  
Closed he with a smile untroubling;  
And the streamlet's gentle bubbling  
Neath the happy summer skies



Soon had soothed him fast asleep.  
Oh! the lazy little stupid,  
Drowsing there as blind as Cupid—  
Soon he will have cause to weep.

For the seed-bag he forsook,  
When he tossed it from his shoulder,  
Open burst upon the boulder  
And fell scattered in the brook.

In a moment up they grew  
Swiftly, silently around him ;  
Oh that someone then had found him !  
But, alas, he never knew



Till he woke and found that he  
Was surrounded by a thicket.  
Vainly did he beat and kick it  
In his efforts to be free.

Prisoned there for many days,  
Now he can be always lazy:  
Ah! he'd work now; but there stays he  
Till the magic plant decays.







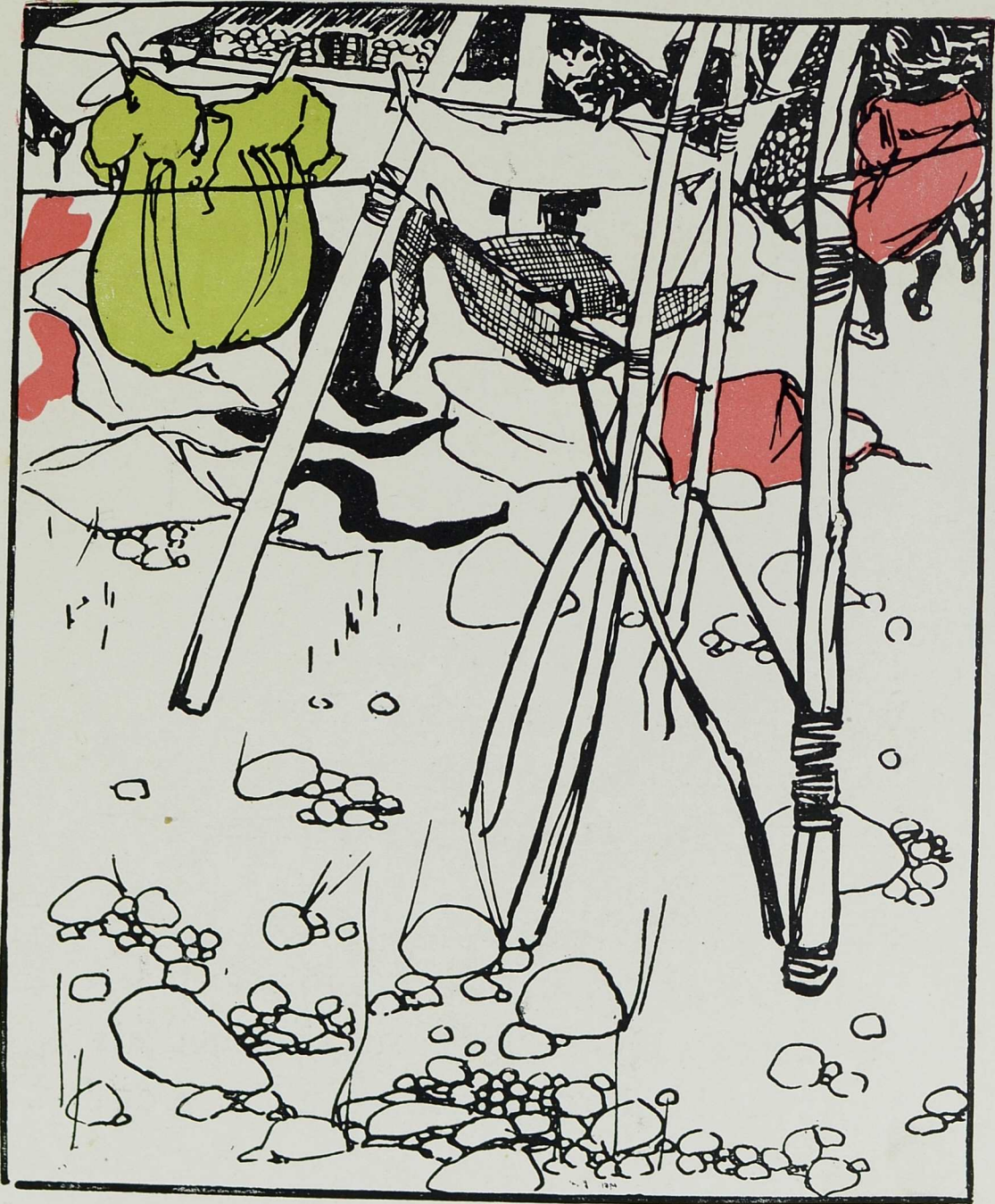
**THE PRANK OF POOLLALEG**

## THE PRANK OF POOLLALEG

A little imp called Poollaleg,  
Who lives beside the river Weg,  
Is boasting of a piece of fun ;  
And I will tell you what he's done.

A worthy woman, stout and red,  
With six small urchins to be fed,  
Lives in a cottage called " The Egg "  
And does her washing in the Weg.

Now yesterday the things were spread  
New-washed beside the river bed.  
The woman in the house was she  
And boiling mackerel for tea.



Came little Poollaleg along,  
A-humming of a frisky song ;  
He saw the urchins up the bank  
And watched them playing round a tank.

He crept up, quiet as any mouse,  
And heard the woman in the house,  
He saw the washing spread to dry,  
And then he winked his wicked eye.

He seized a flannel petticoat  
And set it on the stream to float :  
It spread about like any gown,  
And drifted, bobbing up and down.

Then Poollaleg he counted four  
And gave a loud and fearsome roar !  
He roared and shrieked and stamped his leg  
And yelled "She's drowning in the Weg!"



The urchins scrambled from the mound ;  
They cried "Our Bessie's bein' drowned!!"  
The woman heard the fearful row  
And said "What are they up to now?"

She clattered to the cottage door,  
And then she needed ask no more---  
Her Bessie drowning in the stream !  
She gave a loving mother's scream.

Then off she threw her boots and cap  
And jumped into the stream—flop-flap !  
Around her bulged her ample gown :  
" A pole!" she cried. They threw it down.

With mighty splash did she progress  
And hooked the pole on little Bess.  
She hooked the petticoat---Behold !  
No little Bess did it enfold.





They pulled her out upon the bank,  
With dress so dripping, hair so dank.  
She gazed around.---Lo! Bessie stood  
Among the others of her brood.

They all stood gaping, ill at ease ;  
She'd been behind them, pulling peas---  
They heard strange sounds across the Weg---  
It was the mirth of Poollaleg!

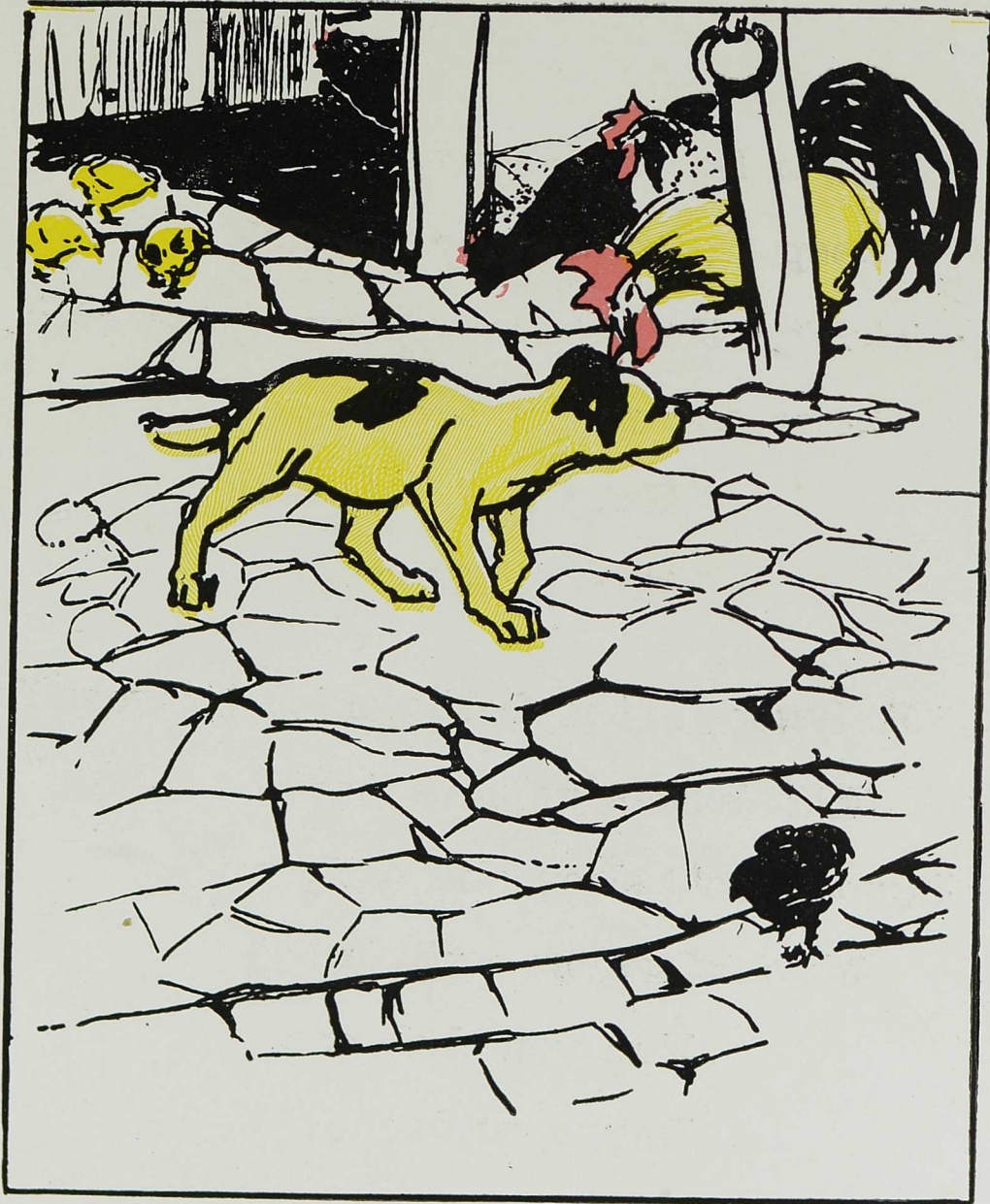








A Puppy strayed from his stable home  
All on an autumn day,  
Into a harvest-field to roam,  
Into the new-mown hay ;--  
"Bow-wow!" said he,  
"Free life for me!"



A Goblin lay in the bramble hedge,  
Deep in its shade concealed,  
Watching the scythe's far-sweeping edge  
Level the yellow field ;---

“Heigh ho!” said he,

“Mischief for me!”

“Oh Puppy!” the Goblin cried, “Sweet Pup!

Wilt be my gallant steed?

Lightly we'll sleep and early up;

Mischief galore we'll breed!

Fun you shall see

Doggy, with me!”





Nimbly he leapt on the Puppy's back,

Armed with a hazel-switch,

Dealing the sturdy flanks a whack!

Lightly they cleared the ditch.

“Puppy shall be

Bond-slave to me!”



Now, when the hens are mad with fright  
Or the old horse goes lame,  
Now, when the sheep-pen's forced at night---  
Whom does the farmer blame?  
Near ye must be,  
Imp and Puppee!





**THE FAIRY GOLD**



# THE FAIRY GOLD



Hear the tale that we are told  
Of the Miser's Fairy Gold!

\* \* \* \* \*

In his den the Miser's hoard  
In a glitt'ring pile lay stored.

Year by year he'd watched it grow,  
Stored and watched---he loved it so---

Watched its slow but sure increase,  
Till his spirit had no peace

Save in gloating o'er the pile  
Gathered by his craft and guile.

Now so huge had grown the store  
That, when he would count it o'er,





He a shovel would employ,  
Reckoning with childish joy:

“Golden shovel number ten,---  
Would that I were young again!

“That makes shovel-full eighteen,  
Oh the lovely yellow sheen!

“Shovel-fulls full twenty-three:  
Rich red gold---and all for me!!”

Ah, the Miser did not know  
It was Fairy Gold and so,

As the Fairy Queen should please,  
It would grow and would decrease.

And indeed when Muffyshaime,  
(This was the old sinner's name),

Came one day to count his store  
It was less by shovels four.



Muffy stared and scratched his head ;---  
“What is happening?” he said.

Next day---could he trust his eyes?---  
It had shrunk to half its size.

Muffyshaim he stamped and swore  
And his funny clothes he tore ;

Wild and scared he stammered out---  
“Now the Goblins are about !”

And even while he tore his dress  
The Gold was quickly growing less.

This he could no more endure ;  
He must keep the remnant sure :---

Yammering his lantern-jaws,  
Wide he stretched his skinny claws,

Girded up his shrunken loins  
And leapt upon the dwindling coins.



Deep he sank, with smothered yell,---  
Wondrous is the tale I tell!---

For now the Fairy's wand, unseen,  
Waved above the yellow sheen,

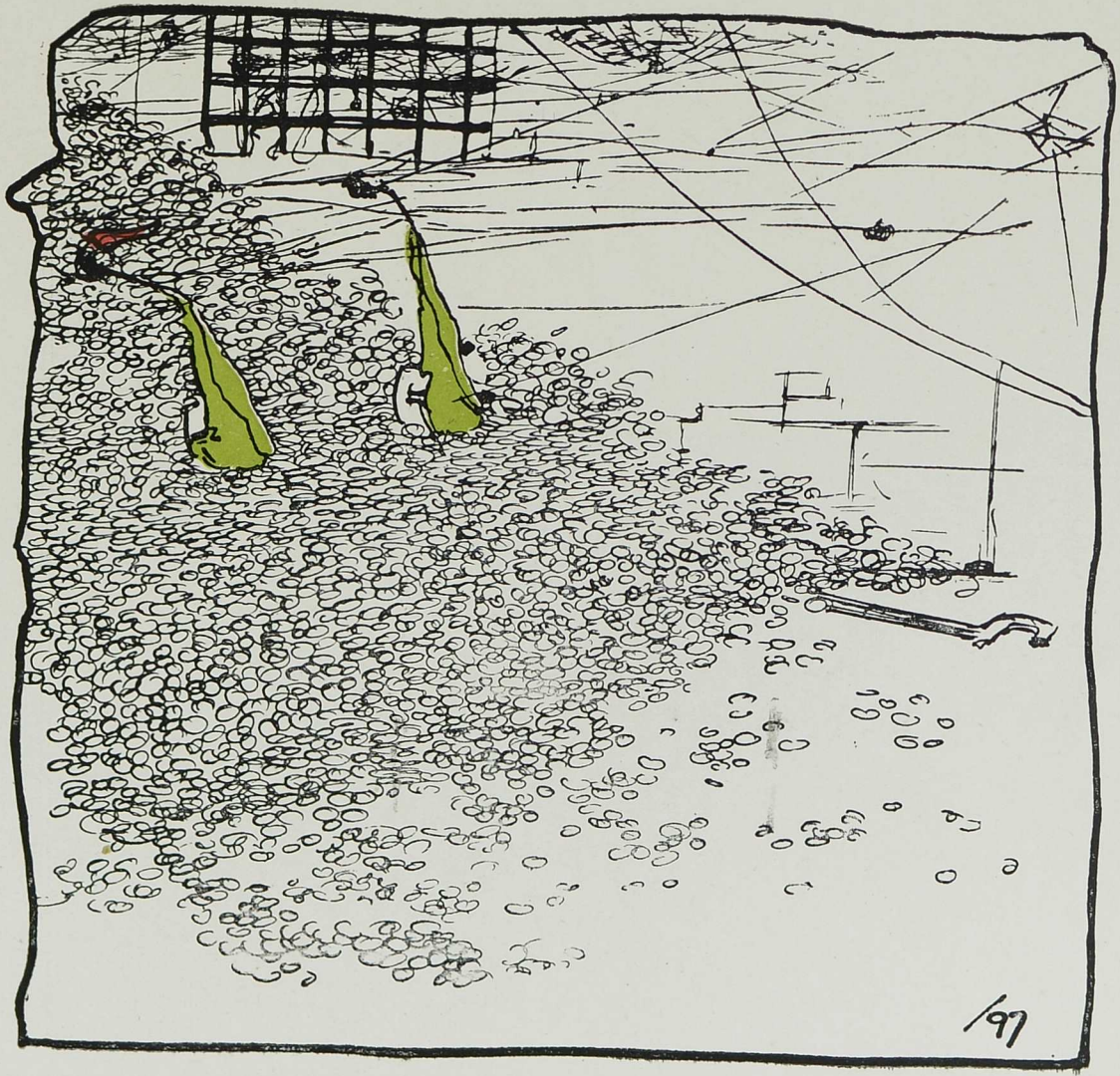
And, while one could count to ten,  
Lo, the Gold had grown again

Up to more than former size!  
Buried deep the Miser lies!

Vainly there he gasped and shoved,  
Prisoned by the Gold he loved!

See, the final picture shows  
Only Muffy's cap and toes.

All his hoarding was in vain.  
Sure the Moral must be plain.







**THE FIGHT FOR THE  
MUSHROOM**



# THE FIGHT FOR THE MUSHROOM



Two little imps, on a sultry day,  
Strolling along in a listless way,  
Sleepy and weary and cross and hot,  
Looking about for a shady spot.



' Ha! Here's a mushroom!' cries out one,  
"Here we can hide from the nasty sun."  
But, when they reach the mushroom's side,  
Lo, only room for one to hide.

"I saw it first!" cries the one who spoke.  
"Ho!" says the other, "you're pleased to joke!'  
"Fight for it, then!" "Very well!" "Come on!!  
Faces ablaze now and tempers gone,



“Ready!” they cry, and again, “On guard!”  
At it they go, both breathing hard,---  
Grappling and punching and dancing round,  
Angrily stamping the hot, dry ground.

For seventeen minutes they box and close,  
Till one lands a whack on the other's nose.  
Down he falls, half-stunned and scared,  
By which the victor is declared.



The victor creeps 'neath the mushroom's rim,  
Finds there's exactly room for him.  
The vanquished imp regains his feet,---  
Not yet will he accept defeat!

Quick he runs to the mushroom's side,  
Jumps on the top so soft and wide,  
Crushing it down on the imp below.  
He has the best after all, I trow.







**THE IMP AND THE SPELL**

## THE IMP AND THE SPELL

An Imp was pierced by Cupid's dart;  
Heigh-o!

A lovely elf had touched his heart;  
In woodland ways he mused apart;  
Heigh-o!

Said he "To Mother Ulph I'll go,"---  
Aha!

To ancient Mother Ulph I'll go,  
For she can help my suit, I know '---  
Aha!



The Imp his festive garb did don,  
So gay;  
He put his cap of scarlet on  
And to the Witch's den is gone,  
So gay!

The Witch is sitting in the gloom;  
Ding-dong!  
The Witch she reads the Book of Doom;  
Her cats around her spit and fume:  
Ding-dong!

The Imp is come to the Witch's door.  
Beware!

"Oh, good Mother Ulph, I am smit full sore  
With love of a nymph on the white sea-shore,  
So fair!

"Oh! can ye give me a magic spell,  
Old dame?

Oh! will ye give me a magic spell,  
That my suit of love may prosper well,  
Old dame?"



The Witch she glowered at the pleading guest.

Beware!

She bent her brows on the pleading guest  
And muttered "Ye bring me a bold request:

Beware!

"But, fegs! ye shall have a wondrous spell!

Ho-ho!

Ye shall see me weave a wondrous SPELL,  
Which shall make your suit to prosper well,---

Ho-ho!"

O'er the caldron waved her skinny arm,

So grim,

Till a board of black in the steam took form,  
Where two strange words made up the charm

So grim :---

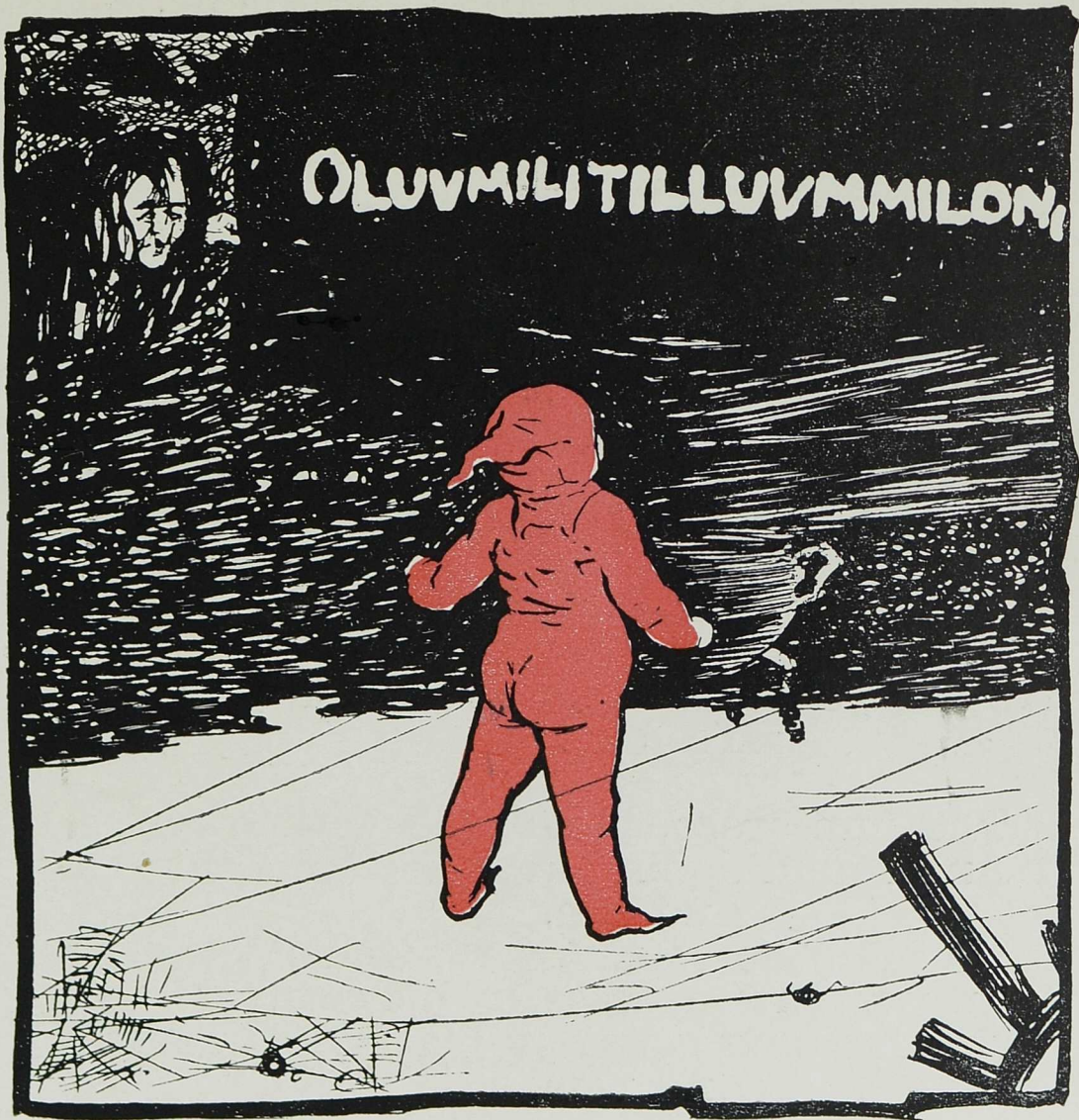
"Oluvmelitilluv mmilong"---

The spell!

From out the gloom the aged crone  
Cried "Read it! Read!" in raucous tone

"The spell!"





The Imp he strove to make it plain,  
    Poor elf!  
His wizened face it worked in pain  
The stream of letters turned his brain,  
    Poor elf!

His throat gave forth a gurgling sound;  
    O woe!  
He beat his brow and swung around  
And dropped upon the clammy ground;  
    O woe!

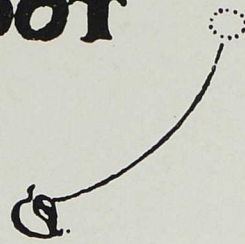
Old Mother Ulph she grinned in glee;--  
    "Ye fool!  
Well, sure, a fearful spell ye see,  
But since ye cannot spell it out  
I wis ye'll have to woo without,  
    Ye fool!"

The Imp arose, half-dazed with fright,  
And found again the world of light  
    And sun.  
No more he sought for witch's art  
To win the princess of his heart,  
But fair and squarely played his part  
    And won.





**BILLIGABOOT**



# BILLIGABOOT



Have you heard how Billigaboot,

One of the Pampas imps,

Sailed away on a parachute

Looking for last year's shrimps?---

Here is a picture of Billigaboot:

Look at his nose and examine his foot.



Were you told that Billigaboot

Went on an idle quest?

All, when he the enquiry put,

Thought it was just a jest.

A picture of Billigaboot is here

Asking a shrimp---was he born last year?





Do you know that Billigaboot

Came to a tragic end?

Passing a church, the parachute

Down on it did descend:

His life is short and his end is dire---

Billi is spiked on the steeple spire.



I am told that Billigaboot

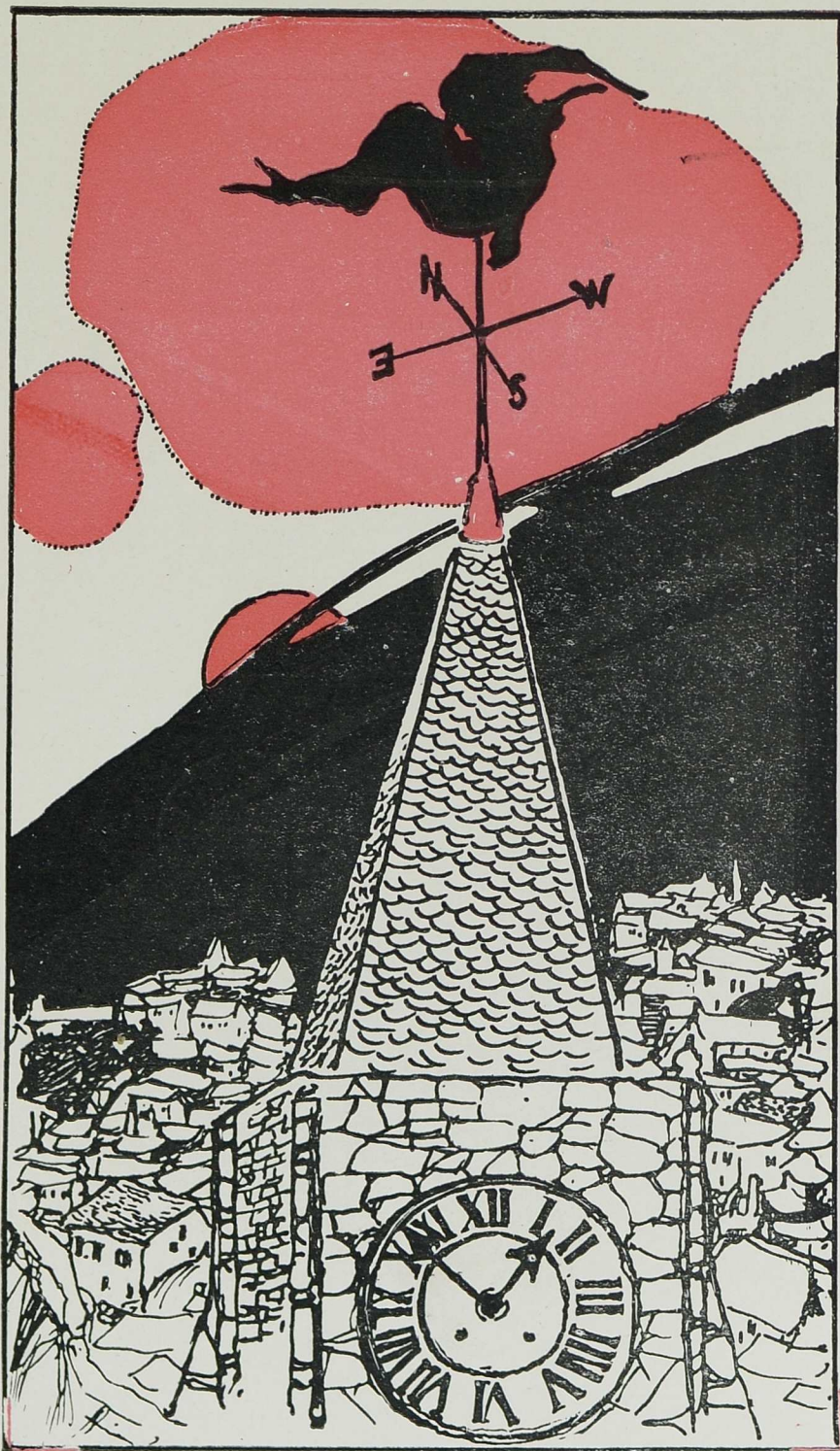
Now is a weathercock,

Dried by sun and blacked by soot,

Turning above the clock.

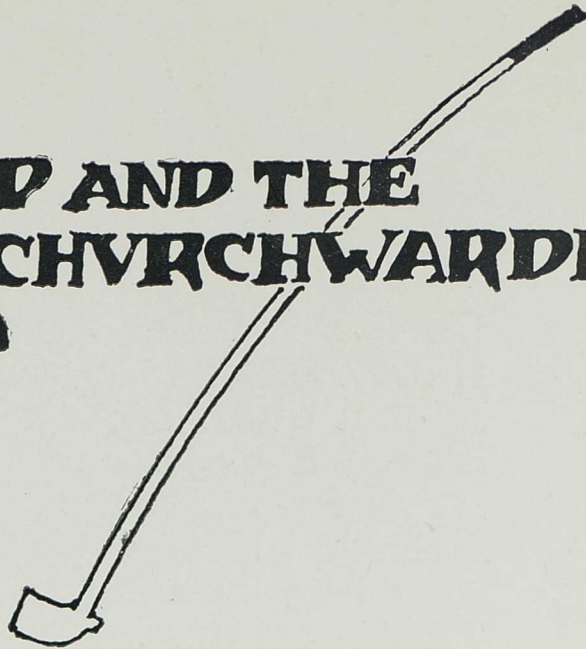
Take a lesson, my little friend,---

Foolish seeking meets tragic end.





**THE IMP AND THE  
CHVRCHWARDEN**



# THE IMP AND THE CHVRCHWARDEN



Once a goblin,  
Gaily hobblin'  
Past a quiet cottage,  
Saw a boor there  
By the door there  
Eat his mess of pottage:  
Saw him, smiling,  
Time beguiling,  
Stroll around the garden,  
Blowing smoky  
Clouds and choky  
From a long churchwarden.





Then he went in,  
Or was sent in,  
Left the pipe behind him.  
Thought the goblin  
(Conscience wobblin')  
"I shall not remind him ;"  
Climbed the table  
Quick as able,  
Seized the pipe from off it,  
Seizing baccy  
Made a track he  
Quick as Mistress Muffet.

Home he trotted,  
Down he squatted,  
Pipe he started filling ;  
Mouth-piece trying,  
Match applying,  
Said he, "This is killing !  
Aint I clever ?  
Did you ever  
See an Imp a-smoking ?  
NOW you'll see it,  
For with me it  
Is no case of joking."



Forth he sallied.  
Round him rallied  
All his little neighbours ;  
Some said, booing,  
"What's he doing ?"  
Others said "Be jabbers !"  
Then one goblin  
Started squabblin',  
Said he'd like to try it.  
Scoffed another,—  
"Ask your mother  
If she'll let you buy it."

Soon the jokers  
Saw the smoker's  
Face was quickly paling,  
Very soon he  
Looked quite moony ;  
So they stopped their railing.  
Said the goblin,  
Feet a-wobblin',  
"Weather's gettin' hazy !"  
Something mumbled,  
Then he stumbled,  
Fell against a daisy.

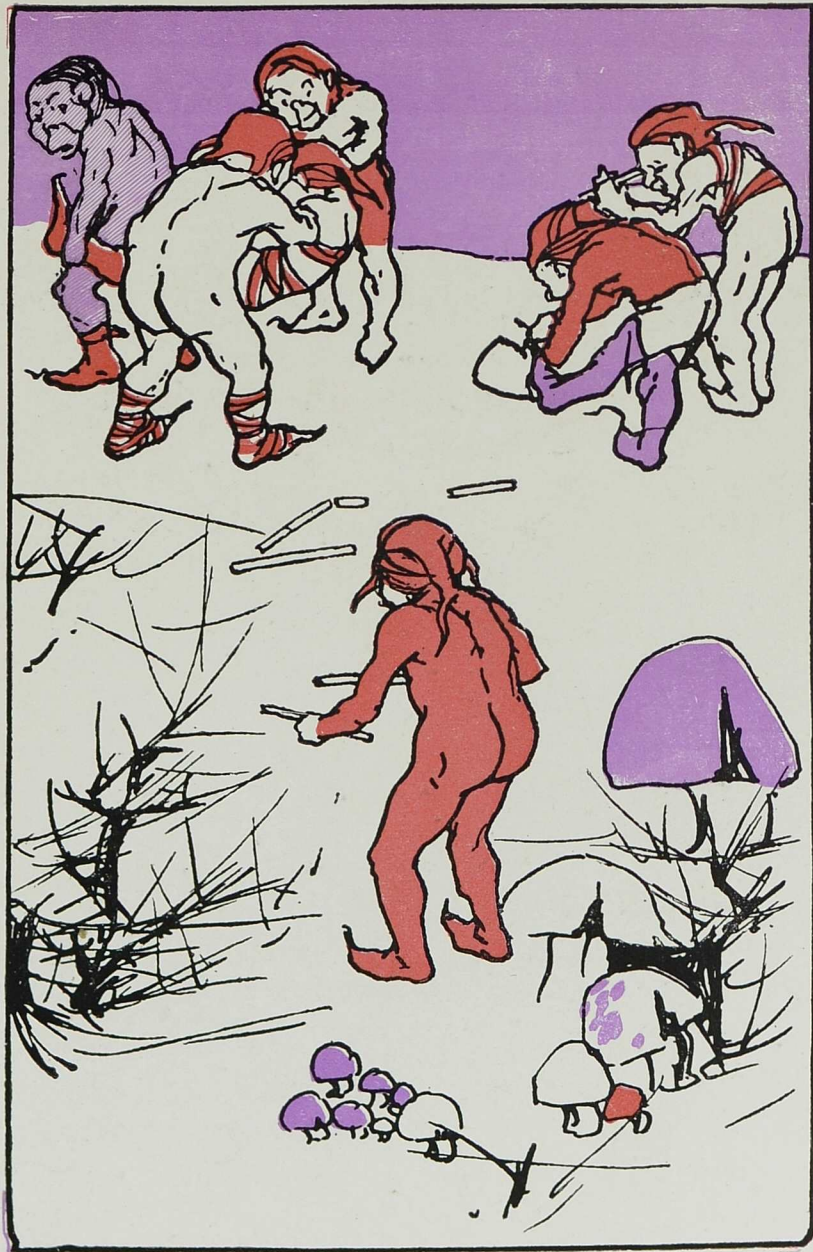


All the goblins  
Stopped their squabblin's,  
Gathered round their fellow.  
Many said he  
Must be dead;—"He  
Looks so very yellow!"  
Said another  
"Fetch his mother;  
Break it to her gently:  
This love's dart is  
And his heart is  
Broken, evidently."

Stiff as poker  
Lay the smoker  
But these words awoke him.  
Kicked he smartly,  
Sat up, partly,  
Coughed as if 'twould choke him.  
"Feel so rummy!  
Head all hummy!"  
Said he, feebly gasping;  
"Goblins, smash it,  
Kick it! Bash it!!"  
They, the pipe then clasping,  
Much they smashed it,  
Kicked and bashed it,  
The account to settle;  
Bore their fellow,  
Sick and yellow,  
Home upon a nettle.

---

Goblins often  
Gaily scoffin',  
Still pass by the garden;  
But they never—  
More, no, never  
Steal a clay churchwarden.









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