

FOREST SONGS.

15  
20

Lord, Thy little children stand  
 At the opening of the day  
 Bordering on Wonderland.  
 Very near to us it lies  
 Gathers round us as we play  
 Waiting for our seeing eyes.

Wonderland is everywhere,  
 Can we go where it is not?  
 When we go we find Thee there  
 And Thou art so very kind,  
 Thou hast never once forgot  
 To put things for us to find.

Oh, a thousand voices call,  
 "Come and find what has been hidden,  
 All the world's a Wonder-ball."  
 Father, may we take Thy hand?  
 We will do as we are bidden  
 Come with us to Wonderland.

A ranger came to see us here,  
 He is a lusty male;  
 We promptly asked him to tell us  
 A thrilling tiger tale.

"I, and my six subordinates",  
 He said, "were near a stream  
 When suddenly from one of them  
 Proceeded a percing scream".

"A tiger! Oh, what did you do?"  
 And he did smile and say,  
 "Why, what do you expect we did?  
 We more or less ran away."

We more or less ran away, away,  
 We more or less ran away, away,  
 Our hearts did quail, and we turned tail,  
 And more or less ran away.

## 3.

Dim green forest  
Of a thousand secrets,  
When you were planted  
Did the angels sing?  
Many things I wonder,  
Are they all your secrets?  
Wont you ever tell me anything?

Great white waterfall  
Breaking through the forest,  
Where do you come from?  
Where do you go?  
Had you a beginning?  
Will you go on for ever?  
For ever and for ever will you flow?

Great black, glistening wall  
Veiled in shining glory,  
Piled among the waters  
Rock upon rock,  
Oh to have stood and seen  
Hands at work upon you,  
Shivering you and shattering shock on shock.

Deep, dark, silent pool  
Hollowed at the fall's foot,  
What do you think of  
All the long day?  
Do you hear the thunder  
Of tremendous waters?  
Do you hear the laughter of the spray?

## 4.

A mountain he  
And born of fire,  
Flare O! Flare O!  
He pushed his shoulders  
Higher and higher  
Through the hurly-burly world below;  
For he wanted to look at the sea,  
The peaceful, glorious sea.

3.

He wrapped him in green  
 All round about,  
 Hush O! Hush O!  
 And through the green  
 Gray crags did sprout  
 From the jumbly-tumbly world below;  
 And he looked away the sea,  
 The peaceful, glorious sea.

He drank the dews  
 And the drenching rain,  
 Swish O! Swish O!  
 He told his rivers  
 To water the plain  
 On the mumbly-grumbly world below;  
 And he looked away over the sea,  
 The peaceful, glorious sea.

He n bared his head  
 In the high blue air,  
 Blue O! Blue O!  
 His heart was glad  
 That he was there  
 And the higgledy-piggledy world below;  
 And he looked away over the sea,  
 The peaceful, glorious sea.

5.

There was a girl  
 In the South Countrie,  
 And the name of the girl  
 Was the name that you call me,  
 And the great world to her  
 Was a house of mystery,  
 For outside the Room of Wonder, Wonder,  
 She stood and could not find the key.

So the girl who lived  
 In the South Countrie  
 Made a song to the world  
 And she sang it earnestly,  
 Sang it morning, noon and evening  
 In the house of mystery,  
 As outside the Room of Wonder, Wonder,  
 She looked to find the hidden key.

## 6

I think the careful angels walk  
 Where little children be.  
 One night a tiger came to stalk  
 His game quite near our nursery.

On our verandah, as we slept  
 In the warm open air  
 We dreamt good dreams; they kindly kept  
 Their watch around us everywhere.

And in the morning when we saw  
 And counted carefully  
 The marks made by each great big paw  
 A stone's throw from our nursery.

We wondered what the angels said  
 To make him go away;  
 Perhaps they patted his soft head  
 And whispered, "Tiger, you're astray,

See, we will show you by our light  
 The way that you should go",  
 And gently led him through the night;  
 I wonder was it really so.

## 7.

Here we come a-climbing up  
 The foot-hill's lower slope,  
 And the dayspring suddenly  
 Fills all the world with hope;  
 Oh, the light of dayspring!  
 The glorious hope of dayspring!  
 Colours welcome thee here,  
 Thou bright pioneer -  
 And oh that my beloved were here, were here!  
 Dayspring go,  
 Dayspring go show  
 The glad hope of dawn  
 To my beloved below.

Here we come a-walking in  
 A little shady wood,  
 The boughs are meeting overhead  
 In friendly brotherhood;

Oh, the woodland shadows!  
 Peaceful woodland shadows!  
 All things run to you here,  
 Tired things count you dear,  
 And oh that my beloved were here, were here!  
 Shadows go,  
 Softly threw  
 The comfort of shade  
 On my beloved below.

Here we come a-straggling through  
 A tawny waste of grass,  
 The happy winds are shouting loud  
 And whistling as they pass;

Oh, the windy uplands!  
 The open, windy uplands!  
 It is joy to be here  
 With the mountains austere,  
 And oh that my beloved were here, were here!  
 Brave winds go,  
 Blow and blow  
 And carry my joy  
 To my beloved below.

Here we came a-scrambling down  
 The boulder-strewn ravine,  
 See the eager waterfall  
 Shot with silver keen;

Oh, the silver water!  
 The eager, silver water!  
 Life of life, art thou here,  
 Clean, inviolable, sincere,  
 And oh that my beloved were here, were here!  
 Waters go,  
 Overflow  
 And flood with my love  
 My own beloved below.

8.

When we ~~was~~ reached the mountains  
 We expected blue,  
 Blue with streaks of purple  
 Sometimes showing through.  
 When we reached the mountains  
 There wasn't any blue.

And we greatly wondered -  
 Where was all the blue?  
 Where was all the purple?  
 You'd be puzzled too  
 If your whole life mountains  
 Had looked always blue.

And then, when you reached them  
 And expected blue,  
 Gradually they changed and  
 Gradually they grew  
 Into miles of greenness  
 Without any blue.

9.

Yes, it was a long way  
 Up the steep hill side.  
 Up and up four thousand feet;  
 No, we didn't ride;  
 We walked up the whole way; <sup>long</sup>  
 And we thought, "This very day  
 We shall see the tree tops touch  
 The white e- clouds", and so not such  
 Did we mind the long, steep way/  
 That we climbed that happy day.

But, as we went up, the sky  
 Went up too, and we  
 Saw the clouds float overhead  
 Unconcernedly.  
 And the blue roof of the sky  
 Was as wonderfully high  
 As if we had been below. And the great big trees that grow.  
 Very straight and very high  
 Could not reach up to the sky.

## 10.

My wood is in a deep ravine  
 Where monkey people be,  
 They climb the tree-tops overhead  
 To see what they can see;  
 For swings they have great curly ropes  
 Hung high upon the rocking trees -  
 And oh that I had swings like these!

The place is full of sudden noise,  
 "Whoo-whoop! Whoo-whoop! Whoo-whoop!"  
 Skidaddle, O Ye monkey folk,  
 For animals in blue  
 Are crawling in our green wood  
 Down there among our own green trees -  
 Whoo- whoop- whoop- whoop- What things are these?"

A skurry in the green, green town  
 Where branches pave the street,  
 A whirl of very cheerful tail  
 And most amazing feet,  
 A flash of glossy monkey fur  
 Far up among the rocking trees -  
 And is this all one ever sees?

Oh joy to tell it, No, No, No,  
 Be quiet, and you'll see  
 All sorts of unexpected things  
 Where monkey people be.  
 You'll see them on their curly ropes  
 Hung high upon the rocking trees -  
 And oh that I had swings like these!

## 11.

Have you seen my fairy rainbows  
 Flashing in the air?  
 Coming, going, coming, going,  
 Coming, going - where?

They are not like other rainbows  
 Painted in the sky,  
 That come slowly, and as slowly  
 Fade away and die.

For they dart and dance and sparkle  
 In the dust of spray  
 Where the ~~waterfall's~~ children of the water ~~fall~~  
 And the sunbeams play.

2

O my little fairy rainbows  
Flashing in the air,  
Tell me, tell me where you go to  
When you are not there!

12.

In the jungle so weird and dim  
As I did peaceful walk,  
I heard a sudden crash and looked up and saw him  
Of whom I am going to talk.

He had cat's whiskers on his face,  
And eyes of gleaming jade,  
And he opened his mouth in a dreadful grimace,  
And his teeth made me afraid.

Stripes and all I could see him plain,  
All yellow and black was he,  
Like the sunshine and the shade on the bamboo cane;  
And he stared across at me.

Down he came like a monstrous cat,  
With his two front paws out;  
And my heart went pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat;  
And he turned him round about.

For his manners were most polite,  
Being of my mind aware  
He melted like a rainbow from my sight,  
My tiger debonaire.

13.

We were alone in the Forest,  
Great, green, whispering Forest,  
Hush, it said, and we hushed,  
Heard the voices of things  
Murmuring round us say, "Follow",  
Heard the low song that sings  
Always within us, sing, "Follow,"  
Laugh in us, sing in us, "Follow"!

Suddenly down dropped a monkey,  
 White-capped motherly monkey,  
 Calmly waited for us,  
 Made as if she would say  
 Kindly in monkey talk, "Follow,  
 I will show you the way,  
 Follow me, follow me, follow",  
 Echoed the song in us, "Follow"!

Followed we then through the Forest,  
 Great, green, whispering Forest,  
 Mixed in the magic of it,  
 Never afraid was she,  
 Drew us and drew us to follow;  
 Never afraid were we,  
 Heard the song in us, "Follow"!  
 Laugh in us, sing in us, "Follow"!

All the big trees were our brothers,  
 Dear little fern-folk, our sisters,  
 Bird-people all our friends,  
 On for a fairy mile  
 Drenched in delight did we follow,  
 Ever and ever the while  
 Hearing the song singing, "Follow",  
 Joyfully, & joyfully follow"!

14.

Hinder not music. Four not ever w out words where there  
 is a Eccles. 32, 3, 4. musician .  
 Once again in the forest,  
 Place of perpetual surprises,  
 We were busy and good  
 Gathering dry fire-wood  
 For our house in the forest.

And again dropped a monkey,  
 White-capped motherly monkey,  
 Sat not a stone's throw away,  
 Seemed to smile and to say,  
 Welcome to us, to the forest".

We stopped gathering fire-wood,  
 Sang our monkey song to her,  
 Sang it through every word.  
 Wasn't, rather absurd  
 So to sing songs to a monkey?

Right to the last little echo,  
 "Follow and follow and follow",  
 Sang we, and never did she  
 Stir~~red~~ in the least, so you see  
 Monkeys are mannerly creatures.

"Kinder not music", you've taught us,  
 "Four not out words": but who taught us her?  
 Oh, the wood's fuller than ever  
 Of unexpected things, never,  
 Never we'll tire of our forest.

## 15.

My mind has five large windows looking out  
 And in the roof a skylight; and the wind  
 Blows through it always, for of course my mind  
 Will never shut its windows or its door,  
     And lying on the floor  
     Are many things I want to know about.

And

^ Morning, ~~and~~ noon, and evening, and at night -  
 If it is moon-lit, and the world is clear -  
 As I look out, I find new questions here,  
 They walk in without knocking at my door,  
     And lie down on my floor;  
 And whisper softly to me through the night.

I let them lie - my questions - and I wait  
 And hope one day some one will answer me;  
 And in the evening, when the moon is late,  
 And oh only star-shine falls upon my floor,  
     I sitting in my door,  
 Do wonder when that friend will come to me.

## 16.

O Rag and Tag and Bobtail,  
 Come, hurry to this tree!  
 I've seen a flying lizard,  
 And he salaamed to me.  
 Jungle, jungle, jolly jungle,  
 What things you hide in you!  
 Himself he fanned,  
 Or wagged his hand  
 To me to say adieu.

just  
 "He's there! He's there! He's flying!  
 He's got a yellow fan!  
 Or is it a ~~thin~~ yellow hand?  
 He can salaam, he can!  
 Jungle, jungle, jolly jungle,  
 Place of perpetual glee!  
 Where lizards fly  
 Politely by  
 And wave adieu to me.

## 17.

I sat by the waterfall  
 A little while yesterday,  
 And I think I heard the words of its call  
 To its waters far away.

Far behind in the water-shed  
 They loitered lazily;  
 But the waterfall it laughed as it sped  
 On, on to the deep blue sea.

And it splashed on its floor,  
 And its call was glad and clear, crystal  
 "Come on! Come on! It is better on before;  
 For the way is wider here".

"Beckon Spray!" was its quick command,  
 I saw little spray people spring;  
 And each one waved a little white hand,  
 I could see them beckoning.

"Come on! It is better on before",  
 Was the word perpetually,  
 "For our river-bed widens more and more  
 And it leads to the deep blue sea".

Once, long ago, the mountains said,  
 "Come, let us make a gap  
 Where baby clouds just out of bed  
 May play on the upland's lap".

So, all in nursery disarray,  
 Each in her little wrap  
 These wee, white cloudlets laugh and play  
 On the upland's sunny lap.

Their play-fellow, the merry wind,  
 Plays games of tumble-toss,  
 And when the babies tire, they find  
 All ready, beds of moss.

So rest awhile with her: they fly  
 And nestle in her blue;  
 And then the brooding mother-sky  
 Calls them, as mothers do,  
 To rest awhile with her: they fly  
 And nestle in her blue.

Chorus. O baby clouds  
 So white and wee,  
 Will you grow up one day  
 And never, never play  
 Having quite forgot the way?  
 Oh, so far be that day from me!

19.

A?? I who loved her I sought her,  
 The clear running water,  
 O mother-pool, pity  
 That you cannot see your daughter!  
 Far up on the mountains  
== lonely you lie,  
 With the marsh flowers,  
 And the marsh birds,  
 And the blue, open sky -  
 You who were at her beginning,  
 You can never, never, never, never flow  
 With your joyful little daughter,  
 The water below.

I who loved her I taught her,  
 My own little daughter,  
 The true joy of being,  
 And the two rules of water:  
 "Flow down and serve gladly" -  
 She sang them with glee, And the marsh flowers,  
 And the marsh birds,  
 They comforted me,  
 As she slipped off softly singing;  
 And I ever, ever, ever, ever flow  
 In the gladness of my daughter,  
 The water below.

20.

Echo, echo, who are you?  
 Tell me true! Tell me true!  
 When you called to Chellalu  
 Then you answered, "Chellalu!"

And your voice ran round the hill,  
 And we all stood very still  
 Whispering, Who can it be  
 Calling us so merrily?"

Far below a waterfall  
 Tumbling down a rocky wall  
 Made soft music; and the grass  
 Rustled as the wind did pass.

Flowers shook their little bells;  
 Dusty bees from honey calls  
 Made their usual cheerful fuss;  
 But you did not speak to us.

And we wondered, "What new bird  
 Whistled the clear note we heard?"  
 Round about we looked; but there  
 Was no new bird anywhere.

"It-is "It's an echo, call again",  
 Someone said; but just a name  
 Isn't you. I want to know  
 How you come and where you go.

So I called again, "Oh who,  
 Who are you? Who are you?  
 Why did you say 'Chellalu'?"  
 And you answered, "Chellalu".

Once we had a Golden Oriole,  
 Very tame was he,  
 And he ate red juicy berries  
 From the banian tree.  
 And a fat green caterpillar,  
 Liked him, and ate three.

Ah, our lovely Golden Oriole,  
 Very ~~was~~ was he !!!  
 For the third green caterpillar  
 Of the luscious three  
 his With ~~and~~ private little inside  
 Much did disagree.

So he died, poor Golden Oriole,  
 What ~~was~~ a tragedy  
 But it's foolish to be greedy  
 e'er Whose ~~you~~ you be  
 Whether you're a Golden Oriole  
 Or a thing like me.

Now he's stuffed, our Golden Oriole,  
 Dull as dull can be,  
 Is he doing sums for ever  
 Counting 1, 2, 3,  
 Luscious fat green caterpillars ~~made~~  
 Made me What are you see.

22.

Now for the scourge  
 Of the White Waterfall!  
 Hurrying and skurrying to lash O!  
 He's breathless with running  
 And sounding his call,  
 With a mad, merry splash  
 And bewildering flash  
 fi And magnificent dash  
 A-splash O!

Blest be the scourge  
 Of the White Waterfall!  
 Blest be the smittings that shrive O!  
 I can love my own kind -  
 Every Jack of them all -  
 And I'm glad I'm alive  
 With a good-will to strive  
 And good hope to arrive  
 Alive O!

Now for a plunge  
 In the brown frothy pool  
 Where is our clear little pool? O?  
 Here's a shout and a rout  
 And a flinging about,  
 And a churn you and spurn you  
 And quick overturn you,  
 Get out if you can,  
 Alive-O!

Ho, ho, ho, ho,  
 Get out if you can,  
 Alive-O!

Here's for a plunge  
 In the brown frothy pool,  
 Hulloabull abaloo O!  
 Dive in and you'll know  
 What it's like down below,  
 With a churn you and spurn you  
 And quick overturn you,  
 Come up if you can,  
 Alive-O!

(Hullaba lullaba too O!)

Ho, ho, ho, ho,  
 Come up if you can,  
 Alive-O!

23.

"O stream with thy merry men  
 Merrily leaping,  
 With a laughter and a shouting  
 Water-~~leaping~~ keeping, carnival  
 Till they leap for the last time,  
 Pour glory of white  
 Like a shower of wild jasmine  
 In our pool of delight,  
 Tell me why was she fashioned  
 So fairly, and here:  
 Tell me, River, my lover,  
 If thou holdest me dear."

"O child", sang my river,  
 His speech was a singing,  
 The while his bright falls  
 Their bright petals were flinging;  
 There were great thoughts of kindness  
 On the birthday of Time,  
 When deeds were a doing,  
 By Fire and by Rime,  
 On the Red Fire and the White Rime,  
 And the loving thoughts of thee.  
 Little far away lover  
 Little lover of me.

For the Lord of the lava,  
 Spake to her and His frost,  
 'In the Kingdom of My pleasure  
 Not a joy may be lost,  
 Here's a new dear joy beginning',  
 And He touched me, my rim  
 Curved for gladness, and my water  
 Lay and looked up at Him."  
 List'ning laughed I, and loved Him,  
 Heard a bird singing then,  
 'Lo, ye lovers of Waters,  
 Ye be God's Merry men'.

## 24.

I push a little way  
 Behind the thing I see,  
 And something seems to say,  
 'Hush', very quietly,  
 That is God's private secret, He  
 Has not told it to me.

Why is this rose-leaf green?  
 Between transparent walls  
 Inside it, I have seen  
 Afloat, go green rolling balls;  
 But how they do come and how they go  
 Does anybody know?

Why is this rose-bud pink?  
 All colours live in light,  
 And the rose-bud, I think,  
 Chose pink, and she was right;  
 For it is beautiful; but oh,  
 How does she make it show?

And so it is indeed  
 With everything I see,  
 The smallest little seed  
 Is wonderful to me,  
 Full of God's secrets; when will He  
 Explain them all to me?

## 25.

*Wild Life Day*

*and Stampy's Step*

The elephant comes with a tramp, tramp, tramp,  
 The elephant comes with a stamp, stamp, stamp,  
 Through forest and over marshy ground  
 His great big flat feet pound and pound  
 With a rumpety - dumpy - crumpy sound.

See, here's a tangle of maidenhair  
 Among the pandanus spikes down there;  
 And right through the very middle of it  
 He's trampled exactly as he saw fit  
 With his blundery-wonderly-dunderly wit.

A fool, do you think? No, he's no fool,  
 Look at the track, it leads to a pool,  
 And on and on to a shady tree place  
 Where he can fan his beautiful face  
 With a jungelly-tumbelly-scrumbelly grace.

26.

As A monkey sat in the dripping rain,  
 Heigh ho, heigh ho,  
 And he shook himself again and again,  
~~And~~ he swung on the tip-top bough of his tree,  
 And he ate his breakfast in peace, though  
 A very wet monkey was he.

About as big as a middle-sized man,  
 Heigh ho, heigh ho,  
 He wore the uniform of his clan,  
 A jet black coat and a neat grey cap;  
 The rain was nothing to him, no,  
 He didn't mind it a scrap.

King And he thought as he wrinkled his venerable brow,  
 Heigh ho, heigh ho,  
 Of the days of old, and was glad they weren't now,  
 For who that lives has not heard report  
 Of the monkey people of long ago  
 Who went to ~~the~~ Solomon's Court.

A cage at Court or the jolly green wood?  
 Heigh ho, heigh ho,  
 Now which do you think he counted good,  
 A life indoors or a free life out?  
 There isn't room for a doubt, no,  
 There isn't room ~~in~~ for a doubt.

So here's for the glorious Open Air,  
 Heigh ho, heigh ho,  
 And the wind and rain and everything there,  
 Though the mist comes down on the old world's lap  
 And smothers the trees till they all go  
 As grey as the monkey's ~~in~~ cap.

My stately friends the rocks,  
 Whom to know indeed is good,  
 Have a gracious fashion of their own,  
 For every lovely mood  
 Of earth and air finds answer where  
 They lift their heavy heads on high,  
 Or on their mother's green lap lie.

Be it sun-rise, rose-red they,  
 Their jewelled thoughts a-glow;  
 See them meet the happy blue with blue;  
 See them white as driven snow  
 When deep in the heart of the moonlit part  
 Of the wood where the leaves grow thin,  
 The moon's round face looks in.

And hidden away in them  
 What precious things there be;  
 All the colours that we dream are there,  
 Though few the eyes that see.  
 And who can tell, for they keep it well,  
 Their sparkling secret through and through?  
 I cannot, nor I think can you.

28.

## Moonrainbow.

It was a chilly night  
 At the end of a showery day  
 And the air was full of faint moonlight  
 And rain like the dust of spray.

And softly the woodland folk  
 Moved here and there and dumb  
 The night bird flew and a sudden broke  
 Through the bush, a voice calling, 'Come'.

And we stood in the dim moonshine  
 And saw a wonder grow  
 Like a moonflower's delicate pale outline  
 In the wake of the wester afterglow.

Oh for heavenly words to show  
 That bright unearthly thing  
 A silvery frost-white moonrainbow  
 Through the pale mist glistening.

And another floated forth and hung  
 Over mountain and forest and stream  
 Was ever a radiance so lightly flung  
 In a vanishing shining dream?

What lay just beyond? we shall know  
 When the King of Eternity  
 Whose fingers fashioned the moon-rainbow  
 Calls, 'Children, come and see'.

Tune:- "Moonset".

29

Moonset.

It was a ~~fall~~ great full moon  
 That hung low in the west;  
 But the dear little birds  
 Sang everywhere  
 And the unborn morning blest.

Not one singing bird could be seen,  
 But every bush and briar  
 Was astir with the sound  
 Of the music they made  
 That sweet, invisible quire.

The hills in the wonderful light  
 Sat listening, grave and mild  
 And they folded the plains  
 In their gentle arms  
 As a mother might her child.

high And ~~night~~ in the still white air  
 All in the soft moonshine  
 They rose and rose  
 To a pearly peak  
 Like a far-away holy shrine.

If thus it can be with the world  
 In the setting of the moon  
 With what riot of joy  
 Will it welcome Thee back  
 O Sun that art coming soon.

The long without an end, Lullalu.

Did you climb a thousand feet  
Up a staircase made for you  
Out of mighty granite boulders  
Hear the running river singing  
Lullalu?

Did you walk the forest ways  
Hear a very great to-do  
See the jolly white-cap monkeys  
Scuffle, splutter Oriole quacks  
Whee whee?

Did you hear the branches toss  
See a most amazing crew  
Of the huge, black ruffie monkeys  
Sport of tail, of grave demeanor  
Saying Hui?

Did you hear the Barbet call  
Kroo kroo, kuroo kuroo?  
Great big black and orange squirrel  
Jabbering kurra kurra kurra  
Who are you?

Did you hear the Tiger talk  
Girra girra? did a few  
Tiny trumptings come hooting  
From the wood, the little Wild-Deer's  
Knew, knew?

Did you hear the Indian thrush  
Practising his ever new  
Music lesson by the river  
Till he gave it up and whistled  
Wheee, whee?

Did you hear the shrilly cry  
Of the Woodpeckers then flew  
Past you like bright flashing jewels  
And the valiant Hornbill's hoarsest  
Hurrrra too?

Did you see the Fairy bird  
Dressed in lightest brightest blue  
Flaming Minivabe and Orioles,  
Hear the jungle Cock's excited  
Krookiroo?

Did you on a moonlight night  
 Hear the Red Dog Howling OOOOO?  
 Did you hear the jungle kitten  
 Ah-ah spitsa, and the Jackals  
 How do you do?

Did you hear the bull frog beat  
 His remarkable tattoo?  
 With a stick and tin to rattle  
 Kudda kuddaka, with pleasure  
 So could you?

Did you hear the Leopard's grunt?  
 But polite how do you do  
 Like a sawyer sawing timber -  
 Did you meet the wiggly waggly  
 Udumbu?

Oh the thousand joyful things  
 Children of the Woodland do  
 Oh the lovely lovely noises  
 Mixed together with the rivers  
 Lullalu.

Lulla lulla lullala  
 Cricca quacka Wooo wooo  
 Hurra hurra kurra roos,  
 Hu-hu, kneu-kneu, koo-koo troos  
 Lullalu.

Lulla lulla lullala  
 Girra girra kroos kroos  
 Hu-hu, kneu-kneu, koo-koo troos  
 Kudda kudda krooki roos  
 Lullalu.

Lulla lulla lullala  
 Cricca quacka Wooo e Wooo  
 Hu-hu, kneu-kneu, koo-koo troos  
 Ah spitsa ooooo oooo  
 Lullalu.

## Legs and Eggs.

**He.** I will give you some extra legs  
 If you will give me a few small eggs  
 Madam, I am blind, Madam, pray be kind  
 Madam, I am hungry, ~~pray~~ me!

pity

**She.** Though you gave me a thousand legs  
 I would not give you one of my eggs  
 Kindly go away; come another day  
 I am rather busy, pardon me.

Hooks, hold hard run fast, O my legs!  
 I'll hide you safe, my dear little eggs  
 For though he is blind  
 He has skill to find  
 Even you with feelers sensory.

**He.** O my wiggly waggly legs  
 Are you not as precious as her eggs?  
 Well, we'll run away, till another day,  
 O what curious creatures mothers be!

