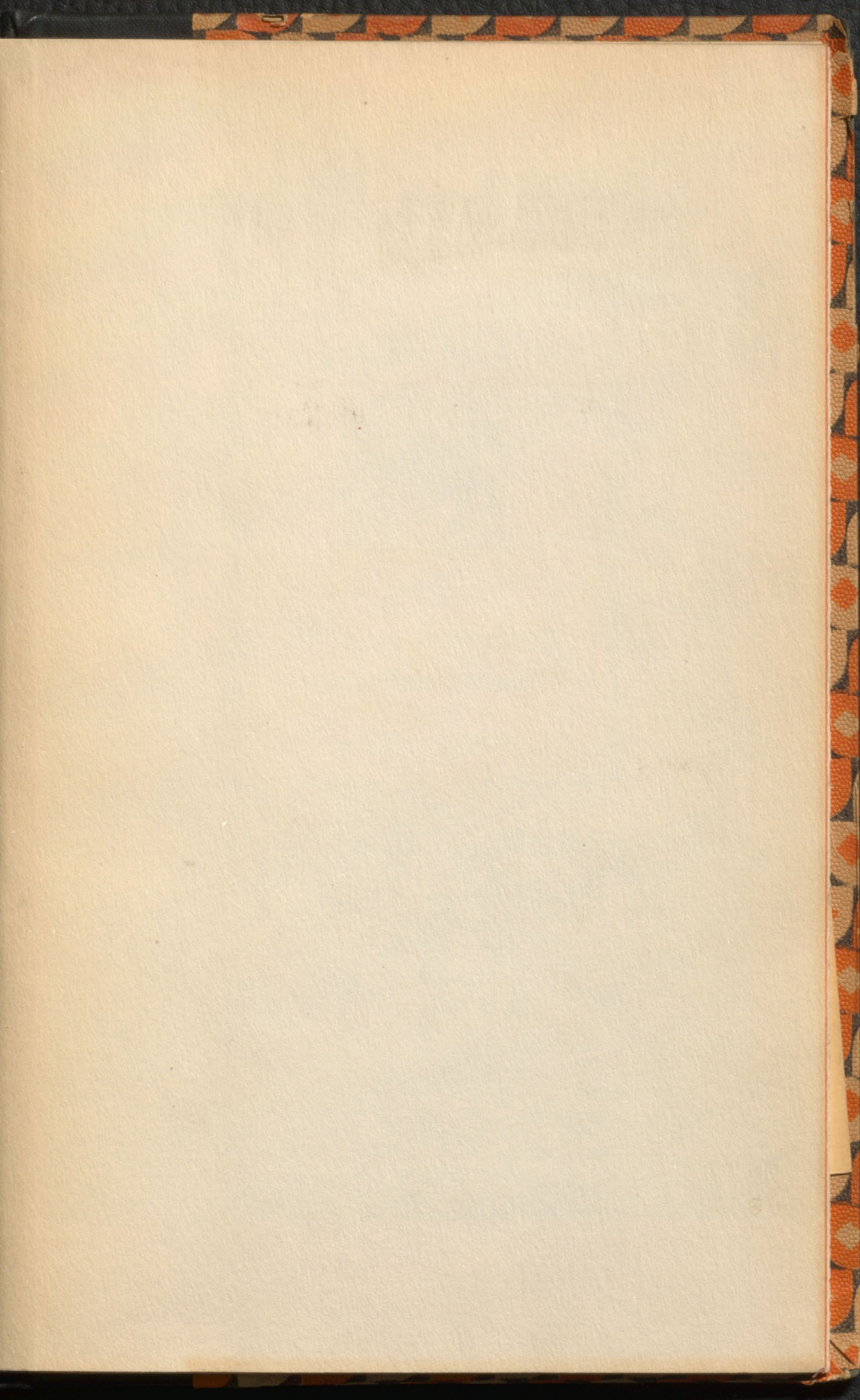


PS8519
U33W39
1931
McLennan

PRESENTED BY THE
UNIVERSITY BOOK CLUB



ACC. NO. 301029 DATE 1935



McGill University Libraries

PS 8519 U33W39 1931

The way to fairyland,



3 000 676 148 2



The RYERSON
POETRY
CHAP-BOOKS



The
Way to Fairyland

AND OTHER RHYMES

By

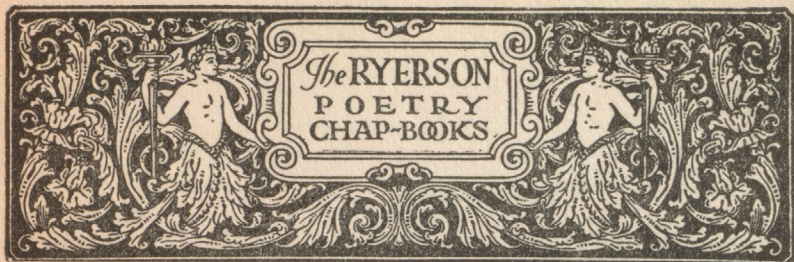
MAY P. JUDGE

OF THIS EDITION OF *THE WAY TO
FAIRYLAND AND OTHER RHYMES*
BY MAY P. JUDGE, TWO HUNDRED
AND FIFTY COPIES HAVE BEEN
PRINTED. THIS CHAP-BOOK IS A
PRODUCT OF THE RYERSON PRESS,
TORONTO, CANADA.

*Copyright, Canada, 1931, by
The Ryerson Press, Toronto.*

PS8519 U33W39 1931 McLennan
Judge, May P.
The way to fairyland,
Y82P7 J89W 71771991

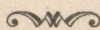
This is a second offering by Miss May P. Judge, of Vancouver,
her first collection, *THE BLUE WALLED VALLEY*, having
also appeared as a Ryerson Poetry Chap-Book.



The Way to Fairyland

And Other Rhymes

By May P. Judge



THE WAY TO FAIRYLAND

I AM SO very happy for I've been to fairyland,
A little fairy came for me, and took me by the hand.
It happened only yesterday, I'll tell you all I know,
And when I've told you everything I'm sure you'll want to go.
I went to bed as usual, and I heard the church clock strike;
And next a tiny, tinkling voice said, "Phoebe, would you like
To have a pair of fairy wings, and come out to the sky?"
I looked, and saw a fairy like a painted butterfly.
Her dress was rainbow colours, and she shone with light all
through.
"Oh, yes," I said, "I'd love to fly; of course I'll come with you."
She fastened on thin, dainty wings, then put her hand in mine:
The church clock went on striking, and I counted up to nine.
We rose like little feathers in the scented, evening breeze;
The fairy said, "Spread out your arms, and slightly bend your
knees."

One

Behind a cloud the moon peeped out, 'twas funny to look down
Upon the church, the dark, green woods, and grey roofs of the
town.

An owl flew out and hooted, and a bat whizzed quickly past;
We did not wait to answer silly questions that they asked.
The way we went to fairyland was through a hollow tree,
While all along the tunnel, glow-worms glowed to let us see;
Then, when we reached the entrance, it was shining, rosy-bright,
Although there was not sun, or moon, or stars to make it light.
The sky was rainbow arches, and they seemed to touch the
ground,—

I thought I saw a pot of gold upon a far-off mound,—
And wished I had a jacket, and a pocket, and a purse,—
Just then I saw a fairy baby with a spider nurse.
They sleep in cobweb cradles in the bushes, low and high,
And the spiders rock the cradles while they wait to catch a fly.
We watched the elfin fairies learn to hide in flowers and trees,
Ride on a prancing butterfly, and fight the bumblebees,
And neatly turn a somersault upon a blade of grass,
And walk on pools of water just as lightly as on glass.
They took me to the market, nothing very nice for sale,
The only thing I wanted was sweet honey in a pail;
I did not fancy bird's eggs, nor fat, home-cured butterflies,
And toadstools for a pie-crust hardly seemed quite overwise.
So had to say, "No, thank you," and I had no wish to dine,—
And no, I really *could* not taste their sweet blackbeetle wine.
I shuddered at their scalloped snail, and caterpillar steak,
And chose instead a water ice, and sorrel-seeded cake.
I don't know how they tasted, I will never, never know,—
Because a pigeon messenger called out, "You have to go
And call upon the King and Queen, before the Fairy Ball,
And take this invitation, or you won't get in at all."
He handed me a marigold, the little button kind,—
Then quickly ate my ice and cake, and hoped I would not mind.
I felt a little startled at the unexpected call,
Then found that I was walking up the centre of the Hall;
And hiding all my nightdress was a rose and silver gown,
That trailed upon the carpet of forget-me-nots laid down.

A band played in the gallery, a bull-frog played the drum,
A cockatoo the violin, and also there were some
Sweet, little, tiny fairy bells that came in off and on,
To help a nice old robin, when he half forgot his song.
The fairies danced on toadstools, and each bowed as I walked by;
The King and Queen both rested on a golden butterfly
High raised upon a platform, made of lilac, mauve, and white,
And fairy flowers were everywhere, and everywhere was light.
And just as I was wondering how to curtsy in my gown,
Between long rows of bowing elves the Prince came marching
down.

He smiled at me, and said, "I think your train is far too long,
I wish to have a dance with you; let's see what can be done."
The tailor of the Court was called, he ran around me twice,
Snip, snip, the scissors went, and quickly twenty little mice,
Came creeping very silently, to draw it out of sight.
My gown was just below my knees, the Prince said, "Now it's
right."

He bowed, and knelt before me, so I offered him my hand.
The tailor rang a heather bell, which started up the band.
We danced, and danced for ages, just like floating in the air,—
I'll never feel so happy as I did when I was there.
But all at once the lights went dim, the Prince said, "It is
morn."

Each little fairy flew away, the King and Queen had gone;
And all the world lay in a mist, I floated in blue sky,
It really was a lucky thing that I had learnt to fly.

.

I bumped down on my bed to hear the church clock striking
eight,
And Mother calling out to Daddy, "Breakfast will be late."
And just as soon as possible I'll find that hollow tree.
I'm going to hunt for Fairyland, . . .
Now *who* will come with me?

THE BOOK FAIRY

I AM a little reading book,
And not so very strong,
It hurts me when I'm pulled about
And pages folded wrong.
I'm like a little fairy book,
Brown covers are my dress,
And every page a little face,
And different, more or less.

I want each little page-face clean,
Not finger-marked with dirt.
And if my pages are pulled out,
Why! then my back is hurt.
I'd like to turn some children in-
To books for half a day,
And pull at them, and worry them
Until they ran away;

For each book fairy hopes to say,—
“I was not torn, nor hurt to-day.”



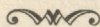
MAKING THINGS

CAN YOU make a walking stick
With your coloured chalk?
Look, it makes a candy stick,
Ready for a walk.
Up, down, up, down, up, down, see, . . .
That's the way to make a stick,
Sticks for you and me.

Try and make a writing M,
Darken it with chalk;
Now it's like an elephant
Going for a walk.
Up, down, up, down, up, down, I . . .
Think I'll add a head to it.
You can make its eye.

Shall we draw a birdie's egg?
(Sparrow's eggs are blue,
One stick up, and one stick down,
There's an egg for you.
Up, down, up, down, up, down, think . . .
How we'll colour every one,
Blue, and green, and pink.

Next, we'll draw a tiny bird,
Little round on big,
Don't forget his eye and beak,
Claws, and wing, and twig.
Up, down, up, down, up, down, stay.
When you draw the father bird,
Make him fly away.



AWFUL, AWFUL BUSY

I AM AWFUL, awful busy,
I haven't time to talk,
I've got to take my Teddie bear,
And Dolly for a walk.

They've not been out for days and days,
And Dolly looks quite white,
And Teddie needs a brushing, 'cos
He fell downstairs last night.

Well! then when we come in again
I've got their beds to make,
And set the table for their tea,
And give them each some cake.

I am really *awful* busy,
I mustn't stop to talk,
These children take up all my time;
Come dears, now for your walk.

THE GARDENER

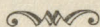
I HAVE a little garden now,
That daddy made for me;
It looks so nice and tidy. Please,
Oh, *do* come quick and see!

At first 'twas full of horrid stones,
Thick clumps of grass and weeds,
I thought he'd never get them out;—
But now I've planted seeds.

Forget-me-nots and hollyhocks,
Down this long row,—sweet pea;
Then, see these little baby plants
That mummy gave to me.

Here's lavender, there's golden-glow,
White pinks, and mignonette;
And that is, . . . that is something else, . . .
Oh, *bother*, . . . I forget.

Each day when I come home from school
I come and work out here;
I *love* my little garden with
Its baby plants so dear.



THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS

WE'VE bought for mother just the things
That she'll like best, we know,
A china dog, a china cat,
And each has got a bow
Of china ribbon underneath
Their little china chins;
They are so very much alike
We think they must be twins.

For baby we have got a ball,
Aunt Maud a chocolate bar,
For dad, a spotted handkerchief;
Pink soap for grandpapa.
And Jim's bought me a candy stick,
And I've bought one for you;
And *twice* Jim's bit a bit of mine, . . .
I nibbled *once* yours too.



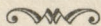
THE ATTIC DRAGON

UP IN the attic where we play,
There is a dragon every day,
Never the same, because you see,—
Sometimes he's you, and sometimes me.

Far at one end is kept for him,
To put his little victims in,
He tries to catch us one by one,
As we come out, and dodge and run.

For we have home quite safe from him,
Where all but he can enter in;
But only cowards stay inside, . . .
We like to jump about and hide.

"Can I be Dragon?" "No, let me."
"Me first." "Me *Second*." "Third." "No, *Me*."
"Oh, let's choose Barbara, she is best."
So Barbara's dragon by request.

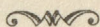


I WONDER

I WONDER, oh, so many things,
But always when I try
To 'splain them into talking words,
I almost want to cry;

For no one seems to understand,
My tongue gets tangled too;
Yet lovely fancies come to me
If people only knew.

So now I think them all alone,
And make up, . . . and, oh, well,
Perhaps when I am really old
I'll learn the way to tell.



RED TRUTH

IN CLASS, to-day, when Miss Jones said,
"Now, children, look for something red,
A book, a flower, a ribbon, or
A coloured paper on the floor."
We really found a number too,
But when we'd thought up all we knew,—
Tom Anderson quite loudly said,
"I 'fink' Miss Jones's nose is red."

.
Of course we laughed, so she did too,
Then said, "Now tell me something blue."



A SISTER'S LULLABY

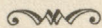
IHAVE to get my little brother off to sleep at noon,
And I am very pleased because I get him off so soon.
I hold him in our rocking-chair, and hum and sing a song;
And sing and rock, and rock and hum, and then it is not long
Before his little eyelids shut, then open wide, then close;
I lift him very gently up, step softly on my toes,
And walk across the creaking boards, and lay him down in bed.
My mother says I must be *very* careful of his head,
For if he wakes when I slip out, she always calls me in
To sing and rock, and hum and rock, and rock again and sing.

VERY, VERY TIRED

I DON'T feel very well to-day,
And don't want anything,
My throat is getting very sore,
It hurts to talk or sing;
I sit alone upon the floor,
My head against the wall,
I do not think I want to move;
I'm only tired, . . . that's all.

Nurse came and felt my face and wrist,
And Mummy felt them too,
I am so very, very tired,
I don't care what they do.
They say I need not eat my tea,
I've had a drink instead;
But, even when I do lie down
My throat hurts through my head.

Our Doctor came in after tea.
"It's Mumps," he said to Nurse.
And Nursie said to Mummy, "Well,
It might have been *Far Worse*."



WISHING

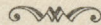
"I DO SO wish that I were you."
Said little John, his sweet eyes blue
As azure slips of sky.
He was the last in class that day,
The others had run out to play.
"Oh, don't wish that," said I.

"But you know everything," he said,
Round, solemn face all tear-stained, red;
His sums had made him cry.
"Why, John, not one knows everything,—
The wisest man, the finest king,
And God alone knows why.

"We know so little, after all,—
But Johnny,—when you're big and tall
You'll know *Far More* than I."

MAYBE WISE

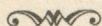
WHEN we come into school each day,
Our teacher has a funny way
Of asking questions, she will say,
She will say,
What do you do as you come along?
Did you breathe deep to make you strong?
Humming for joy a merry song?
A merry song?
Have you a smile for those you meet?
Which of you heard a bird's tweet, tweet?
Or did you only scuffle feet?
Scuffle feet?
Don't you feel glad for each new day?
Glad to be well to work and play?
Nobody wants in bed to stay,
In bed to stay?
What are the clouds like? high or low?
Wispy and thin for wind, you know;
Which turn to rain to make things grow?
To make things grow?
How do the mountains look to-day?
Lavender-blue, or heather-grey?
When will white snow deep on them stay?
On them stay?
Look at bright sunlight on blue seas,
Study wild flowers, and birds, and trees;
Love little live things, children, please,
Children, please!
Then, if you look with thinking eyes,
At life around, and in the skies,
You will be happy, maybe wise.
Maybe wise.



THE CRUNCHY BISCUITS

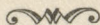
THE CRUNCHY biscuits were put in
Our sideboard cupboard, in a tin.
White, chocolate, pink, and coffee cream:
Oh, dear, I wish it was a dream,—
'Cos now I know that "They" will see
That Tom and I each took out three.

I'm miserable because I feel
We shouldn't ever ever steal.
Tom says he'll pinch me if I tell,
And say I ate all six, as well.
I'm going to tell them, Tom, so there!
And if you pinch me, *I Don't Care!*



THE CHORUS

THE VALLEY sleeps,
The night is still,
When muffled sounds
Like krill, ker-rill,
Croak out across
The marshy land
From countless frogs
Who join the band
Of krill, krill,
Ker-rill, ker-rill.
The chorus grows
More loud until
Quite suddenly
It dies away—
Long silence—
Then one lazily
Croaks krill, krill,
Ker-rill, ker-rill.
While others sleep,
And all is still.



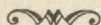
THE THOUGHT OF A CHILD

SHE WAS a dreamy child of six,
With wide-spread eyes of blue,
And once in class, when all was still,
She volunteered she knew

How little, tiny babies came,
"Why, do you, dear?" said I.
"Oh, yes," she answered solemnly,
"When grown-up people die

"God takes them back again to Him,
Right up into the sky,
And chops them into little bits,
Then down again they fly."

"Who fly?" I asked, with grown-up loss.
Her answer came with childish force,—
"The little babies, why, . . . of course."



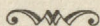
THE FLOOR OF HEAVEN

THE FLOOR of heaven is so blue,
At night the lights come twinkling through,
And when the moon comes slowly by,
She's like a porthole in the sky.

I'm always hoping once to see
An angel looking down to me,
Who might be mother; 'cos, you know,
She went to heaven long ago.

"Pull down the blind, quick," Daddy said.

.
I *almost* saw an angel's head.



CREAKY SQUEAK

I HAVE a little go-cart
With a creaky little squeak,
I like to hear it talking
With its cheerful little creak.

It creaks when I walk slowly,
Squeaky creak when I run fast;
And everyone can hear it
On the road when I go past.

But when I'd gone to bed, . . .
Dad oiled each squeaky wheel,
It isn't cheerful now, . . .
It's *Miserable* I feel.

BLUE LAVENDER

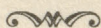
BLUE Lavender
With magic deep,
O how you waken
Memory's sleep.

Blue Lavender,
You bring to me
Old-world gardens
Close to the sea.

Hedges of blue,
Leaves greeny-grey,
Down the wide path
Where children play.

Blue Lavender,
I grow you here
To wake afresh
Those memories dear.

Breath of heaven
You surely are,
Or fairies stole
You from a star.

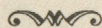


A SUMMER'S AFTER-THOUGHT

THIS is a summer's after-thought
Of camping days, when nature taught
Her secrets of earth, sky and sea
Through pictures, that live on for me.
High, snow-capped peaks half lost in cloud,
Or clear with depths of purple light.
Shrill, little bird calls, sweetly loud
With chipmunks, cheeping half in fright.
Cool, phantom, blue-grey, early dawns,
Before the flush of coming morns,
A sunrise, tinted crimson red;
Eyed sleepily from out of bed.
I picture restful noons, in shade
Of stunted pines on moss-grown rocks,
Where pink wild roses scent the air,

And dandelions shed their clocks.
 Pale blue moths hovering around,
 Like fairy aeroplanes at play;
 And roaming "chafers," with one bound
 Come click, clack, clatter on their way.
 Some radiant sunsets o'er the sea,
 Hold every colour in the west;
 As trailing dots, black comets free,
 Upon the sky, wing birds to rest.
 I dream of evenings out of doors
 Beneath a star-lit spangled sky;
 Lone sound of waves on pebbled shores,
 The whispering leaves, when winds half sigh.
 Quiet hours on shadow'd sea-bound slopes,
 Wrapt warm in rugs, the night our own
 To talk of life, ambitions, hopes;
 And watch for moonrise o'er the town.

I may not ever understand
 The wondrous beauty of this land,
 Yet, in me lives some voiceless lore
 In pictures of our Western shore.



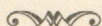
LOVE IS A RHYME

(A Valentine Duet)

She—Sing me a song,
 Words to belong only to you and me.
 He—Straight from my heart,
 Gladly I start, to sing of only thee.
 She—Why only me?
 Cannot it be one happy song for two?
 He—Yes, if one word now might be heard,
 That I need most from you.
 She—What is it, pray,
 That I must say? Whisper it to my ear.
 He—I love you so.
 Did you not know? Will you be mine, my dear?
 She—If I said No
 Wait ah, don't go
 Come back, oh come back here
 I love you, too thinking you knew,
 And I want you, my dear.
 Both—Love is a rhyme, dancing with time; who so happy as we?
 Singing our song that shall belong only to you and me.

To Audience—

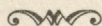
Love is a rhyme, dancing with time; none so happy as we;
Singing our song that shall belong only to you and me!
Love is a rhyme, dancing with time; who so happy as we?
Don't be too long singing your song . . . Time
never waits . . . not he!



THE NOGOPOGO

VANCOUVER is behind the times
The city will agree,
Until a "Nogopogo" comes
And gambols in from sea.
As yet Kelowna prates alone,
Engaging world-wide fame,
With "Ogo" here, and "Ogo" there;
To magnify her name.

So mariners of English Bay,
And campers up Howe Sound,
Remember what was seen up North—
It's time it should be found.
Then when you spy a head and coils
(Narrate each antic well),
Vancouver's "Nogo" will be news,
If you've a tale to tell.



SOLITUDE

OUT ON the pier at night I stood,
Out at the end, where creaking wood
Utter'd its plaint to the cool, deep sea,
Lapping the piles unceasingly.
Grey was the dim, wet, silver sand;
Hueless the fringe of forest land,
Save where some burning tree stumps lent
Visions of witches, who leapt and bent.

High in the dome of dusky night
Quivering stars reflected light
Down to the face of the ashen sea,
Pricking the ripples fantastic'ly.
Out on the pier I waited long,
Hearing the call of mystic song,
Echoes of night, and the unseen things
Out of the silence that darkness brings.

GOLDEN NOONS

I LIE ON dry, tanned, grey moss
Of shelving cliffs to the sea,
Where long pine boughs swaying bend
To a gnarled arbutus tree:
And ripples of ocean space
Are ruffled with light and shade,
While I, with untiring love,
Note colours that God has made.

Mauve smoke of the distant town,
Pale houses in wooded land;
Then left, at foot of the cliff,
Lies a spit of yellow sand.
Grey-blue, with bronze-green, are rocks,
Gold shimmer of sunlit trees,
Sweet, pine-laden, salty scents
Of the soft Pacific breeze.

Great cotton-wool clouds in sky
Of an egg-shell dome of blue,
Vast, sculptured forms that shift
With slow breezes blowing through;
And into them I can weave
Realities, or a dream—
Quaint "never-to-bes" of life
From the clouds, my thought-wraiths seem.

Swift rustle of living things,
Loud drone of a passing bee;
Wet flash of two sun-kissed oars
Of some boatman out at sea.
Low gurgle of waves on rocks
When the tide creeps round the bay,
Cool hollow tap, tap of logs,
As they twist, and turn, and sway.

Dull cawing of restless crows,
A hidden wee bird's sweet note;
Odd, graceful, long idle roll
Of one drifting log afloat.
So, watching each golden noon
Paint harmonies by the sea,
My solitude is pure joy
When Nature will smile with me.

YP

The Ryerson Poetry Chap-Books

Lorne Pierce—Editor

- *THE SWEET O' THE YEAR *By Charles G. D. Roberts*
- COMPANIONSHIP AND THE CROWD *By W. H. F. Tenny*
- FORFEIT AND OTHER POEMS *By Kathryn Munro*
- *THE EAR TRUMPET *By Annie C. Dalton*
- *A VALE IN LUXOR *By W. V. Newson*

- *THE PROPHECY
- SHEEP-FOLD
- *THE SHEPHERD
- BY COBEQUEN
- TWELVE POEMS
- SONGS FOR SWEDEN
- ECSTASY AND
- *BITS O' VERSE
- *DESTINY AND
- FOWLS O' THE AIR
- *THE BATTLE OF
- SPENDTHRIFTS
- THE TIDE OF LIFE
- FRAGMENTS OF
- *XII POEMS
- COSMIC ORATOR
- THE VIKING'S
- *THE BLUE-WAVE
- IN MY GARDEN
- THE IMMIGRANT
- THE ARBUTUS TREE
- MONSERRAT
- BITTERSWEET
- THE AULD FOWK
- OUTWARD BOUND
- TÂO

- *A POOL OF STARS
- *SPRING IN SAVANNAH
- *THE CAPTIVE
- THE LOST SHIP
- *A BREATH OF
- *VAGRANT
- WHAT-NOTS
- *TWENTY AND
- THE CRY OF INDIANS
- THE POET CONFIDENTIAL
- LATER POEMS
- THE FOUNTAIN (A Legend)
- MAGIC HILL AND OTHER
- *A SHEAF OF VERSE
- THE WAY TO FAIRYLAND

By Writers' Craft Club
By May P. Judge

Sixty cents

- *SONGS *By John Hanlon*
- *OTHER SONGS *By John Hanlon*
- COCKLE-SHELL AND SANDAL-SHOON *H. T. J. Coleman*
- *WAIFS OF THE MIND *By W. V. Newson*

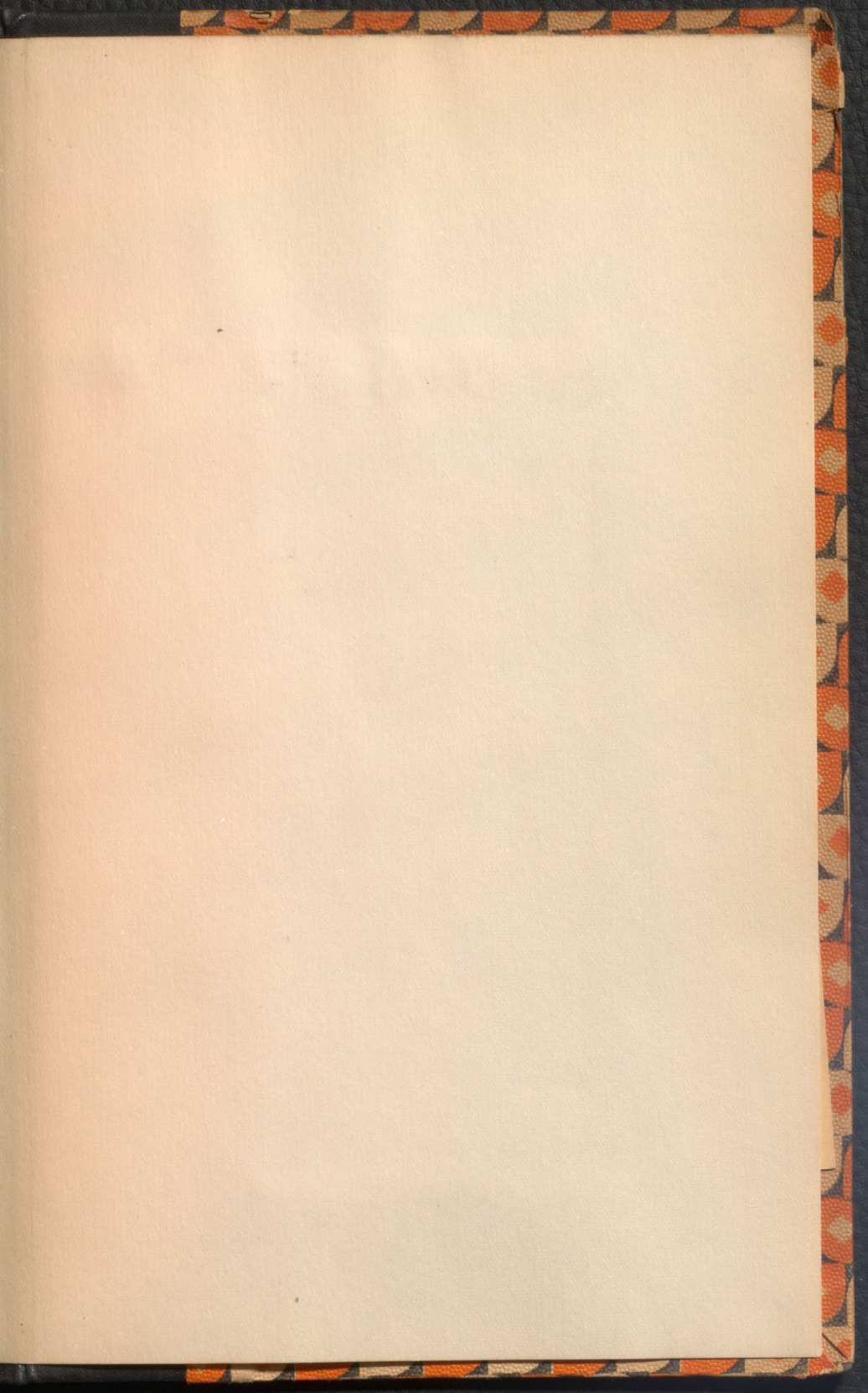
Seventy-five cents

- PAUL PERO *By R. D. Cumming*
- THE WANDERER *By Nathaniel A. Benson*
- UNDER THE MAPLE *By Kathryn Munro*

One Dollar

* The Chap-Books marked with an asterisk are now out of print.





DATE DUE

Author: Judge, M. P.
Title: The Way to Fairplay

~~LIBRARY~~

301029

765502

