

**LULLABY LAND:
SONGS OF
CHILDHOOD**

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Lullaby Land: Songs of Childhood by Eugene Field & Charles Robinson & Kenneth Grahame

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EUGENE FIELD & CHARLES ROBINSON & KENNETH GRAHAME

**LULLABY LAND:
SONGS OF
CHILDHOOD**

LULLABY LAND.

Songs of Childhood.

by

EUGENE FIELD.

Selected by KENNETH
GRAHAME, *and*
illustrated by CHARLES
ROBINSON.



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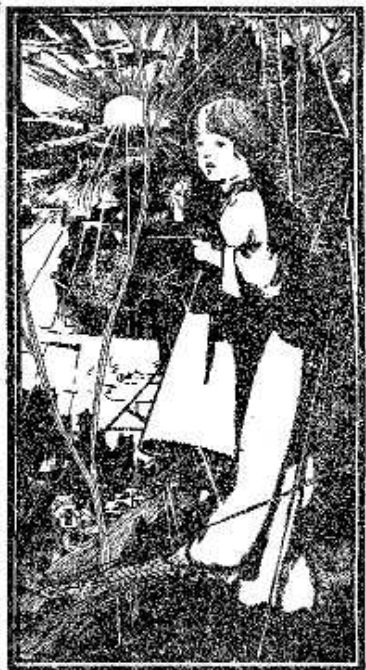
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Lullaby-
land.

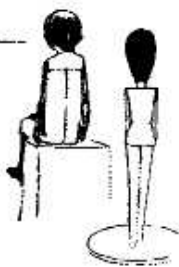


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LULLABY-
LAND.



Preface



*There is a sort of a garden—
or rather an estate, of park
and fallow and waste—nay,
perhaps we may call it a kingdom, albeit a
noman's-land and an everyman's land—which
lies so close to the frontier of our work-a-day
world that a step will take us therein. Indeed,*

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some will have it that we are there all the time, that it is the real fourth dimension, and that at any moment—if we did but know the trick—we might find ourselves trotting along its pleasant alleys, without once quitting our arm-chair. Nonsense-Land is one of the names painted up on the board at the frontier-station; and there the custom-house officers are very strict. You may take as much tobacco as you please, any quantity of spirits, and fripperies of every sort, new and old; but all common-sense, all logic, all serious argument, must strictly be declared, and is promptly confiscated. Once safely across the border, it is with no surprise at all that you greet the Lead Soldier strutting somewhat stiffly to meet you, the Dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels following affably at his heel; on the banks of the streams little Johnny-head-in-air is perpetually being hauled out of the water; while the plaintive voice of the Gryphon is borne inland from the margin of the sea.

Most people, at one time or another, have travelled in this delectable country, if only in young and irresponsible days. Certain unfortunates, unequipped by nature for a voyage

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in such latitudes, have never visited it at all, and assuredly never will. A happy few never quit it entirely at any time. Domiciled in that pleasant atmosphere, they peep into the world of facts but fitfully, at moments; and decline to sacrifice their high privilege of citizenship at any summons to a low conformity.

Of this fortunate band was Eugene Field. He knew the country thoroughly, its highways and its byways alike. Its language was the one he was fondest of talking; and he always refused to emigrate and to settle down anywhere else. As soon as he set himself to narrate the goings-on there, those of us who had been tourists in bygone days, but had lost our return-tickets, pricked up our ears, and listened, and remembered, and knew. The Dinkey-Bird, we recollected at once, had been singing, the day we left, in the amfalula-tree; and there, of course, he must have been singing ever since, only we had forgotten the way to listen. Eugene Field gently reminded us, and the Dinkey-Bird was vocal once more, to be silent never again. Shut-Eye Train had been starting every night with the utmost punctuality; it was