



I Little
Indian
maidens
at Work
and Play
by
Beatrice
Baxter
Ruyl

For Elsa from Ruth & her mother
Batricia Baxter Rugh

1909

Little Indian Maidens
at Work and Play



by
Beatrice Baxter Ruyl



Little
Indian
Maidens
at Work
and Play

Drawings & Text
by
Beatrice Baxter Ruyl

London: Ernest Nister
New York: E.P. Dutton & Co.





BEATRICE BAXTER - RVYL -

Ke-te-le knows.



LISTEN to the wondrous secret,
 Listen to the wondrous secret.
 About the Water Maiden
 Who smiles and nods
 + + when we fill our ollas,
 And vanishes again in the heart of the well.
 Ke-te-le knows. + +

We-wa-he-wa sings.

Moulding bowl into Being, + +
Moulding bowl into Being.
Bending, curving, rounding, smoothing,
From the clay a happy Spirit moulding,
To be hardened in the fire. + +

We-wa-he-wa sings.





Do-la-lee digs.

Close beside the doorway sitting,
Close beside the doorway sitting.
Making holes in the warm red sand,
Digging deep into Wonderland,
Wondrous things to see, ✨ ✨
 ✨ ✨ ✨ Do-la-lee digs.

Te-te-to laughs.



hen the pinion wood is burning,
When the pinion wood is burning.
And the Western Sun is setting,

Sister brings ♪ ♪
well water for
 ♪ ♪ the evening,
Asks a kiss for greeting.
Te-te-to laughs.



Ho-la-la plays.

Hold tight and do not let go,
Hold tight and do not let go.
Pull hard but pull slow.
The line will soon break
Where the weakest one is.
Ho-la-la plays. ☉



Ha-ma-ta plays.

Pull and tug - tug and pull,
Pull and tug - tug and pull.
Pull He-ta, pull Me-ta,
Little Trita, little Ts-an-ma,
Don't let go. @ @

@ Ha-ma-ta plays.



Le-ta fishes.

In a bowl little fish are swimming,
In a bowl little
fish are swimming.
Little Brother
watches closely
As the fish
of wood
are hooked,
Hanging
from the line
of string.
Le-ta fishes.



Ba-lee-la skips.

F

rom rock to stone and stone to rock,
From rock to stone
and stone to rock.

Skipping with
the precious burden,
In thy blanket
on thy back
Like corn meal
in a sack.
Ba-lee-la skips.



Fe-ta-fey splashes.



In the water paddling,  
In the water paddling.
Splashing in  
  the stream,
Going in barefoot,
coming out  
 wet foot, 
Makes one 
cool on the 
hot summer
day.
Fe-ta-fey splashes.

De-ta-lay dresses.

Gently brushing, combing, folding,
Gently brushing, combing, folding.
Sister's hair in ceremonial fashion,
As the Mothers did before
this and will do always,
Wind and bind
the hair for feasting.
De-ta-lay dresses.



Ra-na-ha watches.

Like a cloud drifting high O!
Like a cloud drifting high O!
As a great bird soaring, here and there,
Sometimes floating, sometimes
drifting, dipping,
hanging,

○ ○ ○
A great bird
in the air.
Ra-na-ha
watches.

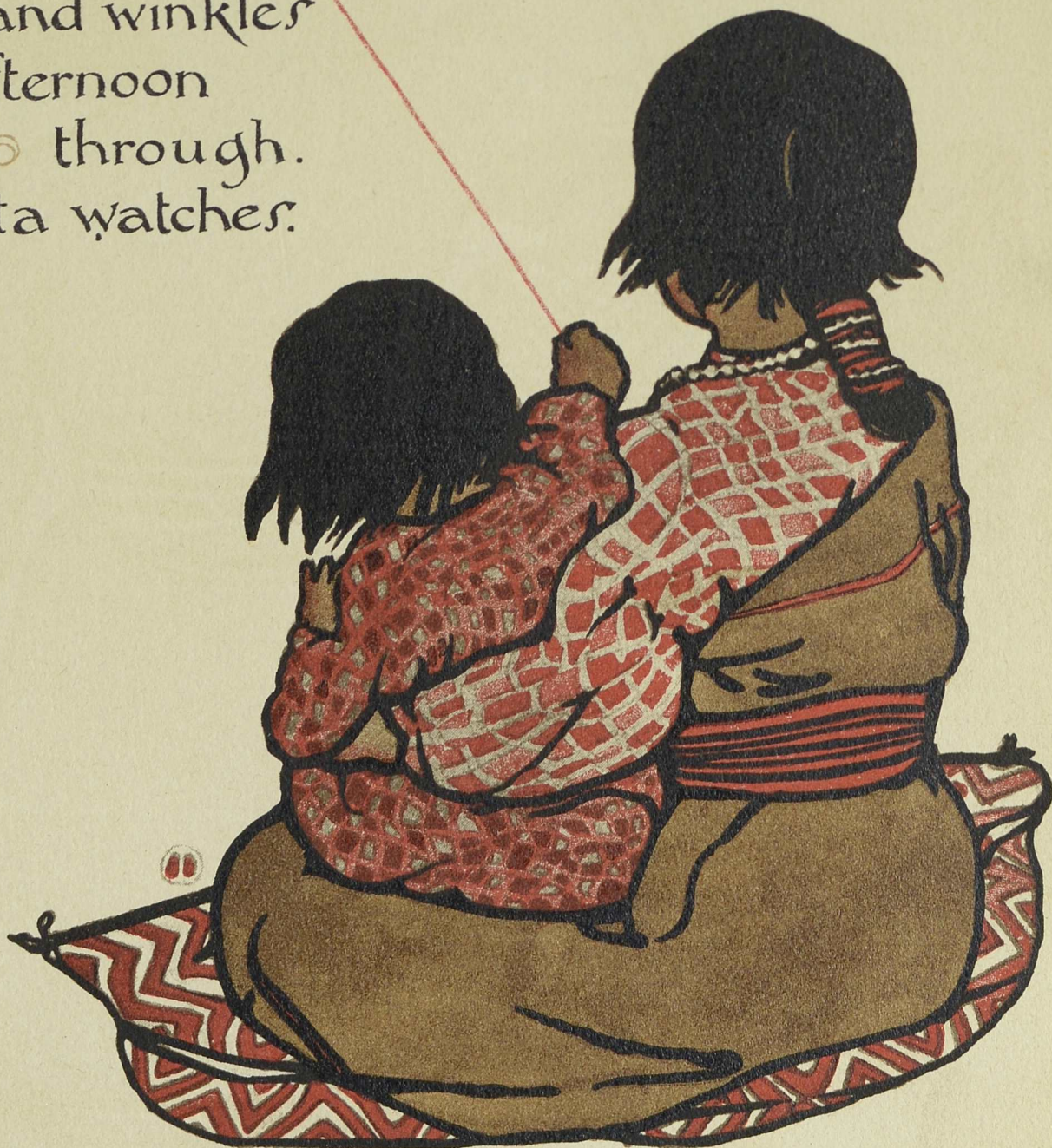


O-na-ta watches.

The sky is blue, blue, blue,
The sky is blue, blue, blue.

My little kite,
a star in the night,
Twinkles and winkles
All the afternoon

○ ○ ○ through.
O-na-ta watches.



Me-ta-see dances.

Dancing the Dance of the Growing of the Corn,
Dancing the Dance of the Growing of the Corn.
First on one foot, then on the other,
Shaking the gourd and following one another
To the rhythm of the Song.
+ Me-ta-see dances. + +



Tz-er-a dances.

To the rhythm of the Corn Song dancing,
To the rhythm of the Corn Song dancing.
Po-lee-ta dances, So-lee-ta dances.
Long black hair covering their faces,
So-lee-ta looks like Po-lee-ta, + + +
in the dance of the Corn.
+ + + Tz-er-a dances.



Ni-ni-ta begs.

Mother give us
bread of
Moon shape,
Mother give us
bread of
Moon shape.
Bread like
moons, great
and round,
Baked in
the ovens,
nice
and brown,
Moon shaped bread
that Mother makes.
Ni-ni-ta begs.



Ze-na-te smiles.

Stroking the long fur of her huge white cat,
Stroking the long fur of her huge white cat.
Who drinks but water from a sacred bowl,
But grows and grows - as any child knows -
Until he's as big as the great white cows.
Ze-na-te smiles.





Me-na-la plants.

Loosen the earth around the roots O!
Loosen the earth around the roots O!
So they may the fresh air breathe,
And the plant may stronger grow,
Giving forth both fruit and flower.
♀ ♀ Me-na-la plants. ♀ ♀ ♀

Fo-la-lee runs.

Following
the leader,
Following
the leader.

Running in
the sunlight,
laughing in
the shadows,
Skipping round
the corners,
Dodging in and out.
Fo-la-lee runs.





Me-na-ta
climbs.

Up and down
the ladders
climbing,
Up and down
the ladders 
 climbing.
Brave babies
nimble go.
Never falling,
climbing 
 swiftly, 
Chasing always
one each other.
Me-na-ta climbs.

Car-le-lay sings.

The wind brothers rock the corn, Little One,
The wind brothers rock the corn, Little One.
As thy sister rocks thee, Little One,
On thy cradle of wood
snug 'neath its hood.
Sleep as thy 
 sister rocks thee.
Car-le-lay sings.



O-he-ate looks.

High up on the house top lying,
High up on the house top lying.
Squealing, when the pigs run squealing,
Gobbling, when the turkeys gobble,
Laughing in high glee.
O-he-ate looks.



Ge-ta-ma looks.

High up on the roof tops sitting,
High up on the roof tops sitting.
Watching the burros browsing round,
Watching the turkeys picking up stones,
Watching the pigs sniffing around.
Ge-ta-ma looks.



Lee-na-lay sits.

Stringing the chili, red and green,
Stringing the chili, red and green.
In the festoons
from the
house rafter.
Let the
green ones
turn to
red ones,
Swung up in
the Sun
when the summer-
time is done.
Lee-na-lay sits.





Na-na weaves.

In and out the warp the woof goes,
In and out the warp the woof goes.
Na-na's fingers guide the wool,
Black and white, dark and light,
Till the pattern and
the frame are full.
Na-na weaves.

Re-ne-ta hides.

Hide and go seek,
Hide and go seek.
But do not peep
Into the ovens.
Someone is there!
Re-ne-ta hides.



On-ne rides.



atch the lazy burro, O!
Catch the lazy burro, O!

High upon his
back
we ride.

Long
ears he has
and a very
queer voice,
But a good
friend he
is to all
children.

On-ne rides.



Ri-ta works.

No, the corn is piled high O!
Ho, the corn is piled high O!
Climb the ladders, husk the corn,
From early morning all day long,
Prepare the corn for grinding.
Ri-ta works.



He-ta slides.

The ice is slippery and cold,
The ice is slippery and cold.
It shines in the sun,
If we hop, skip and run
We can slide.
He-ta slides.



Ka-a-ta slides.

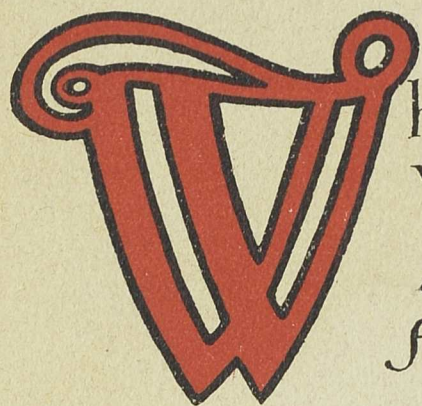
S

liding along, sliding along,
Sliding along, sliding along.
Sister will pull thee,
Hold tight to the cord,
Like an arrow from the Bow,
Ka-a-ta slides.



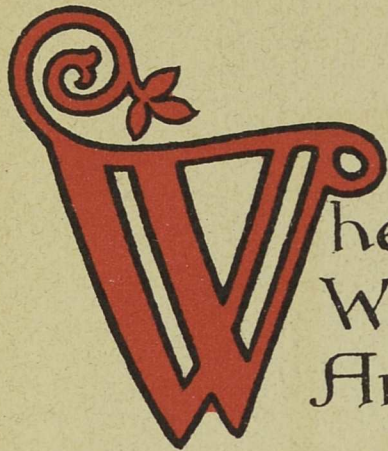


Pe-ta-la munches.



When the harvest time is here,
When the harvest time is here.
Apples so green are ripened at last,
And we bring them in
in great baskets;
For big and little girls all are Eves.
Pe-ta-la munches.

Tr-ita sleeps.



When the turkeys have gone to rest,
When the turkeys have gone to rest.
And the evening meal is done,
The fire burns low
As the family sit around.
Tr-ita sleeps.



Tr-an-na sleeps.

The evening fire is burned out,
The evening fire is burned out.
The Father has ceased chanting,
The Mother has ceased weaving.
All the village is at rest.
Tr-an-na sleeps.



(P)
RUYL, B. B.
LITTLE...

[1909]



37131 048 636 641

