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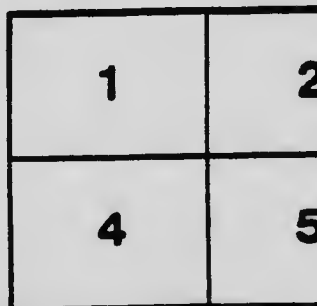
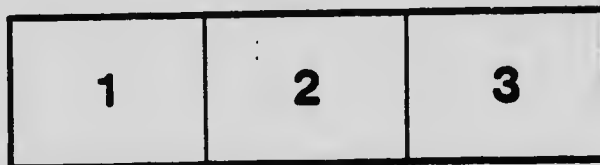
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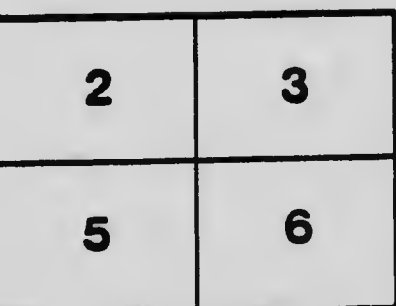
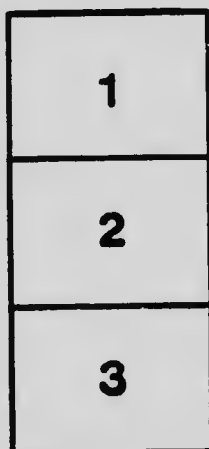
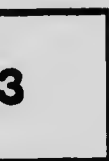
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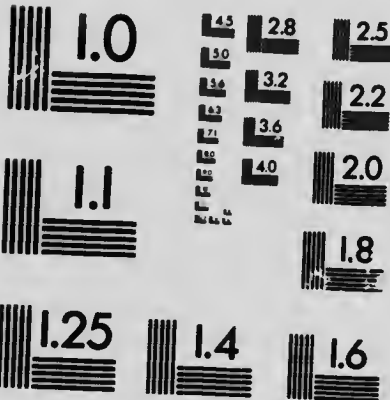
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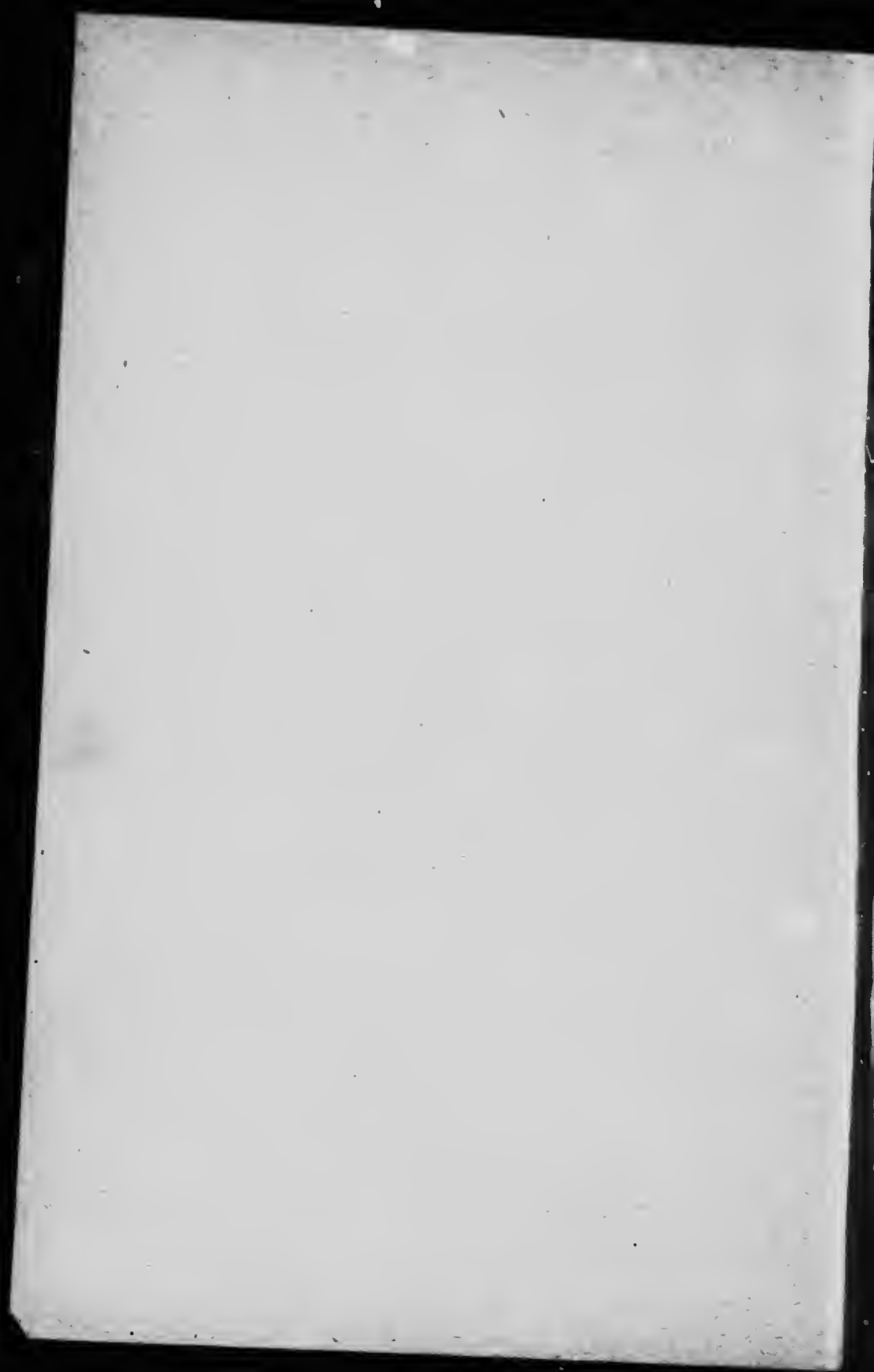


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(38 p.)

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Careless, humble, and unknown
Sang the poet Basselin.

True his songs were not divine;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart;
 But the mirth
 Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights who fought at Agincourt,
Watched and waited, spur on heel;
But the poet sang for sport,
 Songs that rang
 Another clang,
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in grey,
Saw the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells;
 But his rhymes
 Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

LONGFELLOW

Foreword

During the past eighteen months the Rhymes contained in this little booklet have been printed in various newspapers throughout Ontario, meeting with some favor. The writer, however, is well aware of their many imperfections, and that some things, written during the early days of the war, do not apply with equal force now. Canadian born young men are, at last, awakening to a sense of their duty.

Fritz may be taken as a typical, boastful German, forced into the fighting without any very clear idea of what it is all about. Unfortunately, with his infinite capacity for getting in wrong on every possible occasion, his letters do not appear in the order in which they were written. Kaiser-like, however, he will doubtless try to throw the blame on someone else, probably on the printer.

WAYFARER.
a. b.

Modern Diplomacy, or How the War Started

Said Austria— "You murderous Serb,
You the peace of all Europe disturb;
Get down on your knees
And apologize, please,
Or I'll kick you right off my front curb."

Said Serbia, — "Don't venture too far
Or I'll call in my uncle, the Czar;
He won't see me licked,
Nor insulted nor kicked,
So you better leave things as they are."

Said the Kaiser — "Push in that Serb's face
It will teach him to stay in his place;
If Russia says boo,
I'm in the game too,
And right quickly we'll settle the case."

The Czar said — "My cousin, the Kaiser,
Was always a good advertiser;
He's determined to fight,
And insists he is right,
But soon he'll be older and wiser."

"For forty-four summers" said France
"I have waited and watched for a chance
To wrest Alsace Lorraine
From the Germans again,
And now is the time to advance."

Said Belgium— "When comes immense
Pour over my boundary fence,
I'll awake from my nap,
And put up a scrap
They'll remember a hundred years hence."

Said John Bull — "This 'ere Kaiser's a slob,
And 'is word isn't worth 'arf a bob,
(If I lets Belgium suffer,
I'm a blank bloomin' duffer)
So 'ere goes for a crack at 'is nob."

Said Italy—"I think I'll stay out
Till I know what the row is about;
It's a far better plan
Just to sell my banan',
Till the issue is plain beyond doubt."

Said our good uncle Samuel—"I swaow
I had better keep aout of this raow,
For with Mormons and Niggers,
And Greasers, I figgers,
I have all I kin handle just now."

The Allied Forces

When Johnnie Bull pledges his word,
To keep it he'll gird on his sword,
While allies and sons
Will shoulder their guns;
The prince, and the peasant, and lord.

First there's bold Tommy Aitkins himself,
Not for twelpeuce a day of poor pelf,
But for love of his King,
And the fun of the thing,
He fights till he's laid on the shelf.

Brave Taffy is ready to go
As soon as the war bugles blow;
He fights like the deil,
When it comes to cold steel,
And dies wth his face to the foe.

And Donald from North Inverness,
Who fights in a ballet girl's dress;
He likes a free limb;
No tight skirts for him,
Impeding his march to success.

The gun runner, stern, from Belfast,
Now stands at the head of the mast;
If a tempest should come,
Or a mine, or a bomb,
He will stick to his post to the last.

And Hogan, that broth of a lad,
Home Ruler from Bally-na-fad,
Writes—"I'm now in the trench
With the English and French,
And we're licking the Germans, be dad!"

The Cockney Canuck from Toronto,
Whom Maple leaves hardly stick on to,
Made haste to enlist,
To fight the mailed fist.
When Canadian born didn't want to.

From where the wide-winged albatoss
Floats white 'neath the Southern Cross,
There come the swift cruisers,
And Germans are losers;
Australians want no Kaiser boss.

From sheep run, pine forest and fern,
The stalwart New Zealanders turn
To the land of their sires,
For with ancestral fires
Their bosoms in ardor still burn.

The tall, turbanned, heathen Hindoo
Is proud to be in the game too,
For the joy of his life,
Is to help in the strife
Of the sahibs, and see the war through.

The Frenchman who made wooden shoes,
While airing his Socialist views,
Deserted his bench,
For the horrible trench,
As soon as he heard the war news.

The wild, woolly, grinning, Turco,
From where the fierce, desert winds blow,
Will give up his life
In the thick of the strife,
And go where the good niggers go.

The versatile Jap's in the game,
Because of a treaty he came,
For old Johnnie Bull
Will have his hands full,
The bellicose Germans to tame.

The hard riding Cossack and Russ,
At the very first sign of a fuss,
Cried—"Long live the white Czar,
We are off to the war,
No more Nihilist nonsense for us."

The bold Belgian burgher from Brussels
Has fought in a hundred hard tussles,
And is still going strong,
Nor will it be long,
Ere the foe back to Berlin he hustles.

The hardy, cantankerous Serb,
Whom even the Turk couldn't curb,
In having a go
With Emperor Joe,
Will ~~With~~ the plans of the Kaiser disturb.

The fierce mountaineers of King Nick
Got into the ring good and quick,
They are never afraid,
For to fight is their trade,
While their wives have the living to pick.

The Modern Good Samaritan

The road that leads to Jericho,
By thieves is still beset,
For Kaiser Bill, the highwayman,
Is there already yet.

Thrown thick o'er half a Continent,
His blood-stained victims lie,
The Priest, in honor, lifts his hands,
The Levite passes by.

The Modern Good Samaritan,
Kind-hearted Uncle Sam,
Exclaims, "This thing gets on my nerves,
I'll send a cablegram.

But, as its not my funeral,
I'll keep out of the wet,
And, since these chaps are down and out:
I'll steal their trade you bet!"

The English Woman's Complaint

We want to ask Canadians
To treat us not as fools;
We cannot learn to play the game
Until we know the rules;
We ask them not to try to take
The mote from our eye,
Nor say, till their own beam's removed,
"No English need apply."

We try to be Canadians,
It's 'ard, we must confess,
To drop our English adjectives
And learn to say "I guess."
We've chucked the bread and cheese and beer,
We're learning to eat pie,
So please cut out that nasty slur,
"No English need apply."

We came 'ere for our children's sake,
(At 'ome they 'ad no show)
Though 'taint just what we thought it was,
This land of frost and snow;
But we never shrink at 'ardships,
And we've come 'ere to stiy;
So 'ustle down that bloomin' sign,
"No English need apply."

We aren't no cooking experts,
And couldn't make a blouse,
For, till our 'usbands married us,
We never 'ad kept hou e.
And then we 'ad our families,
But that's no reason why,
As you ~~ould~~ flash your dirty ads,
"No English need apply."

In trying to economize
Perhaps we're rather slow,
But when you call for volunteers
Our sons and 'usbands go;
In all of your contingents
Canadians are shy,
But Colonel Sam 'as never said
"No English need apply."

When, steeped in military pride,
The crazy Kaiser Bill
Let loose his hell-directed hordes,
To plunder, burn and kill,
And British lads took up their guns
For freedom's cause to die,
Brave, blood-stained Belgium didn't say
"No English need apply."

Wherever danger blocks the way
An Englishman has led,
No storm tossed sea, no foreign shore,
But shelters England's dead;
And when brave spirits took their flight
To realms beyond the sky,
We know Saint Peter didn't say
"No English need apply."

Jack Canuck

†
"Only forty per cent. of the volunteers at Valcartier are Canadian born." "A large number of men are being kept at home by their wives and mothers"

Recent News Items.

Our Jack Canuck is active,
He plays a pretty goal,
But makes swift runs to cover
When drums begin to roll.

And Jack Canuck's unselfish,
He lets the honors go
All to his British brother,
When war time bugles blow

And Jack Canuck is modest;
That's why he chooses rears,
And sees the front seats taken
By British volunteers

Yes, Jack Canuck's a hero
Whose glory never fades;
He'll lick his weight in wild cats
—The day his lodge parades.

And Jack Canuck's free handed
He sends, (Jack's awful wise),
His dumpling dust in ship loads;
(It pays to advertise)

For Jack Canuck is thrifty
He wants, when peace is made,
To feed the worn out nations,
And capture all the trade.

And Jack Canuck's religious;
(He'll tell you so himself;)
He sighs for Golden Pavements
And gates and walls of pelf.

And Miss Canuck and Mrs.,
They value so the lives
Of husband, son and sweetheart,
These daughters, maids and wives,

They'll let the Belgian mother,
The French and English maid
Give husband, brother, lover,
To stop the Kaiser's raid.

They'll see sweet Highland Mary
Walk life's long path alone,
And hear dear Irish Nora
Wail for the loved ones gone.

They'll send a feather pillow
Or knit a pair of socks,
And think they've done their duty
By them that take the knocks.

Oh that our hearts were bigger,
And not so wordly wise;
'When duty calls, or danger';
Ready to sacrifice.

Bedlam

"The world is mad, my masters"
The poet had the facts
To prove this sweeping statement,
In man's punk-headed acts;
For since the day when Adam
Partook of the wrong tree,
We've toiled, and slipped, and blundered;
"What fools these mortals be."

Take out your horse or auto,
And drive the country roads,
And see the fields and orchards
Bearing their precious loads.
Old Mother Earth produces
With lavish hand and free,
But half is lost or ruined
By man's stupidity.

Ten thousand tons of apples
Will surely go to waste
While poor folks in the cities
Will hardly get a taste.
We take good wheat and barley
And manufacture bums,
Whose wives and little children
Are starving in the slums.

The man that's poor as woodwork,
And nearly always broke,
Can somehow find a nickel
To puff away in smoke;
While those who have the money
To eat and drink their fills,
Are sure to over-do it,
And run up doctor bills.

If, when ^{the} times are peaceful
I kill one man, by heck!
They'll call it bloody murder,
And hang me by the neck.
In war-time he's a hero,
Who sends through air or sea
A bomb to blow a thousand
Into Eternity.

And so, dear gentle reader,
'Tis proved by all the rules,
That earth's whole population
Except ourselves, are fools.

Some Towers

When earth was young, men spake one tongue,
It served life's peaceful hour,
Till builders vain, on Shinar's plain,
Erected Babel's tower.

Then strife began 'twixt a tribe and clan,
The hunter and the plower.
Each robber bold laid up his gold
Within an old mud tower.

When Saxon bowed to Norman proud,
And knighthood was in flower,
In English land, on every hand,
Loomed black the baron's tower.

Full many a king, and underling,
And princess from her bower,
Got off their jobs, and lost their nob's
In London's gloomy tower.

Where autumn's breeze, mid myrtle trees,
Brings down a leafy shower,
All out of blink, on Arno's brink
Stands Pisa's leaning tower.

One thousand feet above the street,
In pride of place and power,
On Camp de-Mars, to view the stars,
Gus Eiffel built his tower.

And now to-day, not far away,
When German war clouds lower,
They've built b'gosh, in Wawanosh,
A most mysterious tower.

Satan's Soliloquy

Hell hath enlarged its borders,
While Satan sits in state,
And gives his servants orders
To open wide the gate.

"My most successful agent,"
Said he, "is Kaiser Bill;
Just watch his daily pageant
Of souls come down the hill.

"His friends who sacked the city;
His slaves who raped the nuns;
His ghouls devoid of pity—
The bloody, lustful Huns.
The 'scrap of paper' liars,
The burners of Louvain
Will feed hell's hottest fires
With Judas and with Cain.

"The unfenced city raiders,
The crew of submarine
That sinks the unarmed traders
To vent the Kaiser's spleen.
The wreckage of the nations,
Ten million dwellings lost;
Murders and mutilations,
The world's great holocaust.

"The workman's scanty wages,
The souls of sunken ships;
The faith and hope of 'ages,
The prayers from human lips;
The livelihood of millions,
The commerce and the trade;
The untold, wasted billions
Man's industry had made.

"For these I thank the Kaiser;
His efforts please me well;
The world becomes no wiser;
It's growing time in hell."

What Owest Thou?

In blood bought, Belgian trenches,
On stormy Northern Sea,
Brave hearts of oak are watching,
Protecting you and me.

The British wife and mother,
The maid with sweetheart dear,
Lest those they love should falter,
Hold back the scalding tear.

"Your King and Country need you,"
They say, with courage high,
"Your fathers, too, were soldiers;
And not afraid to die."

Like fearless, freeborn Britons,
Not Kaiser driven slaves,
Go heroes, from the homeland;
To unmarked foreign graves.

Shall we, with path made easy,
While others fight and fall,
In freedom's hour of danger;
Neglect the Empire's call?

Shall we hoard up our dollars?
Shall farmers hold their wheat,
While children suffer hunger,
And workmen walk the street?

That land is doomed already
To black un-ending night,
Whose old men worship dollars;
Whose young men will not fight.

O, for some John the Baptist!
Some prophet Malachi,
To lash our selfish conscience;
And teach us purpose high.

* * * *

Thank Heaven there's a remnant,
A few not quite enslaved,
For ten just men in Sodom,
The city would have saved.

The Canadian Way

When times are good, and labor dear
We coax the British workman here,
And, should he shrink to cross the drink,
We tell him he has naught to fear.

But, when the times are hard and straight,
His is indeed a sorry fate;
We let him lie, with starving cry,
Like Lazarus, beside our gate.

When all the battle flags are furled,
And wolf and lamb together curled,
We loudly sing,—“God save the King.”
And bid defiance to the world.

When some must go to bear the brunt,
And check the German Kaiser's stunt,
We still can brag, and wave the flag,
But send the British to the front.

When Princess Pats charge down the pike,
And put the Germans on the hike,
We shout—“Hooray for Canaday!”
The world has never seen our like.”

But when word comes across the waves,
The first contingent misbehaves,
We cry aloud to all the crowd,
“Them British horn are fools or knaves.”

When other men with sword and gun,
Would stop the fierce destroying Hun,
We count the cost as money lost,
And still look out for number one.

When other lands attain their goal,
Our name shall blacken Heaven's scroll,
A thing of scorn, all men to warn:
A country that has lost its soul.

Langemarck

The maple leaf is stained with red,
Deeper than autumn's dye;
On foreign fields our noble dead
Their valor testify.

Cut off, outnumbered, ten to one,
By wolfish German pack
Our men like heroes fought and won,
They kept the Teutons back.

They held their post, they saved the day,
Those young lions from the West;
What higher tribute can we pay,
"They fought like Britain's best."

When reinforcements came at last,
Then woe betide the Huns,
From man to man the word was passed
"We must retake the guns."

Mid rifle ball, and poison bomb,
Shrapnel and shrieking shell,
And all the hell of Kaiserdom,
They charged, while hundreds fell.

With fearless eye and ringing cheer,
They made that wild advance,
For life was cheap and glory dear,
Those bloody days in France.

O, life is short to him who gives
Long years for selfish pay;
In righteous cause, the soldier lives
A lifetime in a day.

Blasted Hopes

We hoped to end our troubled days
Far from the madding strife,
Erstwhile to chortle roundelays
Of peaceful country life;
But now the phone rings night and morn,
The trolleys crash and bang;
We hear the fearsome auto horn
Where once the thrushes sang.

We hoped the children that we raised,
Those stalwart girls and boys,
Would follow in the trail we blazed
That selfish ease destroys;
But now, when men are needed so,
To fight the mailed fist,
Our girls won't let their husbands go,
Nor will our sons enlist.

We hoped the pirates all were dead,
Those horrid buccaneers,
Who dyed the ocean's waves with red,
In wicked bygone years;
But now we mourn, as happy days,
That sanguinary past,
Since Kaiser Bill, a hundred ways,
Has Captain Kidd outclassed.

We hoped that kings had wiser grown,
Since Charles I. lost his head,
And Bonaparte was overthrown
For painting Europe red;
But now we have the greatest kill
Since cavemen fought with stones;
Behold the Kaiser's butcher bill!
Ten million dead men's bones.

The Certainties

When icy blasts blow fierce and wild,
Cutting the face like steel,
And summer's heart is trodden down
'Neath winter's iron heel,
It's all a part of nature's plan,
So stay and play the game;
Next spring will bring the roses red
And robins, just the same.

When Pharaoh's lean, ill-favored kine
Have grazed the pastures brown,
And, on a parched and starving world,
The brazen sun glares down;
Though Canaan's forests, fields and farms,
Are scorched, as with a flame,
There's food in Joseph's granaries
In Egypt, just the same.

When Pharaoh makes the tasks more hard
For overburdened hands,
And stubble fields refuse the straw
His tale of bricks demands;
What matter if our little lives
Go out, in fear and shame?
The waters of the mighty Nile
Flow onward, just the same.

When, at the front, to bar the way,
The Red Sea waters stand,
And Egypt's hosts are close behind,
A fierce, relentless band;
Intent their firstborn to avenge,
Their Hebrew slaves to claim;
Look up, and see the pyramids,
Firm standing, just the same.

When human ghouls hell's lid uplift
To plunder, burn, and kill,
And truth seems driven from her throne,
Say to your heart, "Be still!"
Don't think that freedom's day is done,
And honor but a name,
For right still reigns, and planets gleam
In heaven, just the same.

Unemployed

"I haven't any way, sir, to earn my daily bread;
Give me a job, I pray, sir; my children must be fed."
"To keep your kids from harm, sir," the city man replied,
"There's no place like the farm, sir; the peaceful countryside."

"I have no work to do, sir," said I to Farmer Sprout;
"So I have come to you, sir, to try to help me out,"
He answered: "Can you plow, sir, or build a load of hay?
If you can't milk a cow, sir, you'd better fade away."

"Have you a job to-day, sir, to give a working-man?
My stomach's full of hay, sir, my children live on bran."
"I really can't delay, sir," the busy man replied,
"Please call some other day, sir, my car is just outside."

"I want to find a place, sir," said I to Groucher Black;
 "I couldn't go the pace, sir, and now I'm off the track."
 Old Groucher growled in answer, "This town of blasted hopes,
 Has no place for a man, sir, who doesn't know the ropes."
 "I'm anxious to enlist, sir; I am a Briton true,
 To fight the mailed fist, sir, the Kaiser and his crew."
 Thus answered Dr. Brown, "Sir, in one main point you lack;
 I'll have to turn you down, sir, because your teeth don't track."
 "I'd like to find some work, sir;" to Smith, M. P., I spoke;
 I really am no shirk, sir, although I'm stony broke."
 Said he, "You poor old lobster, you have a lot to learn,
 To get a steady job, sir, you really must intern."

The Hate of Hans

I hate dot teufel, Johnnie Bull,
 (Der Kaiser say I must)
 Mit rage mine heart is filled so full
 Sometimes I tink I'll bust.

Vot pisness dey mit horse and gun,
 Dot Channel stream to cross?
 Vot matter for de tings ve done?
 Der Kaiser is de boss.

Dose English, yaw, I tells you true!
 Dey spoil der Kaiser's plans
 Shoost cause ve march de Belgium through
 Dey kill us Sherman mans.

Mine Brudder's dead, already, soon,
 Mine sister is von spy,
 Mine cousin rides de big balloon,
 Dot floats up in de sky.

My poyv—Dot story I can't wrote,
 I juse dem, von—two—tree
 Ven English teufels sink dose boat,
 Dot sail de untersee.

Mineself I learn de English talk
 Von time in Milvaukee,
 I hang around de Antwerp dock,
 Und hear vot I can see.

Dey tink dey'll starve us Shermans oudt,
Not yet, already, blease,
Ve still haf lots of saur-kraut,
Und goot limburger cheese.

Mid blenty peers, und blenty shmokes
Und rye bread, mixed mit sand,
Dis is enough for Sherman folks,
Dat luf de fatherland.

Ve'll tear dot English heart oudt yet
Mit eagle's beak and claws;
Shoost now ve can't to London get,
I don't know vy pecause.

Ve should haf been dere long ago,
Mit dose machine dot flies,
But tings seem going britty slow,
Berhaps der Kaiser lies.

Hans Begins to Wonder

I vonder if dot's nefer so.
Shaymeezle Russia take,
You can't pelieve von half you know,
Such lies dose papers make.

I vonder if dose tales are true,
Ve lose most all our ships,
Our colonies und commerce too,
I hear tings mit mine lips.

I vonder if dose Dardanelles,
Can shtop der allied fleet,
Somedimes to me dere's someting tells,
Maype dose Turks get peat.

I vonder too, if Italy
Vill give to us de bump,
Shoost now she's vaiting yet to see
Vich vay der cat vill yump.

I vonder can our army shtop
Dose Russian teufels' raid,
Or vill dey gain de mountain top
Or fail to make de grade.

I vonder, if dot Balkan bunch,
Und Greece und Holland too,
Should give us britty soon de punch,
Vot vill der Kaiser do.

I vonder vere der Kaiser shtays
Mit all dose poys of his,
You pet! dey keep a goot long vays,
From vere de bullets whiz.

I vonder if dot Kulter's goot;
Somedimes it is, no doubt,
But ven it comes to daily foot
I lufe der saur kraut.

I vonder if we all get stung,
Like vot de Yankees say;
Der Kaiser maype yet get hung,
If ve don't vin de day.

Mine gracious! vot is dat I say!
No von, I hope, don't hear;
Dose spies vould sell mine life away
For von goot drink of peer.

The Trees

The wind that through the forest blows
May scatter leaves and blossoms wide,
The parent tree but firmer grows
When by the tempest torn and tried.

The stately oak withstands the storm
That rocks its ~~bowers~~ in fiercest strife;
The winds that shake its sturdy form
But give a deeper, stronger life.

The maple leaves are falling fast,
The sugar groves look gaunt and grim,
But sap will flow when winter's past,
And sweetness course through every limb

The mighty eucalyptus tree
But sheds its bark at winter's call,
Its leaves retain their greenery,
And yield a curing oil for all.

A seeding in the Maori's time,
Now, toughened by a thousand gales,
Straight stands the kauri in its prime,
Fit mast for proudest ship that sails.

Drooping its weary fronds, the palm
In sorrow stands on sun-baked plain
Till comes, like blessed healing balm,
The early and the latter rain.

The noble banyan dying lives,
In youth 'twould shield a single man,
In age its spreading shelter gives
Shade for a prince's caravan.

No weaklings these, their roots deep down
In Mother Earth retain their hold,
To heaven they raise a leafy crown,
Sound-hearted, loyal, earnest-souled.

Fight or Pay

The cause of Freedom needs our help,
The old Land's in the fray,
It's up to every lion's whelp
To either fight or pay.

The bloody Turk and Savage Hun *and*
Still ravish, burn ~~or~~ stay,
Each loyal son must man a gun,
Or stay at home and pay.

Our sisters, mothers, sweethearts, wives,
They nurse, and knit, and pray,
Let men forego their selfish lives,
And either fight or pay.
The call is clear to sacrifice
Our life, our purse, our play:
Ere Honor dies, let us arise
And either fight or pay.

"England expects from every man
His duty on this day,"
'Twas thus Lord Nelson's message ran
Ere he began the fray.
Shall we our noble heritage,
See crumbling down like clay,
This goodly age, a blotted page,
And neither fight nor pay?

Nay! While our British blood runs red,
Let those refuse who may,
We'll heed what mighty Nelson said
On old Trafalgar day,
From cottage, castle, palace, hall,
We'll come without delay,
At Duty's call, and stake our all,
To fight, or pay, or pray.

A Call to the Colors

Ye strong young men of Huron,
Ye sons of Britons true,
Your fathers fought for freedom,
And now it's up to you;
Your brothers' blood is calling,
For you they fought and died.
Brave boys who fell unconquered,
By Huns are crucified.
Ten million Hunnish outlaws,
The Kaiser's tools and slaves,
Have strewn the sea with corpses,
And scarred the earth with graves:
They know no god but mammon;
No law but sword and flame,
They crush the weaker peoples
With deeds we dare not name.
See Belgium rent and bleeding,
The Kaiser's hellish work,
Armenia vainly pleading
For mercy from the Turk,
The Poles and Serbs are dying
The victims of the Huns,
With anguished voices pleading,
"O send us men and guns!"
Think of the Lusitania,
Of martyred nurse Cavell.
Then say "Can these be human
Who act like fiends of hell"
The Empire's in the conflict,
And bound to see it through;
Each man the old flag shelters,
Must share the burden too.

Then rise ye sons of Huron,
All hell has broken loose,
The Kaiser's strafe is on us,
With him we make no truce.
Come, rally to the colors
Till victory is won,
Your king and country need you,
And duty must be done.

Nurse Cavell

This world has spots made holy
By deeds or lives of love.
Has shrines where high and lowly
Alike, their hearts may prove;
This age when faith might falter
Mid shriek of shot and shell,
Has added one more altar,
The grave of Nurse Cavell.

She cared for sick and dying,
Knew neither friend nor foe,
She spent her strength in trying
To heal a neighbor's woe.
For deeds by love inspired,
The Kaiser's vengeance fell
On form so frail and tired,
Heroic Nurse Cavell.

What though the Prussian kultur
Now threatened her with death,
She met the screaming vulture
In simple quiet faith.
"I am an English woman,
I love my country well,
But must not hate a foeman"
Said kindly Nurse Cavell.

She faced the Huns with even,
Calm, fearless, English eyes,
And then, her foes forgiven,
Made willing sacrifice;
Thus, at the midnight hour,
In Prussian prison cell,
Crushed by a tyrant's power,
Died Christlike Nurse Cavell;

But when no more war's legions
In battles fierce are hurled,
When, to remotest regions,
Peace reigns throughout the world;
Where're beyond the waters
The sons of men may dwell,
Mothers will tell their daughters
The tale of Nurse Cavell.

The Friendly Spies

A Tale of the 161st Battalion

Where soldiers build their camp fires,
At night there gather 'round
The spirits of the Hurons
From ~~the~~ Happy Hunting Ground,
No sentry hears their footsteps,
They need no countersigns;
As silent as the moonlight,
They pass within the lines.
Fierce shine their dusky faces
As through the tents they glide,
Once more they smell the war paint
And know a warrior's pride;
The white man's modern weapons
Their ghostly fingers feel,
The guns so swift and deadly,
The long, sharp blades of steel.
They nod to one another,
Nor knew such savage joy,
Since, leagued with the Algonquins,
They fought the Iroquois;
Among the sleeping soldiers
They pass the silent night,
And nudge, and smile, and whisper,
"White brother make big fight."
When shafts of light are breaking
Across the eastern sky,
They wrap their mantles 'round them,
And breathe a soft "Good-bye,"
They vanish like the shadows
That lurk among the trees,
The sentry hearing only
The sighing of the breeze.

The Troubles of Tino

War pot still is stewing;
Not a sign of peace,
Trouble now is brewing
'Round the shores of Greece;
Tino needs our pity,
Threatened by the Huns.
Seaboard, town and city
Faced by British guns,
If he helps the Germans
Lose his job for life;
If he favors Britain
Has to square his wife.
Holds no trumps nor aces,
Cannot take a trick,
Cards are all queen's faces,
Tino's feeling sick.
Tino never whistles,
Neither does he sing,
Bed of thorns and thistles,
Who would be a King?

Has the World Gone Mad?

What a lack of reason
In this earthly throng!
In and out of season
Everything goes wrong;
Over there in Europe
Kaiser, king, and czar
Raise a mighty flare up,
Plunge a world in war.
Neither king nor kaiser
Down in Mexico.
Are the people wiser?
Echo answers, "No!"
There, contending factions
Murder, pillage, burn;
Plunder and exactions
Everywhere you turn.
Has the world gone crazy?
Are the folks all fools?
Is our thinking hazy,
Spite of all our schools?

Fritz Finds Fault

(Canadians are using lacrosse sticks to throw hand grenades into the German trenches."—News Item.)

"Dere is some tings not right in dis scrap,
For dose English und French don't fight fair,
Ven dey pring in de Turco und Jap,
Und de Hindu und pig Russian bear;
But already us goot Sherman mans
Ve vas ending dot var britty quick,
Till dey shtart oop some more dirty blans,
Ven dose poys vill trow bombs mit a shtick.

Ve don't mind*some old rifles und guns,
Nor dose airships und Dreadnoughts und tings,
Ve don't care if dey cali us de Huns,
Und ve laugh at dey song dat dey sings;
But dose teufels from Canada come,
Dey would blay us von mean shabby trick,
For ve can't get away from de bomb
Dat dey trow from de end of a shtick.

Ven ve tink ve are safe for de day,
Mit goot sausage und saurkrant filled,
Dose Canadians shtart oop to blay
Mit a game dat ve nefer haf drilled,
Ven ve see dose tings fly troo de air,
Den already ve feel britty sick;
If dey hit us dey don't seem to care
Ven dey trow dose old bombs mit a shtick.

Ven ve shoots all our cartridge away,
Und de vagons don't pring any more;
Ven our shells get more scarce efry day,
Mit our shirts und our breechaloons tore,
Und de shmokes und de limburger done
(Dot is spreading it on britty tick),
Den I tells you it isn't no fun
Ven dose poys vill trow bombs mit a shtick;

Fritz Has Another Grouch

(The Germans say that if it hadn't been for the Canadian Rats they would have got through to Calais.—News item.)

Dere's a ting dat I'll nefer furshtay,
Ven ve shtart oop dat goot poison gas,
Vy dose Rats don't get outd of de vay,
So us Shermans to Ypres can pass.
Ven ve shoots dem in front, left, and right,
Dat's already deir time to retreat;
Vot's de use so ye makes de big fight,
If dose Rats don't know ven dey get heat?

Mit de gas dey gets britty soon killed,
Den ve send dem de shrapnel some more,
Und de bombshell mit limburger filled,
Dat vill shmell vorse dan Duffeldorf's shtore;
But dose beggars come back mit a rush.
Und I twice mit deir bay'nets get pricked;
Vot's de use so ve makes de big push,
If dose Rats don't know ven dey get licked?

I soon made some goot running, you pet!
Ven dey came iike vild teufels behind;
All mine life I vill dream of dem yet,
For I tought sure mine bapers vos signed.
Dey came on mit a yump und a yell
Till right into our trenches dey dashed;
Vot's de use so ve trow de big shell,
If dose Rats don't know ven dey get smashed?

Ve haf dried efry blan dat ve knows,
But to shcare dem no vay haf ve found,
(How ve vish dey had shtayed vere de snows
Blows dose maples and pines all around).
Day und night dey vill put oop de shcrap,
Und already ve lose vot ve got;
Vot's de use for us setting de trap,
If dose Rats don't know ven dey get caught?

Fritz in the Hospital

Ven der Kaiser his var bugles blow,
Und say: "Fritz, to de front you must go,"
Den it vasn't so strange,
I vos glad for de change;
But I hopes mine Katrina don't know.

Britty soon ve're de whole of de show,
Und like vater dose goot liquors flow;
Ven, mit vine und champagne
Ve got drunk in Louvain,
Dere vas tings mine Katrina don't know.

Soon, already, ve fight mit de foe
For von year, und it seems britty slow;
If I'm killed in de trench
By dose English and French
Den berhaps mine Katrina vou't know.

So dis time, ven dose hand grenades trow,
Den I tinks soon it's time for to go;
If mine back's full mit lead,
Not mine preast, nor mine head,
Dat's von ting mine Katrina don't know.

Ven dey takes me some blace down pelow,
Mit tree hundred vite peds in von row;
For dose nice English nurse
I forgets dat big curse,
But I'm glad mine Katrina don't know.

The Kaiser Consults Fritz

Ven der Kaiser vould shtart some beeg stunt,
All dose shwells den soon come to de front,
 Und de prince, und de king
 Seem to be de whole ting,
Mit old Fritz at de heel of de hunt.

But somedimes, ven der Kaiser's in doubt,
Und already can't find his vay oudt;
 Ven dose hard shpots he hits,
 Den he says—"Mine dear Fritz,
Vot you s of dis peesness, old Scoudt?"

So it vas mit dose junkers so shlick,
Dey vould soon end dis var britty quick;
 But, shoost after de Marne
 Dey crawl unter de barn,
For already dey feel mighty sick.

Den der Kaiser say—"Fritzie, old chap,
Let me know vot you tink of dis sherap;
 Vill ve lick dose beeg shmoke,
 Or go britty soon proke,
Mit de faderland viped off de map?"

Den I say—"Dat's von very hard case;
Can tree jacks beat four kings und some ace?
 Ven ve hafn't de card
 Ve must bluff britty hard,
Or shoost trow down our hand in disgrace.

If like checkers ve blay, don't forget
Dey got more men dan ve haf, you pet!
 If ve make some beeg shcore,
 Und not man off no more,
Ve may shtop mit a draw, maype yet."

Den der Kaiser say—"Tanks, Mr. Stranss,
On your back dere don't grow any moss;
 I'll shoost blay some more pranks
 On dose silly old Yanks."
Den he gif me von nice iron cross.

Fritz Writes to His Frau

Dear Katrina— Dis letter I write
From von hospital, somevere in France,
For I get so proke up in de fight
Dat dis maype vill pe mine last chancee.
Vell, I hold von whole trench py mineself,
Mit some poys dat shoost come to de front;
Britty soon dey get laid on de shelf,
Den your Fritz haf to do de beeg stunt.

Ven I shoots all dose English und French,
Den already I tinks I vill shnoke,
So I hunts von safe blace in de trench,
Vere de rain mit de ground doesn't soak.
Soon I vake mit a punch from a gun,
Und I hear von Canadian say:
"Come mit me, you darned shleepy old Hun,"
Den he shteah mine seegars all away.

Den de next ting I know I am here,
For already de vorld had turned plack;
Dat Canadian certain vos queer,
For he carry me in on his back,
From mine preast so mooch hardware got oudt,
Britty soon I can shtart von shmall shtore;
If dere's any old junk mans aboundt,
Dey might call at dis hospital door.

Now Katrina, don't vorry some more,
Keep de grubs from de cabbage away,
Und pe sure dat you lock oop de door,
Ven alone in de house you must shtay.
Put some flowers on leetle Karl's grave;
All de time now I'm glad he is dead;
Vot's de use to grow oop shtrong und prave,
Only shoost to get shot troo de head?

Katrina Replies to Fritz

Mine dear Fritz: It shoost make me feel plue
Ven I get me dat letter you write,
For already mine fears haf come true
Dat you maype get hurt in dis fight.
Vot's de use so you make de beeg splash,
Und you hold de whole trench py yourself?
Dat don't put no more meat in mine hash.
Und not any more pread on mine shelf.

Do you tink dat der Kaiser vill care?
If he giv's you von ch iron cross,
Ven I lose mine own Fritz I can't shpare,
Vot vill dat do to make oop mine loss?
Britty soon all de men haf gone oudt,
Und von't maype come back any more;
Dere's shoost left yet old Hans, mit de goudt,
Und de Duffeldorf poy at de shtore.

You vill now shtay von prisoner yet.
Till already de var is all done,
But berhaps dat's more safer, you pet,
Dan to shtand in de front of de gun.
Dere's shoost von ting I tell you; bevare
Of dose nurse mit de shining black eyes,
If dey got some pink cheeks, und brown hair,
Your Katrina is double deir size.

Vot you tink, Fritz? Der Kaiser's men come,
Und de cherries all pick from de trees,
Den dey take all mine apples und plum,
Und mine carrots und cabbages seize;
De potatoes dey go mit de rest,
Und, ven I vould raise von beeg row,
Dey shoost tell me, pull down mit mine vest,
Und dey call me von noisy old frau.

Fritz Learns About Canada

Vot's de use for some beeples to blow,
Und to make some beeg fools mit demselv es
Ven already de ting dey don't know
Would soon fill all de books on de shelves?
Ven I'm oudt of de hospital vard;
Und go unter de tree mit de rest,
Den I shmoke, und I blay some more card
Mit von chap from de Canada Vest.

Dis here feller, his name is Von Krink,
Und his fader from Shermany go,
He vill tell me some lies, I don't tink,
From de blace vere dose maple leafs grow.
Dat beeg farm of his dad's is so vide
Dey must drive all deir horses mit shteam,
Und it takes dem, to plow down de side,
Von whole veek mit a buffalo team.

Und to cross dat beeg country, he say,
Dey go five or six days on de train;
Dey could shtick in von corner away,
De whole Faderland, England and Shpain.
Dey haf rifers more beeg as de Rhine,
Und some forests as vide as de sea,
Und dose veat fields, mit homesteads so fine,
Dey vill gif von for notting to me.

Vot's de use den ve fight, I don't know,
For von shmall shtrip of land py de sea,
For, if dis feller tells me vot's so,
Den already beeg fools ve must pe.
Ven dis var will get ofer, you bet,
So dat me und Katrina can go,
I vill get me von farm, maype yet,
In dat land vere de maple leafs grow.

Fritz Philosophizes

Since I'm held in dis hospital up,
 Mine poor back full mit shrapnel und lead
Ven I tink of der Kaiser und Krupp,
 Dere's a ting dat von't come troo mine head.
Vot already I'm tinkin' about,
 To believe in mine heart I can't yet,
But de more dat I knows I land oudt,
 Vy dose Englishmans frightened don't get.

Ve haf guns dat vill shoot forty miles,
 Dat de fort und de city destroys;
Ve haf Zepps. of de latest new shtyles;
 Ve haf millions of men, und more poys;
Ve haf hundreds of unterseeboots
 Dat all ships from de ocean vill drive,
Und ve kills, und ve burns, und ve shoots,
 Till der von't be no English alive.

But for none of dese tings vill dey sheare;
 It's deir nerve, (dat's, I tink, vat dey call);
Ven ve tink ve haf licked dem, I shwear
 Dat dose English shoost laugh und blay ball;
But ven Shermans get oudt from de trench,
 Den ve crawl away somevere to shmoke.
Mit some shcooners de big thirst to quench,
 For already our hearts are near proke.

Ven dose English come on mit a run,
 Den deir officers lead all de vay;
But us Shermans get chained to de gun-
 Vile de boss in some safe place vill shtay.
Maype dat's vy ve gets de cold feet,
 Und dose English don't sheare vort a cent;
For a brivate vill nefer redreat
 From de place vere his leader first vent.

Fritz Can't Furshtay

Seems like someting go wrong mit mine head
Since dat day ven I make de beeg fight,
Und mine heart gets so heafy like lead
Ven I dries some more bieces to write.
Dat is vy I so seldom don't wrote
'Bout some tings dat vill happen to me
Since dose shells, vot you call? get mine goat,
Unc. I'm only von left out of tree.

Dot Canadian feller, Von Krink,
Ven I say "nix furshtay" to his talk,
He shoost tells me to take von more tink,
Or already he'll knock off mine plock.
Ven I tells him de tings dat he say
I can't find dem in mine leetle book,
Den he varn me to not get too gay
Britty soon, or he'll gif me de hook.

Den he say dat de Kaiser's a chump,
Und his vorks dey vos shliping a cog,
Und his crown vill get trowed in de dump,
For he put de whole vorld on de hog;
Dot us Shermans vos all off our base,
Und already our goose vos cooked prawn,
Britty soon ourselves home ve can chase,
Und den go avay pack und sit down.

Vot he somedimes vould mean I don't know
Ven he gifs me dis foolishness talk,
If I ask him he say, "Shoost go slow,
Mine dear Fritz, ven you're oudt for a walk."
Dot is not like de English I shpoke,
Vot I learn in de books I haf read,
Den no vonder mine heart is near proke,
Und Von Krink say dere's veels in mine head.

Choose Ye

In times like these, each heart decrees
A law unto itself;
What shall it be for you and me,
Self sacrifice, or pelf?
Which shall we choose, to win or lose?
Our all is in the game;
What shall we give that Truth may live?
How much in Freedom's name?
A hero's heart, an honored name,
Or coward part, and shirker's shame?
The awful strife, wounds and disease,
Or sordid life of selfish ease?
An open purse, our strength in full,
Or painted horse and party pull?
The trenches' mud, and trusted word,
Or tainted blood, and rusted sword?
Soul unafraid, the prayer of faith,
Or hearts dismayed at thought of death?
The noble deed, the unmarked grave,
Or craven greed our lives to save?
Where shall we stand that this fair land
No Kaiser's strafe shall know?
Shall never feel the Prussian heel,
Nor German kultur show?
This we will do, if we are true;
Honor to the Empire's call,
Each bear his part with loyal heart,
Lest Britain's flag may fall.

The Canadian Army

The news, "the old land's in it"
Stirred us one August morn,
Then waited not a minute
The fearless British born.
They were first to offer
To die for England's name
Scorning the shirking scoffer
Who would not play the game.

But when the German Kaiser
Of victories could brag,
Canadians got wiser
And rallied round the flag,
The Orangemen, stout-hearted,
The cheery lads in green
When once the ball was started
In khaki garb were seen.

A regiment of Tories,
A regiment of Grits,
Discarded party worries
To give the Kaiser fits.
Battalions of free thinkers,
And regiments of Jews,
And some of water drinkers,
And some that hit the ... e.

A regiment of Chinese,
A regiment of Yanks,
A regiment with fine knees,
And bare and brawny shanks,
A regiment of teachers,
Who laid aside the birch,
And one of sons of preachers,
A credit to the Church.

A regiment of Colonels
Who couldn't get a sit,
To judge by their externals
They're feeling find and fit.
Battalions, too, of Frenchmen,
The breed that never yields,
Are making splendid trench men,
On Belgium's bloody fields.

Thus, to defend the nation,
They rallied to a man,
Our fighting population
So cosmopolitan.
Not one from danger blanches,
They vie in skill and pluck,
And, when they reach the trenches,
We call them all Canuck.

Hunting The Were-Wolf

A Rhyme for Children.

The jungle law is broken;
From forest, field and plain,
The beasts and birds have spoken,
"The Traitor must be slain."
The surly bear comes growling
From out his lonesome den;
He hears the were-wolf howling,
Athirst for blood of men.

The fierce war eagle screeches
Across the Channel deep,
His scream the lion reaches,
And rouses him from sleep;
The busy beaver hiding
In far-off northern wood,
The mighty bull moose, striding
In stately solitude.

The humpy, bumpy cattle,
The tiger from his lair,
Go down into the battle,
Beside the timid hare,
The elephant and camel,
The ostrich and emu,
Wierd things, both bird and mammal,
And old man kangaroo.

All vow, by fur and feather,
Each with one purpose filled,
To work and fight together,
Until the were-wolf's killed,
Meanwhile, in war's arena,
Unmoved by tears and groans,
The buzzard and hyena
Pick clean the victims' bones.

Jack Canuck to Uncle Sam

Take down your old gun, Uncle Sammy,
All your pockets with cartridges cram;
The war fogs that rise, cold and clammy,
Seem to frighten you some, Uncle Sam,
You once were the first to get ready,
The most eager in Liberty's fight;
Your brain Unc. was clear, calm and steady,
As you battled for justice and right.

Time was when each star in Old Glory
Shone for Freedom all round the wide world,
The winds and the waves told the story
Wheresoever its folds were unfurled;
But now your good rifle is rusty,
All your work of long years is undone,
Old Glory, bedraggled and dusty,
Is insulted and scorned by the Hun.

There once was a time, Uncle Sammy,
When the honor of sister and wife,
E'en that of a poor negro mammy,
You'd defend, Uncle Sam, with your life;
But now, what's the matter, I wonder,
You see womanhood treated like junk,
And think but of guarding your plunder;
Can you tell me the reason? dear Unc.

It seems that your head isn't level,
With your Wilsons, and Byrans and Fords,
You let things all go to the devil,
And protect your poor people with words.
It can't be the killing that vexes,
And prevents you from getting your gun,
You're lynching men now, down in Texas,
For one-tenth that the Kaiser has done.

