

# War Rhymes



By Wayfarer

3000

With compliments  
Abner Cosens

1811  
1812

# War Rhymes

---



By Wayfarer



## FOREWORD

---

The reader of this booklet is not expected to agree with everything in it. The rhymes express only the impressions made on the writer at the time by the varied incidents and conditions arising out of the great war, and some of them did not apply when circumstances changed.

They have been printed as written, however, and, if they serve no other purpose, may at least help us to recall some things that too soon have nearly passed out of our minds.

The outbreak of hostilities, the invasion of Belgium, the Old Land in it and the rush of the British born to enlist, the early indifference of the majority of Canadians, the unemployment and distress of the winter of 1914-15, the heartlessness of Germany, Canada stirred by the valor of her first battalions, recruiting general throughout the country, the slackness of the United States, financial and political profiteering in all countries, smaller European nations playing for position, Italy joining the Allies, the debacle of Russia, the awful casualty lists, the return of disabled soldiers, the ceaseless war work of our women, the United States at last declaring war on Germany, the final line up and defeat of the Hun, and the horror and apparent uselessness of it all; some reflection of all these may be found by the reader in these simple rhymes.

THE WRITER.



War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

MODERN DIPLOMACY, OR HOW THE  
WAR STARTED

August, 1914

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,—“That Serb's a disgrace.  
We must 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 armies immense  
Pour over my boundary fence,  
I'll awake from a 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.”



## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Said Italy,—“I think I'll stay out,  
Till I know what this 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 naow.”

---

### THE ALLIED FORCES

---

November, 1914  
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,  
For a shilling a day of poor pelf,  
    And 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 with 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.

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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 albatross  
Floats white 'neath the Southern Cross,  
There came 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.

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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 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.

---

### SATAN'S SOLILOQUY

---

November, 1914  
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  
Shall feed hell's hottest fires  
With Judas and with Cain.

War Rhyme. - - By Wayfarer

The unfenced city raiders,  
The crew of submarine  
That sank 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."

---

THE MODERN GOOD SAMARITAN

December, 1914

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 horror, 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 while the cash is going free,  
I'll see what I can get,  
And since these chaps are down and out;  
I'll steal their trade, you bet."

THE CANADIAN WAY

January, 1915

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 born 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 will blacken Heaven's scroll,  
A thing of scorn, all men to warn;  
A country that has lost its soul.

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

THE ENGLISH WOMAN'S COMPLAINT

March, 1915

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 'aint 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 hustle down that blobmin' 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 'ouse;  
And then we 'ad our families,  
But that's no reason why  
As you should flash your dirtv ads,  
"No English need apply."

At learning 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."

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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."

---

### UNEMPLOYED

April, 1915

"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 country side."

"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,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

"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 does not  
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

April, 1915

I hates dot teufel, Johnnie Bull,

(Der Kaiser says I must)

Mit rage mine heart is filled so full

Sometime I tink I'll bust.

Vot pisness he mit horse and gun,

Dot channel shtream to cross?

Vot matter for de tings ve done?

Der Kaiser is de boss.

Dose English, yaw, I tells you true!



## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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 poys—dot story I can't wrote,  
I lose them, 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 Antverp dock,  
Und hear vot I can see.

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

Mit blenty peers unt blenty shmokes,  
Und rye bread mixed mit sand,  
Dis is enough for Sherman folks  
Dat luf de faderland.

Ve'll tear dot English heart oudt yet  
Mit eagle's beak und claws;  
Shoost now ve can't to London get,  
I don't known 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

April, 1915

I vonder if dot's nefer so,  
Shaymeezle Russia take,

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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 and 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 kultur's goot,  
Somedimes it is, no doubt,  
But ven it comes to daily foodt  
I luf der saur-kraut.

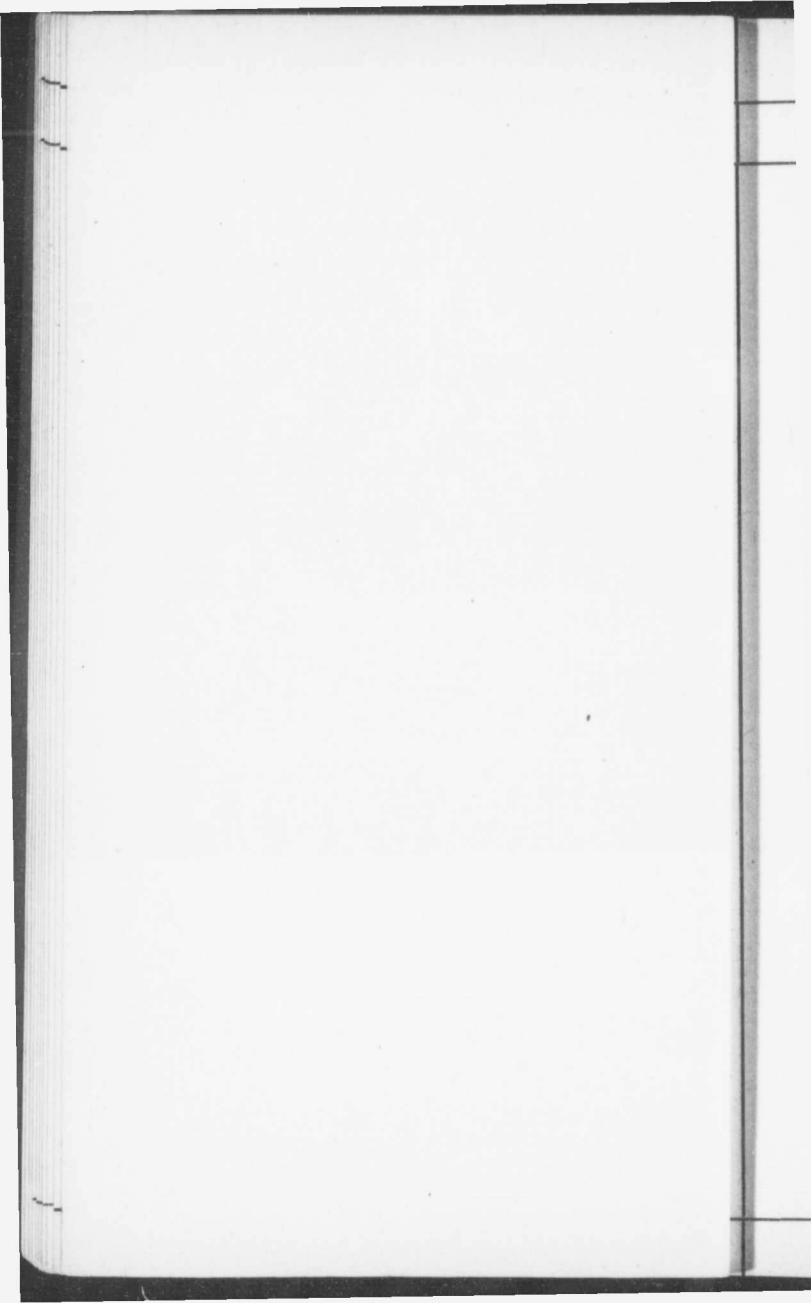
I vonder if ve all get stung,  
Like vot de Yankees say;  
Der Kaiser maype yet get hung,  
If ve don't vin the day.

\* \* \* \* \*

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.

*War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer*





War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

# Recruiting Appeals

JACK CANUCK

October, 1914

"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 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

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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 worldly wise;  
'When duty calls, or danger,'  
Ready to sacrifice.

---

WHAT OWEST THOU

February, 1915

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 free born 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?



## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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, unending night,  
Whose old men worship money;  
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.

---

### A CALL TO THE COLORS

November, 1915

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

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

For mercy from the Turk.  
The Poles and Serbs are dying  
The victims of the Huns,  
With anguished voices crying,  
"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.

---

### 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's 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,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Or heart 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 the Empire's call,  
Each bear his part with loyal heart,  
Lest Britain's flag may fall.

---

### THE SLACKER'S SON

"The teacher says at school, dad, that twenty  
years ago  
The Kaiser tried to rule, dad, and plunged  
the world in woe,  
When Britain needed men, dad, to help to  
fight the Huns,  
Boys dropped the plow and pen, dad, to go  
and man the guns.

Each man he did his share, dad, the loyal,  
strong and true;  
I wish I had been there, dad, to fight along  
with you.  
I'm glad you met no harm, dad, and wear no  
wooden peg;  
For Bill's dad lost an arm, dad, and Jim's  
dad lost a leg.

The Kaiser was so strong, dad, that Britain  
almost lost,  
The war was hard and long, dad, and none  
could count the cost.  
Our men were firm and brave, dad, and freely  
shed their blood,  
And many found a grave, dad, beneath the  
Flanders mud.

You never say a word, dad, about this awful  
fight;

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Where is your trusty sword, dad? let's get  
it out to-night.  
The other fellows brag, dad, of what their  
dads have done,  
And Jim's dad has a flag, dad, he captured  
from a Hun.

And Mr. Sandy Ross, dad, who works down  
at the mill,  
Has a Victoria Cross, dad, for fighting Kaiser  
Bill;  
And little Tommy Dagg, dad, the youngest of  
your clerks,  
Says his dad was at Bagdad, and shot a hun-  
dred Turks.

When we go for a walk, dad, or take our fly-  
ing car,  
You never want to talk, dad, about the mighty  
war;  
Please talk to me to-night, dad, before I go  
to bed,  
Of when you went to fight, dad."  
But dad hung down his head.

---

### BLASTED HOPES

---

We hoped to end our troubled days  
Far from the maddening 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.

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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.

---

### LANGEMARCK

May, 1915

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

Cut off, out-numbered, 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.

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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.

---

### 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 the 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 booze.

A regiment of Chinese,  
A regiment of Yanks,  
A regiment with fine knees  
And bare and brawny shanks,  
A regiment of teachers

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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 fine and fit);  
A regiment of slackers  
A regiment of thieves,  
And one of bold bushwhackers,  
All wearing maple leaves.

Battalions, too, of Frenchmen,  
The breed that never yields,  
Are making splendid trench men,  
On Belgium's bloody fields.  
Battalions from the prairies  
Now man the smoking tubes;  
From London and St. Marys,  
A regiment of Rubes.

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

---

### FIGHT OR PAY

---

October, 1915

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  
Still ravish, burn and slay,  
Each loyal son must man a gun,  
Or stay at home and pay.

Our sisters, mothers, sweethearts, wives,

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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.



*War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer*





War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Rhymes For  
Children

HUNTING THE WERE-WOLF

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,  
Weird 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 victim's bones.

JOHNNIE'S GROUCH

'Cause brother Ben has gone to fight  
Across the sea so far,  
I like to stick around at night  
And read about the war,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

But when I think me and my chums  
Are fighting Fritz in France,  
My ma asks if I've done my sums;  
A feller gets no chance.

And when I'm marching proudly back  
With fifty captured Huns,  
My dad will say 'retire Jack'.  
That's how they spike my guns.  
My teacher's a conscriptionist,  
She calls me 'Johnnie dear,'  
But backs it with an iron fist  
And so I volunteer.

I got kept in at school one day  
For lessons not half learned,  
And when dad asked, "Why this delay?  
I said I'd been interned.  
And when our test exams came out  
And mine were extra bad,  
I said, "We needn't fuss about  
A scrap of paper, dad."

When sister's chap comes round at night,  
And pa seems in a rage,  
Ma only smiles; she knows all right,  
It's just dad's camouflage.  
And when I entertain this beau  
While Sis puts on her dress,  
Sometimes I get a dime, you know;  
'That's strategy, I guess.

My dad is getting rather stout,  
And hates to mow the lawn;  
But when he gets the mower out,  
First thing he knows I'm gone;  
But when I've trouble with my pa  
No matter what its for,  
I make an ally of my ma,  
And then I win the war.

---

### THE TRENCH THAT FRITZ BUILT

This is the trench that Fritz built.

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

This is the Hun who lay in the trench that Fritz built.

This is the gun that killed the Hun who lay in the trench that Fritz built.

This is the farmer's only son, who mans the gun, that killed the Hun, who lay in the trench that Fritz built.

This is the farmer weary and worn, who raised the son, who mans the gun, that killed the Hun, who lay in the trench that Fritz built.

This is she, who in youth's bright morn, was wed to the man, now weary and worn, 'tis she to whom the son was born, who in front of the battle, all tattered and torn, still mans the gun that killed the Hun, who lay in the trench that Fritz built.

This is the slacker, all shaven and shorn, who drives a car with a tooting horn, and laughs at the farmer weary and worn, and his wife at work in the early morn hoeing potatoes and beets and corn, because the son, who to them was born, is in front of the battle, all tattered and torn, still manning the gun that killed the Hun, who lay in the trench that Fritz built.

This is the maid who treats with scorn the shifty slacker, all shaven and shorn, and his shining car with the tooting horn, but honors the farmer weary and worn, and his wife who helps him hoe the corn, and milk the cows in the early morn, for she loves the son who to them was born, who in front of the battle all tattered and torn, still mans the gun that killed the Hun, who lay in the trench that Fritz built!







*War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer*

Nursery  
Rhymes

**UP-TO-DATE**

TEN LITTLE SLACKERS

Ten little slackers standing in a line,  
One went to U. S., then there were nine.  
Nine little slackers out for a skate,  
One broke his leg and then there were eight.  
Eight little slackers playing odd and even,  
Got in a mix up then there were seven.  
Seven little slackers sucking sugar sticks,  
One got dyspepsia, then there were six.  
Six little slackers only half alive,  
One got married then there were five.  
Five little slackers were such a bore  
The fool killer got one then there were four.  
Four little slackers out on a spree,  
Auto turned turtle and then there were three.  
Three little slackers in a canoe,  
Simpleton rocked the boat, then there were  
two.  
Two little slackers, one was a Hun,  
He got imprisoned, then there was one.  
One little slacker war nearly won,  
He donned the khaki, then there were none.  
One little, two little, three little slackers,  
Four little, five little, six little slackers,  
Seven little, eight little, nine little slackers,  
Ten little slacker men.

---

Jack Sprat can eat no fat,  
His wife can eat no lean,  
Because upon their platter now  
No meat is ever seen.

Make a cake, make a cake, my good man,  
Make it of treacle and cornmeal and bran,  
Tick it and pick it and mark it with B,  
And eat it for breakfast and dinner and  
tea.

Little deeds and mortgages,  
Little bonds and stocks,  
Help amid financial storms  
To keep us off the rocks.

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Little loads of stove wood,  
Little jags of coal,  
Make our pocket books look sick,  
And put us in the hole.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,  
Eating his whole wheat pie,  
He looked pretty glum for he found not a  
plum,  
And he said I don't like this old pie.

Little Tommy Tucker sang for his supper,  
What did he sing for? White bread and  
butter;  
But he had to take corn-cake instead of white  
bread,  
With oleomargarine on it to spread.

Farmer Dingle had a little pig,  
Not very little and not very big;  
It weighed two hundred or a few pounds  
over  
And brought fifty dollars when sold to a  
drover.

Then farmer Dingle stood up and lied,  
And Mrs. Dingle sat down and cried,  
"Hogs eat so much valuable feed," said he,  
"They need," said he,  
"Good feed," said she,  
So there's really no profit in pigeewee.

One little man went to battle,  
One little man stayed at home,  
One little man got white bread and butter,  
One little man got none,  
One little man cried see, see, see,  
You'll all eat brown bread  
Till the war is done.

Tom, Tom the piper's son,  
Stole a pig and away he run,  
"High cost of meat  
I've got you beat,"  
Said Tom, while making his retreat.

Jack, Nick and Jill went after Bill,

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

And fought on land and water,  
Till Nick fell down and lost his crown,  
And Bill went tumbling after.

There was a crooked man  
Who wore a crooked smile,  
And built a crooked railroad  
O'er many a crooked mile,  
He got some crooked statesmen  
To play his crooked games,  
And they all got crooked titles  
Before their crooked names.

---

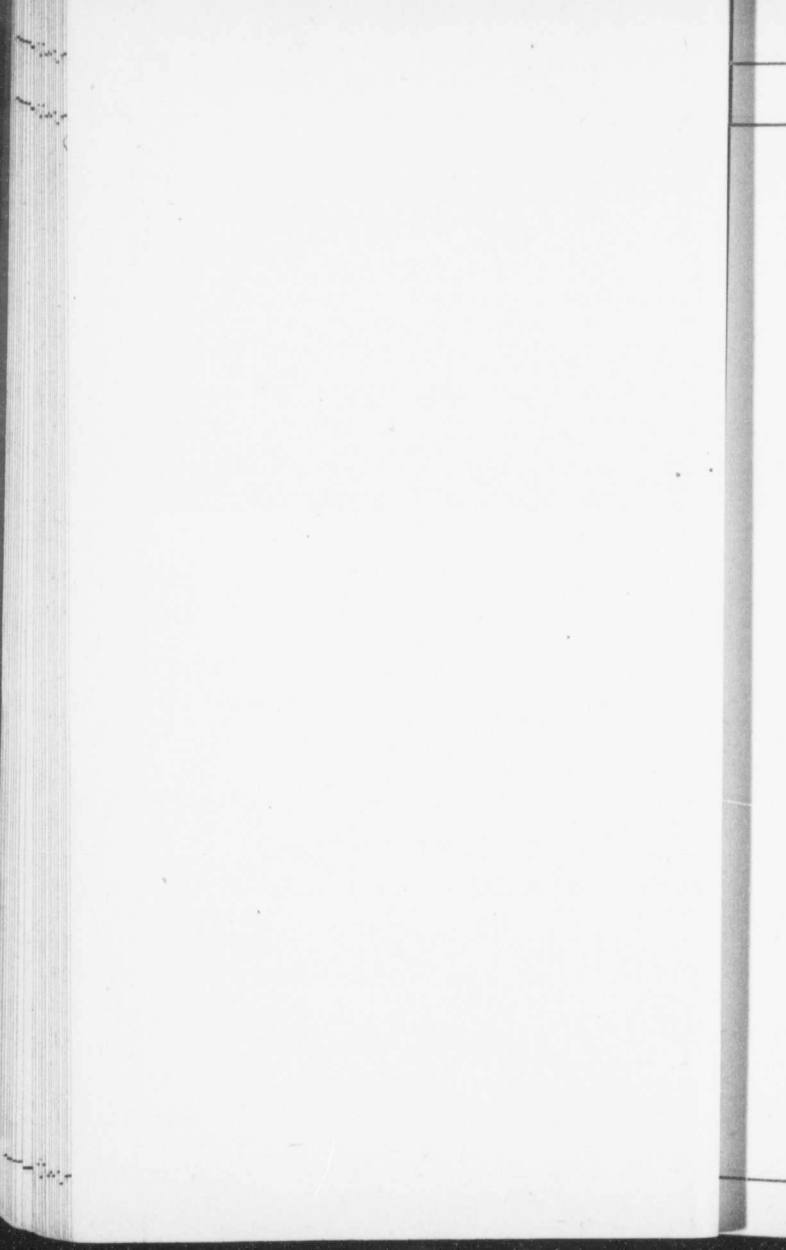
Sing a song of sixpence,  
Country going dry,  
Four and twenty booze shops  
Selling no more rye.

When the bars were open,  
Whiskey had its fling  
Now we ride the water cart,  
Along with George, our king.

Once dad, in the bar room,  
Counted out his money,  
Weary mother sat at home,  
Patching clothes for sonny.

Now dad's in the garden  
Wearing out his clothes,  
Money in his pocket,  
Bloom all off his nose.





War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Miscellan-  
eous



War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

BEDLAM

October, 1914

"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 folk 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.

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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

---

### 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 violets,  
And roses 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 task 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

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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.

---

### THE FRIENDLY SPIES

A tale of Camp Borden

November, 1916

The main camping ground of the Huron  
Indians was near where Camp Borden is  
now situated.

Where soldiers build their camp fires,  
At night there gather 'round  
The spirits of the Hurons  
From 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,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

They wrap their mantles 'round them,  
And breathe a soft "Good-bye",  
Then vanish like the shadows  
That lurk among the trees,  
The sentry hearing only  
The sighing of the breeze.

---

### JACK CANUCK TO UNCLE SAM

April, 1916

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,  
When 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 or 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 Bryans 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.

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

SAMMY

April 1918

Brave Sammy's a fighter, who said he was  
slow,

That Duffeldorf blighter was running his  
show?

The fellow who hinted that Sammy was slack,  
With praise, now, unstinted should take it  
all back

For Sammy's a wonder, and now going  
strong,

(Twas somebody's blunder that held him  
so long)

He's just the right fellow, we're glad that  
he came,

The chap that is yellow has some other  
name.

This Sammy's a dandy; when once in the  
race,

He makes himself handy in any old place:  
Can preach a good sermon, or sing a good  
song,

Or lick any German who happens along:

A single hand talker, as good as the best,

A two fisted knocker, with hair on his  
chest,

A long distance hiker, who never goes lame,

He's not any piker whatever the game.

There's no one that's quicker at pulling a gun,

He'll sure be a sticker when facing the  
Hun;

Can camp in a palace, or live in a tent,

Drink wine from a chalice, or eat meat in  
Lent:

Sweet tongued to the ladies and kind to the  
kids,

Condemns things to Hades, when down by  
the skids;

At home on the river, plantation or farm,

Sometimes a high liver who does himself  
harm.

Abstemious, very, when prices are high,

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

He learns to be merry without any pie;  
An expert at poker, with money to spare,  
A down and out broker who plays solitaire;  
An orator forceful, a whale to invent,  
O Sammy's resourceful, a versatile gent.  
Though late in the race, Sam, we wish you  
good luck,  
Come on, take your place, Sam, with Johnnie  
Canuck.

---

FRANCE TO COLUMBIA

November 1916

Columbia, my sister,  
Republic great and free,  
When Liberty was threatened  
I looked in hope to thee;  
That hope was vain, my sister,  
You lost your greatest chance;  
Men live on lies in Utah,  
Men die for truth in France.

Columbia my sister,  
You saw my blood run red,  
My sons and daughters murdered,  
The tears my orphans shed;  
You raised no voice in protest,  
To stop the Hun's advance;  
Men live at ease in Kansas,  
With hell let loose in France.

Columbia, my sister,  
Your children you have seen,  
Drowned in the cruel ocean  
By German submarine;  
But baseball is important,  
The theatre and dance,  
And pleasure rules in Texas  
While horror reigns in France.

Columbia, my sister,  
In sordid love of gain  
Your vultures and hyenas  
Wax fat upon the slain;

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

The nations, sorrow stricken,  
Receive your careless glance,  
And wealth in Massachusetts  
Means poverty in France.

Columbia, my sister,  
I know your heart is right,  
Though on your head has fallen  
This hellish Hunnish blight;  
I love you still, my sister,  
And warn you, lest perchance  
The Huns may rule Wisconsin  
When driven out of France.

---

### JIM'S SACRIFICE

Jim marched away one summer day  
To fight the boastful Hun,  
In khaki clad, as fine a lad  
As ever carried gun,  
No braver knight e'er went to fight,  
In shining coat of mail,  
In days of old, for love or gold,  
Or for the Holy Grail.

His aim was sure, his heart was pure,  
Like good Sir Galahad,  
He played the game when hardships came  
His face was always glad,  
Until, by chance, somewhere in France,  
He saw a "Hometown Sun,"  
He read one page, then in a rage  
He strafed it like a Hun.

The girl he loved had faithless proved,  
And German slacker wed;  
That cruel stroke Jim's spirit broke,  
He wished that he were dead.  
He who had been so straight and clean,  
And every fellow's chum,  
Now lived apart with hardened heart,  
And soaked himself with rum.

'Mid rats and mice and fleas and lice

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

He spent his days and nights;  
Waist deep in mud, besmeared with blood,  
He fought a hundred fights  
His faith was lost, the angel host  
Of Mons he didn't see;  
No Comrade White beheld his plights,  
With loving sympathy.

The devil strip, where bullets zipp,  
The narrow neutral band  
Where man to man they fight and plan  
To win that "No Man's Land":  
Here Jim would go to hunt the foe,  
He thought it only fun,  
And that day lost that couldn't boast  
Another slaughtered Hun.

His awful deeds so say the creeds,  
Jim's bright young manhood marred;  
His health was sound, he got no wound,  
But sin his spirit scarred.  
Some lost their health, some lost their  
wealth,  
Of all war took its toll,  
Some lost their life in bloody strife,  
Jim only lost his soul.

---

### THE ORGY OF THOR

---

The war god calls, whate'er befalls  
His orders must be filled,  
Though work may stop in mine and shop,  
And farms may lie untilled.

At his command each human hand  
Must toil to pay the price  
In coal, or meat, or wool or wheat,  
Oil, cotton, corn or rice.

From pole to pole he takes control  
Of land, and air, and tide,  
Then death and dearth fill all the earth,  
And hell's gate opens wide.



## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Fierce robber bands, o'er desert sands  
No white man ever saw,  
Bring all their spoil; with endless toil,  
To fill the monster's maw.

O'er ice and snow the huskies go,  
Beneath the northern star,  
And gather toll, a scanty dole,  
To pay the god of war.

From out the States go mighty freights  
Of cotton, corn and oil;  
From West to East, to feed the beast,  
The people save and toil.

The West's astir, the binders whirr  
Around the settler's shack;  
The threshers hum, lest winter come  
Before the wheat's in sack.

The bullocks strain on loaded wain,  
Piled high with bales of wool,  
A season's clip from shed to ship;  
The cargo must be full.

The drivers swear, the bulls by pair  
Plunge panting through the dust,  
Like things accurst they die of thirst;  
The war god says they must.

Where battle fields dread harvests yield  
The war god's revels be,  
Where blood runs red, he counts the dead,  
And shrieks and howls in glee.

With fiendish laughs, he fiercely quaffs  
The precious crimson tide;  
He'll drink his fill, nor rest until  
His blood lust's satisfied.

---

### MOTES AND BEAMS

---

We condemn, with hot curses, the Hun,  
For his piracy, perjury, pride,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

For his nameless atrocities done,  
For the ten million victims that died.  
Then we'll lift holy hands to the skies,  
When the day of our victory comes,  
While pale children, with piteous cries,  
Starve for bread in the slime of our slums.

We despise the degenerate Yank  
With his blood-spattered idol of gold,  
Who, his birthright, for cash in the bank,  
And political pottage has sold.  
Then we send our poor boys to the war  
With a prayer that they keep themselves  
clean,  
And we purchase a shining new car,  
Praying harder for cheap gasoline.

We detest the false Bulgars and Greeks;  
They must learn to be true to their friends;  
They have proved themselves traitors and  
sneaks,  
Using war for their own selfish ends;  
But our grafters their pockets may fill.  
While valiantly waving the flag.  
Caring nothing who settles the bill.  
If they only get off with the swag.

We abhor the unspeakable Turk,  
For his orgies of murder and shame,  
His detestable devilish work  
Done in honor of Allah's fair name;  
Then we pray as the Pharisee prayed,  
While afar off the publican stood,  
But forget the Creator has made  
All the children of men of one blood.

---

### NURSE CAVELL

November, 1915

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

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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 guns 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 legions  
In battles fierce are hurled,  
When, to remotest regions,  
Peace reigns throughout the world;  
Where'er beyond the waters  
The sons of Britain dwell.  
Mothers will tell their daughters  
The tale of Nurse Cavell.

---

"T'WAS EVER THUS

November, 1916

O preacher, prophet, martyr, sage,

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Whose message falls on heedless ears,  
Bethink that unrepentant age  
When Noah preached for six score years;  
See Israel to Baal bowed,  
The persecuting Pharisee,  
And all the loaves and fishes crowd  
Beside the sea of Galilee.

O patriot of humble birth,  
With heart to help a fellow man,  
To reconstruct the things of earth  
Upon a nobler, wiser plan;  
The curse that mars the lowly born  
Will dog your footsteps till your death,  
The proud Judeans' words of scorn,  
"No good thing comes from Nazareth."

O mother, when your son lies dead,  
You hate this cruel world of blood,  
You pay the price, with grief bowed head,  
The age-old price of motherhood.  
'Twas thus Eve mourned o'er Abel's loss,  
Naomi grieved in tents of Shem,  
'Twas thus she wept beside the cross  
Who bore a son in Bethlehem.

O soldier with the shattered breast,  
Beside the shell swept Flanders road,  
The One who gives the weary rest  
Knows all the burden of your load.  
The anguished thirst, the bitter pain,  
A Father's face he could not see,  
The hate of man, sin's awful stain,  
He bore them all on Calvary.

---

EGO

---

The ego of the human race,  
The sordid love of self,  
We see it in life's hurried chase,  
The grafter's greed for pelf.  
The horror of the battle field,  
The killed, the maimed, the blind,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

The beaten foe, too proud to yield,  
The ego of mankind.

The ego of the human race,  
The poison in our blood,  
The lying tongue, the double face,  
Justice and Truth withstood,  
The heavy task, the scanty pay,  
The beggar with his bone,  
The rich young man who went away,  
The king upon his throne.

The ego of the human race,  
The subtle serpent's lie  
No toilsome years can e'er efface,  
"Ye shall not surely die."  
Eve still by serpent's word beguiled,  
The curse on Ham that fell,  
Poor outcast Hagar's starving child,  
Cities where Lot might dwell.

The ego of the human race,  
The toil each day brings in,  
The idlers in the market place,  
The sorrow and the sin;  
Bequeathed from pre-historic sire,  
In Turk and Teuton still,  
The ape's inordinate desire,  
The tiger's lust to kill.

---

### FREEDOM

---

We're fighting now for liberty  
Where'er our armies are,  
We wouldn't want our king to be  
A Kaiser, or a Czar.  
We want no rabbi with his book,  
No priest in sable stole,  
For priest and rabbi ne'er can brook  
The freedom of the soul.

We must be free, to work, or play,  
Or loaf, just when we like,  
And, if we get too little pay,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Be free to go on strike:  
And if, perchance, we gain our goal,  
And wealth to us should come,  
We must be free to take our toll,  
From workman's scanty crumb.

We must be free to hit the booze  
That steals our children's bread,  
The cash that ought to buy them shoes,  
Pour down our necks instead.  
We must be free to come and go;  
No Russ nor Hun are we,  
There's nothing grander here below  
Than British liberty.

But when, from nations drowned in tears,  
For crimes by Kaiser done,  
The cry goes forth for volunteers  
To come and fight the Hun;  
We must be free at home to stay,  
While others take their chance  
"Of finding little homes of clay"  
In Flanders or in France.

---

### TWENTY YEARS AFTER

November, 1917.

Where men make bloody sacrifice,  
And pile the earth with slain,  
Kind Mother Nature ever tries  
To cover up the stain,  
'Mid charnel of the tiger's den  
May pure white lilies blow,  
And on the graves of warlike men  
The peaceful daisies grow.

The grass is all the greener now  
Where men most fiercely strove,  
And maids may hear on Vimy's brow  
The cooing of the dove.  
Where cannon roared by night and day,  
And men in thousands fell,  
The sunny headed children play,  
And pick up bits of shell.

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Where once raged war's infernal din,  
And bullets fell like rain  
The peaceful peasants gather in  
A hundred fold of grain;  
And where men plied the deadly steel,  
And blood ran red like wine,  
We see the holy sisters kneel  
Beside the rebuilt shrine.

And over on the rising ground  
The fresh young maples stand  
To mark the graves of those who found  
Death in a foreign land;  
Here women of the nameless woes,  
Still pray when day is done,  
That God will rest the souls of those  
Who strafed the hellish Hun.

---

### FAITH

---

November, 1917

The soldier, when the war began,  
Presumed the cause was right,  
But didn't ask the campaign's plan;  
His duty was to fight.  
The child, with all things yet to prove,  
Still thinks the world is fair,  
While trusting in a mother's love,  
And in a father's care.

The patient neath the surgeon's knife  
Unconscious is, and still,  
The only hope to save his life  
Is in the doctor's skill.  
The farmer sows in faith his seed,  
And trusts the sun and rain,  
Meanwhile he fights the choking weed  
That grows among the grain.

The planets in their orbits roll,  
The seasons come and go,  
The angry seas own God's control,  
His care the sparrows know.  
But we, by pride made over bold,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Face Providence unawed,  
And like the patriarch of old,  
Presume to question God.

Ten thousand prayers in discord rise  
From church and cloister dim,  
When will we cease our feeble cries,  
And trust the world to him?  
'Tis His the broken heart to bind,  
To heal the serpent's bite,  
The judge is He of all mankind,  
And shall He not do right?

---

### EVERYBODY HELPING

---

March, 1917

If you want a fine new car,  
Do without,  
If you like a fine cigar,  
Cut it out,  
Thrift will help to win the war,  
There's no doubt.

If you are too old to fight,  
You can pay,  
If you think war isn't right,  
You can pray,  
Help to crush the Kaiser's might  
As you may.

If you are a Tory gay,  
Or a Grit,  
Throw your politics away  
Do your bit,  
War is now the game to play;  
You are it.

If you have good things to eat,  
Pack a box,  
If you are a maiden neat,  
Knit some socks,  
Keep the soldier's tired feet,  
Off the rocks.



## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Get a piece of land on spec,  
Plow and sow,  
There's a place for every peck,  
You can grow,  
Swat the Kaiser in the neck,  
Issue him a passage check  
Down below.

---

### THE WORLD'S OVERDRAFT

May, 1917

On life's broad fields, whate'er we sow,  
'Tis certain we shall reap;  
The watching scribes, above, below,  
Somewhere a record keep.  
The faithless church, the lying creed  
Teaching that wrong is right,  
The childless home, the heartless greed,  
The jealousy and spite.

The feasting, selfish, idle rich,  
The hungry, hardened poor,  
The drunkard lying in the ditch,  
The brothel's open door;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we dwell,  
Whate'er our names or creeds,  
They total up in heaven or hell,  
The sum of all our deeds.

We thought the race was to the swift,  
The battle to the strong,  
Like mariners with boat adrift,  
We heard the sirens' song,  
We put our trust in armies vast,  
In battleships and marts,  
We deemed but hoodoos of the past  
The prayers from human hearts.

So heavy grew the moral debt  
Of every class and rank,  
No further credit could we get  
At Satan's private bank.  
The wealth bestowed by sea and land  
We squandered in a day,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

The devil took our notes of hand,  
And now there's hell to pay.

The world will drown in blood and tears,  
And famine stalk abroad,  
'Till men repent their sordid years  
And humbly call on God.  
This cruel war the Kaiser made,  
(The worst since Satan fell,)  
Will end when all the world has paid  
Its overdraft on hell.

---

### SLACKERS

---

We condemn, as selfish slackers,  
Those not willing to enlist  
To oppose the Prussian Kultur  
And the Kaiser's iron fist,  
But they're not the only slackers  
Those who will not go and fight,  
For every man's a slacker  
Who does less now than he might.

There are slackers in the pulpit  
In the elder's cushioned pew,  
And all through the congregation  
There are slackers not a few,  
There are slackers in the workshop,  
There are slackers on the farm,  
And slackers down in Parliament  
Whose defeat would do no harm.

Some munition men are slackers,  
And some who store our food  
While they dream of higher profits  
And of interest accrued.  
We condemn the youthful shirker  
And we say his heart's not right,  
But there's many an arrant slacker  
Not eligible to fight.

So let each and all get busy,  
If we would the Kaiser thrash,  
From the man who owns his millions

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

To the girl who slings the hash,  
All the women busy knitting,  
All the men out hoeing beans,  
For the war may be decided  
By the work behind the scenes.

---

THE LOYAL BLACKS

August, 1917.

Three years ago the war began,  
Three years ago to-day  
The Empire's call to every man  
Was either fight or pay.  
Some men the country well could spare  
Their clear-cut duty shun  
But all the Blacks have done their share  
To help defeat the Hun.

My brother Jim, who worked by spells,  
(He had a lazy streak)  
Is busy now inspecting shells  
At forty bones a week,  
And Jack, of course, is rather young  
He's just nineteen or so.  
And Tom had trouble with his lung  
About twelve years ago.

My brother Ben would like to fight,  
The Kaiser makes him wild,  
But if he went 'twould not be right,  
He has a wife and child.  
I cannot lease my farm and store,  
With prices soaring higher.  
If times keep good for two years more  
I think I can retire.

Although we didn't volunteer  
And learn the soldier's art,  
We hold some good positions here  
And bravely do our part,  
While some the khaki suits have donned,  
And in the trenches slave  
We put into a war loan bond  
Each dollar we can save.

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

But there are lots of husky chaps  
Could go as well as not,  
There's Arthur Mee and Joe perhaps,  
Paul Pierce and Barney Bott,  
And Peter Jones and Sam Delong,  
And Jack Smith's hired man,  
And Scotty Moss, and Wesley Strong,  
And Billy Barlow's Dan.

And Robert Green and Walter White,  
And others I could name;  
When these refuse to go and fight  
It is a burning shame;  
I think they should be forced to go,  
Conscription is the plan  
To catch these chaps so very slow  
And make them play the man.

---

### 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?

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

### HAS THE WORLD GONE MAD

December, 1916.

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 men all fools?  
Is our thinking hazy,  
Spite of all our schools?

---

### 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 boughs 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

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

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

A seedling 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.

---

### WHO KNOWS

---

#### The Pessimist

Our lot is cast in evil days  
We almost lose our faith in God,  
We cannot comprehend His ways,  
Nor recognize His chast'ning rod.  
To stem the Hun's relentless tread,  
His hymns of hate, his crimes of Cain  
We give our daily toll of dead,  
But wonder if 'tis all in vain.

#### The Optimist

Brave men must fight, brave men must fall,  
Whene'er a tyrant lifts his head;  
When Freedom sounds her battle call,  
We must not grudge our noble dead.  
E'en now the victor's shouts we hear,  
On blood bought hill, o'er shell-swept plain;  
The end of tyranny is near,  
Our struggle has not been in vain.

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

**The Socialist**

If, when our cheering shall have died,  
No more for sordid gain we plan,  
But shed the hoofs and horns of pride,  
And strive to help our fellow man,  
So each will get a fair return  
For labor done by hand or brain  
And none can take what others earn;  
The war will not have been in vain.

**The Anarchist**

If still the selfish creed we preach  
Of pleasure, ease and strife for gold;  
Employer and employee, each  
Resentful, greedy, uncontrolled;  
Then poor men still will curse the great,  
And hellish hordes will rise again  
With hungry, hardened, Hunnish hate;  
This war will have been fought in vain.

---

**AFTERWARDS**

When the war shall have ceased with its  
sorrow,  
Its hunger, and horror and hell,  
In the dawn of a brighter to-morrow,  
What tale will historians tell?  
Will the nations get records of glory,  
Of cowardice, courage or crime,  
When the sages record the true story,  
To ring down the decades of time?

We believe that some peoples now broken,  
And crushed by the Turk and the Hun  
Will arise from their darkness unspoken,  
And stand in the light of the sun.  
And it may be that Germans, grown wiser  
And taught at so fearful a cost,  
Will have hanged their contemptible Kaiser  
And regained the fair name they have lost.

We believe that the allies now fighting,  
And lavishing billions untold,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Will have found, in the wrong that needs  
righting,  
A service far better than gold;  
That in bearing the load of another,  
In heeding the cry of the pained,  
That in staying the feet of a brother,  
Fresh strength for themselves will have  
gained.

And some lands that now cravenly study  
The getting of guerdons and gain,  
May have found their gold blasted and bloody  
And tarnished by tears for the slain;  
And, because they dishonoured their stations,  
Were weak when they should have been  
strong  
May be treated with scorn by the nations,  
A byword and hissing among.

So the scribe will set down in his pages  
The story the centuries tell,  
That, for sin, death is still the true wages,  
And broad the road leading to hell.

---

### GERMAN SECURITIES FALL

The British guns have spoken  
And Bill may lose his crown,  
The German line is broken,  
And saur-kraut is down.

The gallant French are storming  
The Huns with iron hail;  
They've given Fritz a warming,  
And limburger is stale.

The Russ is westward pushing,  
Herding the Huns like sheep,  
Thus ends their big four flushing,  
And liverwurst is cheap.

King Victor's brave Italians  
Are driving back pell-mell  
The Austrian battalions,  
And weiners will not sell.



## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

The Belgians too are holding  
Their end up with the rest,  
They hear the Teutons scolding,  
Bologna's past its best.

Roumanians, and others,  
Who now are standing pat  
Will call the allies brothers  
When lager beer goes flat.

---

### TROUBLE IN THE TRENCHES

The true story of the difficulty on the Russian  
front.

September 1917.

When Slav and Russ had raised a fuss,  
And sent their Czar a-kiting,  
Said Giveinski to Blathersi,  
"We've done enough of fighting."

"I've got a cough," wheezed Killmanoff,  
"From working in the trenches,  
I'd rather fight a doggoned sight,  
Than put up with the stench."

I want to quit and take a sit  
In some place clean and brighter,  
Let those who like come down the pike  
To strafe the German blighter."

"I've got the itch," growled Dirtovitch,  
"Bog spavin and lumbago"  
"I'm never dry," swore Goshallski,  
"I smell worse than a Dago."

"This cheese is high," grouched Buttinski  
"No hungry rat would eat it."  
"This meat is tough," whined Ivanuff,  
"I think we ought to beat it."

"It makes me mad," stormed Hazembad,  
"The prevalence of vermin."  
"You've said it right," owned Gotabite,  
"I'm lousy as a German."

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Said Takemoff, "Our lives are rough  
In these here blooming ditches,  
But mine's the worst by half a verst,  
Since some guy stole my breeches."

Their pay was back, their belts were slack  
Each man his troubles blurted,  
With empty guns to face the Huns,  
Small wonder they deserted.

---

### THE WORSHIPPERS

---

Wo Sing was just a heathen blind,  
A dull insensate clod,  
Yet somehow to his darkened mind,  
There came a thought of God.  
He shap'd an idol out of clay,  
And to it bowed his knee;  
No one had taught him how to pray,  
Alas, the poor Chinees!

An artist took his brush and paint,  
And on his canvas board,  
He wrought a picture of a saint,  
And called it Christ the Lord;  
With patient hand, and wondrous skill,  
Retouched that kindly face,  
But thought it ever lacking still,  
In majesty and grace.

A preacher in his pulpit stood,  
(His words the people trust,)  
His message was that God is good,  
And knows mankind is dust.  
He drew a picture of a Lord,  
Omniscient, pure and kind,  
His thoughts, His purposes, His word,  
Too high for human mind.

The Kaiser has conceived a god,  
To rule o'er sea and land,  
With strong, remorseless, iron rod,  
In Hohenzollern hand;  
A god who honors lies and fraud,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

And mean hypocrisy,  
A boastful, bloody, brutal god,  
The god of Germany.

And thus we all our idols make,  
As our conception is,  
And pray our Father, but to take,  
Our helpless hands in His;  
To give us each a ray of hope,  
To each a message bring,  
Each king and kaiser priest and pope,  
Each humble poor Wo Sing.

---

### TO JEAN BAPTISTE

---

April, 1918.

O Jean Baptiste! do not resist  
The military act, Jean;  
You like to fight, the cause is right,  
(You know this is a fact, Jean.)  
When tasks are hard, 'tis not, old pard,  
Your way to ever shirk, Jean;  
The saw-log jam, mills, woods and dam  
All tell how well you work, Jean.

It isn't fear that keeps you here,  
You're active, brave and strong, Jean;  
But in this scrap, by some mishap,  
We've got you going wrong, Jean.  
In dear old France, the Huns advance  
With bullet, bomb and gas, Jean,  
Its hardly square that you're not there;  
(Hank Bourassa's an ass, Jean.)

That we may win, you must begin  
To help more in this fight, Jean,  
The die is cast, forget our past  
Intolerance and spite, Jean,  
The things you love may worthless prove,  
If you don't get your gun, Jean;  
Your woods and mines, your homes and  
shrines,  
May all go to the Hun, Jean.

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Our kinsmen brave, across the wave,  
The Kaiser have defied, Jean,  
British and French, in bloody trench,  
Are fighting side by side, Jean.  
Where duty leads, what matter creeds,  
Or what baptismal font, Jean?  
So let us sing—"Long live the king"  
And join the bonne entente, Jean.

---

### THE LOST TRIBES

---

We read about the tribes dispersed,  
That Israelitish host,  
Condemned and exiled, sin-accursed,  
Among the Gentiles lost,  
We wonder what strange paths they walk,  
In what far land they dwell,  
Where now does Reuben feed his flock,  
And Joseph buy and sell?

In search of them we vainly roam  
Through distant, foreign states,  
Then find a people nearer home  
With all the Hebrew traits.  
They seize the heathen nations' land,  
And hold it by the sword,  
And deem themselves a righteous band,  
The chosen of the Lord.

They deem themselves a righteous band,  
And for religion's sake  
They bravely compass sea and land  
One proselyte to make.  
They drive poor Hagar from their homes  
The wilderness to search,  
While Abraham, forsooth, becomes  
A pillar in the church.

They scorn their dreaming brother's right  
To visions he may have,  
And to the warring Ishmaelite  
They sell him as a slave.  
Unmoved they hear the cry of pain,  
Old Jacob's wailing note,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

"An evil beast my son has slain,  
There's blood on Joseph's coat."

When wearied on the desert track,  
With hunger faint and weak,  
Egyptian flesh pots lure them back,  
The garlic and the leek.  
The fruitful promised land they view,  
But fear to enter in,  
And wander still, a faithless crew,  
The Wilderness of Sin.

Their enemies before them flee,  
Their foemen's gates they hold,  
But Esau's birthright still we see  
To crafty Jacob sold.  
They worship Aaron's golden calf,  
But scorn his priestly rod,  
And, when from Marah's springs they quaff,  
They murmur against God.

Though David's sceptre still remains  
With Judah's royal line,  
On Leah's sons are bloody stains,  
And Ephraim's drunk with wine;  
Blind Sampson, by Delilah's shears,  
Is made grind Dagon's corn,  
But only in a thousand years  
Is there a Moses born.

---

### RELIABILITY

---

Britannia's word was spoken  
The feeble to defend,  
That promise was not broken,  
She kept it to the end.  
Britannia's word is good,  
Tried, tested, proved in blood,  
In every land, 'mid snow or sand,  
She for the truth has stood.

Britannia borrowed millions  
In thrifty days of old,  
Now, when she asks for billions,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

She always gets the gold,  
Britannia's note is good,  
She signs it with her blood,  
Each promise made, she fully paid,  
Let cost be what it would.

Britannia's sons are falling,  
The proud, the strong, the gay,  
They heard their mother calling,  
They would not say her, nay.  
Britannia's sword is good,  
She draws it when she should,  
The flag that flies' neath all the skies  
A thousand years has stood.

---

### THE McLEANS

---

The heather's on fire! McLeans from the byre,  
The hamlet, the city, the wide open plains,  
The lairds and rascallions fill up the bat-  
talions  
With blue blood, with true blood, the loyal  
McLeans.

They hear the drums rattle, they rush to the  
battle,  
(Each man in the clan a base coward dis-  
dains),  
They die in their glory, the trenches are gory  
With red blood, with shed blood of gallant  
McLeans.

Afar on the heather, where hame folk fore-  
gather,  
The pibroch is wailing a dirge for the slain,  
The women are weeping, their lane vigils  
keeping,  
Sair, sair, are the hearts in the clan o' Mc-  
Lean.

But mony will stick it, till Kaiser Bill's lickit,  
And doontrodden people get back a' their  
ain,

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Then maids will stop greeting, for soon they'll  
be meeting  
The bonnie, brave lads o' the clan o' Mc-  
Lean.

---

FARMER JOHN SPEAKS HIS MIND

May 1917.

Those fellows down in parliament  
Have kicked up such a fuss,  
That now we seem election bent  
To clean up all the muss.  
The Grits are sharpening their swords  
To give the Tories fits,  
While they, with scorching bitter words  
Denounce the faithless Grits.

All out of doors is fresh and green,  
But no more green than we  
Who help to run the Grit machine,  
Or bow the Tory knee.  
We hear the strident party call  
In words no one believes;  
The Liberals are traitors all,  
The Tories all are thieves.

The birds are singing in the trees,  
Old Summer's back at last,  
The lilac scents the morning breeze,  
The crops are growing fast;  
Why should we leave these peaceful scenes,  
And don our vests and coats,  
To hear those chaps who spilled the beans  
Slangwhanging for our votes?

If we give heed to every tale  
Told when the campaign's hot,  
The Tories all should be in jail,  
The Grits should all be shot.  
Let's raise more chickens, calves and shoats,  
The politicians shun,  
Let's grow more beans and wheat and oats,  
And help defeat the Hun.

WHEN THE GAME ISN'T FAIR

---

As we struggle up life's hillside  
Where the road is hard and long,  
Weak, discouraged, tired, lonely,  
And with everything gone wrong.  
When we see some men refusing  
Their allotted load to bear,  
While their brother's back is breaking,  
Then we know the game's not fair.

When we see some men grow wealthy,  
While their brothers die in France,  
We rebel at the injustice,  
And demand an even chance;  
When we see some children hungry,  
With no decent clothes to wear,  
And some others stuffed and pampered,  
Then we know the game's not fair.

When we have to pay high taxes  
On our little wooden shack,  
Though the mortgage isn't settled  
And the interest is back,  
When the rich man's stately mansion,  
Doesn't pay its proper share,  
And he lies about his income,  
Then we know the game's not fair.

When we read in all the papers  
How our boys are strafing Fritz,  
Throwing bombs into his trenches  
For to blow him all to bits.  
When we think of him that started  
This vile war, then we declare  
If the Kaiser goes unpunished  
We shall know the game's not fair.

---

HEINIES' HOLLER

---

Britty soon now fife years vill pe done  
Since ve march into Belgium von day,  
But since den some beeg rifers have run  
Troo de pridges, I tink all de vay,



## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Den already de' tings seemed so blain,  
Ven ve shtart oudt to lick de whole world  
Ve vas sure dat us Shermans would reign  
Shoost verefer our flag vas unfurled.

For to see dat some tings can't pe done  
All dose Junker man's heads vas too tick,  
Und, inshtead of a blace in de sun,  
Ve haf got, vot you call, armyshtick.  
Vot dot armyshtick baper's aboutt  
I can't get troo dis headpiece of mine  
But dose fellers dat won wrote it oudt,  
Und us fellers dat lost had to sign.

Shoost so soon vas dat armyshtick made  
Den dose allies dey run de whole show,  
For already deir blans vas all laid  
Ven ve back into Shermany go.  
Dere vas fellers from England und France,  
Und Yankees, Italians und Japs,  
Mit some hoboes dat all get a chance  
From some blaces not marked on de maps.

For six months now dey talk und dey shmoke,  
Mit no Shermans at all in de game  
Und dey tink up von pully goot shoke,  
Ven dey tell us to write down our name.  
Dey would dake all our money und ships.  
Und dose blace in de sun dat ve got,  
But we ain't handing oudt no free trips,  
Und won't sign no beace dreaty like dot.

---

### WHAT WE WON

Was it for this, I want to know,  
We saw our boys to Flanders go;  
For this that Belgium suffered so,  
That France withstood the ruthless foe,  
And said, "no further shalt thou go,"  
That Serbia was plunged in woe,  
And women wept along the Po;  
That Poles were herded to and fro,  
And Anzaes died at Gallipo;  
That Britain let her plans all go,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Laid bare her breast, and took the blow,  
And held the seas 'neath sun and snow  
Danger above and death below;  
That Uncle Sam, though rather slow  
To scrap the doctrine of Munroe,  
Got busy at the final show?

For years of blood and tears, although  
We boast the Kaiser's overthrow,  
The net results seem these, I trow,  
That profiteers pile up the dough,  
And gather where they did not sow,  
That scythes of death fresh harvests mow,  
Where Bolsheviks fierce whiskers grow,  
And no Hun yet has eaten crow;  
That wild Sinn Feiners, fallen low,  
Plan proud Britannia's overthrow.  
Save these the world can little show,  
But wooden crosses, row on row,  
In Flanders fields, where poppies blow.

---

### THE HOME COMING

July 1st, 1919

Now that Heinie is licked to a frazzle,  
And Fritzie is clipped in the comb,  
We're holding a big razzle-dazzle  
To welcome our soldier boys home.  
They bore themselves brave in the battle  
They kept themselves clean on parade,  
They herded the Bosches like cattle  
In many a nerve-racking raid.

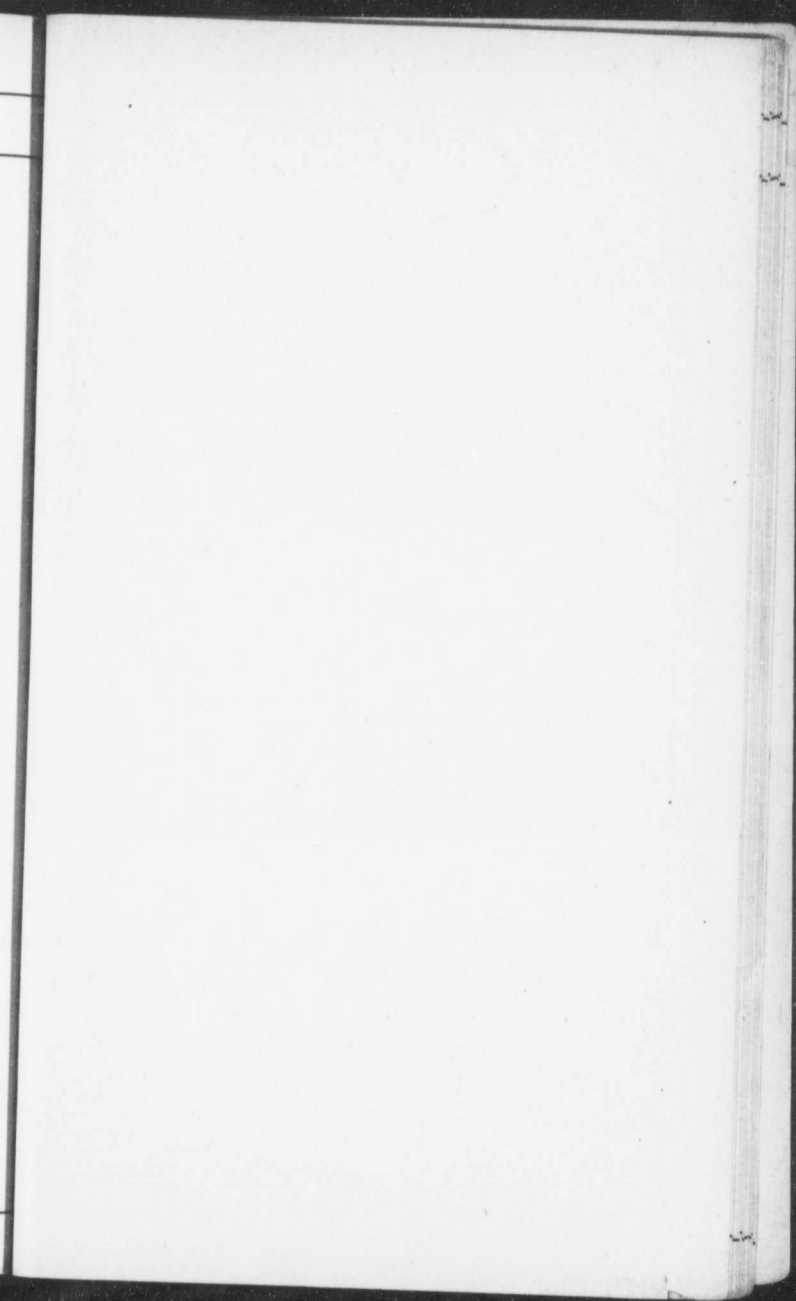
In order to do the boys justice,  
We need all the help we can get,  
Without it the contract will bust us  
And swamp the committee with debt.  
So we want all old timers of Wingham,  
(Although the good town has gone dry)  
Fast as railroad or auto can bring 'em,  
To come on the first of July.

Perhaps you've grown rich on the prairies,  
Your farm in town lots you have sold.

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Or, with products of wheat fields and dairies,  
Have lined all your pockets with gold,  
Or it may be your harp strings are rusted,  
Your measures all halting and lame,  
Perhaps you're discouraged and busted,  
And tired of playing the game.

If so, come to Wingham this summer,  
Forget the world's trouble and strife,  
Our program will sure be a hummer,  
We'll give you the time of your life.  
We'll make no untimely suggestions,  
Concerning the length of your stay,  
Nor ask you impertinent questions  
About what you've done while away.





War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

The  
Opinions of  
Fritz

*War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer*

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

FRITZ FINDS FAULT

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

"Dere is some tings not right in dis sherap,  
For dose English und French don't fight fair,  
Ven dey pring in de Turco und Jap  
Und de Hindu und beeg Russian bear;  
But already us goot Sherman mans  
Ve vas ending dot var britty quick,  
Till dey shtart oop vill 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 call us de Huns,  
x Und ve laugh at de song dat dey sings:  
But dose teufels from Canada come,  
Dey vould 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 saurkraut 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 got 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.  
x Tipperary.



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 und right,  
Dat's already deir time to retreat;  
Vot's de use so we make de beeg fight,  
If dose Rats don't know ven dey get beat?

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 beeg push,  
If dose Rats don't know ven dey get licked?

I soon made some goot running, you pet!  
Ven dey came like vild teufels behind;  
All my 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 beeg shell.  
If dose Rats don't know ven dey get shmashed?

Ve haf tried efry blan dat ve knows,  
But to scare dem no vay haf ve found,  
(How ve vish dey had shtayed vere de snows  
Blows dose maples und pines all around).  
Day und night dey vill put oop de shrap,  
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?

THE KAISER CONSULTS FRITZ

October 1915

Ven der Kaiser vould shtart some beeg shtunt,  
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 de Kaiser's in doubt,  
Und already can't find his vay outd;  
    Ven dose hard shpots he hits.  
    Den he say—"Mine dear Fritz,  
Vot you tinks of dis peoness, old Scoudt?"

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

Den der Kaiser say—"Fritzie, old chap,  
Let me know vot you tinks of dis shcrap;  
    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 de 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 bet!  
    If we makes some beeg shcore,  
    Und not man off no more,  
Ve may shtop mit a draw, maype yet."

Den der Kaiser say—"Tanks, Mr. Strauss,  
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.

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

### 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 vas glad for de change;  
But I hope 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 perhaps mine Katrina von'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  
x I forgets dat beeg curse,  
But I'm glad mine Katrina don't know.  
x Gott Strafe England!

---

### 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,  
Dre's a ting dat von't come troo mine head.  
Vot already I'm tinking about  
To pelieve in mine heart I can't yet,  
But de more dat I knows I find oudt  
Vy dose Englishmans frightened don't get.

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Ve haf guns dat vill shoot forty miles.  
Dat de fort und de city desthroys;  
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, and ve shoots  
Till dere von't pe no English alive.

But for none of deseetings vill dey shcare;  
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 play ball;  
But ven Shermans get oudt from de trench.  
Den ve crawl away somevere to shmoke,  
Mit some shcooners de beeg thirst to quench.  
For already our hearts vas near poke.

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 blace vill shtay,  
Maybe dats vy ve gets de cold feet,  
Und dose English don't shcare vort a cent;  
For a brivate vill nefer redreat  
From de blace vere his leader first vent.

---

### FRITZ WRITES TO HIS FRAU

Dear Katrina—Dis letter I write  
From von hospital, somevere in France,  
For I get so proke oop in de fight  
Dat dis maype vill pe mine last chance.  
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 have to do de beeg shtunt.

Ven I shoots all dose English and French,  
Den already I tinks I vill shmoke,  
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:

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

"Come mit me, you darned shleepy old Hun;"  
Den he shtcal 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 hardvare got oudt,  
Britty soon I can shtart von shmall shtore;  
If dere's any old junk mans aboutt,  
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?  
Mine truly, Fritz.

---

### 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 gifs you von cheap 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 Duffledorf poy at de shtore.

You vill now shtay von prisoner yet,  
Till already de var is all done,

War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

But perhaps dat's more safer, you pet,  
Dan to shtand in de front of de gun.  
Der's shoost von ting I tell you; bevare  
Of dose nurse mit de shining plack 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 got mit de rest,  
Und, pecause I vould raise von beeg row,  
Dey shoost tell me, pull down mit mine vest,  
Und dey call me von noisy old frau.  
Yours yet, Katrina.

---

FRITZ WRITES AGAIN

Dear Katrina,—Dis letter you get  
So already you know how I vas;  
Vell, dere's von ting dat troubles me yet,  
Und I dells you de reason pecause;  
Dose nurse doctors you tink vas so gay  
Haf de heaves, und blind staggers und gout,  
Und de trow dose nice cabbage away  
Dat vould make me some goot saur-kraut.  
Und de limburger cheese dat you sent,  
Dat vas making me feel shtrong und vell,  
Britty soon mit the garbage it vent,  
For dose nurses dey don't like de smell.  
Ven I ask for pork sausages vonce,  
Den dey say, (vot I tells you is true,)  
"Don't you know, you fat-headed old dunce,  
Dose vill gif you de tic-doul-our-eux."  
Dey von't let me no liverwurst eat;  
For dey say it ain't fit for de crows,  
Ven I ask for some shmiercase so shweet,  
Den dey laugh und dey turn up deir nose,  
Dey shoost feed me some custards and jell  
Und some broth dat I drink mit a cup,  
How dey think I vill efer get vell  
If dey don't keep mine shtomach filled up?

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Ven dis var vill get ofer you pet!  
Den some pickled pig's feet I vill buy,  
Mit bologna and shnapps, maype yet,  
Und some coffee to drink ven I'm dry,  
Britty soon to mine bed I must go,  
So no more I can't write you shoost now;  
Gif mine luf to dose beeples ve know  
Und take some for yourself, mine dear frau.  
Mine truly, Fritz.

---

### KATRINA REPLIES

Mine dear Fritz,—Vot to tink I don't know,  
Ven dose hospital letters I get,  
But mine tears dey vill run britty shlow,  
Till I hear some tings different yet,  
Ven you're sick like you tries to make oudt,  
Vot you wants mit some shmiercase to eat.  
Und pork sausages, coffee and kraut,  
Und limburger und pickled pig's feet?

I shoost tink you contented might shtay,  
Till de var is all ofer und done,  
Mit some custards und jells like you say,  
Dat is better dan facing de gun  
Ve get nefer such goot tings like dese  
Here at home in de old Faderland,  
For dose English shut up all de seas  
Ven to shtarve us goot Shermans dey planned.

Ven de men und de poys vent away  
For to fight for de goot Faderland,  
Den de vomans must work all de day  
Mit a piece of plack pread in deir hand.  
Dere's no meat now, nor butter at all,  
Shoost de tings ve can grow in de ground,  
Und already I'm getting so shmall,  
Dat mine dress vill go twice times around.

All dat cash in de bank dat ve haf,  
Ven de Kaiser's men need it, dey said,  
If dey takes efry cent dat ve save,  
Schraps of baper dey gifs us instead.

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

But I fool dose chaps vonce, britty soon,  
For I puts all de gold in a sack,  
Mit your vatch, und mine brooches und shpoon,  
In de garden I bury dem back.  
Yours yet, Katrina.

---

### FRITZ LEARNS ABOUT CANADA

---

Vot's de use for some beeples to blow,  
Und to make some beeg fools mit demselves  
Ven already de tings dey don't know  
Vould soon fill all de books on de shelves?  
Ven I'm oudt in de hospital yard;  
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 wide  
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 vots so,  
Den already beeg fools ve must pe.  
Ven dis var vill 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. \*



War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

FRITZ CAN'T FURSHTAY

---

Seems like something 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.  
Dot 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,  
Und 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 lettle book,  
De 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 works 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 some times 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 valk."  
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.

---

FRITZ IS LEARNING

---

Vile I vait in dis hospital vard  
For dose holes in mine back to fill up,  
Den mine prain it vould vork britty hard,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Like von vagon dat climbs de hill up,  
Vill dis var soon get done, I don't know,  
So some more mine Katrina vill smile,  
Vonce ve tought ve would vin long ago  
But ve're learning some tings, all de vile.

Dere seems millions of men mit de gun,  
Shoost like ants shwarming oudt of de hill  
From all ofer dis vorld dey haf run  
Us goot Shermans already to kill.  
Ve believed dat dem French vas no goot  
Shonnie Bull ve would shtarve in his isle,  
Ve would sink all his ships dat pring foodt,  
But ve're learning some tings, all de vile.

It vill not pe so easy, I tink,  
Shonnie Bull to put down on de floor,  
For venefer his ships ve vill sink,  
Pritty soon he vas puiliding some more,  
Dose beeg zepps, und dose unterseeboots  
Dat ve makes mit de latest new shtyle;  
If dey don't always hit vot dey shoots,  
Ve must learn some more tings all de vile.

Ven already ve dakes von shmall town,  
Den ve lose him a couple of dimes  
Shoost so soon von beeg hill ve goes down,  
Dere's anoder von up dat ve climbs.  
Some goot Shermans vos lifing to-day.  
In dose drenches for five hundred mile,  
Ven dose English und French vill get gay  
Den ve show dem some tings, all de vile.

---

### FRITZ HEARS FROM THE KAISER

---

Yaw, der Kaiser he write me von day,  
Shoost so soon he find oudt he get shtuck;  
First his letters dey come mit de dray,  
Now dey're filling von beeg motor truck,  
Soon, already, I dells him vot's drue,  
Dat some tings don't look goot in dis fight,  
Den der Kaiser he feel britty plue,  
Und like dis vay to me he vill write.

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

"Mine dear Fritz,—Since Von Tirp has gone outd,

Dere's no von around here I can trust  
So I vant you to dell me old scoudt,  
Vill it pe de vorld power, or bust?  
Ven ve licked de Russ, English und French.  
Den de Dago und Portugee came,  
Seems de deeper ve dig in de trench  
De more fellers get into de game.

Mine beeg armies dey soon melt away,  
Like von shnow pank goes down mit de sun,  
Ve keep losing more men efry day,  
Und dose bapers say, "notting was done,"  
Dose new zeppelin ships vas a fake,  
Shoost de fraus und de kiddies dey get,  
Und de underseebootens ve make,  
Like de fish dey get caught mit de net.

Soon our foes take de skin mit de fleece,  
So I vant you to hear vot dey say:  
If deir talk seems to listen like peace,  
Den you send me de vord right away,  
Yaw, mine Fritz, you must dell me some tings,  
Shoost so soon you get on to deir track,  
Und de feller mine letter dat prings,  
Vill already your answer dake pack."

---

### FRITZ ADVISES THE KAISER

Mine dear Kaiser,—I'm telling you straight  
Dat ve nefer can vin dis beeg fight,  
Dough de Faderland armies vas great,  
Dere is udders dat's greater, all right,  
Shoost you make de goot beace britty soon,  
Right away, or you notting haf got,  
Ven you sups mit de teufel, de spoon  
Vill already, somedimes get too hot.

Shoost cut outd dat beeg strafe dat you make,  
Ven you can't mit dose Englishmans pull,  
Und you say it vas all a mistake.  
For you lufs your dear cousin, John Bull,  
Den ve cheat dose fool English some more,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Like for forty long years ve haf done;  
Dey'll forget den dose treaties ve tore,  
Und no more vill dey call us de Hun.

You can fix tings quite easy mit France,  
Shoost you gif up de Alsace-Lorraine,  
Den venefer ve see de goot chance  
Ve vill march in and take dem again;  
Den dere's Russia and Serbia too  
Vill vant pay for de men dat ve kill;  
Now I tells you de ting dat you do  
You say Austria vill settle deir bill.

Dere's no trouble will come from de Yanks.  
Since ve mix dem in Mexico up;  
Ven a feller get bit vonce, no tanks!  
He von't fool any more mit de pup:  
For de Belgians some tings must pe done;  
So shoost bromise de monies to pay,  
Till ve gets back dose blace in de sun,  
Den ve vink, und ve say, "nix furshtay."

---

### FRITZ ADMITS IGNORANCE

---

Dis old world is von uncertain blace,  
Dere is so many tings ve don't know,  
Ven ve shtart oudt to travel de pace,  
Ve can't tell shoost how far ve vill go,  
Ve don't know, from de vay a man valks,  
How mooch money dat feller may get,  
Und dose ch'aps mit de very smooth talks  
May haf schemes in deir heads maybe yet.

Ven some leetle birds shtand on a shtump,  
Ve don't know yet de first von to fly;  
Ve can't tell, from de paint on de pump,  
Shoost how soon de old vell vill run dry;  
Ve don't know vy de grass is so green,  
Nor vy all de plue roses grow red,  
How de pod gets outside of de bean,  
Und de cabbages get de shwelled head.

Ve don't know ven de veather is dry,  
Britty soon if ve get some more rains,

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Vy dere's many a goot-looking guy  
In his head dat don't haf any prains;  
Vy de plack card vill always come trump,  
Ven a handful of red vons ve hold,  
Nor how far can von leetle flea yump  
Nor vy mud-turtles nefer get old.

In dose car, ven ve go for a ride,  
Ve can't tell ven dere's someting vill bust,  
Und ourselves ve so often haf lied,  
Ve don't know any feller to trust;  
Ve can't tell yet de end of dis sherap;  
Ve may get, ven de fighting is done,  
Some varm country, not marked on de map  
Dat's more hot dan a blace in de sun.

---

### FRITZ ON THE ENGLISH

Ven I fights mit dose Englishmans yet,  
Dere vas tings vy I nefer can't see,  
Und by dis time I'm certain, you bet!  
Either dey must pe crazy or me.  
Dey vill bay von beeg price for a king,  
But as soon as he puts on his crown,  
Und would try to pe doing some ting,  
Dey say,—“Go away pack und sit down.”

Ven dey get all dose blace in de sun,  
Und de blaces vere grow de beeg trees,  
Ven already de hard vork is done,  
Den John Bull say,—“Shoost go as you  
blease”

If in Dublin a feller rebels,  
Britty soon on a rope he vill shwing,  
But go free, so mine newspaper tells,  
If in Ulster he do de same ting.

Johnnie Bull prings his pread und his meat  
From de ends of de vorld far away,  
Vile de lands vere he ought to grow veat,  
Dem's de blaces de pheasants vill shtay,  
Ven he say dat he nefer vill fight,  
But vill shtick mit his vork und his blay;  
Dat vas lies he vas telling all right,  
For he fight like de teufel to-day.

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Und dose beeples dat nefer had vorked,  
All dose soft-handed ladies und shwells,  
Und de fellers dat always had shirked,  
Haf got busy now making de shells.  
If ve're brisoners, vounded or sick,  
Shoost so soon ve fall into deir hand,  
Den dey doctor und feed us oop shlick;  
Dese are tings dat I can't understand.

### WHEN WILL IT END

November, 1916

Von Krink tells Fritz when the War will end.

Ven you tinks dis beeg var vill get done?

(Dat's de ting you hear efryone say.)

Britty soon vill dey lay down de gun,

So I home mit Katrina can shtay?

Vell, I tells you mine friends, vot I tink,

Dat de Kaiser don't know nor de Czar,

So I shpeak mit dat feller, Von Krink,

Shoost how soon ve can settle dis var.

"Ve vill not shtop de fight," said Von Krink

"Till de Kaiser climbs down from his trone

All dot Wilhelmstrasse bunch, I don't tink,

Haf deir backs mitout moss ofergrown.

Ve vill take back de Heligoland,

Und dose Krupp vorks to biees vill shmash,

Ve vill shpoil all dose profits so grand,

Und Miss Bertha can cook her own hash."

"Und dose blaces vay out in de sun,

Vere de Kaiser such goot money shpends,

John Bull vill shoost tink it fine fun

To divide dem around mit his friends,

Ve vill take all de Kaiser's beeg ships,

Ve vill make free de Kiel canal

Und de Shermans must pass oudt de chips

Ven dey lose de beeg jack-pot next fall.

"Den berhaps if dey're getting too gay,

Ve vill hang dem a couple of times;

Dat already might be de best vay.

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

For to settle dose submarine crimes,  
Ven ve get all dose leetle chores done,  
Und some more ve can't tink about yet,  
Ve vill hang up de sword und de gun  
But not von minute sooner, you bet!

---

### THE KAISER AGAIN CONSULTS FRITZ

---

Mine dear Fritz,—Your advice ven I take,  
Und I try dat goot beace talk to shtart,  
Den dose fellers all call it a fake,  
For dey say it don't come from mine heart.  
Vat's de ting to do next, I don't know,  
Mit dose bull-headed English und French,  
Dey shoost tink dey're de whole of de show  
Since they pounded us oudt of some trench.

Dey are licking us now britty fast,  
Like I nefer could tink dey vill do,  
Mit beeg guns dey now haf us out-classed,  
Und mit airships und teufel tanks too.  
Ve must all de hard hammering take  
For dose Bulgars und Turks vas no goot,  
Seems like now von beeg blunder ve make  
Und de game ve haf not undershtoodt.

Ven ve tink ve vill get some more oil,  
Und de oats, und potatoes, und veat,  
All dose tings de Roumanians shpoil  
Shoost so soon as ve make dem redreat  
Und mine shlack brudder, Tino of Greece.  
He gets batted all ofer de ground,  
Ven he shtrikes he goes oudt on first base,  
Und makes nefer de run all around.

Britty soon, Fritz, ve someting must do,  
Or already ve all vill be killed,  
For dose English haf put on de screw  
Und our shtomachs are nefer half filled.  
Vat you tink of dis plan, mine dear Fritz,  
In mine head dat already I get,  
Dat I take back again Von Tirpitz,  
Und Herr Teufel in partnership yet?

## War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

### FRITZ WARNS THE KAISER

Mine dear Kaiser,—Dose tings vas a fake,  
Ven you shtart oop dat untersea show  
Und already a pardnership make  
Mit Von Tirpitz, Von Teufel and Co.  
Ven ve try dis same game vonce pefore,  
Soon ve lose all dose subs dat ve had,  
Und dis time ve vill lose dem some more,  
For now even dose Yanks haf got mad.

Some advice I vould give to you yet,  
(It vill shoost take a minute or two,)  
Call dose subs all in oudt of de yet,  
Dat's already de best ting to do.  
You may tink dat old Fritz is a fool,  
Und haf maype some axes to grind,  
But dose tings dat he learned oudt of school,  
Dey vill pring de improvement of mind.

Since dat day I vas brisoner took,  
Und I hafn't got notting to do,  
Den I read all dose bapers und book,  
Und write maybe a letter or two,  
Dere's some tings I already find oudt  
Dat de Faderland bapers von't tell,  
How dose English, like leetle Hans Shtout,  
Haf de pussy cat pulled from de vell.

All dose English must haf deir own vay.  
Und so soon as deir foes dey vill shmash,  
Like Napoleon dey ship dem avay  
Or like Thebaw or Arabi Pash,  
So I tells you, mine Kaiser, bevare,  
Or you gets yourself soon in a fix,  
Saint Helena's old rock is still dere  
For de feller dat loses de tricks.

---

### FRITZ GOES FARMING

May, 1918

Mine Katrina,—So long since I write,  
You vill tink I am dead maype yet  
If I nefer come back from dis fight,



War Rhymes - - By Wayfarer

Den some udder old feller you get,  
Vell I tells you de reason, mine frau,  
Vy already mine letters vill shtop,  
Ven John Bull soon find oudt I can plow  
Den he vant me to put in de crop.

In de vorld if dere's not enough veat,  
For to make all de beeples some pread,  
Den de poor vill get notting to eat,  
Und dey all vill go britty soon dead,  
So John Bull some potatoes vill sow,  
Vere dose rabbits und pheasants haf shtayed,  
Und de veat, oats und barley vill grow  
Vere de tennis and cricket was blayed.

To pe oudt on de land it seems good,  
Vere dose onions and cabbages grow,  
Vere de pigs fall ashleep in de mud  
Und de ducks in de vater vill go;  
But I vork so hard now efry day,  
Und I gets so beeg tired py night,  
To dose friends dat I luf far away  
Den I hafn't no courage to write.

I shoost vork, und I shleep, und I eat,  
So I hafn't much news for to send;  
You vould hear of de Sherman redreat,  
Vell I hopes dis beeg var vill soon end.  
All mine troubles I hardly can't bear,  
How is tings in de Faderland now?  
If ve lose yet, or vin, I don't care,  
So I only get back to mine frau.

Yours ever,

Fritz.

