

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer George
Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Grimm Jerome Rilke Bebel Proust
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Langbein Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Tersteegen Gilm Grillparzer Georgy
Brentano Claudius Schiller Lafontaine Kralik Iffland Sokrates
Strachwitz Bellamy Schilling Raabe Gibbon Tschchow
Katharina II. von Rußland Gerstäcker Raabe Gibbon Tschchow
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Wilde Gleim Vulpius
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Morgenstern Goedicke
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Kleist Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France
Nietzsche Nansen Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht Ringelnatz
Marx Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz
von Ossietzky May vom Stein Lawrence Irving
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War Rhymes by Wayfarer

Abner Cosens

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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.

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 my nap,

And put up a scrap
They'll remember a hundred years hence."

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

6 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 diel,
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,
Impending 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.

7 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.

8 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.

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."

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.

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 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 die, 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.