

**NEW NURSERY  
RHYMES ON  
OLD LINES**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649318445

New Nursery Rhymes on Old Lines by Sara Norton

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**SARA NORTON**

**NEW NURSERY  
RHYMES ON  
OLD LINES**



cover

*New*  
Nursery Rhymes  
*On Old Lines*  
By an American



*"He that loseth Gold, though Drasse,  
Tells to all he meets, his Crosses:  
He that Sins, hath he no Losses?"*

Boston  
MDCCCXVI

## TO MOTHER GOOSE

*It was you who suggested these Rhymes, Mother  
Goose,  
And to you I must offer some kind of excuse  
For turning and twisting your words to my use.*

*The fact is, our life is so full of the things  
Which out of the past, to the present one brings,  
— Between what we had and we have, how one  
swings! —*

*That your rhymes live in mind. If I use them to-day  
To point out a moral, and you smile at the way,  
Ask others to smile — and to ponder, I pray.*

I

*"Boys and girls, come out to play."*

(BELGIAN VERSION)

**B**OYS and girls, oh, hurry away,  
The flare of fire is bright as day;  
Come with a shriek and come with a cry,  
Come though in terror, come lest you die;  
Lose your supper, and lose your sleep,  
Join the fleeing ones in the street.

*Refrain*

Feet of children, you ne'er shall go  
By path of anguish or deeper woe,  
Wait no instant, away, away!  
Less cruel to go, than now to stay—  
The Germans are coming,  
Away! Away!

II

*"Ding, dong, bell,  
Pussy's in the well."*

(IN BELGIUM)

**D**ING, dong, bell—  
The body's in the well!  
Who put it there?  
Germans—have a care,  
Whisper low, for they may hear,  
Watch thy child, for they are near;  
Who?—'s-sh—I dare not tell.  
Ding, dong, bell.



III

*"Diddle diddle, dumpling, my son John  
Went to bed with his stockings on.  
One shoe off, the other shoe on,  
Diddle diddle, dumpling, my son John."*

**H** OCH! Hoch! Hoch! the Kaiser's son  
Went to bed with his stockings on,  
Drunk with white wine, and with red—  
Not his the wine, nor yet the bed.

*Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! now had you thought  
So much harm were quickly wrought,  
Where those soldiers on their way,  
In a château, spent the day?*

*Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! the Kaiser's son;  
You may not tell what he has done!*

IV

*"To market, to market."*

(New rhymes, but old arguments for those Americans who to-day believe in "business as usual.")

**T**O market, to market,  
The corn's in the ear,  
The cotton boll's bursting,  
The ship's at the pier.

. . . . .

*(Farmer Rich)*

Let go of that bridle,  
Stand out of the road,  
Can't you see I've a job on,  
And extra big load?

I don't understand you,  
Your words are not plain;  
Who's "making sacrifice,  
While we're bent on gain"?

Your son is a soldier.  
What? Mine is for Peace;  
And I tell you his business  
Is on the increase.

Let go of that bridle,  
D'you hear what I say?  
I must get to market,  
Don't argue all day.

"Old Glory's dishonored?  
We back down on our word?  
Brave men may despise us,"  
Is that what you've heard?

What's that about "pottage,  
And selling our souls,  
And birthright"—and "brothers  
At opposite poles"?

I know all you tell me,  
I've heard it before;  
I've read of that fighting,  
And how the guns roar.

Well—ain't it the dollar  
They want over there,  
And won't they all take  
Every one we can spare?

Let go of the bridle,  
I'm going to sell