NEW NURSERY RHYMES ON OLD LINES

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New Nursery Rhymes on Old Lines by Sara Norton

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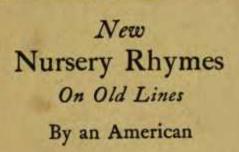
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SARA NORTON

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"He that loseth Gold, though Drusse, Telle to all he meets, his Crosses: He that Sins, hath he no Losse?"

> Boston MDCCCCXVI

To Mother Goose

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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 fast 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.

"Boys and girls, come out to play."

(BELGIAN VERSION)

BOYS 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!

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

(IN BELGIUM)

DING, 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.

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"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."

HOCH! 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!

"To market, to market."

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

To 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.

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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