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1918

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INGERSNAPS

BY
G. D. FRAZEY



GINGERSNAPS

Dedicated to any loyal person who has
aided in freeinḡ the world from
despotic rule.



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WHEN OLD GLORY IS FLYING IN THE TRENCHES

The call to arms has sounded,
And our boys again must fight.
We are going into Europe
For to battle for the right.
The Kaiser sent a challenge
And his troops we'll put to flight
When Old Glory is flying in the trenches.

Our country now is calling
And we're going to the front.
Our country now is calling
And we'll bear the battles brunt.
The Kaiser and his autocrats
A safety place will hunt
When Old Glory is flying in the trenches.

Their pledges to our country
They have broke them o'er and o'er.
The rights of helpless people
They contemptuously ignore.
We'll make them pay the penalty
And settle every score
When Old Glory is flying in the trenches.

The Kaiser told his people
We would never dare to fight.
With all our brag and bluster
We was trembling with fright.
This slander and its author
We are going for to smite
When Old Glory is flying in the trenches.

We'll meet them on the water
And we'll meet them in the air,
We'll meet them in the trenches
Yes; We'll meet them anywhere,
Until we gain a victory
That all the world can share
When Old Glory is flying in the trenches.

Our gallant boys are going
And are eager for the fray.
In France there's some assembled
And there's others on the way.
The helpless starving people,
They will bless the happy day
When Old Glory is flying in the trenches.

Upon our Country's banner
There has never been a stain.
We'll plant it in the trenches
And we'll make it very plain,
Our sacred rights and liberty
With honor we'll maintain.
When Old Glory is flying in the trenches.

In future years the Germans too
Will learn we helped to save
Their native land from tyranny
Of a bold designing knave.
They'll thank us for the freedom
That to them, Our fighting gave
When Old Glory was flying in the trenches.

And when the War is over
They will find us in the lead
In giving aid to ravished lands
In their distress and need.
We'll show the world our country
Was not fighting there for greed.
When Old Glory was flying in the trenches.

We're fighting for a lasting peace
And our troops will never lag
Until the Kaiser nevermore
The world in strife can drag.
A grateful world will honor us
Our country and our flag
For Old Glory's fight for freedom in the trenches.

STAND BEHIND THE PRESIDENT

Dreaded War again has wakened
After slumbering for years
Like Mount Peelee's blast of fury
Drenching earth, with blood and tears.
Human liberty's in danger;
One and all, without dissent,
Must for freedom, all united,
Stand behind the President.

This no time for idle cavil,
This no time for selfish gain,
We must slay the foe of freedom
Ere our liberty is slain,
Loyalty must fight the battle,
Let the trumpet call be sent,
Danger threatens, do your duty,
Stand behind the President.

Deeds of horrors more atrocious
Then in heathen lands of old,
Like a Python now is crushing
Liberty within it's fold.
At our flag it now is striking
With a murderous intent.
We must all with single purpose
Stand behind the President.

Problems multiply by thousands
Dangers that may overwhelm
If we idly watch the struggle
Of our leader at the helm.
Every one, our flag's protected,
Should help for to circumvent
This grave menace, and together
Stand behind the President.

History will never perish,
Shall our children bear the shame
Of a parent, like an Arnold?
Or be proud to see our name
By the name of Patrick Henry
With the self same sentiment
To attain this badge of honor
Stand behind the President.

Keep in mind that Kaiser William
At our downfall he would gloat,
And his sword now red with slaughter
With keen point is at our throat.
Martyrs every day are falling,
Mangled, bleeding, torn, and rent—
Mutely to us all appealing
Stand behind the President.

When the life blood of our nation
Must be staunched with human life,
Work delayed, by selfish causes
Helps prolong the bloody strife.
We will never yield to tyrants
For to win is our intent.
We can do it if each person
Stands behind the President.

There is work for every person
Who must help the burden share,
Forcing slackers to their duty
Tracking traitors to their lair.
To the blood soaked fields of Europe
Aid at once it must be sent,
Patriots, with all your power,
Stand behind the President.

In the cause of human freedom
There is no dividing line
As we rally to our standard
To protect from base design,
Liberty, to all our people
And this answer will be sent;
We, with loyalty will ever
Stand behind the President.

THE KAISER'S WAR MACHINE

In the Kaiser's brain, was a great campaign
For a German Conquest, planned
To Sweep the World and to leave unfurled
His flag in each foreign land.

With his cherished plan he at once began
In constructing a war machine;
He assigned each part of mechanical art
To workers he well could screen.

Keep this in view, I will look to you
In perfecting a submarine
That will find it's mark, in the light or dark,
And strike at the foe unseen.

And construct a gun, a most powerful one
That will bring to us renown
Whose shells will sweep, o'er the channel deep
From Calais to London town.

His words were few, to his airship crew,
Your ships must stand the test.
My Glory you'll share, with battles in air,
Be certain you have the best.

To his chemist class he said, "Make gas,"
Sure to poison, blind, and kill.
Enclose it well like a sharpnel shell
To be used at our gunners will.

"Or dropped from the sky, where foeman lie
Unable to answer them back;
Or, with hand grenades, in our dashing raids
Leave death in its poison track.

"You all must heed; work not for speed,
Completing my great design.
Make no mistakes, though years it takes
In this glorious work of mine.

"And remember well, no tongue must tell
The work now planned to do.
Vast riches await that the hand of fate
Will distribute to me and you."

His men was told, "Spare not the gold,
No matter how great the cost.
Great wealth we'll gain in our campaign,
In the lands our foes have lost."

Like those on the brim, of crater's rim
That gave no sound from below
Of a waking spell, of its sulphurous hell;
The world thought not of a foe.

But well they knew, this German Crew,
The deadly storm would break.
And, well prepared, but little they cared
What it left in its fiendish wake.

Then without defense, only sheer pretense,
Their murderous aim to screen
They, upon the world, with hatred hurled
Their devilish war machine.

When fell the blow, it but served to show
The dastardly plot in time,
And the allies arose, and met their foes
With a strong defensive line.

And with righteous rage they did engage
The savage and ruthless Hun,
And the shot and shell of the German hell
They answered them gun with gun.

They drove them back like a coyote pack
To their burrows under the ground,
And their war machine, was plainly seen,
By the Germans, to be unsound.

But the ravenous pack again came back
With their numbers now increased.
But was scattered again by determined men
With their dogs of war released.

They tried once more, determined to score
On the Bloody fields of France.
But they tried in vain, for the leaden rain
Put an end to the Huns advance.

The dying and dead was thickly spread
On the soil they could not win.
Yet the Kaiser swore, "You must still fight more
For my war machine and kin."

But his soldiers said, "Look on our dead,
Your lust has caused this scene,
Now to hell with you, and you Kinsman too
And your damned old war machine."

UNCLE SAM'S SCHOOL

To America's shore where the banner of freedom
Protected the helpless, the weak, and the poor,
Came thousands of people who suffered oppression
To dwell unmolested, on liberty's shore.

To blend into harmony, love, and devotion,
These people from countries, far over the sea,
Uncle Sam, like a Father, in caring for children,
A school organized and to every one free.

The Golden Rule governed both teacher and pupils,
And loyally shed its sweet blossoms around.
The pupils wrote home to their friends and relations,
"The Garden of Eden, we surely have found."

The pupils increased and was numbered in millions.
Many teachers now labored with diligent pride.
Uncle Sam, with a smile, stood contentedly watching
The school he had founded with freedom its guide.

Afar, in the East, a dim war cloud was rising
That darkened, like somber black shadows of night.
The lightning of hate began flashing within it,
Descending to earth for to wither and blight.

Like a demon incarnate, it burst in its fury,
And vomited death, desolation, and woe.
The world stood aghast, as it swept over Europe
That staggered and reeled, at its shattering blow.

Its menacing roar, plainly heard in our country,
Its shadows rolled west, swiftly reaching our land
With the form of a spectre, appearing above it,
The Kaiser, with blood dripping sword in his hand.

On a banner he carried, in blood there was written,
"To keep me in power, your brothers have died;
Your helpless relations are freezing and starving,
And you must cast freedom and friendship aside.

And fight with my forces, to make me your ruler
With power to conquer this land of the free.
Sweet liberty's voices, must ever be silent
While I, as dictator, your ruler shall be."

Uncle Sam who was watching the face of his pupils
Whose friends and relations mislead by a knave
Was forging the shackles, to bind them forever
In bondage that only would end at the grave.

He stood with one hand pointing up to Old Glory
And one at the spectre they plainly could see
Spoke briefly these words to his foreign born pupils
"A tyrant or Liberty, which shall it be?"

Saluting Old Glory they answered him promptly
We owe all we have to the bounty of you.
Our oath of allegiance forever we'll honor
And stand by our colors, the Red, White, and Blue.

Well spoken my children, the spectre is fading.
Ere long it will vanish forever from sight,
And Liberty, dear to the hearts of all people,
Will govern triumphant in Justice and right.

To our heroes who died, through greed of the Kaiser
Their life blood will hallow the freedom they gave,
Their sacrifice live, in the hearts of the people,
As long as the banners of liberty wave.

With a spirit of love, the deep wounds of affliction
We will bind them up gently with tenderest care.
No more in the future will murderous carnage
Be witnessed on earth is our hope and our prayer.

THE RED CROSS WORKERS

When war clouds gather with a sullen roar
And carnage loud, its dreaded trumpets blow
Among the Mangled dead and wounded sore
The Red Cross Workers aid both friend and foe.

Their work of love and mercy is divine,
To sorrow, woe, and pain, they bring relief.
The splendor of their work will ever shine
Where ever stricken heads are bowed with grief.

The blessings of the Red Cross reach afar
To starving homeless ones, beyond the sea,
Left destitute by ruthless savage war
From tottering age, to helpless infancy.

Each member of this brave devoted band
In private home, or busy public place,
Their work of love is seen on every hand
Where aid is needed by the human race.

To help this work of mercy, children gave.
May heaven bless each patriotic heart!
The money they had earned and planned to save
In Red Cross work they took a loyal part.

They work and plan in many different ways
And murmur not at pleasures now denied,
With willing hands they gladly help to raise
The burdens of the homes, beyond the tide.

Whenever comes the call for Red Cross work,
Both young and old they always do their best,
On battle fields where deadly dangers lurk
Or Midst—the starving homes of sore oppressed.

When bitterness of war is passed and gone
And reason points the way to better life,
The shining Red Cross work will still go on
And help to keep the world from war and strife.

The teachings of our master you can read
In Red Cross work, in many stricken lands,
Where millions suffered, through a tyrants greed
Whose ears was deaf, to righteous just demands.

God grant this work to lead and show the way
To endless peace, as led the brilliant star
The wise men to the place our Saviour lay,
And blot from earth the awful scourge of war.

UNCLE BILLY'S STARS

Old Uncle Billy Spencer was a farmer down in Maine
And a deacon in the church at Rocky Hill
An interesting speaker in a temperance campaign
And his oratory always raised a thrill.
He labored late and early, on his stumpy, rocky, farm
And lived a quiet, frugal, honest life.
He oft had read of Boston, of its culture and its charm
And determined for to see it, with his wife.

So one fine September morning, this worthy couple rose
And packed a market basket full of grub.
With an ancient trunk containing their extra Sunday
clothes,
They started on their visit to the hub.
Arriving there in safety; for awhile they looked around
And found a boarding house that suited well:
One thing annoyed them only, the rumble and the sound
Of traffic, and the street cars noisy bell.

The first day in the city, amid the rush and roar,
Much bewildered at the stores fine displays
Like two excited children in the circus days of yore
They loudly talked with words of honest praise.
At night completely tired out but happy as could be
With minds aglow, they vainly tried to rest,
But Morpheus was skittish and their closing eyes would
see
The sights, so deeply on their minds impressed.

The second day they started out a little lame and sore,
And came upon a building extra fine
With fancy colored posters on bill boards at the door
That said ,inside two famous stars will shine
At two P. M., don't miss it, they'll not appear again,
Three dollars will admit you here today
Said Uncle Billy slowly, if we see 'em good and plain
I'll not begrudge the price we have to pay.

At two they promptly entered, like fairyland to them
The curtained stage appeared with paintings fine
The onramental ceiling sparkled like a massive gem.
Sweet music softly played, it seemed divine.
The curtain went up slowly, upon the stage there rushed
Two half clad females, who at once began
To prance and kick ,and holler, while Uncle Billy blushed
That plainly showed beneath his coat of tan.

Like two demented creatures, that feared some awful harm
They kicked with dainty feet, high in the air.
Their very scanty clothing, filled the Spencer's with alarm
But little did the creatures seem to care.

Said Uncle Bill quite loudly, "I wish they'd stop and go
I want to see the brilliant shining stars."
A high brow sitting by him, said, "You must be very slow,
You are looking now at Jupiter and Mars."

The Spencer's gasped with horror, "Is that all we will
see?"

"Ain't that enough:" the high brow answered back.
"Oh yes," said Uncle Billy, "in fact too much for me,
We'll start for Maine as soon as we can pack."
They left with burning faces, their culture dream was o'er.
And left for Rocky Hill that very night
For Boston's glory faded, and they both felt very sore
Six dollars spent, to see an awful sight.

At home they told the story, and it made the people laugh.
The Rocky Hill Gazette, then gave it space
To help out Uncle Billy, and to stop the merry chaff.
About the way he fell from saving grace
The papers said that worthy acts, made human stars to
shine
And Uncle Bill put on his thinking cap.
"I'll give 'em my opinion soon as I can spare the time
And Boston stars will surely get a rap."

One rainy day, with pen and ink, and paper he sat down
To write his version of a human star.
He first selected Edison to wear the royal crown
For music, light, and helpful aid in war.
Said Uncle Bill, "His music, it was given to the world
Its inspiration spreading everywhere
As welcome as the flowers, with petals just unfurled;
It makes all burdens easier to bear.

"The lights he has invented, they will shine for evermore
Like sunlight, turning darkness into day,
They banish childrens terrors they had always felt before,
And guide the nightly traveler on his way—
This Genius and Inventor, whose incessant work of years
Has scattered countless blessings everywhere.
His music thrills with pleasure as it falls upon the ears
And the splendor of his lights we all can share.

"When Old Glory was in danger, patriotically he gave
The service of his genius and his skill
To our country that was fighting, human liberty to save.
From the wily schemes of crafty Kaiser Bill.
A person who by acts and deeds is everybody's friend
And helps humanity, both near and far,
As long as people's living, his fame will never end.
That is my opinion of a human star."

"And Henry Ford's another who will wear a royal crown,
His work has won him laurel wreathes of fame,
The efforts he made, trying to keep bloody warfare down,
High on the scroll of honor, wrote his name

'Peace to all,' is Henry's motto; It was proven by the test
When war's grim visage showed its ugly face
He gave both time and money, and he done his very best
To avoid the dread disaster to our race.

"The welfare of the people he has always kept in mind,
His work in every line, it shows advance
And every one that works for him, contented, you will find,
For he raised the price of labor at his plants.
When Uncle Sam appealed to him, his factories to rent
To help our country crush the cruel strife
He said, "Take all, no charges." This message it was sent.
He done his bit to save the nation's life.

"A Public benefactor, a Philanthropist and friend
He strove his best to settle all discord
And when his work is finished, all his labors at an end,
A grateful world will honor Henry Ford.
Some may mistake the glitter of the tinsel for the gold
But tinsel's glitter, it will quickly mar
While gold it never changes, and its color it will hold
Like shining deeds of every human star."

When Uncle Billy's version in the paper it came out
Hushed, was the idle chatter of the crowd.
Upon the streets they gathered in silent groups about
And read his letter through a misty cloud.
They look on Uncle Billy now as counsellor and guide
Their chaffing now upon him never jars.
His letter they are sending out o'er all the country wide,
They all endorse his views of human stars.

WE AM COMIN' MISTAH KISAH

Mr. Kisah, some one tole us,
You just loves to rule and fight;
So us black boys am a comin',
Glad to meet yo day or night.
And yo sholy will be happy,
If a scrap's what yo desiah;
We will nebber keep yo waitin,
Once we gets a chance to fiah.

If de tales da tells about yo,
Or de half of dem are true;
Killing helpless little chilluns,
Sick an wounded; woman too.
Wid yo submarines and zeplins,
Dropping bombs at dead of night;
You mus be de imp of darkness
An we'se gwine to get yo right.

When yo see us darkies comin',
Swif as eagles on de wing;
Wid a cheer behin Old Glory,
Yo'll fo'git yo am a king.
Yo'll be mighty busy thinking.
Of de boys dat yo mus face;
And de sins yo have committed,
Dat has sunk yo in disgrace.

We will teach yo such a lesson,
Dat when yo sits down to eat;
All yo life, yo'll nebber relish,
"Any potion of dark meat;
Yo'll remembah, culled sojers,
Nebber fears to lead de fight;
In de cause of human freedom,
'Gainst oppressors of de right.

And de nations dat you've trampled,
Underneath yo iron feet,
Will be shoutin' halleluiah,
When da hears of yo defeat;
When de Ole Star Spangled Bannah
Leaves foh home across de sea;
Da will only hab one master,
One dat lived in Gallilee.

THE BRAVE EIGHTY EIGHT

The Kaiser for years has been secretly planning
To govern the world under autocrat rule;
With his secret preparing,
To strike without caring,
How base his deceptions, the nations to fool.

He said, we will first start our army to Paris,
Through Belgium and conquer the country of France;
Returning through Prussia,
We'll march into Russia,
Take Moscow, and then on Great Britain advance.

Our allies will hold in subjection the conquered,
While England's proud forces, we shatter, and spread
Through their country disaster,
And once we are master
Of England, our nation has nothing to dread.

That bird o'er the ocean that proudly is soaring,
It's wings we will clip at our leisure and ease;
Pull out every feather,
And stop it forever,
From Screaming at Monarchs far over the seas.

But alas! for the dreamer of viscious ambitions,
Who made of each ally both vandal and tool;
His plans they miscarried,
His forces was harried,
By nations opposing his tyrannous rule.

Far out in the west gathered brave fearless fighters,
That trained at Camp Dodge, in fair Iowa State;
Under Getty and Plummer,
Who made it a hummer,
That splendid division, the brave Eighty Eight.

They'll bring back our Eagle, unplucked and undaunted,
Safe into Camp Dodge, then we'll all celebrate
The record they made,
When the Kaiser was flayed,
With help from the loyal and brave Eighty Eight.

The flag that they carry was never defeated,
And when they come back they will proudly relate,
When in France they appeared,
How Old Glory was cheered,
By the Allies that greeted the brave Eighty Eight.

They will help in the trenches in landing a wallop
That will settle the swell headed Emperor's fate;
His crown help to batter,
His troops help to shatter,
And the Huns will remember the Brave Eighty Eight,

When peace o'er the world spreads its mantle of justice
Blotting out with its splendor, all malice and hate,
With joy bells all ringing,
The world will be singing,
The praises deserved by the Brave Eighty Eight.

TRAITORS TO OUR FLAG

Once more o'er our country dark war clouds have lowered,
And the call has gone out for the true and the brave,
To city and hamlet, to mountain and valley,
To flock to our standard, our honor to save.

Our eagle is soaring aloft through the shadows
And pluming its wings for a flight o'er the sea;
To strike a death blow with its talons of justice
A danger that threatens a world's liberty.

While Army and Navy is swiftly preparing
To strike with a vengeance, an insolent foe;
There's traitors around us in every direction
That's striving to keep us from striking the blow.

Yes, traitors that came to the land of Old Glory
To escape from the poverty over the wave;
And swore their allegiance to cherish and honor
Our flag that protects them, the freedom it gave.

When danger confronts us, like venomous serpents,
They'r striking with poisonous fangs in the dark
At the heart of the country whose bounty has fed them,
Their gratitude equals the vulture and shark.

And while our brave boys are marching to battle,
Shall treason be born in this land of the free?
No, Never! while patriots live to assemble
And demand for all traitors a rope and a tree.

In the future more careful to safeguard Old Glory,
Less Leniency then, to this class we will show;
The eyes of our Eagle will ever be watchful,
For treason and traitors our deadliest foe.

Our flag it shall wave, without stain or dishonor,
Polluted by traitors, it never shall be
While patriots live, we will always defend it
Where ever it floats, upon land or the sea.

PADDY NOLAN

My name is Paddy Nolan,
In France I'll soon be strollin'
Wid the stars and stripes above me, and I'll try sir
To uphold the Irish fame,
Midst that hell of shot and flame,
And I hope I'll get the chance to meet the Kaiser.

I would introduce him gaily,
To a Donnybrook Shillelah,
And the fancy strokes he got would make him wiser,
If he happened to get well,
And remained on earth a spell,
When Paddy Nolan finished, wid the Kaiser.

That haythen, Turk and Bulger,
Wid private lives so vulgar,
That the stench is reaching up into the sky, sir;
Wid all dacency forgotten,
And their reputation rotten,
They are just the type to mingle wid the Kaiser.

They are like Hyena's feeding
On dead bodies, never heeding
The sick and old, or infants wailing cry, sir;
That's a sample of the vermin,
That is allied wid the German
After stuffing on the Kultur of the Kaiser.

The Kaiser now is sneering,
As if no danger fearing,
And my fighting blood is mounting very high, sir;
I will make him rue the day,
That he started in to slay,
If face to face, I ever meet the Kaiser.

The slaughtered men by millions,
And wealth destroyed in billions,
Wid murdered babes and mothers, make me cry, sir;
Paddy Nolan would be proud
To forever line a shroud
If for one minute he could face the Kaiser.

If there iver was a divil,
That needs to burn and shrivel
In the hottest flames that Satan can devise, sir;
It's that fiend in human form,
That all dacent people scorn,
That Hydra headed monster called the Kaiser.

From the horrors now appalling
The stricken lands are calling
And Old Glory is responding to the cry, sir;
Paddy Nolan will be there
Ready for to do his share
And he'd gladly give his life to meet the Kaiser.

SLEEPY JIM

In the picturesque hills of the Ozarks
Jim Turner, a sturdy young chap
Through life, never quarreled with labor
He would compromise, taking a nap
This habit, well known to his neighbors,
Whenever they spoke about him:
Anywhere in the possum trot district,
It was always of Big Sleepy Jim.

In the summer Jim sleepily fiddled,
And his music was soothing and slow;
His head very soon would be nodding
And soundly to sleep he would go.
His wife labored hard in the garden,
Making vigorous use of the hoe,
For she was quite different to Jimmy
And to idleness always a foe.

As soon as the frost began turning
The leaves to gold, russet, and brown,
Jim out of his trance would awaken
And take from the cabin wall down
His gun for its annual cleaning,
While he cheerily whistled a tune
And his dogs were as eager as Jimmy
To be trailing the Possum and Coon.

All night through the fall and the winter
This natural born hunter would tramp,
With a spirit of rare exaltation
No night was too stormy or damp.
When hunting, Jim never was sleepy
And baying of hounds through the night,
To him was the sweetest of music
That filled him with keenest delight.

One rainy day late in the autumn
By the fireplace Jimmy sat down,
And soon he was sleeping as usual
But his face wore an ominous frown,
For a vision of battle was sweeping
Through the mind of the sleeper at will,
He heard the loud thunder of cannons,
And the call of the bugle so thrill.

The officers sabers was flashing,
The shells whistled high in the air,
The cheering of soldiers was mingled
With groans of the dying ones there.
As Jimmy stood watching the battle
Without the least feeling of dread
He was struck by a missile descending
With a murderous crash on his head.

When he opened his eyes he was startled,
For there stood his wife with a broom
He was safe and secure in his cabin,
And the two were alone in the room
He heard his wife angrily saying,
"If you want any supper tonight
You hustle some wood for the fire
Or I will not get you a bite."

To the woodshed Jim yawningly ambled
Sitting down for a moment to think,
Of his curious dream of the conflict
While refreshing himself with a drink,
From a bottle of pale amber liquid
For some reason kept in the shed,
Jim said it assisted brain action,
Clearing up tangled thoughts in his head.

As he pondered he heard a commotion
On the road in the valley below;
He stepped to the door to discover
Some uniformed men in a row,
Old Glory as flying above them
With fife and drum leading the line,
The men keeping step with the music
To Jim it was thrilling and fine.

The sight spurred the hunter to action
And he sped to the valley below,
And halting the column he queried
'Who are you, and where do you go?'
The Captain replied, 'we're' Hun hunters
On our way to the trenches in France"
'I want to go with you said Jimmy'
Said the Captain, 'right now is your chance.'

In the training camp Jimmy was chosen
For his wonderful nerve and keen eye,
To train with a bunch of chief gunners
On whom Uncle Sam could rely;
To safeguard his boats on the ocean
From submarines under the wave,
Like night prowling beasts of the jungle
That strike before warning is gave.

A transport, that Jimmy was guarding
Was nearing its goal in the East,
When out of the depths of the ocean
Came the periscope nose of the beast,
That was seeking our soldiers destruction
Quick, Jimmy's gun spoke with a roar
The periscope shattered and crumbled,
And the danger was speedily o'er.

Then loud rose the cheering for Jimmy
For his fame as a gunner was won,
He soon was transferred to the trenches
To shoot at the planes of the Hun;
At this, Jim became so proficient
Shooting Aeroplanes out of the sky,
Reports of his skill reached the Kaiser
Who declared this bold gunner must die.

One evening as Jimmy sat smoking
And reviewing his record with pride,
With the medals he won as a gunner
Piled up in a heap at his side;
When suddenly, Biff, without warning
His head got a terrible whack,
He saw shooting stars for a moment,
Then everything turned very black.

When his eyes slowly opened, Oh, horrors!
With a large stick of wood in her hand
His wife in the woodshed was standing
And her voice was not pleasant or bland,
As she shouted, "you big lazy lubber
Get instantly off of that seat,
And cut me some wood to get supper
Or you'll not get a mouthful to eat."

ISE GWINE TO SHAVE DE KAISER BY AND BY

As a sojar, I'm a dandy,
Wid a razah, I am handy,
And de Kisah he had bettah min' his eye,
For I'se gwine to cross de ocean
When de ahmy gets in motion
And I'se gwine to shave de Kisah, by and by.

Now you bet he'll not be grinnin',
When his face I gets to skinnin',
And his har and whiskers da begins to fly,
You can bet yo bottom dollah,
Dat I'l make him whoop and hòllah,
Wid mah trusty Wade and Butcher, by and by.

And while I am a shavin',
I will nebber heed his ravin',
Or his promise for his meanness to atone.
I'l help send him into Hades,
Whar he'll nebber murder ladies,
And den he can fight de debbil for his throne.

Dar I hope da'll fight each udder
Till de rascals both will smudder
Wid de brimstone and de fiah down below;
An forever keep a rostin',
An a sizzlin' and a tostin',
Den a peaceful worl' some happiness will know.

Dat will end dis awful killin',
And dis darky will be willin',
To come back to Uncle Sam across de foam,
Wid no Kisah, and no debbil,
We can lib upon de lebbil,
And de po' folks ober yander hab a home.

UNLUCKY

(First Canto)

“The Kaiser’s Dream”

Mit splendors gleam, I hadt a dream,
Der vission dazzled me,
Der vorld vas mine, I vas divine,
Und Lord of Landt and sea.

Dot dream so blain, it filled mein prain,
Long after I did vake,
I formed a blan ,to be der man
To holdt der vinning stake.

Mein blans mit care, I didt brebare
To rule mit iron handt,
I sent mein poor, to foreign shore,
To vork for Vaderlandt.

Mit Plarney Schweet, mein beoples greet,
Und bit them vork, und plot,
Mit might und main, great riches gain,
To help meinself, und Gott.

In U. S. A., make blenty hay
Vile bright der sun does shine,
For Vaderlandt, you understandt,
Ach Himmel, dot was fine.

To Onkel Sam, as friendt, I’l sham,
Und giff him not a hunch,
So ven der fight, vas started right,
He cannot land der punch.

Der Lions Tail, I’l twist, und flail
His vooley noisy headt,
Und mit his hide, hung opp and dried,
He’l be forever deadt.

Into der lair, of Russian Bear,
I’l march mit loaded gun,
Und mit a shoudt, I’l scare him oudt,
Und plug him on der run.

Und into France, I’l gaily prance
Und ven in Paree fine,
I’l schange mit glee, der marseilles,
Into der Wacht am Rhine.

Der Leedle schaps, vots on der maps,
I’l gobble vun by vun;
Und celebrate in royal state,
Mein vork so nobly done.

Ven Lordt of all, I'l make dem crawl,
Und bow before der Vill,
Of me Und Gott, dere humble lot,
Mit Shoy Mein Heardt vill fill.

Und ven I die, oop to der sky,
I'l ving mein shining flight,
If Heaven shaste, dondt suit mein taste,
I'l stardt annudder fight.

Und I vill own, der pearly throne
Und Gott vill haff to flee,
I will be idt, und dere I'l sidt
Through all eternity.

Second Canto

"The Kaiser's Finale."

Mein blans so shly, der nations lie
All unbrebared to fight,
Der time is now, to stardt der row
Und put dem all to flight.

Ho! drusty spies! All quick arise,
Prake loose in effry clime.
Mein var machine, so bright und clean,
Put into gear und prime.

Mein shrewdest spies, mit crafty lies,
Vill handle Onkel Sam,
Der rest mit ease, down on dere knees,
Ve'll haff dem scon, py tam.

Vots dot you say! in U. S. A!
Der Schermans vill not fight!
For Gott und me, und victory,
Ach Himmel vot a plight.

Dey sent me vord, der Eagle Bird,
He shelters mit his ving
Der veak und poor, from effry shore
Mooch better as a king.

Mit rage I cried, you scamps half lied,
Und fooled meinsel und Gott,
Und for dot sin, I'l put you in
Dark dungeons, for to rodt.

Oop to dere nose, dere thumb arose,
Dere fingers viggled shly;
Und mit a laff, dey giff me chaff
Und vinked dere odder eye.

Down in dere pants, dey shove dere handts
Und gelt began to fly
From effry state, to seal my fate
Mit var bonds they didt buy.

Dey shoudt mit glee; Landt of der free,
You made me vat I am;
Und mit delight, I'l always fight,
For home, und Onkel Sam.

Mein hair I tore, und loudly swore,
Der fight, I'l not resign,
Beneath der wafe, you'l find a grafe,
From submarine und mine.

Mit savage vill, I'l slay und kill,
Und fill der vorld mit woe;
Und make der name, of Kaiser, shame
Der Duyful, down below.

Mein Gott! vat news, mein army lose!
Und now in full retreadt!
Mein navy schwell, all shot to h--l!
Mein airships too was beat!

Mein dream is o'er, to Pluto's shore
I'l vend mein veary vay,
Among der lost, I'l pay der cost
For Hell vill be to pay.

A WAR ALLEGORY

A young bronco buster was Teddy McDougal
From infancy reared on a Wyoming ranch,
Red headed and freckled, a marvel of mischief
Of Scotch-Irish parents, young Ted was the branch;
His father was foreman, while twenty young cowboys
Was tutors to Teddy now thirteen years old
They taught him all arts, of the cowboy proficient
He proved an apt scholar, couragous and bold.

At roping and tying, at shooting and riding,
Ted mastered them all with a vigor and vim,
Jack rabbits and Coyotes he jumped on the ranges
Their chances for life was exceedingly slim;
His mind was not blunted by wordly ambitions
From vice and temptations he always was free,
The pleasures he found every day in the saddle
When riding the range, filled his spirit with glee.

The elder McDougal with thoughts of the future
Had entered a homestead and purchased a claim,
On a section of land he was now holding title
Where later, to open a ranch, was his aim;
An oil field developed, his land in the center
Began spouting fortunes of dark liquid hue,
Which changed all his plans of the future completely
To him they was bright, but to Teddy quite blue.

McDougal with pride said, "My boy we are wealthy
My first duty now is to put you in school,
For knowledge is power and it will protect you
From schemers and knaves to becoming a tool;
We are going to Boston, the hub of great learning."
This brought to Ted's eyes, a most dangerous glint,
As he gazed o'er the range where the cattle were feeding
And muttered some words that's unfitted to print.

But Teddy well knew the Scotch blood of his father
Developed within him, an iron clad will,
That brooked no opposing or yielded to pleading
So he voiced no dissention, but wisely kept still,
And bidding adieu to the home of his childhood,
Where free as the eagle his life had been spent,
His chaps and his spurs, and sombrero discarded
In tailor made garments to Boston he went.

Well hidden from view he had smuggled his outfit
So dear to his heart, with his lasso and gun,
For he was determined that life in the city
Should not put an end to his freedom and fun,
He soon was enrolled at a school quite selective,
Miss Beanlet, the teacher, tall stately and trim,
Severely precise in her language and manners,
Through spectacled eyes, looked forboding at him.

The first day was spent in instructing the pupils
In the routine of classes, and learning the rules,
Each Friday we have essay reading, and speaking,
A custom well known in all primary schools;
An allegory of war, Mr. Terrance McDougal,
This duty for Friday, to you I'll assign,
Our Country's at war, inspiration will aid you,
To handle the subject, and render it fine.

For a moment Ted's face, wore a puzzled expression,
Then a smile of relief as he nodded his head,
I'll try and be present he cheerfully answered
As he thought of the war thrilling news he had read;
It was well for Miss Beanlet that she was deficient
In the mind reading art, for the peace of her mind,
Or she would have changed the consignment to Teddy
The outcome of which she was blissfully blind.

On Friday, at school, young McDougal was missing
And the hour of closing, was drawing apace,
When into the room, rushed a weird apparition
In cowboy apparel and a blood covered face;
The children affrighted screamed loud in their terror
Miss Beanlet, too terrified, even to flee,
Gasped faintly. "Who are you, and why this intrusion?"
"I'm the Ally Gory, you asked me to be."

"All week I've been searching, for pro-German students.
And I located three, in the district below,
This morning I dressed in Wyoming regalia
Gave a cheer for Old Glory, and went for the foe;
As soon as they saw me they yelled "Hock der Kaiser"
I said, damn the Kaiser, the son of a gun,
In less than five seconds the fireworks started
In less than five minutes, the victory was won.

Two pro-German students, this moment are lying
On hospital cots, undergoing repairs,
The other retreated in rapid disorder,
His language would not be mistaken for prayers;
I have certainly relished my part in the program
In the future you always can bank upon me,
To take any part, where I scrap for my country
A true Ally Gory, I am willing to be."

Miss Beanlet said, "Here, take this note to your father"
Ted took it and left feeling cheerful and proud,
After changing his costume and cleansing his features
The note was delivered, and read out aloud;
"Dear Mr. McDougal, you chose the wrong teacher
There only is one, in the country I know,
That's fit to give Terrance, the lessons most needed
He trains the wild beasts in Carl Hagenbeck's Show."

THE CAMP DODGE BOYS

There's a camp of grit and muscle
In the State of Iowa,
Where soldier boys are training
For to enter in the fray;
They are training under leaders
That will land a heavy blow,
On the Kaiser and his army
And they're eager for to go.

Caddock teaches them to grapple
In close quarters with the foe,
Mike Gibbons gives them lessons
How to land a deadly blow,
Every trainer is efficient
And most thorough in their drill,
They're a dandy fighting unit
And they'll stagger Kaiser Bill.

When the laddies get's in action
And their mettle they can show,
Like a cyclone in it's fury
They will sweep upon the foe;
Like a million angry hornets
Stirred up with a mighty stick,
They will sting the Kaiser's soldiers
That will make them yell and kick.

They are going to the trenches
And they're bound to make a rep,
For the Eighty Eight's a dandy
And the boys has got the pep,
They will land so quick and heavy
On the pets of Kaiser Bill,
When they see Old Glory coming
They will have a nervous chill.

There will be a moving picture
When the gallant Eight Eight,
Meets the German foe in battle
That will seal their ruler's fate;
When they face about for Berlin
For a burst of speed they'll try,
And there'll be some German cussing
For not having wings to fly.

And they'll soak the Kaiser plenty
For the evil he has done,
And they'll jab his royal breeches
When they get him on the run;
And if he should not recover
They will leave him to his fate
To dwell with kindred spirits
Where they never learn to skate.

When the Kultur frauds are vanquished
And their posion fangs are drawn,
And the world is free forever
From the danger of their spawn,
They will live in degradation
And have time to meditate,
On the valiant fighting spirit
Of the Gallant Eighty Eight.

High upon the scroll of honor
Will appear each laddies' name,
And the gratitude of millions
Will add luster to their fame;
When triumphant these returning
We will gladly shake their hand,
For the part they took in fighting
For the freedom of our land.

And their comrades who are sleeping
In their graves beyond the sea,
They will never be forgotten
By the nations that are free;
For they died to give us freedom
From a tyrants cruel hate,
And we love the dead, and living,
Of the the gallant Eighty Eight.

SLEEPING IN FRANCE

Our troops are now fighting, the battles of freedom,
Where the greed of ambition, with tyrannous sway
Is drenching the earth with the blood of the people,
While starving young infants, the aged and gray;
Among the brave Martyr's so ruthlessly slaughtered,
Whose ears are now deaf, to the orders, advance,
Are many that fearlessly followed Old Glory,
Devoted and loyal, now sleeping in France.

Delayed in our action, in joining the struggle,
By a false, insincere, hypocritical knave,
Whose promises made, was repeatedly broken
To give him more time, the whole world to enslave;
With Europe defeated, how the eyes of the Kaiser
When looking at us they would sparkle and dance,
At the thought of next forcing, Old Glory's surrender
That's why we have soldiers, now sleeping in France.

Unmasked is the Kaiser and warned by the danger,
Aroused is our nation, now striking a blow
At the viper whose tongue has betrayed many nations,
And drips with deception, the parent of woe;
To help in destroying, this demon of Europe
Our country is certainly proud of the chance,
And mingled with others, who died for world freedom
We have many heroes, now sleeping in France.

No compromise now, with this fiend of destruction,
His power for evil, must languish and die
His hands that are red with the blood of the people,
Soon harmless forever, will motionless lie;
And over the battle scarred fields of the carnage
Survivors with uncovered heads will advance,
And reverently kneeling will pay their devotion
At the graves of our heroes, now sleeping in France.

The wounds of the fighting will slowly heal over,
The ruins of homes, time will fully repair,
But nothing will banish from memory, the horrors
Of bloodshed and slaughter, deep grief, and despair;
But free in the future, from tyrant's oppression
The blessings of peace, will our spirits entrance,
With love and devotion, to brave fallen heroes.
Who gave us our freedom, now sleeping in France.

Sleep on silent heroes, with us, you are living
In our hearts, and that love will be sacred and true,
And time will but brighten, the laurels you added
To liberty's standard, the red, white, and blue;
And when we assemble, to honor your memory
And up to our flag we all gratefully glance,
It will silently tell us, who died to defend it
And among them are heroes, now sleeping in France.

MADE IN GERMANY

There was a noted foreigner, an Iron Chancellor was
he,
Who made a very clever beast, and it was "Made in Ger-
many."

Although the beast was camouflage, it was complete as it
could be,
A specie of vampire bat, and it was "Made in Germany."

He made, the bill of base intrigue, sharp as the sting of
honey bee,
Designed for sucking nations blood, and it was "Made in
Germany."

The eyes he made of brilliant sham, that sparkled with
apparent glee,
That serve to hide their gleam of hate, for they were
"Made in Germany."

It's velvet wings of false pretense, fanned sleeping nations
silently,
Who wakened not at loss of block, for they were "Made in
Germany."

It's claws was made of trusty spies, discreetly hid so none
could see,
Until a fatal blow was struck, for they were "Made in
Germany."

It's fur was sugar coated lies, quite handsome for the world
to see,
That hid a million poison guards, for it was "Made in
Germany."

When all complete in every part the Kaiser was called in
to see,
The subtle beast, to be his aid, and it was "Made in Ger-
many."

The Chancellor said feed it well, on German Kultur and
you'll see,
Yourself dictator of the world, for it was "Made in Ger-
many."

But wont it fool our people too? Ach; that is naught to
you and me,
The Czar today would have throne, had his beast came
from Germany.

Our job as rulers, we must shield, our people must blind-
folded be,
I made the beast for dirty work, to make us safe in Ger-
many.

The beast was sent to foreign lands to scatter seeds of
infamy,
Unceasingly the work it done, for it was "Made in Ger-
many."

So clever was the work disguised, no danger could the
people see,
Until the time of harvest came, to reap the crop for Ger-
many.

The reaping of that harvest now in human blood and
agony,
Is fruitage ripened from the seed, sowed by the Beast
from Germany.

The countless dead, the ruined homes, starvation and in-
sanity,
Point mutely to the beast of shame, and it was "Made in
Germany."

When it obtained a strangle hold, on many nations that
were free,
It roared defiant, to them all, you must Submit to Ger-
many.

Deluging earth with human blood, it tried to vanquish
liberty,
Satanic in it's greed to rule, and boss the world in Ger-
many.

But when it struck our Eagle Bird, it struck but once then
turned to flee,
For hell blew up, and Uncle Sam, he caught the Beast from
Germany.

He skinned the beast, and hung it's hide, where every one
could plainly see,
It's horns and tail and cloven feet, that it kept hid in
Germany.

It's reign of terror, now is o'er, all nations on one point
agree,
That war is hell as Sherman said, and it was "Made in
Germany."

THE HAND WRITING ON THE WALL

In the days of King Belshazzar, at his royal palace
fine,
Gathered nobles from his Kingdom, feasting, jesting,
drinking wine;
From the altars sacred vessels, for church service made
alone
Praising loud the God of Metals—Gold and Silver, Brass
and Stone.

Great, the king in wordly power, felt secure from any
harm,
Worshipped only earthly riches, sacredness possessed no
charm;
In the midst of drunken revel, just preceding his down-
fall,
Came the message of the master, in Handwriting on the
Wall.

Trembling in their drunken terror, as they watched the
spectral hand
Swiftly tracing words before them, words they could
not understand;
Eagerly they turned to Daniel, summoned by a hasty
call
To interpret for Belhazzar, the Handwriting on the Wall.

Daniel read the message slowly, made it's meaning plain
and clear,
All within that princely chamber, silent now with tragic
fear;
At the judgment sent upon them, judgment they could
not recall,
They were doomed to swiftly perish, by that Writing on
the Wall.

Divided was that mighty nation, sinful ruling was to
blame,
History tells of other nations, that has perished just the
same,
Nations ruled by lustful power, sometimes rise, but they
will fall,
When the warning is not heeded, of the Writing on the
Wall.

Thus today, the German ruler, who by years of vile
deceit,
Rose in power, vainly hoping, many nations to de-
feat;
For the sake of pomp and power, as dictator over
all,
Heeded not the warning message, of the Writing on the
Wall.

Planning future war by sending, spies to every foreign
land,
Undermining friendly nations, at their rulers, base
command;
Blindly trusting to his power, to reward them one and all,
They forgot the master's message, Of the Writing on
the Wall.

Ready for the deadly carnage, earth was drenched with
human blood,
Leaving death and desolation, in the pathway of it's
flood;
But the hosts of freedom rallied, when they heard the
trumpet call,
Then the tyrant read with terror, the Handwriting on
the Wall.

But too late thou foolish Monarch! You cannot escape your
doom,
You must carry your transgressions to the silence of the
tomb;
While you live mute ghastly horrors, ever will your mind
appall,
Punishment for never heeding, the Handwriting on the
Wall.

The foundation work of Glory was not laid on beds of sin,
And the structures built by Satan, they will soon all
tumble in;
For the living God of Daniel, is yet ruling over all,
And the wise are safely guided, by that Writing on the
Wall.

THE RUINED BLARNEY STONE

"Bedad," said Tim Doolin, "There is no use in fooling,
That imp of perdition, Bill Kaiser must go;
Where, wid all his thryin, Disavin' and Lyin',
The world will not suffer wid anguish and woe.

'We found out but lately, he's ruined complately,
The quaint Blarney Stone of the Emerald Isle;
And sadly we miss it, while yearning to kiss it,
To brighten the world, wid a joke and a smile.

But now it's relation, to swate recreation,
Is ruined forever, by threachery vile;
By the Kaiser who used it, and sadly abused it,
As a mask to foul murder deception and wile.

For years, undetected, not avin suspected,
Swate Blarney he used on all nations alike;
He sure was a daisy in kaping thim aisy,
While he, their death blow, was preparing to sthrike.

Bad luck to the thraitor, and world freedom hater,
May the shades of O'Connell, of Curran, and Swift,
Send a Banshee to blight him, and sorely affright him,
Wid terrors he'l never be able to shift.

For sphoiling our threasure, and fountain of pleasure,
That flashes and spharkles, like stars of the night;
Turning sorrow and sadness into sunshine and gladness,
Dispelling all gloom wid its welcoming light.

Now this servant of Satan, desarnes a good batin,
And the Irish will gladly help give him the same;
For his dhirty endeavor, to cover forever,
Our loved Blarney Stone, wid the mantle of shame.

An the blood of Tim Doolin, will never be coolin'
As long as the Kaiser is bossing a job;
To the army I'm goin' and soon I'l be showin',
What Tim Doolin thinks of the murdherous snob.

On account of this duffer, in shame we must suffer,
Revenge we will get, by help sthriking a blow;
At this baste that's polluted, wid sin undiluted,
That would shame his best frind, the ould divil below.

Every thrue son of Erin, will join in the cheerin,
When the knockout we land on his thraitorous jaw;
And the brave Irish faction, will help in the action,
For debasing the Blarney of Erin-go-Bragh.

“WHEN US DARKIES PAY OUR DEBT TO UNCLE
SAM”

Verse 1.

When us Darkies was in bondage long ago,
And our lives was filled with misery and woe:
Then Old Glory set us free,
Changed our sorrow into glee,
Now a debt to Uncle Sam we surely owe.

Chorus

Now the drums are loudly beating,
And Old Glory is entreating,
Join the colors, every able bodied man;
Watch us Darkies come a running
For the Kaiser we'll go gunning,
And we'll pay the debt we owe to Uncle Sam.

Verse 2.

To our country's flag our loyalty we'll show.
By striking at the Kaiser such a blow,
It will put his troops to rout,
Make them quickly face about,
And back to Berlin they'l be glad to go.

Verse 3.

When we've brought the haughty Kaiser to his knees,
In a manner that all nations it will please,
Then triumphant with Old Glory,
We will live in song and story,
And the gratitude of poor beyond the seas.

Verse 4.

On the pages of our history will stand,
The heroic valor of our colored band,
With bright undiminished luster,
After we have passed in muster,
To the final summons of the spirit land.

THE KAISER'S WAR AX

In his palace at Constantinople, the sultan
Dejected, sat brooding with lowering brow,
The price he was paying, for joining the Kaiser
Was plunging him fast into bankruptcy now;
May allah forgive me, he prayerfully muttered
For aiding this traitor, now only to find,
That I was a puppet, and blindly was working
To help this deceiver, his war ax to grind.

Yes! sharpen his ax, for a murderous purpose
To strike human freedom, a death dealing blow,
And leave him and all his descendants forever
Dictators of earth, with no fear of a foe;
And I, among others' his sophistries swallowed
To justice and reason I surely was blind,
I found to my sorrow, too late for my safety
That I was but helping, his war ax to grind.

Oh Palestine! Palestine! Lost is thy Glory
The Gem of my kingdom, the light of my life,
Your history rich in the sacred devotion
To allah, now lost, in this horrible strife;
Through perfidy wrought by the wiles of the Kaiser
That now is transparent, and clear to my mind,
But little I dreamed at the time, he was using
My strength and my power, his war ax to grind.

A servant approached, bowing low to the sultan
"Your majesty, two Royal Rulers, now wait,
To counsel with you in regard to the Kaiser
And by him betrayed, and then left to their fate.
"Conduct them in to me," the Sultan commanded,
"May allah to all of us, ever be kind,
There is others that realize they have been helping
The blood thirsty Kaiser, his war ax to grind."

The visitors entered, with courtly demeanor
Their faces both furrowed with sorrow and care,
The Sultan arose and with smiling endeavor
Tried to banish his own somber gloom and despair;
He said while embracing them, "Allah protect us
In sorrow and woe, we are three of a kind,
All victims of greed, to that German arch plotter
Who basely has used us, his war ax to grind."

The Austrian ruler related his troubles
And spoke of the favors the Kaiser bestowed,
For many years past, on his country and people
Relieving with money, their debt burdened load;
Cementing their friendly commercial relations
We now plainly see was just used for a blind,
When years in the future our help would be needed
In aiding this schemer, his war ax to grind.

Bulgarian miseries, then were unfolded

Its ruler spoke briefly of Germany's rule,
That held the Bulgarian throne in subjection
By treaty, that made it both vassal and tool;
Drawn up for the purpose of aiding the Kaiser
When ready for war, was this treaty designed,
And now we are forced by the contract between us
In helping this monster, his war ax to grind.

All night the three rulers, were busy discussing

How best to get out of this terrible muss,
And avoid in the future the wiles of the demon
Whose hellish ambition had started the fuss;
That brought to their nations, remorse and disaster,
For slaughter will never bring peace to the mind,
The lesson may help them to watch in the future
All parasite rulers with axes to grind.

"MONKEY'S"

There is Monkey's in the jungle and there's monkey's in the zoo,

There are some whose funny antics always pleases me and you;

But the meanest of the species, that has ever yet been found,

In several parts of Europe, they have scattered all around.

In Austria is the screamer; In Bulgaria is the sloth,

In Turkey is the marmoset, dressed up in fuzzy cloth;

They were without a leader, so a meeting they did call,

And chose the German Chimpanzee, the largest of them all.

Chorus

They chattered loud and plotted and got ready for to fight,

To rule and run the universe, which left them in a plight;

They posed as human beings, but it failed to help their bluff,

For they were soundly punished and was glad to cry enough.

They monkeyed with the lion, and they slyly pulled his tail,

They caught the bear a napping and they made him loudly wail;

They cut some monkey didoes in both Italy and France,

They tried it on our eagle, but our eagle made them dance.

And it filled them full of sorrow, when they felt our eagle's claws,

And the rest all took a wallop at their saucy monkey jaws;

Now their monkey shines are over for we have them in a cage,

Where we can gaze with safety on their helplessness and rage.

THE KAISER'S LAMENT

With a heart broken sigh, I will now say good bye,
To my army and navy, who with steadfast devotion,
Fought brave to the last, facing war's fiercest blast
And their crushing defeat, fills my soul with emotion;
And the future I dread, for the forces I led,
Like leaves in the winter, are scattered and spread,
And the Star Spangled Banner now leads in the world,
And is greeted with cheers, everywhere it's unfurled.

In preparing for years, I was free from all fears,
To start a world's war, and defy every nation;
Uncle Sam tried to warn, but I treated with scorn,
His messages sent, and it broke our relation;
Then he arose in his might, sent his forces to fight,
Displaying his motto, for freedom and right,
And the Star Spangled Banner now leads in the world.
And is greeted with cheers everywhere it's unfurled.

With the war at an end, all the victor's will send,
Their thanks to the flag, that my ruin completed,
With rejoicing and prayer, they together will share,
In the grand jubilee, at the Kaiser defeated;
Now sad and alone, with the loss of my throne,
My power is ended, my hopes they have flown,
And the Star Spangled Banner now leads in the world,
And is greeted with cheers everywhere it's unfurled.



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