

"ONLY A SCRAP OF PAPER"

"Only a Scrap of Paper"
 That a wind might blow away,
 Once 'twas a solemn treaty,
 But it's long since served its day.
 What use for sickly sentiment
 When we hear the trumpets call,
 With our legions gathered round us,
 And France tottering to its fall.

"Only a Scrap of Paper,"
 'Tis a pledge not worth a thought;
 There was never yet a nation,
 But at some time could be bought,
 The end, not the means we think of,
 Under me shall the nations live,
 The heaven-born conquering Teuton
 Will freedom to all give.

"Only a Scrap of Paper,"
 Signed when all was peace,
 With full intent and purpose,
 That rivalry shall cease.
 Cancel that solemn treaty,
 Depart from the true and just;
 And Britain's truth and honor
 Lies trampled in the dust.