

THE KAISER'S BHOYS

O, the Kaiser's bhoys are dramin' of a naval base
at Calais,
But they wakin' ivery mornin' full of sorrow
and of gloom,
For the little Belgian sojers cut the dykes and
flood their trenches,
And they find their dugouts only jist a bathtub
or a tomb.
But they're makin' progress backward, "*nach
Berlin*" they are going,
With their "*Landsturms*" and their "*Land-
wehrs*," keepin' sthep in dim grey line;
And they'll know far more of Britain and her
brood of lions snarlin',
When they find themselves "*zu Hause*" jist
beyant "*Die Wacht am Rhein*."

For John E. Redmond, M.P.