

“At first der var go very vell; den I bust up some big boat,
Und Voodrow Vilson get mad like hell, und send dis ugly
note:

‘Now, Kaiser Bill, you stop dot vork, or I’ll come mit Unkle
Sam,
Und make you not to fight like shark, but der vay of Chris-
tian man.’

“Dere is anodder von called Borden, vhat struts about mit
grace;
He vos a pardner mit two George, vot own dot island place.
He send some big Canadians vot just fight like vild-cat
men,
Und ven dey come at der Chermans, vell, I dink ve’re beaten
den.

“I vos try for sleep von night pefore I leaf dot place, Berlin,
Ven Gott he beat upon mein door, den shout, ‘May I come
in?’

He say, ‘Mien frien, mien frien der Kaiser, you fear you
loose dat fight,
Den vhy you not buildt some great big gun und bust dings
up just right?’

“Dot Gott is yet mien partdner—vell, I dink I try some
more,
Den I get in von big submarine und sail to Labrador,
Und here I gets der molybdenite, to hard der hard steel yet,
To buildt some gun, such mighty gun dat der world get rcare,
you bet.

“Und now mien friendt der prospect man, vill you have some
Cherman beer?
I told you now dot Foch in Yourip, I vish I had him here—”
But here his mind went wandering, and he mumbled some-
thing low;
I think it was this prayer he said, tthough I’m not quite sure
I know:

“O Gott vot is mein partdner, I toldt you good und vell,
Dot ven I’s dead und finished I vant to go to hell,
Und if yo’ll send dot Foch und Haig, I’ll meet dem at
gate,
Und see dot dey’re looked after vell on der very hottest
grate.”

The Kaiser’s beer went mighty well, but it started me to kick
And partner Bill is a quiet guy who wants no foolish trick;
So he slugged me in the shortest ribs, which brought me
wide awake,
And it seems that I’d been dreaming about Kaiser Bill’s
mistake.