

Lloyd George, no doubt,
When his life snuffs out
Will ride in a golden chariot
And sit in state
On a red hot plate
'Twixt Satan and Judas Iscariot.

Ananias that day
To the devil will say
"My claim for precedence now fails,
So move ^{me} up up higher
Away from the fire
To make room for that liar from Wales.