

The King's review!—but what's the use?  
He tried to see us through the juice;  
For love of Mike, jst cut us loose,  
And we'll review the Kaiser.

If this is war, then roll on peace,  
Give us the chickens, cows and geese,  
The dear old farm, sans mud, sans grease.  
You see, we're growing wiser.

Within an old cathedral dim,  
We thought we'd sing an old world hymn,  
Where ages long, folks worshipped Him,  
Their father's God on high, sir.

Our church is no cathedral rare,  
We find it in God's open air:  
But in the mud and rain we dare  
Ask Him for strength to die, sir.

So, with the mud we'll take our chance,  
And hope for better luck in France,  
And save our gronch: some day perchance  
We'll slip it to the Kaiser.

November, 1914.