

There are some who say, in a thoughtless way,
 « This War will soon be o'er »
 But I'm telling you, and its quite true,
 Our Arms need many more.
 We'll never win if we sit and grin,
 And play at « Wait & See ».
 We've got the stuff, though it be rough
 So listen to our plea.

The world shall know, we struck the blow,
 That stopped the Kaisers' Pranks.
 That he no more shall cry for war
 Or deal with British Banks.

His Merchant Trade, will be mislaid,
 He'll deal quitc far afield.
 For there's no doubt, we've shut him out,
 His fate will soon be sealed.

His « Hymn of Hate » he sings in State,
 And glories o'er the « Day ».
 But very soon that loathsome tune,
 Shall surely pass away.

The Silent Dead, the ones that Bled,
 And suffered by his hand,
 Will surely go, t'is stated so,
 To that, Happy Hunting Land.

But the Kaiser Grim, through his Haughty Hymn,
 Shall know just how he fell,
 The Satanic Horde. with one accord,
 Will welcome him in Hell.

MY RESOLVE

(Poetical Piffle in Prose)

Last night when my day's work was o'er, my inkpots nicely dusted, I sat and thought and thought some more, for I was sadly busted. Henceforth I says, I stay at home, I'm on the straight and narrow, these other simps can go and roam and come back on a barrow. A goodly righteous life for mine, no more the giddy high spots, no more the ruddy red, red wine, nix on the rum and rye shots. I'm gonna save my hard earned pelf and sit on the big soft pedal. I'm gonna beat Saint Ant. himself, perhaps I'll get a medal. And when I've saved up lots of dough, I'll go get me a wife, no more the wild-oat seeds I'll sow, we'll lead the simple life. We'll raise our kids like reg'lar folks (I s'pose they're bound to come), we'll teach them to abhor the smokes — to scorn the demon Rum. Their happy laugh, their prattling cry will be music to my ear, Gee Whiz! this thinking makes me dry, I'll go get me a Beer.

FRANC.