

LV I

This, now, he knows—a Tip however slight,
A little light Employment every night:

The modest Penny in the Tavern caught,
Are better than an Empire lost outright.

LV II

O, Thou, who didst with Howitzer and Krupp,
Beset the Road we had to wander up,

We've had our Share—and now it's up to thee,
We have Thy Gruel ready—"Hand and Sup."

LV III

O Thou whose sense of Honor's so awry,
Betrayed our Friendship—Royal Spy,

For all the evil wherewith Germany
Is blackened—Thou shalt answer bye and bye.

KUZA-NAMA

LIX

Listen again. On Sentry-go one Night,
Lit up by Starshell's parabolic Flight,

As on the Firing-Step I stood alone,
I heard Lee-Enfields whisper of the fight.

LX

And strange to tell—of all that Deadly Lot,
Not one could count the Germans it had shot.

And suddenly mine own impatient cried:
"Is this a real War—or is 'not?'"

LXI

Then said another: "Surely not in vain,
My former Owner's numbered with the Slain.

And those responsible for this mad War
Will surely never have the Power again."