

III.

When Beatty 'an 'is ships went in right under
all their guns,
Did the papers think 'twas Sunday, an' the dress
was number ones?
Wiv a fog as thick as pea soup, quite calm an'
undismayed,
An' 'e rounded up four cruisers wiv a mighty
fusilade,
Then the papers shouted "Beattie is a little god
on wheels,"
Printed columns on the navy, wiv the loftiest
ideals,
An' when they cooked an' served it to the public
nicely dressed,
The "Emperor of Europe" was wisely im-
pressed.

IV.

So keep yer spirits steady an' cock yer weather
eye,
Don't get at all impatient, fur 'tis comin' bye
and bye,
Then fur all the bloomin losses yer can count
up all the wins,
An' you'll want to keep yer 'air on when once
the fun begins.
Don't think yer fightin' nothin', 'tis a wery great
mistake,
But our mighty fleet is ready fur the fight it 'as
ter make,
An' when he finds fur ever 'is fleet can take a
rest.
Why—"The Emperor of Europe" will be wisi-
bly impressed.