

That you'll find true if history you scan :
" Kitchener of Khartoum " fame,
Always " Ready," always " Game,"
A man who plans before the fight
To see his men are laid out right,
And while he's sitting busily mapping
There's none so far have caught him napping.

6

Another one, his right hand man,
And name a better if you can,
Who at the game could ere him beat,
When to save his men makes a " Noble Retreat,"
A man who knows how to entrench—
Boys, off with your hats to General French !
While another we greatly herald,
Dashing, slashing, Woods Fitzgerald,
Often pressed hard but still gets through,
Which ever shows that he's " True Blue."

7

No doubt you've all read of this great Game,
And no doubt you know who is to blame
For this awful carnage, and misery, and strife,
And heavy toll in Human Life,
Ambitious, Cunning, Luring Kaiser,
We probed thy depths, and found thee baser ;
Thy eyes were blinded with their lust
To crush our Home Land into dust.

8

But now you find you are mistaken,
Yet still must finish what you've partaken ;
You asked for War—you're getting it
Not just to your taste,
But served up by our Soldier Boys, with each pill
Marked " Deliver in Haste."

9

You thought for sure your time had come
Upon that fatal day
When the Irish Home Rule question
'Mongst the people held full sway.
You started trouble and made the plunge
Upon Weak Belgium ;
But, though six to one, she made you run
Till a cropper you did come.

10

Then France to dread, you boastfully said
" I'm off to Gay Paree,"
But what a fright you got that night
When Joffre jumped on thee !
He scattered you both left and right,
Till half your army was lost in fright,