

XLIX

For in and out, above, about, below,
 'Tis nothing but a wicked Fireworks show,
 And now and then you get a chance to shoot,
 —You can't see anything to shoot at, though.

L

Poor Fritzie has no Right to Ayes or Noes.
 But East or West us rules the Kaiser, goes;
 He gives his life for Willie's vanity,
 And knows it all the Time—you bet he knows.

L.I

The Working Party toils—when one Job's done,
 Starts on another, which is scarce begun.
 Ere rushes up a different Engineer,
 And takes the Party elsewhere—it's great Fun.

L.II

To that embracing Thread they call barbed wire,
 I've got to own I never did aspire,
 You wind it round some Stakes in No Man's Land,
 And Fritzie gets you with Machine Gun fire.

L.III

Of Belgian Clay we built a Parapet,
 The Belgian Rain came down and we got wet,
 Soon after came the burning Belgian Sun,
 And we supplied the honest British Sweat.

L.IV

I tell thee this—in making out the Bill,
 Don't think it's all correct and fair until
 All Prussianism's dead, Von Bissing hung,
 And others punished who conspired the ill.

L.V

The Hun hath shot his bolt—and little doubt
 It hurts his Vanity—well, let him shout;
 He's got to take up Waiting once again,
 But not in Britain—we can do without.