

SONG OF THE ZEPPELIN

And hate is the banner I unfurl so wide
That its blood-dripp'd folds may catch the
breeze;

That e'en from the balcony of heaven on high
May be seen this banner on all the seas.

No triumph of arms is my flight by night,

It is only a part of a murderous raid:

Dropping a bomb on an innocent child

Or a crowing babe in its cradle laid—

And all for the Vaterland!

For Thomas Walsh.