

A WAR TOAST.

Here is a toast for you, Kaiser,
I'll drink it in blood-red wine;
Emblem of the occasion, sir,
And stain on that hand, of thine.

It may not be to your liking—
I rather think 'tis not—
Here's to the day of your beating:
May you get it soon and hot!

You've often in the past drunk
To your army and The Day;
I'll to another time drink—
To the hour when you shall pay.

Gethsemane you've the world brought:
To Calvary you shall go.
Pity it is your blood is naught
To that you've caused to flow:

For if you had a billion lives,
Those lives could not atone
For all the misery and sighs
You've caused—thou heart of stone.

Ambition is a risky ship
When a mad king's at the helm;
But few return who take the trip—
And you're on the rocks, Wilhelm.