

XXXV

I think the Navy—modest fugitive,
Retiring yet so argumentative,
Fights chiefly via Sayville from Berlin.
And by its Fiction doth its glory live.

XXXVI

For in the New York Papers, day by day,
The wireless from Sayville had its Say,
Till even yellow Journalism blushed
And murmured "Gently, Brother, Gently, Pray."

XXXVII

Ah, be discreet—what boots it to repeat
Our words when Bathmats slither 'neath our feet?
Bullets to-morrow and Mud yesterday,
Don't fret about it—get Old Fritzie beat.

XXXVIII

A year ago—Annihilation's waste,
This year, the Germans whipped to suit your taste,
Their Star is setting—and the Battle Plan
Of Kaiser Wilhelm crumbles—Let's make haste!

XXXIX

How long, how long should Working Parties last?
And why do Officers all walk so fast?
Better in Trenches, fighting fretful Fritz,
Than work for a C. E. enthusiast.

XL

You know, my friends, how long since I abjured
My old Enthusiasm—I've been cured
The more you do the more you have to do,
All Life's uncertain—but that Fact's assured.

XLI

For Work and Hustle as with Rule and Line
And Laziness without I can define,
But after all, I never cared for Work,
The "dolce far niente" stuff for mine!