

A peep in the night—a rocket ascends—a crack  
from a sniper's gun—  
“Good-bye, old pal, he got me then,” and **that**  
was only one.  
There was no order given there—beyond a warn-  
ing shout,  
And like a soldier he met his end, and at—  
TWELVE O'CLOCK, FELL OUT.

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### Hoch Der Kaiser.

[These verses were recited and became famous  
at a Union League Club dinner in New York to  
some naval officers on April 21, 1899. It took  
three years to quiet the international vibrations.]

Der Kaiser of dis Fatherland  
Und Gott on high all dings command,  
Ve two—ach! Don't you understand,  
Myself—und Gott!

Vile some men sing der power divine  
Mine soldiers sing “Die Wacht am Rhein,”  
Und drink der health in a Rheinisch wine  
Of Me—und Gott!

Dere's France, she swaggers all aroundt,  
She's ausgespielt.  
To much me think she don't amount;  
Myself—und Gott!

She will not dare to fight again,  
But if she shouldt, I'll show her blain  
Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine  
Are Mein—by Gott!