

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.

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 Rheinish 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 shoalldt, I'll show her blain
Dot Elsass und (in French) Lorraine
Are Mein—by Gott!