

## PRESIDENT WILSON'S ADDRESS TO CONGRESS.

O Senators, incline your ears,  
 While I discourse on Pease;  
 Let's tell the nations now at war  
 That this mad fight must cease!  
 The fields of Europe soaked in blood!  
 My friends, it doth me shock;  
 The U.S.A., some parts must play,  
 So therefore let us talk!

The Powers of Europe, battle-crazed,  
 Rush at each other's throats,  
 And pay no heed, they don't, indeed,  
 To all my many Notes.  
 They don't know what they're fighting  
 for  
 So neither side must win;  
 Let us arise in all our size  
 And stop this awful sin.

E'en since the days of Washington,  
 For liberty we stand;  
 Land of the Free—our part must be;  
 To see that war is banned.  
 Of course, the Belgians are not free,  
 But I do not protest  
 About the way they're used, but say  
 It must be for the best.

For Freedom of that nature, friends,  
 I've not a word to say—  
 But shall this awful war reduce  
 Our Revenue? nay, nay!  
 I will protest! I'll write a note  
 To Britain, and she'll see  
 That though the Huns may slay our sons,  
 Our Coffers must be free!

It is incredible, good sirs,  
 That we no part should play,  
 In this great battle of the world;  
 Where do we stand, I say?  
 We stand for Freedom for oppressed,  
 And talk in language nice,  
 Of what is right, while others fight,  
 And also pay the price!

The Allies aims are just the same,  
 As Wilhelm's—all alike!  
 It is not clear to me at all  
 Why they each other strike,  
 So, let us rise and end the thing,  
 And let us do it quick,  
 If in this fray no part we play,  
 I tell you, we'll look sick.

And when we've ended strife abroad,  
 Why, then, Sirs, we'll be free  
 To ponder how we'll stop the row  
 In Mexico, you see!  
 Then, let's arrange Eternal Peace,  
 On this terrestrial ball.  
 When all will say the U.S.A.  
 The best part played of all!

## VISITORS' DAY.

Now, visitors' day in the rest camp  
 Is our busiest day of all,  
 When the boys take off their boots and  
 clothes,  
 And hang them on the wall.  
 And the big long row of naked backs,  
 Is a sight one seldom sees,  
 For each man has his woollen shirt,  
 stretched tight across his knees.  
 And every man a candle holds,  
 To look on either side,  
 For those little crawling visitors,  
 Who in the fabric hide.  
 And we have just come down from the  
 trenches,  
 Where the air is foul and damp,  
 And we're all on a hunting party,  
 For it's visitors' day in camp.

It's visitors' day in the rest camp,  
 And like some unwelcome guest,  
 They followed us from the bloody trench,  
 To spoil our well-earned rest.  
 But hark! in yonder corner,  
 I hear a well-known crack,  
 For one of the hosts has found one,  
 And have slapped him on the back.  
 But soon the din is awful,  
 And the fun has just begun.  
 And it sounds like a dreadful battle,  
 Between Britisher and Hun,  
 But the death of the grey backed microbe  
 Is loud, and the shock is felt  
 As one by one they advance and die  
 On the back of your cholera belt.  
 Long into the night the slaughter,  
 Is seen by the candle lamp,  
 And the microbes fell in a death of Hell,  
 On that visitors' day in camp.

'Twas the visitors' day in the rest camp,  
 But the search was past and o'er,  
 And the men slept light through the long  
 cold night,  
 As they lay on the hard bare floor.  
 For the enemy were not conquered,  
 And a sound like scratching mice,  
 Was heard from the men, as now and  
 then,  
 They muttered: "O damn those lice."  
 But the dawning hours of the morning  
 Brought sleep to the tired sore men,  
 And they dreamt of the day that would  
 come their way,  
 When they'll have clean shirts again,  
 But they's soon be back in the trenches,  
 Where the air is foul and damp,  
 And they'll bring back more from the  
 microbe's store,  
 To our visitors' day in camp.