

When the German press gets a-going good
and dreaming an inky dream,
Bragg big of the cowardly British fleet
that, according to him, 'twould seem,
Daren't show a nose in the open sea,
but skulks in its guarded holes,
While the German ships sweep the seven seas,
and cruise to the furthest poles,
In search of a foe that they fail to find,—
just figure it out this way;
Fritz says his navy is after ours,
and hunting it night and day,
But a German ship is a d——d rare bird
in the wash of the old North Sea;
Tho' German journalists rant and rave
Of a German fleet on the rolling wave,
it sounds—well, 'it *sounds* to me.'

When Fritz starts trying to get our goats,
by bragging of "Kultur's Might"
Of "Hammer blows" and of "breaking thro' "
and the "Triumphs of German Right,"
Why, let him rave, and amuse himself,
and it doesn't hurt us a bit,
For we've got a kind of a "Kultur", too,
tho' we don't make a brag of it—
And it doesn't stand for a conquered world
'neath the heel of a German's rule,
And it doesn't stand for a world imbrued,
with the doctrines of Kultur's school,
But a world unshadowed by dread of war,
for a world that is safe and free.
So, Fritz, old boy, you may rave and rant,
And brag and bluster—but win, you can't,
So, really—it *sounds* to me.'