

Topmates

I.

'Tis just what I told yer, Bill, ole pal,
Many long years ago;
When they were showin' the "square heads"
 round the yards,
They smellin' all o'er the show;
They was findin' out all they could, ole pal,
A thing I don't think was right,
I knowed it was comin' all along,
I guessed as we'd have to fight.

II.

But I know we can man a gun, ole pal,
As we did in the days gone by;
An' I twig ole man, you're as spiek an' span,
As when ye made targets fly;
'Tis a pity we ain't got Charlie B.,
For we kind a' loved him so;
But they're dodgin' about with their submarines,
When the skipper shouts out—"let go."

III.

'Tis tiresome waitin' like this, ole pal,
With yer hand on the gun night an' day;
I am itchin' tu get jest a sightin' shot,
Just to see how the "square heads lay;"
But they're dodgin' about with their submarines,
In a most meesterious way;
But we'll show 'em the way to play the game
Whenever they wants to play.

IV.

An' Jellicoe knows the game, ole pal,
As well as Von Turnip Tops;
An' he'll give 'im a solar plexus poke,
Whenever it comes to swops;
We was always ole topmates' you an' me,
Since first when we sailed the blue;
So, Bill, when they shows their mug, ole pal,
We'll show 'em what we can do.