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Faithfully yours  
W. A. Elli

**WAR  
WARBLINGS**

**OF A BRITISH TAR**

*By* **W. A. ELLIS**  
*Late R. N.*



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## To Major-General Sam Hughes

### I.

I've read of ye'r often an' seen ye'r twice,  
It looks as ye'r lives as ye'r ought to,  
You 'ave battered away at ther' politic game,  
And see where ye'r politics brought you.  
You've got all the grit that a Britisher needs,  
Though you've blundered a bit in some cases,  
But you still keep a-goin' an' doin' ye'r best  
In some wery tight corners an' places.

### II.

It ain't the fust time at the Motherland's call  
You have marshalled an army together,  
You seem to shine brighter an' work all the more  
When the enemy shouts "dirty weather,"  
But the way you 'ave worked in this latest affair  
If yer friends an' yer foes all speak truly  
Has won fer yer, Sam, all the Empire's regard  
Excuse Sam—fur it ain't meant unruly.

### III.

Your lads take their place in the bitter cold  
trench  
An' better men never were born, sir  
They're showin' they're equal to any I ween  
Of their conduct I'm sure you'll not mourn, sir,  
So go on, old war horse, an' gather 'em in,  
Fur the cause they are fightin' is worthy,  
Let politics fizzle—The Empire's at stake  
Show 'em plain that no kultur is fur thee.

### IV.

Let yer enemy's haggles an' noospapers shout  
It won't make yer die any sooner  
If you blunder at all, then ye're blunderin' well  
You're heart's good an' true, you're no  
"spooner"  
You're duty seems plain, you're doin' it well  
An' Canada's with yer fur ever.  
Go hang with yer views, you're just Old Sam  
Hughes  
An' we'll never fureget ye—no never.

## Come Out and Fight

### I.

Out on the deep, all white with foam,  
The watch dogs grim and grey;  
With eagle eye, their guns stand by,  
From dark till early day;  
No Bosun's call "to quarters," sound,  
Their jaws are firm and tight;  
Then savagely they look to land,  
And cry, "Come Out and Fight!"

### II.

Then every morn, when bell strikes eight,  
The flag they love so dear  
Floats out again across the main,  
Hark! How the tars they cheer,  
Their pipes they blow, in watch below,  
The eye of each man bright;  
A growl goes round, 'tis the only sound,  
"Kaiser, Come Out and Fight!"

### III.

In the dead of night, not a move—no light,  
All eyes are strained o'er the foam;  
Like great sea fowl, the destroyers prowl,  
Ready to strike right home;  
Four hours on, and four hours off,  
Watching by day and by night;  
On the nerves of the Tar its a bit of a jar,  
And he mutters, "Come Out and Fight!"

### IV.

If they think they can do the boys in blue,  
By a wearing out movement like this;  
In the words of the Tar: "They are straying  
afar,  
And had much better give it a miss."  
So just as Drake in the days of old,  
Played on, when the foe were in sight,  
Our lads on the seas are as much at their ease  
Except that they want to fight.

## Britain's Dead

### I.

God of ages, who provided  
Men to rule the earth and sea;  
Picked them out, and so divided  
Bondmen, from the brave and free.  
From the days of Magna Charta,  
When she bravely raised her head;  
Men from every land and quarter,  
Praise Thee, God, for Britain's dead.

### II.

Children taught by patient mothers,  
Hear of how their fathers fell,  
And of how their older brothers  
Sacrificed their lives as well.  
How their little eyes would glisten,  
Pride would stop the tears that fled;  
They, without an intermission,  
Praise Thee, God, for Britain's dead.

### III.

Still her mission, truth and freedom,  
Offering up her best to die;  
Not one man within the Kingdom  
Will refuse his country's cry.  
O'er the plains of France and onward  
Flows a stream of bloody red;  
Those who live will have one watchword,  
Praise Thee, God, for Britain's dead.

### IV.

Justice, in thy name, they offer  
All that's best and dear in life,  
From the last cent in the coffer  
To death—in this most bloody strife.  
Take your map and glance it over,  
Note the various parts marked red;  
Keep the dust from off its cover,  
Thank your God for Britain's dead.

# 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.

## “Uncle Bill”

### I.

“Uncle Bill,” yer gettin’ famous,  
Yer name’s a bye word in the fleet;  
Night an’ day my shipmates cuss yer,  
In “langwidge” which is quite a treat.  
An’ when I thinks yer once was admiral,  
I feel just like a Beecham’s pill;  
Oh, how I’d like to singe yer whiskers,  
Human Butcher! “Uncle Bill!”

### II.

I see’d yer onst, a high falutin’,  
I think ’twas Cowes’ regatter week;  
I thought yer figurehead was faulty,  
With that moustache yer looked a freak.  
My shipmates said: “He’s only funny,”  
I thought so fur a while—until—  
I read as ’ow yer scorned yer mother,  
And marked ye, “Wrong ’Un,” Uncle Bill!

### III.

I reads as ’ow yer hurling thousands  
To death—to suit yer devil’s brain;  
An’ ’ow yer imps are shootin’ women,  
Of churches wrecked, and children slain.  
Truly, ye’re a Royal Buster,  
Born to do the devil’s will;  
But don’t fureget the final muster,  
Cut throat, War Horse, Uncle Bill!

### IV.

But we’re waitin’ firm an’ ready  
With our weather eye around;  
Watchin’ every move ye’re makin’  
Soon we’ll ’ave yer safe an’ sound.  
Decks are cleared out on the ocean,  
Come to meet us when ye will,  
Sure as that our God is with us,  
We’ll keel haul yer, Uncle Bill!



## “Now Jacky’s Got the Wheel”

### I.

There’s goin’ to be some changes up at Whitehall  
ye will see  
Fur I ’ear as ’ow they ’av passed his cheque to  
Admiral Prince Loo’e  
An’ “Jacky’s” comin’ back agin to ’ave a word  
to say  
An’ yer can bet yer bottom dollar that word  
will ’ave to stay.  
Every skipper’s got ’is master an’ they know’s  
that ’e is right  
We shan’t ’ang on no longer, fur ’e only thinks  
of fight,  
An’ e’ll stop the polertician’s, when they try tu  
make a squeal  
Yo’s were goin’ to see some fightin’ now, Jacky’s  
got the wheel.

### II.

No ’e aint so much ’ter look at an’ ’e isn’t wery  
tall  
But ’e lets yer know ’e’s master, when ’e snaps  
his bulldog jaw,  
An’ ’e don’t believe in iron stoppin’ still an’  
goin’ to rust  
Yas ship an’ man, ’neath ’is command, must  
either fight or bust  
’E works all hands both day an’ night an’ does  
it in a way  
That makes yer all feel satisfied—ye’re earnin’  
all ye’r pay  
Yas we’ll get a bit o’ shootin’ an’ the Germans  
get a fill,  
The signal now is “Smash ’em.” Wiv Jacky at  
the wheel.

### III.

You'll get no back door creepin' — but each  
man as knows 'is place  
Is the man as "Jacky" watches wiv a smile  
upon 'is face  
What "Jacky" wants is fighters, every one both  
short an' tall  
If they're swift to do their duty, then Jacky  
loves 'em all  
There's a kind of satisfaction, creeping all around  
the fleet  
An' every man knows wery soon the foe we'll  
'ave to meet  
We shall soon be grindin' Germans like coffee in  
a mill  
There's no such word—Inaction—wiv Jacky at  
the wheel.

### IV.

So get ready "Uncle William" yer day's a  
comin' soon  
You'll be rammed, an' jammed, an' busting, wit'  
a passport to the moon  
There'll be creepin' an' a sweepin' fur all yer  
submarines  
An' the devil's own tornado never dreamt of in  
yer dreams  
As soon as 'e walk's on the bridge, he'll signal,  
"Go ahead"  
An' you'll want a lot of sour kraut unless ye're  
over fed.  
Oh I'm sure he'll keep ye'r busy, an' yer never  
will be still  
You'll be worried, worried, worried, wiv Jacky  
at the wheel.

## Impressed

“The spectacle of your vast fleet greatly impressed me.”

(German Emperor to Queen Victoria, Diamond Jubilee, 1897.)

### I.

'Ow the noospapers are talkin' every mornin' to  
be sure  
An' becoss the fleet 'aint movin' some are feelin'  
wery sore  
But wiv all their bloomin' talkin' we have some-  
thin' more to do  
Than to heed their idle chatter, fur this 'aint no  
review.  
There's keepin' o' the trade routes an' movin'  
o' the troops,  
An' chasin' down a submarine an' other little  
coups,  
An' the sinkin' o' the Emden, I think, will be  
confessed,  
Makes the “Emperor of Europe” wery wisely  
impressed.

### II.

Now some are blamin' Craddock that 'e didn't  
run away,  
But Craddock did 'is dooty in the proper naval  
way,  
If any one's to blame, sure as the devil is a Turk  
'Twas them as sent three boys along, prepared to  
do men's work.  
They fought and they were beaten—it sometimes  
'as to be.  
But they faced the foe like Britons, 'tis the only  
way at sea:  
'Tis the price we pay “fur admulty,” may all  
their souls be blessed.  
Fur the “Emperor of Europe” was wisely im-  
pressed.

### III.

When Beatty 'an 'is ships went in right under  
all their guns,  
Did the papers think 'twas Sunday, an' the dress  
was number ones?  
Wiv a fog as thick as pea soup, quite calm an'  
undismayed,  
An' 'e rounded up four cruisers wiv a mighty  
fusilade,  
Then the papers shouted "Beattie is a little god  
on wheels,"  
Printed columns on the navy, wiv the loftiest  
ideals,  
An' when they cooked an' served it to the public  
nicely dressed,  
The "Emperor of Europe" was wisely im-  
pressed.

### IV.

So keep yer spirits steady an' cock yer weather  
eye,  
Don't get at all impatient, fur 'tis comin' bye  
and bye,  
Then fur all the bloomin losses yer can count  
up all the wins,  
An' you'll want to keep yer 'air on when once  
the fun begins.  
Don't think yer fightin' nothin', 'tis a wery great  
mistake,  
But our mighty fleet is ready fur the fight it 'as  
ter make,  
An' when he finds fur ever 'is fleet can take a  
rest.  
Why—"The Emperor of Europe" will be wisi-  
bly impressed.

## Solved

### I.

I'm a very careful reader, when the words they  
ain't too long,  
But I'd sooner sit an' listen to a good 'ole navy  
song,  
An' I've given up a readin', fur it really makes  
me ill,  
An' I'm studyin' a puzzle, an' the puzzle's  
Kaiser Bill.  
'E's a ginerall, 'e's a admul, an' they tells me 'e  
can paint,  
An' 'e's cut off 'is mustaches, 'cause he wants  
to look a saint,  
'E's an opera director, an' they tell me wery  
soon  
'E's goin' to write a pantomime, an' play the  
pantaloon.

### II.

'E says the wirgin Mary comes to 'im the other  
day  
(The wirgin ain't particular, that's all I got ter  
say)  
She orders 'im to liberate the Poles wiv sword  
an' flame  
(Oh, shades o' Martin Luther, Uncle William  
what's yer game?)  
An' they say 'e sent a banner to 'is dear ole  
friend the Pope,  
(No wonder that ther' pontiff died, too much of  
Bill's soft soap).  
A combine, Roman-German, e' swears will rule  
the earth  
An' Bill will play the anti-Christ when this yer  
rule finds birth.

### III.

'Tis really most annoyin', but me shipmates  
won't keep still,  
The latest joke, as usual, is our ole friend Uncle  
Bill;  
Now 'e's gone an' turned "Merhommedan" an'  
it makes me wery sad,  
If "Merhommedans" will 'ave im they must be  
wery bad—  
'E'll be Sultan, 'e'll be "Khedive," an' "Mer-  
homet" rolled in one,  
'E'll be playing Ali Baba too, I swear before 'e's  
done,  
If 'e said 'e were a cannibal, I would 'eartily  
agree,  
Fur I guess that there religion would suit 'im  
to a T.

### IV.

In Berlin 'e's a Lutheran, an' the 'ead of 'em at  
that,  
In Poland 'e's a Roman, wiv a broad brim papal  
'at,  
In Turkey 'e's a Musselman, but not at all  
devout,  
But to me 'e's just a cannibal, wiv all the best  
points out.  
There's no doubt 'e is a puzzle to a poor ole sail-  
or's brain  
But I've kind o' solved ther' puzzle an' I'll make  
it wery plain,  
Some say 'e is a faddist, 'an they spells it F-A-D,  
But I've a simpler way to spell it, an' I spells it  
M-A-D.

## War

### I.

Etched in blood and tears,  
                  Through all the future years,  
This war's grim lessons ere will stand  
                  Where ere one strip of British land  
                  Exists in both the spheres.  
Close to the crater of hell  
                  Nearer than we can tell  
Death of unfilled age  
                  Agony page by page,  
                  Not dreamt of in past years.

### II.

Hell born of woman's pain,  
                  Assassin of Louvain,  
Babes died on stricken mother's breast  
                  The aged were slain who stopped to  
                  rest.  
                  The maiden bow'd with shame  
Clinging to hard gnarled hand,  
                  Children in terror stand  
Querulously asking why!  
                  As murdered their loved ones lie,  
                  And all for the Junker's fame.

### III.

Fleeing maids, with their cut bare feet,  
The rush of hoofs in the street,  
Driven at the point of swords,  
Wild laughter of pillaging hordes.  
Hopeless anguish drew tears of blood,  
Blaze of homesteads, the reek of smoke,  
A kingly Kaiser's joke.  
Ruined—life's work undone,  
By moonlight toil won,  
Death like a mighty flood.

### IV.

God! may the guns ring in  
Through all this shame and sin,  
Vengeance is thine, great Lord,  
Grant after fire and sword,  
A new age of charity.  
Their devilish system hushed,  
Brutal materialism crushed,  
The whirlwind that Thou has sent  
Is but for salvation meant,  
For our posterity.



## The "Emden"—A Tar's Protest

### I.

What a fuss they all are makin',  
'Tis amazin', to be sure,  
About ther' bloomin' "Emden"  
Why—it makes me feel quite sore.  
They would entertain their officers  
An' give 'em back their swords.  
What! feast these German pirates!  
The absurdest of absurds.

### II.

She ran away from China,  
In a coward's dirty way,  
An' she plundered unarmed merchantmen  
Who 'ad ne'er a word ter say.  
Is it brave ter 'it a cripple,  
Wiv both 'is arms chopped off?  
If it's bold to play the robber  
Then their skipper is a toff.

### III.

She rigged up a dummy funnel,  
Flew another country's flag,  
An' fur this yer act o' piracy  
They don't fureget ter brag,

If the Germans wer' ter capture  
One of our ships on this "weeze"  
They'd shoot 'em all fur piracy  
Upon ther bloomin' seas.

IV.

She 'ad luck, that's all there's to it,  
But when ther Sydney hove in sight,  
She did her best ter run away,  
She didn't want ter fight.  
When she found 'er speed was failin'  
She simply 'ad ter turn,  
Then she 'ad ter take her syrup,  
An' was left ter rot an' burn.

V.

So get yer cap o' reason on,  
An' try an' think it out,  
More cowardice than bravery  
Appears wiv'out a doubt.  
Make the captain o' the "Emden"  
An' 'ero, if yer like,  
Then yer'd better make an' 'ero  
Of a shark or else a pike.

# 1914

Great Britain lost:		Germany lost:	
Battleships .....	1	Cruisers .....	15
Cruisers .....	11	Torpedo Boat	
Submarines .....	2	Destroyers .....	8
	—	Submarines .....	4
Total .....	14		—
Audacious refloated and being repaired.		Total .....	27
		Sold to Turkey .....	2

## I.

A Merry Christmas, messmates all,  
 An' love to folks at 'ome.  
 There's not much time for feelin' dull  
 Out 'ere upon the foam;  
 But as I reads more'n most o' yer,  
 This bein' Christmas Day,  
 I'd like to point out 'ow it goes  
 In this yer game we play.

## II.

In all we've lost just fourteen ships,  
 The Germans twenty-seven;  
 An' sure the devil's got 'em tight,  
 Whilst our's is gone to 'eaven.

...15  
... 8  
... 4  
—  
...27  
.. 2

Now this percentage ain't so bad  
When yer look at it at fust,  
But we've got to get it lower, lads,  
An' we'll do it yet ,or bust.

### III.

Of course they're goin' to shell our coast  
Whene'er they get a chance;  
It's very sad, but war is on,  
An' we shouldn't shout or dance.  
There's lots o' things a-doin' lads,  
That the press don't know about,  
An' we're goin' to suffer many times  
Afore the final count.

### IV.

So fust we'll drink to George, our King,  
An' then to Jellicoe;  
An' then we'll take a silent sip  
For them that's gone below;  
An' we'll give a cheer for Sturdee, lads,  
An' the ones we love so dear;  
An' drink confusion to the foe  
Before another year.

# The Plaything

## I.

A golden haired, blue eyed urchin,  
Shivering in the cold,  
Was selling his painted soldiers  
Resplendent in scarlet and gold.  
How proudly he marshalled his army,  
His guards and his fusiliers,  
How grudgingly with them he parted  
And sometimes his eyes filled with tears.

## II.

The red coated man on a charger  
Was the one that he cherished the most,  
He had kept it so long—it was sixpense—  
“That was Bobs,” he would proudly boast.  
But one day a rich boy bought it;  
The vendor lad’s heart was so sad—  
“Why! why do you cry!” was the question  
Asked by the purchasing lad.

## III.

“I was always sellin’ the others  
Though I liked ’em all in a way;  
But that there was ‘Bobs,’ the general,  
An’ I loved ’im the best, anyway.”  
The other stood still for a moment,  
Then handed the toy back again;  
“You can keep it and play with it always;  
My mama will never complain.”

## IV.

The rich lad grew sick some time after,  
And his young life passed away;  
The urchin was slow to learn it,  
But learn it he did in a way.  
He trudged to the lonely graveside,  
And laid down his much-loved toy;  
“Maybe ’e can play wiv’ the angels,”  
He muttered with simple joy.

## Making History

### I.

Yer can talk o' yer Drakes an' yer Nelsons,  
Yer Hoods an' yer Camperdowns;  
Yer Howes an' yer Ansons an' Rodney's,  
An' other sea dogs o' renown.  
They were fighters no doubt in their time, sirs,  
The best that the world ever seen,  
But they thought only angels were flyin'  
An' the devil was a big submarine.

### II.

Can yer pictur' yerself in a coffin  
Wiv machinery buzzin' all round ;  
You've got a few shipmates around yer;  
As for talkin, yer can't hear a sound.  
Yer are somewhere below in the ocean,  
An' yer don't dare to ask where yer are;  
But yer waitin' to cause some commotion,  
An' that's quite enough for a tar.

### III.

Yer can't quite be sure any moment  
That "Davy" won't claim yer for sure;  
When yer dodge under mines 'tis amusin',  
An' then dodge the shot from the shore.  
Then to stay under water nine hours,  
Then manage a cruiser to sink—  
Have yer sit on the edge o' a razor?—  
The same kind o' feelin', I think.

### IV.

To the list o' our naval 'eroes  
We shall add Norman Hollbrook, R. N.,  
An' the crew Submarine B11,  
The best an' most darin' o' men .  
For to dive under five rows o' mines, sirs,  
Where the Dardanelles currents run free,  
An' torpedo a Turkish cruiser.  
Is worth more than the valued V. C.

## Britain's Sons

Tune—"For those in Peril on the Sea."

### I.

God of our fathers, at whose call  
We now before Thy footstool fall;  
Whose grace hath made our Empire strong,  
Through love of right, and hate of wrong,  
In this dark hour we plead with Thee,  
For Britain's cause on land and sea.

### II.

Not for the lust of war we fight  
But for the triumph of the right  
The strife we hate is on us thrust,  
Our aims are pure, our cause is just;  
So strong in faith, we plead with Thee,  
For Britain's cause on land and sea.

### III.

Asleep beneath Thine ample dome  
With many a tender dream of home;  
Or charging in the dust and glare,  
With war-bolts hurtling through the air;  
In this dark hour we plead with Thee,  
For Britain's sons on land and sea.

### IV.

If wounded in the dreadful fray,  
Be Thou their comfort and their stay;  
If dying, may they in their pain  
Behold the Lamb for sinners slain  
In this dark hour we plead with Thee,  
For Britain's sons on land and sea.

### V.

And soon, O blessed Prince of Peace,  
Bring in the days when war shall cease,  
And men and brothers shall unite  
To fill the world with love and light;  
Meanwhile, O Lord, we plead with Thee,  
For Britain's cause on land and sea.

## To "Uncle Sam"

### I.

What! at it again, Uncle Samuel?  
Or perhaps it is only 'ot air,  
I reads 'tis for peace you are prayin'  
That yer stands for what's just and what's fair  
I'm a little bit dense, so please tell me  
Why you so perlutely object  
To our stoppin' yer contraband cargoes  
An' the lists o' yer vessels inspect?

### II.

Are you prayin' for peace on the one side  
'Gainst a foe wiv no honor at all,  
Or just for the sake o' the dollars  
Must honesty go to the wall?  
There are thousands a-dyin' for freedom;  
Would you put a foot in their way?  
Will you listen to Fenians an' Germans,  
An' help them continue the fray?

### III.

Your duty to God an' to man, Sam,  
To me seems particular' plain;  
If you've got any voice left at all, man,  
Lift it high o'er mountain an' main.  
Don't be helpin' the Junkers an' butchers  
Wiv a small kind o' dismal wail;  
I thought you'd forgotten the custom  
O' twistin' the lion's tail.

### IV.

Don't you see they are forgin' your passports,  
An' a fillin' your ships full o' stuff.  
An' they laugh up their sleeves, and they reckon  
That they've beaten the Yankee—for bluff.  
'Tis the cause of the free we are fightin',  
The dollar won't stand in the way.  
If you really can't help us, don't hinder;  
You've to do, as well as to pray.



## Two Roses

### I.

Two slips of a rose tree,  
Famous and sweet,  
Held out by a hawker  
For sale in the street.  
One bought by a countess,  
Bejewelled and fair,  
And one by a maid,  
With a look of despair.

### II.

The slip of the countess  
Was planted in time,  
With the very best soil,  
In the glorious sunshine;  
Was specially tended,  
Had every care,  
And brought forth its blossom  
With fragrance so rare.

### III.

The slip of the maid  
In an alleyway stood,  
No sunshine to warm it,  
The soil not good.  
Its growth was so slow  
And its leaves were so small,  
Its blossom was tiny,  
No perfume at all.

### IV.

And so is the life  
Of each mortal to-day—  
The one has the labor,  
The other the play.  
The one dwells in mansions,  
Where comforts abound;  
The other content  
With a bed on the ground.

## The North Sea Fight

### I.

At seven bells in the mornin' watch,  
The destroyers reported the foe  
Steering West-Sou'-West for another raid,  
I suspect, from what I know.  
When they sighted our fleet they slewed around,  
Wiv all possible speed, steering east,  
For they know'd at once we'd postpone their show  
Of a baby-killin' feast.

### II.

Now the Admir'l 'e orders "full steam ahead"  
Wiv a view to secure the lee;  
The funnels red hot as we chased along;  
Lor' 'twas a sight ter see.  
Slowly but surely we overhauled  
The Kowardly Kultured Kurs,  
An' at eighteen thousand yards we popped  
Our shells in beneath their furs.

### III.

The Lion an' Tiger had drawn ahead,  
An' 'ad crippled ther Blucher so  
That they passed 'er by wiv a British cheer  
As she toppled an' went below.  
Then they popped a shell in the Lion's tank,  
But Beatty transferred 'is flag,  
An' continued the chase fur the bigger fish  
Whilst the firin' ne'er did lag.

### IV.

Ther Kolberg fell to the shot an' shell  
Of the Arethusa's crew,  
An' the other two ships wiv the squarehead names  
Were burnin' fur all they knew.  
An' every German killed that day  
Got what were a murderer's fate,  
An' the nerves o' the others, I'll bet a quid,  
Ain't steady right up ter date.

# A Chinese Courtship

(A True Story)

## I.

In a neat little hut by the River Wing Pu,  
At the foot of the mountains they call the "Lung Woo,"  
Lived a maid and her mother all alone with the pigs,  
And the dear little rice birds that hopped on the twigs.

## II.

The mother was forty—plenty dollars—and fat,  
The maid she was twenty, or something like that;  
The father, a "Boxer," had long since been dead;  
'Twas rumored the Manchus required his head.

## III.

The name of the maiden was Pin Kee Pun Pun,  
With pigs' fat her hair was exquisitely done.  
Her mother with envy cried, "What shall I do?  
She is much better looking than poor me, Pun Poo."

## IV.

One day down the river came Wing Kee Sun Sun.  
A bloodthirsty bandit, from a town called Kum Kum,  
He just called to see them, in the old fashioned way,  
And he told such big lies that they asked him to stay.

## V.

Says he, "I'm an orphan, my father has been  
A number one Totai, a great Mandarin,  
But the great revolution has spoilt us all,  
And I'm praying for wealth which from heaven will fall."

## VI.

He tickled the mother right under the chin;  
He made her "chop-suey" put strong shamshu in,  
Until the old lady, to herself, did exclaim,  
"The gods have been good, I've a lover again."

VII.

But he strolled in the evening with Pin Kee Pun Pun,  
And she kissed and cuddled her Wing Kee Sun Sun,  
She told him her mother had money to spare,  
Which they made up their minds together to share.

VIII.

“Your mother believes I love her,” said Sun,  
“But somehow to us, dear, this money must come.”  
They thought for a while, then said Pin Kee, with glee,  
“O, Wing Kee, my darling, just leave that to me.”

IX.

At night when her mother was safely in bed,  
She drew on a cow skin, with the horns on her head,  
Whilst hard on a tom-tom did Wing Kee Sun beat,  
Until up like a shot mother sprang to her feet.

X.

She flew to the door in a terrible fright,  
Fell over the pigs in the darkness of night,  
The devil still followed, accusing of sin,  
So she flew to the river and threw herself in.

XI.

“My dear,” the next morning said Wing Kee Sun Sun,  
“What a glorious achievement this what you have done;  
A Dowager Empress you ought to have been;  
Your brains are the brains of a Right Royal Queen.”

XII.

Now Wing Kee Sun Sun is a bandit no more.  
If he grumbles or growls he is knocked to the floor;  
And the Wing Kee's and Pin Kee's that crowd round  
their knees  
Keep quiet when Pin Kee ever gets in a “breeze.”

## In the Navy

Song Written and Music Composed by W. A. Ellis.  
Dedicated by permission to the Right Hon. Sir R. L.  
Borden, K.C.M.G., Prime Minister of Canada.

### I.

I'll sing a song of jolly tars, who sail across the  
    sea,  
    In the Navy, in the Navy,  
Who ain't a bit particular about a breezy spree,  
    In the Navy, in the Navy,  
E's the pride of all the'r donahs, and the pet of  
    London town  
An' 'e makes the policemen jealous an' Tommy  
    Atkins frown  
But when there's trouble brewin' 'e's always  
    to be found,  
    In the Navy, in the Navy,

### Chorus:

In the Navy, boys, in the Navy  
What should we do without our Navy?  
    Those lads in navy blue,  
    So loyal, staunch and true,  
So Here's Good Luck to the British Navy.

### II.

'E's as quiet as a child, and 'e does the work  
    o' four,  
    In the Navy, in the Navy,  
But just now 'e's got 'is back up, an' 'e's feelin'  
    wery sore  
    In the Navy, in the Navy,

'E's as open as the daylight, an' as free as all  
the air,  
An' 'e kind o' thinks the German's ain't actin'  
on the square,  
But when 'e gets amongst 'em, you'll 'ear the  
word—Beware!  
In the Navy, in the Navy,

Chorus

III.

They keep 'im ever ready fur work on land an'  
sea,  
In the Navy, in the Navy,  
And 'e drags 'is guns behind 'im as if it were  
a spree,  
In the Navy, in the Navy,  
But you'll find 'e's ever ready when 'e gets the  
word "Let Go!"  
The stuff that 'e is made of is British, don't-  
cher-know  
Fur them what's made in Germany 'e wouldn't  
give a blow  
In the Navy, in the Navy.

Chorus

IV.

When the odds they are against 'im, 'e's the  
cheerfullest of all,  
In the Navy, in the Navy,  
An' 'e'll fight jest like a demon, until 'e 'as  
ter fall,  
In the Navy, in the Navy,  
The flag that once 'e's 'eisted must never be  
'auled down,  
If 'is grave must be the ocean, then 'e doesn't  
fear to drown,  
Fur Nelson's gone before him, an' 'e'll get an  
'ero's crown  
For the Navy, for the Navy.

# The Sailor's Parrot

## I.

There's a parrot in the fo'est'le  
That can say most anything,  
She can pray just lie the Parson  
An' sing "God Save the King,"  
When yer' readin' o' the papers  
She'll listen, I declare,  
But read of Germany or Germans  
Then "stand by" and 'ear 'er swear.

## II.

I was readin' to me messmates  
Out aloud the other day,  
'Twas about the Count von Bernstoff  
An' what 'e 'ad ter' say  
I got so mad—got up to put—  
The paper on the fire  
When "Polly" flew across the deck  
And calmly shouted—"Liar!"

## III.

I was readin' that the "Rooshins"  
Had been makin' out quite well  
Then the Germans claimed a victory  
An' told another tale.  
Then I scratched my head bewildered,  
And very much ter' my surprise  
"Polly" jumped upon my shoulder,  
Flapped 'er wings an' shouted—"Lies!"

## IV.

Then the Bosun's mate 'e told us  
That the'r Admir'l 'ad a fit  
But it proved a fit of laughter  
An' I'm not surprised a bit  
What! the squareheads blockade Britain  
Get on deck, I've 'ad enough,  
Then "Polly" cracked a peanut  
An' quickly shouted—"Bluff!"

## The Pirate King

### I.

'E cares not a cuss, for you, me, or us,  
'E defies all the laws of creation,  
'E bullies an' shouts, an' defiance 'e flouts  
In the face of all civilization.  
'E murders our women an' violates maids  
The child an' the aged are 'is victims  
To pillage an' burn 'e will instantly turn  
An' all must bow down to 'is dictums.

### II.

Why! Judas, the traitor, was an angel, compared  
Wiv' this imp o' Satan, the worst ever rared  
Always talkin' of peace, an' preparin' fur war,  
(I shall swear in a minute, I'm only a "tar")—  
'E tears up 'is treaties an' violates states  
Says the world must submit to what 'e dictates  
Wiv' 'is submarines now all our commerce 'e'll  
bust  
That's always supposin' 'e isn't down fust.

### III.

I can quite understand 'im 'aving a go  
At anything British to strike it a blow,  
We're fightin' the pirate—but what beats me  
blue.  
Why sink ships of neutrals an' murder 'em to?  
Believe me, this business ain't goin' to be fun  
"Davy Jones" will be busy before it is done  
Are the neutrals all scared that they don't give  
a dam?  
What's wrong with ye'r "gas bag," my dear  
Uncle Sam?

### IV.

"'Is Islamic Majesty"—'tis the pirate's new  
name,  
Satanic's more fittin'—surrounded with flame  
"A movin' 'is 'arem"—'twill be one of the sights  
(Lor what a tale fur Arabian Nights).  
I 'ave read many tales of a bloodthirsty blend  
That made me cross eyed, an' me 'air stand on end.  
But Bill will be shortly, with all the great frauds,  
In ther' chamber of horrors—at Madame Tausauds.



## William II, Emperor of Germany

### I.

He stands amongst his dupes,  
His God forgetting,  
And perhaps in turn, who knows  
By God forgotten.  
Pitting his fallible will 'gainst all life forces  
Surrounded by his junkers, proud, but rotten  
Feeding the flames of devouring ambition  
With the blood and bones of harmless men  
Bidding defiance to every human custom  
The day of reckoning comes at last—but when?

### II.

Seeding the world for such a bitter harvest  
For what more bitter than the seeds of wrath?  
A wrath before which he's destined to cower  
As light draws on and fascinates the moth—  
A wrath indeed, expressing all God's vengeance  
And working through the countless outraged  
wills  
Grows up and takes its shape in time amongst  
us,  
And then demands stern justice for its ills.

### III.

In time when we are purified by trial  
At the waning fires of this one man's ambition  
We turn with hopeful faces to a future  
Charged with a solemn duty in transition  
To break him down—to purify his nation  
("The day" creeps on with every passing hour)  
And teach him that his dream's forever shattered  
The dream was this—Inordinate lust of power.

## Drake's Drum

Shall Drake's Drum sound again? The legend is that when danger threatens Great Britain it is only necessary to sound the drum, and he will come back to beat its enemies as he did in days gone by.

The drum is still to be seen in Buckland Abbey, Devonshire, in the possession of a descendant of Drake's brother.

### I.

When the fleet steamed away, through the mists of grey  
On that fateful August morn,  
The drum of Drake was heard to shake,  
And his spirit again was born.  
For all they were worth, they ploughed to the north,  
And remain there up to date,  
Whilst the drum once more, beat from shore to shore  
Denoting their ultimate fate.

### II.

It was heard through the breeze, in the China seas,  
In the ocean of India, too,  
It beat round the "horn," in the snowy morn  
And in Mediterranean blue  
It was heard by their hosts on Pacific coasts  
And away near the Falkland land  
And wherever the sound, it was surely found,  
That Britannia held command.

### III.

It is heard by the sailors who batter away  
At the forts of the Dardanelles  
And I'm told that it beat into Beatty's ears  
But perhaps that is fairy tales,  
But be as it may, it lives today  
For a sailor can't tell a lie(?)  
For he points with what ease we have swept the seas  
As we did in days gone by.

### IV.

We have roamed once again, o'er the Spanish main,  
And swept it from east to west,  
We have lost, it is true, of our boys in blue,  
Some of the bravest and best,  
It will beat some day up the North Sea way  
And sound every heart to thrill,  
So then will the foe very quickly know  
That Britain is Britain still.

## One of Us

### I.

He was ragged, down at heel,  
And he hadn't had a meal—  
Or a wash I shouldn't think for quite a year,  
But his step was firm and light,  
And his eyes were clear and bright,  
Though he may have had a drop or two of beer.

### II.

He had dropped in social scale—  
And did nothing only fail  
But once he knew his country needed men,  
He just polished up his boots,  
Brushed the raggedest of suits,  
And proceeded to a depot there and then.

### III.

He joined up right enough—  
He was just as hard and tough  
As a "pug" who'd been in training for a fight  
He was rough-haired and square-jawed  
And he once had been a fraud—  
But he left the past behind him in a night.

### IV.

He was marched off to the front—  
Glad to bear the battle's brunt  
Whilst the thought—I'll be a man—rang in  
his ear  
Stepping out, too, square and proud,  
While an apathetic crowd  
Of wasters tried to raise a feeble cheer.

### V.

In the trenches over there  
He was acting on the square  
And beloved by all his comrades in the line  
With his face hard drawn and set  
He would light his cigarette.  
And repent the wild days of "Auld Lang Syne."

### VI.

"I want a volunteer,"  
Said the Colonel's voice so clear,  
"But it's ten to one he'll sacrifice his life,"  
Then he quickly said, "I'll go,"  
Which he did, as we all know,  
And they're sending home the V. C. to his wife.

## "All's Well"

### I.

With a nor' east wind, and the ice cold spray  
Biting hard at his rugged face,  
He stands at his post in the middle watch  
Straining eyes o'er the blackened space,  
Not a light is seen, nor a sound is heard  
Save the strike once again of the bell,  
Then his voice rings out as he turns to the bridge  
With the cheerful words—"All's Well."

### II.

He can see the sweet face of the wife he loves  
Rising out of the storm-tossed sea,  
And he hears the lisped "dad" of the baby girl  
In the wind that is blowing free.  
He fancied that someone kissed his cheek,  
But 'twas only the spray that fell  
One—two—struck the bell, he was back once more  
And he shouted again—"All's Well."

### III.

He rubbed his hands, for 'twas mighty cold  
Bent his eyes again o'er the foam,  
The twinkling stars seemed to lead him on  
To the door of his childhood's home,  
His grey-haired old mother sat there alone  
But her God was of some avail,  
For the trust of her boy was in Him alone  
As he shouted again—"All's Well."

### IV.

The light crept again o'er the eastern sky,  
And he gazed on the great grand fleet,  
Silently watching, grim and grey,  
Awaiting the foe to meet,  
He was back once again on the raging main  
In the service that ne'er will fail,  
And he drew a deep sigh of content and cried,  
As the bell struck again—"All's Well."

## "The Great White Throne"

### I.

In a million homes in our empire now  
There's a hush—that was ne'er before,  
The pulse beats quick, and the face grows pale  
At the postman's knock at the door.  
There's many a face that is lost for aye  
To the haunts that were once its own,  
And there's many a thousand earnest prayers  
Going up to "The Great White Throne."

### II.

There are millions of men in the firing line,  
Who have left all that they hold dear,  
Just for the sake of the land they love,  
But sometimes—they shed a tear;  
It is not the tear that is born of fear  
And to cowards it's never known  
It comes with a prayer to a God they know  
Going up to "The Great White Throne."

### III.

There are millions of toddling boys and girls  
Who cry for their absent dad's,  
There are millions of mothers and sweethearts, too  
Who are proud of their soldier lads,  
There are many who never prayed before  
Who will kneel when they're all alone,  
And endless appeals to the "God of Hosts"  
Going up to the "Great White Throne."

### IV.

'Tis the lot of the chosen race of God,  
To fulfil which was fore-ordained  
The "Father of Israel" never sleeps,  
And the Book of His Word proclaimed.  
That David's crown should live for aye,  
His line—which is Britain's own,  
Will join in the end with the victor's song  
Coming down—from the Great White Throne.

## Lower Deck Logic

### I.

Yer want my opinion, messmates?  
Jest wait till I take a chew,  
Though I admit our 'Aggie Weston says'  
It's a verry bad thing ter do—  
Now "Jacky" an' Winston Churchill  
Yer remember I made a bet  
That they'd never pull long together  
An' me reasons before you I'll set.

### II.

In the fust place our Winston is shifty,  
As 'is father was shifty afore  
An' 'e plays ter the gallery always  
In a manner that makes me feel sore.  
'E ain't jest quite sure o' the difference  
'Tween a warship an' aireyoplane,  
But 'e talks like the grandson o' Neptune,  
An' would make yer believe 'e's the same.

### III.

Now "Jackey's" near sixty years' service  
To 'im the fleet's jest A. B. C.  
Of ships, guns an' men 'e's a master  
As well as in strata-gi-ee—  
An' when "Jackey" says a thing always  
'E never was known to back down  
An' 'e'll do what 'e thinks is the wisest  
Though the Kingdom o' 'eaven may frown.

### IV.

Tain't clear 'ow they came in collision  
But there's one thing that seems wery plain  
That theory tried to rule practice  
The result it spells failure again—  
Put a bank clerk in charge o' a steamship  
Shuve 'er off an' then put 'er ter sea  
When you've picked up the flotsam an' jetsam  
You'll say—" 'is business was just L.S.D.

### V.

But, messmates 'tis war we are 'avin',  
An' we wants a good man at the helm  
An' Churchill, no doubt, would be useful  
If the weather was fine an' sea calm  
But we don't want a front bench debater  
To dictate to an' admul who knows.  
What's best fur the nation an' navy  
Is the man that can throttle 'er foes.

## The Rule of the Seas

"The aim of Germany is to have the seas, as well as the narrows, kept permanently open for the free use of all nations in time of war as well as in time of peace."—Dr. Dernberg, Portland, Maine, April 17, 1915.

### I.

'T me right on the eyebrows, "Billy,"  
Or else I shall 'ave a fit,  
I've been laughin' fur over an 'our,  
An' don't feel no better a bit;  
Or shove me right under the hose pipe  
With a full force of salt aqua ad-  
'Ave yer read Dernberg's yarn to the Yankees?  
When ye' do it will send ye' mad.

### II.

'E wants the free use of the oceans,  
An' the narrers as well, don't yer see,  
Why, of course 'e can 'ave Portsmouth dockyard,  
An' go up the Thames fur a spree.  
Perhaps 'e would like to 'ave Sheerness,  
An' Chatham, an' Plymouth as well,  
But not till the last bally sailor  
'As gone to 'is makers' hotel.

### III.

If they want the free use of the ocean  
Belgium wants the free use of 'er land.  
If she wants the free use of the narrers,  
Why she mined 'em I can't understand.

Let the cowardly curs that are hidin'  
Pay the price that we've paid fur the seas,  
Let them come out an' fight—if they win it,  
It is theirs—they can do as they please.

#### IV.

They 'ad the free use of the ocean,  
But they wanted to rule it as well,  
"I am the Atlantic's 'igh Admiral,"  
Said the Kaiser, when 'is 'ead came ter swell,  
Go ahead my dear Kaiser an' dream it,  
But the cross of St. George rules the seas.  
They were won by the blood of our fathers,  
Whose sons hold the title with ease.

#### V.

There once was a time when we classed you,  
An' treated you men to men,  
But now we despise you as cowards  
Not fit for the sailor 'to ken.'  
So dear Doctor Bernard Dernburg  
Just "take the straight Griffin" from me,  
You can 'ave what you win of the ocean  
When you fight for, and win it, like we.



## Well Done !

### I.

Mourn for the loved ones lost, but just remember  
With you the nation mourns for those who died,  
And yet this common grief is quite forgotten,  
Lost in the ocean of our common pride.  
What nobler death could we have wished our  
    loved ones,  
Than that they die upholding honor's cause,  
Glorious, full blooded, lustful, and for Britain  
And in defence of all our sacred laws.

### II.

Cold as they lay the world is bending o'er them  
Theirs is the sacrifice—she has gained thereby,  
Canada, to-day cries out the countless thousands  
Shows very plainly how her sons can die.  
Weep not, sad hearts, for time will surely show  
    you,  
What freedom gains by sacrifice like this,  
Time, kindly time, will throw her mantle o'er  
    you,  
Turn nights of sadness into days of bliss.

## The Dear Old Flag

### I.

When I gaze aft every morning,  
And watch that dear old flag  
Float out again just as the bell strikes eight  
There's a kind o' lump comes in me throat  
I can't just tell yer why  
But it always 'as remained there up ter date,  
But sure 'tis every second I feel stronger  
When I sees  
How grandly she flies out across the main  
An' I always seems to mutter  
A prayer o' thanks to God  
Just this—that I'm a Briton once again.

### II.

What she stands for—all the world knows,  
If they only care ter say  
No dirt 'as stained 'er colours from their birth,  
It's the flag that tells of Justice,  
It's the emblem o' the free,  
And the dearest bit o' rag on all the earth.  
Don't every creature know it, ask 'em square,  
To tell yer true  
An' ye'll find that they will answer  
One and all.  
"We will shed our blood to keep 'er  
Always floating at the mast  
We'd rather death, than see 'er ever fall."

### III.

So can yer wonder every mornin'  
That a lump comes in me throat  
Can yer wonder that I'm filled wiv' honest pride  
Can yer wonder why they're comin'  
North an' south, an' east and west  
Can yer wonder why they've fought an' gladly  
died?  
Wrap it round me when I'm buried  
It's the only thing I'd ask  
For surely it's an emblem that's God given  
An' though I might a' sinned a bit  
While cruisin' through the world—  
It's a sure an' certain passport into heaven.

## A One Bell Yarn

It is the custom to serve out rum in the Royal Navy at "one bell," and many and various are the yarns to be heard on a man o' war.

### I.

"Well, I don't mind if I do; an' yer health Bill,"  
Though there's a lot more o' water than rum  
But I guess I have had half a dozen  
An' I've still got ole "wiggys" to come.  
'Tis terrible times we are havin'  
If we don't soon kill Huns I shall die—  
Or else lose me eyesight a'readin'  
Or hang out me temper to dry.

### II.

Have ye'r read about "Jack the Ripper,"  
Or the cut-throats who rode down the "main"  
Of "Neero" an' Joolius Sneezer  
An' that murderin bloke in the train.  
Have ye'r read of that terrible Ivan,  
Or "Attiller," an' Judas the thief,  
I see'd 'em all once in a nightmare  
An' they all come to terrible grief.

### III.

Have yer heard o' the cannibal islands  
Where they cut up an' fried ye'r fur lunch  
Have yer read of Australian Kelly,  
Who commanded a terrible "bunch."  
Did yer read of that doctor who poisoned  
An' the woman who killed babies four.  
Have yer optics beheld the sea serpent  
Who swallowed up sailors galore.

### IV.

Have yer read o' the famous star chamber  
Or the stake burnin' dodge o' the pope  
How that Wolsey the King tried to murder  
By greasin' the stairs wiv' soft soap.

“King Solomon’s Mines” they ain’t in it,  
Though the eyeglass commander was “Goode”  
(D’ye notice the pun at all messmates?)  
It’s not to be thought that yer would.

V.

Now when Asquith an’ Churchill are speakin’  
They always paint picturs ye see  
An’ I’ve asked ye these couple o’ questions  
Fur so tis the fashion wiv’ me.  
I want to point out that the scoundrels  
That I’ve brought up before yer “lookout”  
Are gentlemen clean, just compare ’em,  
Wiv’ the German swine knockin’ about.

VI.

Did they murder women an’ children?  
If they did they were covered with shame,  
(But the Germans are doin’ it daily  
An’ are holdin’ their head up the same).  
They fought with a pike or a musket  
A square man to man kind o’ deal  
They would scorn ter use poisonous gases  
Or to rob aged folk of a meal.

VI.

“Messmates, me blood boils over  
An’ I know ’tis the same wiv ye all  
O fur some way to get at ’em.  
To smother their murderin gall.  
Hello, the bosuns calls soundin’  
Yes—I’ll drink that small drop wiv relief  
Well! Yer’s death to the murderin’ Germans  
An’ to hell wiv the Kaiser their chief.

## Noblesse Oblige

### I.

Yes, I knowed 'im when a middy an' they used  
to call 'im "cuffs,"  
'Is father was the earl o' somethin' too,  
'E alus 'ad a stutter 'an used ter say "Bai  
Jove,"  
Wore gloves when there was any work to do.  
'E used to cuss like blazes when 'e 'ad ter go  
on watch  
An' say it was "a beastly bally bore,"  
When the others used to snub 'im an' say 'e was  
a fool  
'E used to smile an' stutter "to be sure."

### II.

But my! it was surprisin' the kindly things 'e'd  
do,  
'Is division all stood by 'im to a man  
An' 'e alus got a job done when the others  
they would fail—  
An' 'e 'andled men as only seamen can.  
'E saw a lad once cryin' when the mail it came  
aboard,  
'An asked 'im just the reason o' 'is tears,  
I 'heard 'im say, "Haw—beastly shame—I'll dig  
you up some cash,  
Just send it 'ome to ease your mother's fears."

### III.

This last affair, whoever thought that "cuffs"  
had got the grit,  
When the skipper shouted "volunteers" like so,  
An' "Cuffs" saluted quickly like an' officer an'  
man  
Said "Haw! Should be delighted don't-chaw-  
know"—  
'E coolly pulled 'is gloves on an' gave the  
word "shuve off"  
We thought it was the last o' 'im we'd see  
An' I never shall fureget the cheer 'e got when  
'e come back  
An' now tacked to 'is name 'e's got V. C.

## The Light of the World

### I.

What is that shining across the border?  
Seen in the shade as the day grew dim  
Bringing faint hope to the dying soldier,  
Soothing his soul like an evening hymn,  
Parched are the lips, the poor worn body,  
Smarts with the wounds of that awful fight  
Words will not come, but his eyes are settled,  
Fixed on the borderland, one dim light.

### II.

Racked with his pain the lips are twitching,  
Yet the dull eyes never turned away  
Nearer and nearer then came a vision  
Changing the night to eternal day,  
From the dry lips came a tiny whisper,  
To the dull eyes came a look so bright  
Pain chased away, a smile remaineth  
Closer and closer he saw the light.

### III.

The Sister who heard the last faint whisper,  
Gently his eyelids closed for aye,  
She knew that his soul on its final journey,  
Had some one to help it upon its way.  
"What did he whisper?" the doctor asked her,  
"Light!" she replied, and her eyes were moist,  
"Yes," he replied, "in these awful battles,  
"We still have a light, and that Light was  
Christ."

## Made in Britain

### I.

Right ye are, Lizer, me darlin',  
Soon I'll be back agin'  
Yer know as I loves yer Lizer  
'Ow faithful I alus 'ave bin'.  
I shall alus be kissin' yer picture  
The one wiv' the fine fevver 'at,  
An' when I comes 'ome we'll be married  
Yer can bet yer last dollar on that.

### II.

Why! Blimme where am I—I'm dreamin'  
Phew! what an 'orrible pain,  
'Say, miss—'ow the duce did I come 'ere?  
I seems goin' balmy again.  
Calls yer nuss—right, an' thanks fur yer kind-  
ness,  
An' yer says I've bin pretty bad,  
Will ye search in me coat for a pictur?  
If yer will it will make me glad.

### III.

Well, I'm blowed, if it ain't a missin'  
Say "nuss" what's become o' me leg  
Yus, I 'members the Jack Johnson comin'  
That knocked me clean off me peg  
So they're sendin' me over ter morrer  
Done fur an' maimed fur life.  
Lor! what a guy fur my Lizer  
An, God! she will ne'er be me wife.

### IV.

Why! what di ye fink she said, parson,  
When she found I 'ad lost me left peg  
Me a cryin' jest like a "bybe"  
Till she told me ter shut up the gag,  
She said if both legs 'ad been collared  
An' the 'air all blown from me 'ead,  
I was 'ers, cause I'd done me duty,  
An' that's why we've come to be wed.

# How Long

## I.

“War at its best is but a savage play,”  
But through the ages conventions were observed  
By all men of honour, to win by skill alone  
Surely such horrors were never seen or heard.  
Romans, Greeks, vandals, savages of old  
Would never stain their souls with these great  
    crimes  
Germany—that name will ever stand  
Disgraced and hated for all time and times.

## II.

Rejoice ye murderers, ring your festal chimes  
A great achievement—The Lusitania's sunk  
Rejoice ye fiends, the innocent blood is now  
Telling its tale to God, whilst ye are drunk.  
One could forgive if 'twere a savage horde  
With scanty knowledge of the human laws  
But ye—who boast of “kultur” first and last,  
Oh, what a day of reckoning forth it calls.

## III.

Belgium, her murdered sons, her outraged maids,  
Her treaties torn, her homesteads all laid waste,  
Cries out to God for vengeance swift and sure,  
Oh, what a book of crime was there prefaced.  
Poisonous gases, callous brutes gone made  
God—can the world condone these wrongs  
    for aye?  
Can we be tortured, and our days made sad?  
Outraged humanity cries to thee to-day.

## IV.

And let him take the blame who orders all  
Nero and Attila, we would not compare  
With this bloodthirsty madman who directs  
These brutal crimes to stain a world so fair,  
“The mark of the beast” is set upon his brow  
Consumed with vanity, he and his throng  
Like fiends are gloating over hell let loose,  
Whilst we Thy people cry out, “Lord, how  
    long?”



## The Other Fellow

### I.

That's "the other fellow's widow" in the corner over there  
And around her little toddling children three  
God bless her little body, what a Briton to be sure  
The likes of her 'tis seldom that ye'll see—  
I remember when her man went how she cheered him on his way  
Said "I'll keep the pot a' boilin' Bill, at home,"  
'Tis proud I am you've answered to your King  
and Country's call  
Do your duty, dear, I'll never fret or moan."

### II.

That's "The Other Fellow's" sweetheart, she's sortin' mail just now  
They say that she's had lovers by the score.  
But Charlie was the lucky dog as knocked the others out  
The marriage day was settled to be sure.  
They together saw the poster when the call went forth for men  
And Charlie said, my dear "I'll have to go"—  
"Why, of course you will," she answered, or  
"I'll never be your wife,"  
So he died for King and country as you know.

### III.

That's "The Other Fellow's" mother, she's a cripple, as you see,  
Her boys her pride and joy and her support—  
And dearly as she loved them, do ye think she held them back  
To all advice—just list to her retort.

“I have brought them up to manhood and I  
love them more than life  
I have watched them day and night through  
frown and smile—  
But I brought them up as Britons, at their coun-  
try’s call they’ll go,  
And God, He will provide for me the while.”

#### IV.

There’s “the other fellow” dying in the trenches  
over there  
And yet a smile appears upon his face.  
“’Tis the best that I can offer,” is the only  
thing he says  
“I hope there’s plenty more to take my place”—  
Great God, what men and women Thou hast  
given to our land  
And history’s yet its greatest deeds to tell—  
Your King and Country need you, won’t you  
answer to the call  
And help the roll of British pluck to swell?

## The Mate's Yarn

### I.

We was just a poor mine-sweepin' trawler,  
Wiv' a 'ole in 'er bows plugged up rough,  
We'd been sweepin' fur thirty-six hours,  
When the skipper said, "Stop, that's enough,"  
So we headed 'er nose away 'omeward  
Dog tired, but I guess all serene  
When lo! there appeared very near us  
What we thought was a 'un submarine.

### II.

She came nearer an' hoisted 'er colors  
'Twas our own Union Jack to be sure  
An' 'er cap'n yelled out to our skipper  
"I'll board ye'r in a minute or more."  
So 'e comes 'an 'e says to the skipper  
"I've met with a breakdown that's bad  
You must tow me to Jellicoe's flagship,  
I've a message fur which 'e'll be glad."

### III.

"Ter the devil wiv Jellicoe's flagship,  
I'm fed up an' tired like hell  
We've bin workin' fur thirty six hours  
Without 'ardly five minutes spell."  
Then the submarine skipper was sorry,  
Says 'e, "yer's a 'undred quid."  
"And over ye'r gold," said our skipper,  
"An then I will do as ye bid."

### IV.

Then the skipper said, "God bless my kiddies,"  
Shot 'is fist in the naval man's eye  
"God curse ye, de'ye think I don't twig ye,  
You swine of a dam German spy,  
I'm only an ole fishin' sailor,  
But you've got that there flag upside down,  
An' 'e shot 'im right over the bridge rail  
Sayin' "the place fur such swine is ter drown."

### V.

Bang—Bang—came a gun from the U boat  
An' shouts "Gott Straffe England" as well  
But the answer they got from the skipper  
Was the short an' concise "Go to hell,"  
We were sinkin', 'tis the last I remember,  
I don't know if the skipper pulled through  
Yes, Cap'n John Dale was a Briton  
An' 'twas just what a Briton would do.

