

“A PLACE IN THE SUN”

You are praying for the sunshine Kaiser William, so I hear,
Well, I'll tell you where to get it if you lose your craven fear,
Come and claim the German Ocean if you want a bit of fun,
Then you'll have a place for certain in the noontide's brightest sun.

Since 'tis sunshine you are seeking, well then Kaiser once again,
Leave the shelter of that guard's van for your royal German train.
Be a blackguard in the open like a good and proper Hun,
Then you'll get that place, I'll promise, which you yearned for in the sun.

Why, sir, weren't you up in Belgium when your “lowdowns” sacked Louvain,
When they bravely murdered women, when they crushed the children slain.
What a chance for Prussian courage there would be no need to run,
For the British weren't behind you when that curse eclipsed the sun.

When your freebooters neared Paris, when Von Kluck was going strong,
Well you missed a streak of sunshine, but you might have come along.
With you gang of Berlin butchers – then your day had well begun,
And I know your heart was burning for a rollick in the sun.

You have welted little Belgium like the bully, sir, you are,
You have tightened up your waistbelt to a most unrighteous war,
You are prodigal with crosses 'ere the battle's lost or won,
But I guess you won't see many when you get your blinking sun.

You're a very “Kultured” Prussian, which no savage would gainsay,
But you've swallowed your best liquor to the great and glorious “day”;
There is blood upon your fingers of a shame that fiends would shun,
And you'll stand alone, I'm thinking, in your place beneath the sun.

Now you have your grip on England and your vulture beak in France,
And your dirty claws on Russia as you bid your hosts advance,
But you're up against a teaser, now we know since all you've done,
It is not a “place” you're after, you want all the bally sun.

A.J. Freeland