

"SOME SAY."

Some say Old England's got the rot,
That all her schemes are in a knot.
In act her final bolt is shot.

So some say.

A fraud of brass on porcelain feet,
I Without a single plan complete.
Her laws and maxims are effete,

So some say.

Some say her generals are mad,
That all her soldiers are as bad,
Who'll let us down by fuss and fad,

So some say:

Her fleet is helpless and undone;
That if it met the gallant Hun,
Beatty would signal, "cut and run."

So some say.

Our politicians small and big,
Should be interned at Bedlam's twig,
There's not one bounder worth a fig.

So some say.

Some should be shot and others drowned,
Some put six feet beneath the ground.
Some fried, some boiled, some gagged and bound.

So some say.

Give those outside a chance great Scott,
We'd brush things up and make them hot.
We'd let the lawyers know what's what.

So some say.

We'd run the war and win it too,
And have the Kaiser in the Zoo.
And that's not half what we would do.

So some say.

The Kaiser means to land a force,
On England's shores, of men and horse.
Things are all going from bad to worse.

So some say.

The War-lord's out to give us beans,
With Zeppelins and Taube machines,
With fire and gas and submarines.

So some say.

And we shall have to take the pill,
While looking on and standing still,
Then bend the knee to Kaiser Bill,

So some say ;

The Hun can beat us all ends up,
Our guns can't touch the guns of Krupp,
And with these demons we must sup,

So some say.

Some say the War will with us stay,
I'll whisper it "till judgment day,"
Right! asses then will not more bray,

So I say;

The Pessimist will be in bed,
The Optimist will reign instead,

The Hohenzollerns all stone dead.
So I say.

A. J. Freeland Kibworth, Leicester.

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