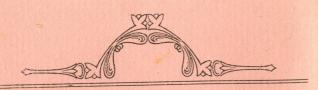
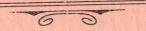


By Pte. Albert Wm. Drummond.

> Witley Camp: Published by EATON'S.



## Billy's Rightmare.



Awoke with a start, and said to his keeper,

"Go call old Von Tirpitz, Von Hindenberg too,
Go call them you numbskull I'm talking to you,
Make haste for i've dreamt such a fearful bad dream,
That tight little Island beyond the North Stream,
Has threatened my Empire—Mein Gott, don't you hear,
Go hence then, go bring them before me right here."

The varlet bowed low to the Kaiser so brave,

For varlets and Kaisers are both very knave,

But he hastened along to Von Hindenberg's house,

Not a burgher was stirring, not even a mouse.

The old Wilhelm-trasse looked gloomy and bare,

While the Brandenburg Gate stood solemnly there;

From Hindenberg's castle he wended his way,

Till he stood before Tirpitz and to him did say:

"Mein Gott mein dear Admiral Tirpitz quick come,
If you want now to save our fine beautiful home,
The Kaiser he wake with a start from a dream,
He seen a big navy, mein Gott and he scream;
His hair on end stand and his moustache uncurl,
He called me a varlet, a knave and a churl."
Von Tirpitz he reached for the old Rhennish wine,
As he said, "It is time for my watch on the Rhine."

The Admiral listened intent as he dressed,

He combed his long beard, and he threw out his chest,

He muttered a word like "Der-Tag" to himself,

Then pulled a cocked hat from off a high shelf;

He hastened along down the old Wilhelmstrasse,

Still whistling "The Rhine" to himself as he passed,

He caught old Von Hindenberg by the great gate,

But before going inside they both had a wet.

They drank to the navy, they toasted "Der-Tag,"
And Admiral Von Tirpitz, who boasts he's a wag,
Slapped Hindenberg hard on the back as he said:
"Why Donner Mit Blitzen our debt will be paid,
Von Zepperlin now will come into his own,
Our Zepps. and our U Boats will rule 'neath the sun,
But they had not reckoned on Britain just then,
Nor counted all Kitchener's contemptible men.

But let us proceed to the part that is best,

When they got to the Kaiser, by Jove, he was dressed,

On his right stood young Bill, of the "Death's Head Hussars,"

On his left old Von Zepperlin praying for wars,

Behind him was ranged all his dutiful sons,

Who from birth had done nothing but play with big guns,

Before him was spread a great map of the sea,

Plans for world conquest and death to the free.

He pointed to Belgium, and Servia too,
Then turning to Tirpitz said, "You and your crew,
Will sweep all the ocean from Kiel to the Pole,
And as for old England contemptible hole,
Von Zepperlin here with London will deal,
While Billie my son, I've taught how to steal,
Will ransack all France for treasure quite rare,
He knows how to deal with the ladies so fair.

This month is July of the year '14.

Get hence and begin, just throw back the screen,
Unloose all your horde, take the lid off old Hell,
Go to it my hearties, I wish you all well,
Tear up every treaty, that we ever signed,
To pleading and sorrow be dumb even blind,
With fire and the sword lay the Nations all waste,
'Der-Tag' it has come, from my sight go, make haste!"

We come to the tale of a day in August,

When Britain said, "Now I'll be in this or bust,

We ever have boasted defence of the free,

We'll sweep Kaiser Billy's big fleet from the sea,

Our army though small will hold him tomorrow,

He toasted 'Der-Tag' just once to his sorrow,

Within a short month the sea will be clear,

And Fritzie will sigh for more food with his beer."

'Tis needless to tell how the dream has progressed,
We've had ups and downs, but God knowest best,
We've given them on land such a fearful bad drubbing,
While their ships in the Kiel lie waiting a scrubbing,
Our army that once was contemptible men,
Has grown and is growing till Billy would fain,
Make peace with the world and go back to his dream,
Of conquering that Island beyond the North Stream.

Von Zepp. he has gone to a long fitful rest,
But Tirpitz and Hindenberg still laugh and jest,
In fact we still hear of the Hindenberg line,
A fleet that steams slowly along the old Rhine,
The U Boats come out, but the Zepps are all gone,
While England's proud fleet sails the sea all alone;
To the Kaiser has come such a fearful nightmare,
The cupboards of Deutchland stand barren and bare.

