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Victory of the Allies.

The great World War is over, and everyone is glad,
Although there's many thousands to-day are feeling sad ;
It was a bitter struggle, our duty now is done,
We've smashed the German Army, and made the Kaiser run.

Wilhelm and his companions were boasting of "The Day,"
To conquer dear old England, and rule it straight away ;
With all his preparations, so confident to win,
He's singing "God Strafe England," and drinking Holland gin.

They broke the Laws of Nations, as all the world can state,
Torpedoed our wounded and left them to their fate,
They starved and flogged our prisoners in a most inhuman way,
'Twill be a shame for ever if we don't make them pay.

Their Army it was brilliant, and every man was fit--
Drove us back to somewhere, the truth we must admit ;
But thanks to Foch and Pershing, and all the Allies too,
With French's little Army they met their Waterloo.

We're masters of the ocean, superior in the air,
Beat them on the Western Front, and conquered everywhere ;
Our Allies made the Austrians surrender without bail,
Bulgaria's heart was broken, and we clipped the Turkey's tail.

All honour to the wounded, the'r sufferings have been great,
They ought to be respected and treated up-to-date ;
And all our fallen heroes, the sacrifice they made,
On Britain's Roll of Honour, their names will never fade.

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Composed by Ed. Llewellyn, Pentyrch.

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