

# The Undesirable Hun

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*With Compliments  
of the Author*

## THE UNDESIRABLE HUN.

By STANLEY WILSON.

Columbia—Thy tears will flow once more  
And mingle with your rich red blood.  
But could you—would you—seek another  
door?

Nay, not until nor when there came a  
second flood.

---

Behold the Huns—in proud disdain,  
The Earth a football for their gain.  
Their Partner is the God of Hosts  
And Satan leers at all their boasts.

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Behold the Kaiser on his throne,  
His willing vassals-leash in hands,  
(Small nations you have need to groan  
When they let loose these willing bands).

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Now hear their "WAR LORD"—"Now my  
turn—  
Now all our bridges we will burn.  
My Star is shining high and bright,  
And we are ready for the fight."

His gulled champions—willing vassals  
Leave their dear homes and walled castles.  
And Austria-Hungary fooled and "fed,"  
With dreams of glory will be bled.

His bands let loose—in proud array—  
The Belgian border swept away.  
Poor Belgium bleeds, but weeps—oh no!  
Her jaws are set—and blood must flow.

---

The gods of myth were sleeping sound,  
Their days both long and dreary.  
But now the din from Earth was bound  
To rouse their fear—those sounds so  
eerie.

And other nations, bad and good,  
All heard the call—at “tenshun stood.”  
They each their sword drew in the fight,  
According to their own souls’ light.

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The God of Battles frowned and smiled.  
The frown was dark, the smile was sad.  
“The Thing” has come—the Land defiled—  
The conflict now twixt good and bad.

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So Belgium bled her good red blood,  
The Olympian gods had loosed their flood,  
And all were eager for the fray—  
Mere gods they were in great dismay.

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Each fought the fight—like man, like beast.  
The evil force with evil banner  
Slew child and maid—inglorious feast—  
Feasts in true Bacchanal manner.

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No scurvy trick too low for them,  
No treachery or guile too mean.  
No woman fair too fair a gem—  
Nor sister, wife, nor child, or queen.

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The Virgin child debased in hate  
By would-be champions of our Lord,  
And held in durance vile—her fate  
Too beastly vile to here record.

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Descendants of the noble Moor,  
Decadent now for centuries past,  
Their lot into this new allure,  
Perchance were forced their lot to cast.

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So they whose fathers stood the shocks  
Of “England’s own fantastic Knight,”  
Now steeped in blood their own home rocks,  
Their banners steeped in filthy fight.

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The Bulgar led by loot and lust  
Again descended to the fray;  
Again by nations to be cursed—  
Aye—cursed forever and a day.

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# THE UNDESIRABLE HUN.

STANLEY WILSON.

*Marcia. p-f*

1. Co - lum - bi - a, Gem and God of the West, A - woke to the sigh of their  
 2. So, boot-ed and spurred, as swift as a fawn, How quick-ly they sailed in their

Fa - - ther, And with the tears of their kin kept tryst,  
 bark!..... Slow to a - wake at the peep of dawn, They

Boot - ed and spurred they would gath - - er. Co - gath - - er.  
 kept tryst be - fore it was dark..... So dark.....

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This beastly horde, victorious band  
Spread North and South and East and  
West;  
Victorious spared no place, no land,  
To none gave comfort, peace or rest.

Their filthy presence spared no altar,  
God's house to them was made a stable,  
Their filthy presence would not falter  
To desecrate the Lord's own table.

The reverend works of art they pillaged,  
The symbols of our Lord destroyed.  
The sacred things of God they deluged,  
With blood—the Holy wine alloyed.

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The God of Battles raised his hand—  
Then back this horde fled through the  
land.  
He filled their craven hearts with fear,  
And Satan followed with his leer.

For England's might and England's Allies  
From Northern-Southern-Eastern valleys  
Came in their might and Chivalry  
Minus the Huns' wild revelry.

And bleeding France held firm and strong,  
This France that thrice did right and  
wrong.  
A Nation quick at "reveille,"  
The Nation first in "Marseillaise."

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Italian banners bravely floating  
(Their first bare blades had drawn  
real blood)  
Were beaten back by treacherous gloat-  
ing,  
Again advanced and stemmed the flood.

Of Greece we little may relate,  
Marital bands had made them coy.  
They did the best they could—for Fate  
Gave them no Helen—and no Troy.

And many Nations—hearts that bled—  
That half-tamed wolf in Eastern lair;  
That half-taught child—it had been “fed,”  
All fought them well—all fought them  
fair.

In courage strong they hoped-to dare  
To Hope and to sigh for the West.  
And at last heard a voice in the Thunder,  
“Beware,  
You false Huns—we come as your  
guest.”

“Columbia, gem and god of the West,  
Awake to the sighs of your father,  
And with the tears of your kin keep tryst,  
Booted and spurred we will gather.”

So booted and spurred as swift as a fawn  
(How quickly they sailed in their bark),  
And if slow to awake at the “peep of the  
dawn,”  
They kept tryst before it was dark.

Columbia—Thy tears will flow once more  
And mingle with your rich red blood.  
But could you—would you—seek another  
door?  
Nay, not until nor when there came a  
second flood.

So now you gallant lads of ours,  
(A Knight each one you be),  
“On to Berlin”—as the Huns lose their  
power,  
And there you’ll extract your fee.

This fee a line of sad-eyed “Gretchens”  
With arms full of flowers  
And baskets full of red cross “fetchens,”  
As these will be the only “powers.”

Honi soit qui mal y pense  
(Lest some may think unfair),  
These gallant Knights will say "Yes  
Ma'am,"  
And camp right in the open air.

To those of you who work at home  
(Some dub you merely shirkers),  
The order's most imperative  
If you are good war workers.

There's boats to build and planes to make,  
And guns and ammunition;  
No one may dare to call you "fake,"  
Nor cast a slur on your ambition.

For in this work *you* are a Knight  
(Maybe forlorn and dreary),  
So you just work and others fight,  
And you'll forget you're weary.

Columbia—Thy tears will flow once more  
And mingle with your rich red blood.  
But could you—would you—seek another  
door?  
Nay, not until nor when there came a  
second flood.

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#### MORAL.

Our boys are fed—Democracy.  
They never tasted of—Hypocrisy.  
These are the only Differentiates  
That differ from the game of Autopluto-  
crats.

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