

The Bolshie is a godless cad;

What we want is devout servility;

Maybe the Junker is the lad

To 'leave us still our old nobility'.

Maybe - I trust we shall not live

To see the black alternative -

To see the men of Lapland rise

And strangle in their Old-School Ties

Our inbred F.O. families.

CHORUS.

Pontiffs in high places,

Ravens of rapacity,

Vultures of voracity,

Sparrows of salacity,

Parrots of loquacity,

With intestinal stasis,

How you hate sagacity,

Audacity,

Vivacity,

How you fear pugnacity,

Baffle pertinacity,

Punish perspicacity,

You Imps of Incapacity!