

**HOCH DER KAISER,  
MYSELF UND GOTT**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649166138

Hoch der Kaiser, myself und Gott by A. McGregor Rose & Jessie A. Walker

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**A. MCGREGOR ROSE & JESSIE A. WALKER**

# **HOCH DER KAISER, MYSELF UND GOTT**



# Hoch der Kaiser

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Myself und Gott

BY

A. MCGREGOR ROSE

(A. M. R. GORDON)

THE PICTURES BY JESSIE A. WALKER

THE

**Abbey Press**

PUBLISHERS

114

FIFTH AVENUE

London

NEW YORK

Montreal

KD 54211



04343-2

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A NOTE

“MYSELF UND GOTT”

THE COMPLETE POEM PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME  
IN THIS COUNTRY

THE now famous poem which was published in the *HERALD* some few months ago, and which was recited by Captain Coghlan during his famous speech, was written under peculiar circumstances in Montreal in October, 1897. The poem as it was in the original consisted of thirteen verses, not eight, as published throughout the world during the last two years.

The occasion upon which the poem was written was the Emperor William's speech upon the divine right of kings and his own special mission upon earth. At that time A. M. R. Gordon, a Scotchman by birth, and whose real name was A. McGregor Rose, was a member of the *Montreal Herald* staff. He had been in the habit of writing verses upon different subjects, and was looked upon as a very bright fellow indeed. The city editor, turning to him, said:

“Give us a poem, Gordon, on the Emperor.”

In less than an hour's time he turned out thirteen verses, which were entitled by him “Kaiser & Co.,” not “Hoch der Kaiser.” The matter was sent up to the printer just as it was written, and by some mistake the foreman of the composing room only picked up eight verses in type, leaving the other five verses on the galley. The paper went to press and Gordon, who was very particular about his matter being strictly correct, got one of the first copies off the press. He at once saw the mistake and the form was re-cast, not, however, before a few hundred had been sent into the mailing room for the foreign mails. Thus the fact that only eight verses were copied in the papers which printed the poem at the time. In the second edition it was given in full and signed A. M. R. Gordon.

A few months ago Gordon's mind commenced to fail, and he was finally taken by a few of his newspaper friends to Notre Dame Hospital. For weeks he lay as helpless as a child and unable to recognize any one. Finally he passed away and was buried by those who had enjoyed his society. After this, some inquiries were made as to who he was, and it was found that he came originally from Scotland, after having quarreled with his wife. He worked for a short time some twelve years ago on the *NEW YORK HERALD*, and afterward drifted all over the country, spending several years in San Francisco. He then went to Montreal and remained there until the time of his death.—*The New York Herald*.





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MYSELF—UND GOTT

UND MEIN OWN EMBIRE DON'D VAS SHMALL

MEIN SOLDIERS SING "DER WACHT AM RHEIN"

DERE'S FRANCE, SHE SWAGGERS ALL AROUNDT

SHE VILL NOT DARE TO FIGHT AGAIN

VON BISMARCK VAS A MAN AUF MIGHT

VE KNOCK HIM LIKE EIN MAN AUF SDRAW

VE SEND HIM OUDS IN BIG DISGRACE

VE VERY BROMBTLY ON HIM SET

MIT BOERS UND SUCH SHE INTERFERE

SHE DINKS, GOOD FRAU, SOME SHIPS SHE'S GOT

I BEAR THE SPEAR AND HELM OF MARS

WITH ASPECT DARK AND VISAGE GRIM



JESSE A. WALKER

**"Myself und Gott."**

**Hooh der Kaiser.**

**D**ER Kaiser of dis Fatherland

Und Gott on high all dings command,

Ve two—ach! Don't you understand?

Myself—und Gott.

**Myself und Gott.**