

A Song of Wireless

Tah-daah-dah-dah, the king am I, the monarch of today;
O'er earth and air and sea and sky, I hold unquestioned sway
My Mercury-shaming couriers spring up from every clime,
Turn night to day, and laugh away the threats of Father Time.
From Eiffel's lofty reaches,
To Poldhu's lonely beaches,
From Sayville down to Arlington, across to Frisco town,
Honolulu, Yokohama
From proud old Fujiyama
To Hong Kong and Vienna, men do homage to my crown.



Tah-daah-dah-dah, the superposed gray bulldogs of the sea;
Loose triple-gun damnation at a word of code from me.
My crackling spark gaps guide aloft the swooping aeroplane,
And far below, with decks awash, the deadly submarine,
They solve the ether's mystery
They write the page of history.
And when, a thousand miles at sea, comes sudden grim distress,
Trim liners melt their funnels,
Lazy trampers drown their gunnels,
As they speed "Four bells," in answer to my ringing S. O. S.



Tah-daah-dah-dah, I tell the world of sorrow and of mirth,
With Wall Street stock quotations flanked by news of death and birth
My messages are broadcast—seek not a chosen few,
But fall alike upon the ears of Christian, Pagan, Jew.
I span the racing oceans,
Safe from their wild emotions,
And I flout the booming breaker as he rages far below;
I join the hands of nations,
In firm, newborn relations;
I unify the universe; I'm king—King Radio.

