

On the road to Tipperary  
Sleep the boys whose day is done;  
Don't you hear the voices calling,  
To complete their work begun?  
There are ghostly fingers beck'ning  
There are victories yet to win  
On the road to Tipperary  
With the army to Berlin.

On the road to Tipperary  
When the boys come home at last,  
Won't you wish that you had listened  
'Ere old England's call had passed.  
But the gate of manhood's open  
You, your part, can still begin,  
On the road to Tipperary  
With the army to Berlin.