

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.