



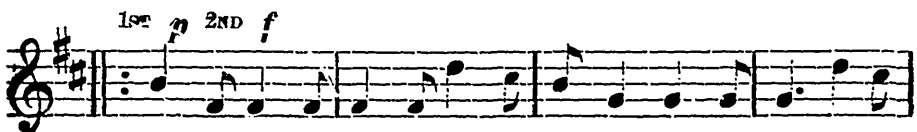
Or what his pa-rents fan-cied for his name;  
As hap-py as a school-boy, and as gay;  
Or pour-ing out his blood in the Sou-dan;  
For you, my lad, where-ev-er you may be,



Once he's pock-et-ed the shill-ing, And a u-ni-form he's  
Then back he goes to du-ty, All for Eng-land, Home and  
To keep our flag a fly-ing, He's a go-ing and a  
By the Un-ion Jack a-bove you, But we're proud of you, and



fill-ing, We call him Tom-my At-kins, all the same. Oh!  
Beau-ty, And the no-ble sum of thir-teen pence a day,  
dy-ing, Ev'ry inch of him a sol-dier and a man,  
love you, God keep you, Tom-my, still, By land and sea!



Tom-my, Tom-my Atkins, you're a "good un" heart and hand; You're



a credit to your call-ing, and to all your native land; May your



luck be nev-er fall-ing, May your love be ev-er true! God



bless you, Tommy Atkins, Here's your Country's love to you! Oh, you!