

CHORUS:

Then fly the flag of Britain! fly the flag of Britain!
Wave it in the wind! flag of truth and honour,
Flag of place and freedom, best old flag you'll find!
Flag our soldiers die for, flag our prisoners sigh for;
Silk, or tattered rag, keep its colors waving,
While your home its saving, fly oh fly the flag!

They know that for ages the loyal brave to their colours have
been true,
And so one and all of that staunch, noble band as we done
they vowed to do,
For our British soldier never stops with a flag of truce to
yield!
For freedom and country they fight or die, on the far-off
battlefield!

So may God protect them, the gallant band, who have enter'd
the struggle for right,
Be with them on sea and be with them on land, when engaged
in battle fight.
In the distant ages yet unroll'd, of their deeds in France we'll
sing,
And time again will the tale be told, how they fought to serve
their King.



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