

We're all for Johnny Bull

Old Johnny Bull is a grand old man, he treats his sons alright.
We're loyal to him every one and for him we will fight.
Canadians, Irish, Scotch, we love your Empire's fame,
We raise a cheer for our daddy dear,
And Johnny Bull's his name.

CHORUS:

We're all for grand old Johnny Bull, a good old chap is he,
No land so fair can e'er compare with the British Empire free.
For Britain's right we'll ever fight, for her our heart's are full,
The Empire's sons will man the guns, they're all for
Johnny Bull.

Proud Germany with her iron hand, attempts to rule the
world.

But ere she's through with the British crew, her war flag will
be furled.

Our heart's best blood in a crimson flood, may fill the trenches
full,

But win we must, for our cause is just,
We're all for Johnny Bull.

So round the world our flag's unfurled, the emblem of the free.
United all we stand or fall in the cause of liberty.
South Africans, Australians with India's sons jo'n hand,
To fight and it maybe to die, in the cause of motherland.

Boys in Khaki. Boys in Blue

Sing a song of Rule Britannia!
Sing in praise of Britain's boys:
Jolly Jack, the sailor, with his breezy style,
Mr. Tommy Atkins of the rank and file.
They're two lads we can depend on,
When danger comes our way,
For their fathers all were fighters,
And what's bred in the bone,
Is sure to come out some day.

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