
**"GOD REST YOU, MERRIE
GENTLEMEN!"**

Ye Gentlemen of Empire,
Who freely face the foe,
Ye heroes under Kitchener,
And those with Jellicoe;
Ye semaphores of Empire,
Balfour, Asquith, Grey,
"God rest you, merrie gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

For you may lose some ships at sea,
Some regiments in flame;
Go into battle merrily,
And smiling play the game!
The tempest from the stout oak tears
A few bruised leaves away—
"God rest you, merrie gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay."

For ye have snatched a victory
On many a stricken field,
And gathered gold on land and sea
To gild a shattered shield;
Our youths go forth to battle,
Our old keep house and pray—
"God rest you, merrie gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay!"

What boots it if a ship is toss'd
A wreck in battle fog?
What boots it if a gun is lost