

The Scotsman too is there ye ken.
From city, town and mountain glen,
He has just gone across the sea,
Near German folk to bide a wee,
And though he's stingy with the dough,
And dressed wee bit like lassies, Oh!
Yet let him use the bayonet
Then German roughnecks up and get.

The Irishman is far away,
From where the shamrocks greet the day,
He's there to show the Germans how,
An Irishman sure loves a row,
And though he'll argue like old Nick,
With every Harry, Tom or Dick,
Yet Germans when they with him meet,
Begorra some soon get cold feet.

The Frenchman he fight si vis plais,
For country he just love alway,
And he will yet the foeman lick
And o'er the Rhine the sourkrauts kick,
For though he uses par le vue,
When we'd rather he say "how do you do,"
Yet when the enemy with him meet,
They cry mercy and not mercie.

And boys who sing the Maple Leaf,
Have drawn the sword from out the sheaf,
To shew the world that they ain't slack,
In fighting for the Union Jack,
And though in numbers we are few
We're going to help see this thing through,
And teach the Germans how to sing.
Britannia rules, God save the King.