

# God Bless England

I'll tell you a tale of peace and love, whack fol de did-dle do dee dye doh day; of a land that reigns all  
6 lands a-bove, whack fol de did-dle do dee dye doh day. May peace and plen-ty be her share, who  
11 kept our homes from want and care; oh, God bless Eng-land is our prayer, whack fol de did-dle do dee  
16 dye doh day. Whack fol de did-dle do dee dye doh day, so we say, "Hip, hoo- ray!  
21 Come and lis - ten while we pray: whack fol de did-dle do dee dye doh day."

Oh, I'll tell you a tale of peace and love (Whack fol de diddle do dee dye doh day)  
Of a land that reigns all lands above (Whack fol de diddle do dee dye doh day)  
May peace and plenty be her share, who kept our homes from want and care  
Oh, God bless England is our prayer (Whack fol de diddle do dee dye doh day).

## Chorus:

Whack fol the diddle do de dye do day. So we say, "hip hooray!  
Come and listen while we pray: Whack fol de diddle do dee dye doh day."

Now our fathers oft were naughty boys (Whack fol de diddle do dee dye doh day)  
For pikes and guns are dangerous toys (Whack fol de diddle do dee dye doh day)  
At Ballinhabwee and at Bunker's hill, we made poor England cry her fill  
But old Britannia loves us still (Whack fol de diddle do dee dye doh day).

Now, when we were savage, fierce and wild (Whack fol de diddle do dee dye doh day)  
She came as a mother to her child (Whack fol de diddle do dee dye doh day)  
She gently raised us from the slime, and kept our hands from hellish crime  
And she sent us to heaven in our own good time (Whack fol de diddle do dee dye doh day).

Well, now Irish men forget the past (Whack fol de diddle do dee dye doh day)  
And think of the day that's coming fast (Whack fol de diddle do dee dye doh day)  
When we shall all be civilized, neat and clean and well advised  
Oh, won't mother England be surprised? (Whack fol de diddle do dee dye doh day).