

Private Tommy Atkins - song lyrics

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PRIVATE TOMMY ATKINS.

Words by Henry Hamilton. Music by S. Potter.

Oh, we take him from the city or the plow,
And we drill him and we dress him up so neat;
We teach him to uphold his manly brow.
And how to walk, and where to put his feet.
It doesn't matter who he was before.
Or what his parents fancied for his name;
Once he's pocketed the shilling, and a uniform he's filling,
We call him Tommy Atkins all the same. oh!-

Chorus.

Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're a "good un," heart and hand;
You're a credit to your calling, and to all your native land;
May your luck be never failing, may your love be ever true;
God bless you, Tommy Atkins, here's your country's love to you.

In time of peace he hears the bugle call,
In barracks, from "Revally" to "Lights out,"
And if "Sentry-go" and "Pipe-clay" ever pall.
There's always plenty more of work about,
On leave, o'nights, you meet him in the street,
As happy as a schoolboy, and as gay;
Then back he goes to duty, all for England, home and beauty,
And the noble sum of thirteen pence a day.- Chorus.

In war-time then it's "Tommy to the front,"
And we ship him off in "troopers" to the scene;
We fit at home while Tommy bears the brunt,
A-fighting for his country and his queen.
And whether he's on India's coral stand
Or pouring out his blood in the Soudan.
To keep our flag a-flying, he's a-doing and a-dying,
Every inch of him a soldier and a man.- Chorus.

So, Tommy dear, we'll back you 'gainst the world
For fighting or for funning or for work,
Wherever Britain's banner is unfurled
To do your best and never, never shirk.
We keep the warmest corner in our hearts
For you, my lad, wherever you may be.
By the Union Jack above you, but we're proud of you and love you-
God keep you, Tommy, still, by land and sea.- Chorus.