The Grand Old Dame Brittania

"Oh Ireland I'm surprised at you," says the Grand Old Dame Brittania,
"And poor little Belgium tried and true," says the Grand Old Dame Brittania.
"Shut your ears to the Sinn Fein lies, you know every Gael for England dies,
And you'll have Home Rule 'neath the clear blue skies," says the Grand Old Dame Brittania.

"Oh Johnny Redmond, he's the boy," says the Grand Old Dame Brittania,
"He's Ireland's pride and England's joy," says the Grand Old Dame Brittania.
"Rebels through the country stalk,
Shoutin' '67 and the Bachelor's Walk,
Did you ever hear such foolish talk?" says the Grand Old Dame Brittania.

"Well I met today with Inspector Quinn," says the Grand Old Dame Brittania,
"He told me straight we're sure to win," says the Grand Old Dame Brittania.
"What's the news the newsboy yells?
What's the news the paper tells?
A British retreat from the Dardenelles?" says the Grand Old Dame Brittania.

"You'll need a pound or two from me," says the Grand Old Dame Brittania,
"For your old Hibernian Academy," says the Grand Old Dame Brittania.
"You know we've got the Huns to quell,
We need our money for shot and shell,
You'll have to soak and go to Hell," says the Grand Old Dame Brittania.

"Now scholars, hurlers, saints and bards," says the Grand Old Dame Brittania,
"Come along and join the Irish Guard," says the Grand Old Dame Brittania.
"Every man who treads on the German's feet,
He'll get a parcel tied up neat:
A Home Rule badge and a winding sheet," says the Grand Old Dame Brittania.