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Keep The Home Fires Burning

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They were summoned from the hillside,
they were called in from the glen,
and the country found them ready
at the stirring call for men.
Let no tears add to their hardship,
as the soldiers pass along,
and although your heart is breaking,
make it sing this cheery song.

Keep the home fires burning,
while your hearts are yearning,
though your lads are far away,
they dream of home.
There's a silver lining
through the dark cloud shining,
turn the dark cloud inside out,
till the boys come home.

Overseas there came a pleading,
 "Help a nation in distress!",
and we gave our glorious laddies,
 honour bade us do no less.
For no gallant son of Britain
to a tyrant's yoke shall bend,
and no Englishman is silent
to the sacred call of "Friend."

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