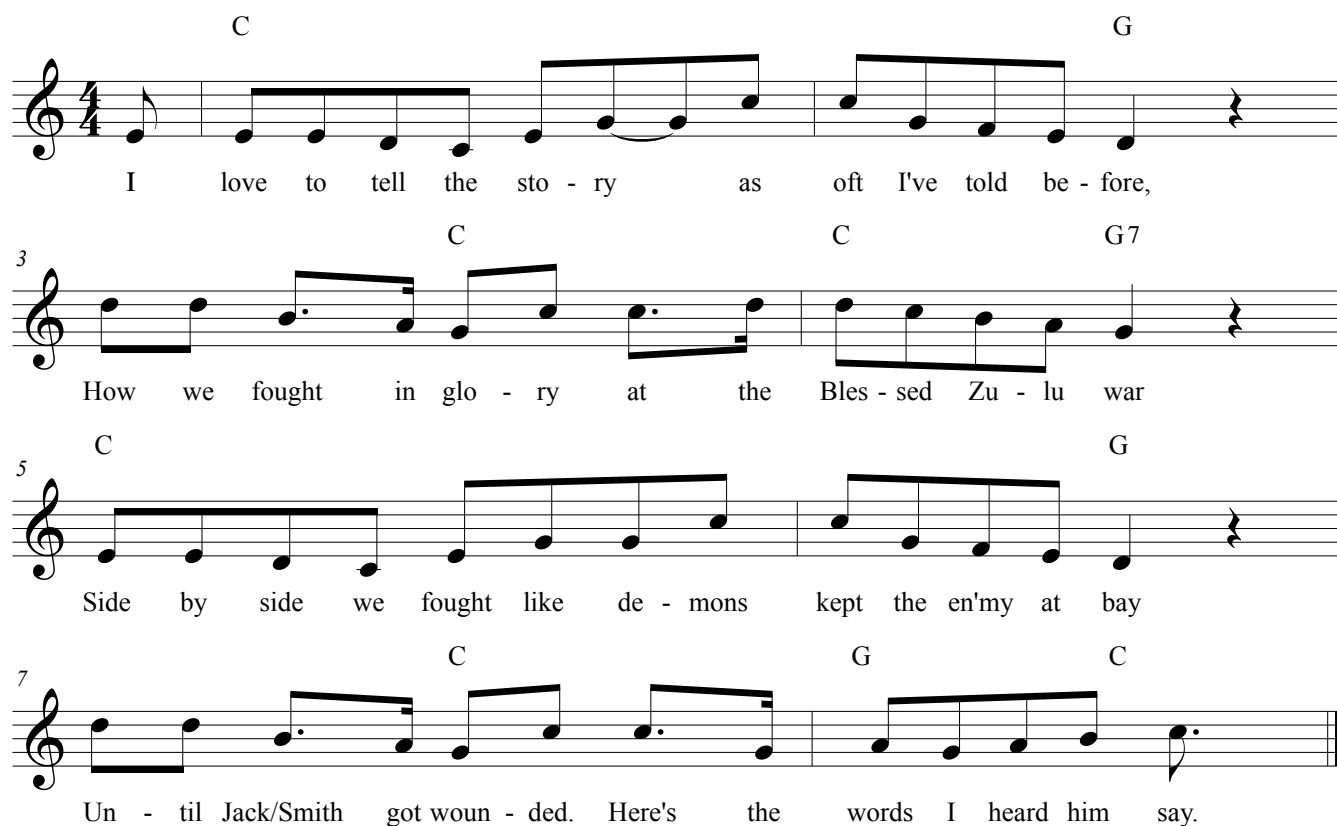


Blessed Zulu War



C G

I love to tell the sto - ry as oft I've told be - fore,

3 C C G7

How we fought in glo - ry at the Bles - sed Zu - lu war

5 C G

Side by side we fought like de - mons kept the en'my at bay

7 C G C

Un - til Jack/Smith got woun - ded. Here's the words I heard him say.

I love to tell the story, as I've oft-times told before,
 How we fought in glory at the Blessed Zulu war.
 Side by side we fought like demons, kept the enemy at bay.
 Until Jack Smith got wounded, Here's the words
 I heard him say.

For the war will soon be over, Old England make her way,
 Every strand of the music, I thought I heard him say
 "Take this ring from off my finger and this locket from my neck,
 Give these relics to my mother. Mind, and don't forget."

CHORUS

"Give my love to Nancy, the girl that I adore.
 Tell her she will never see her true love any more.
 Tell her I died a-fighting in battle with those blacks,
 And every inch a soldier beneath the Union Jack."

I said "I'll not forget to tell her what you say, you may be sure."
 It grieved me much severely to see him lie there
 welt'ring in his gore.
 The look he gave me when we parted, I remember to this day,
 And when for camp that day we started, I fancied
 I could hear him say:

First I thought he was only jesting, for he liked his bit of fun,
 Until I saw him resting on the barrel of his gun.
 Then I knew that he was badly wounded, for he never
 would give way,
 Say, cheer up, my bold comrade, and never do say die."

CHORUS

"Give my love to Nancy, the girl that I adore.
 Tell her she will never see her true love any more.
 Tell her I died a-fighting in battle with those blacks,
 And every inch a soldier beneath the Union Jack."