

God save John Bull!

God save me, great John Bull,  
God keep my pockets full,  
God save John Bull;  
Haughty, vainglorious,  
Snobbish, censorious  
Ever victorious,  
God save John Bull!

O Lords, our gods, arise  
Tax all our enemies,  
Make tariffs fall,  
Confound French politics,  
Frustrate all Russian tricks  
Get Yankees in a "fix",  
God "bless" them all!

The choicest gifts in store  
On me, me only, pour  
Me, great John Bull,  
Maintain oppressive laws  
Turn down the poor man's cause,  
So sing, with heart and voice,  
I, great John Bull!



The Transvaal National Hymn.  
(A metrical translation into English)

Know ye that race, of heroes bred,  
So long in Tyrants' might,  
That offered house and home, and blood  
For Freedom and for right?  
Come, Burghers, see, our flags are flying,  
Past is our misery,  
Our heroes, for their country dying  
Have made our people free!

Know ye the land, so little known  
And yet so wondrous fair  
Where nature lavishly has shown  
Her treasures rich and rare?  
Transvaalers, here where we are singing,  
Where once we made our stand,  
Where joyously our shots are ringing,  
Here is our Fatherland!

Know ye the land, among the row  
Of states so small and wee?  
And yet the mighty British foe  
Has once declared it free.  
Transvaalers, noble is our story,  
Deep was our misery,  
But God gave aid, to Him the glory,  
He made our country free!



To Com Paul.

Stand fast, old oak of Holland, let them not touch a branch,  
Your stubborn love of Freedom will stop their avalanche.  
And your unbending spirit will make them all in vain.  
The wiles of Rhodes and Jameson, and crafty Chamberlain;  
The story of her conquests has told you England's hand  
Rests heavy on her captives, and on the conquered land -  
So, get your Boers together, they're waiting for your call,  
And then - may God be with you - and here's to you, Com Paul!

When you were young, Paul Kruger, you saw how British greed  
Has cloaked with Christian mantle full many a noisome deed,  
You saw from British soldiers your faithful Boers escape  
As they were driven Northward, through Natal and the Cape;  
Your men have not forgotten how hard it was to roam  
And flee with wife and children, and they'll protect their home.  
So - bid them load their rifles - they're ready one and all,  
And then - may God be with you - and here's to you, Com Paul!

You once have taught the British, up on Majuba Hill  
That to defend their country the Boers can shoot to kill,  
And great old man - you've shown them, that with your simple mind  
In statecraft you're the equal of any of their kind;  
And when they came by thousands in greedy search of gold.  
Your clear eye saw the danger of wolves within your fold -  
So - bid your Boers be watchful - and form a solid wall,  
And then - may God be with you - and here's to you, Com Paul!

Over



Ah, if you gave the British the franchise which they ask,  
The conquest of your country would be an easy task,  
But though they hid their <sup>cards</sup> ~~game~~ well the whole world knows to day  
Their real object, Kruizer, and the false game they play;  
They're not so deeply blinded this country proud and free  
That in your fight for Freedom you lack its sympathy.  
So - bid your Boers take aim, Com - make ready one and all,  
And then - may God be with you - and here's to you, Com Paul!

Your rifle and your bible - the weapons in your hand  
Will once again protect you and save your cherished land,  
Your people stand together, they come from near and far,  
The war to which you're driven, Com Paul, is a holy war;  
Yours are not hired soldiers, they fight for all that's dear,  
For homestead, wife and children, and they will know no fear,  
So - bid your Boers give fire, Com - they're dead ~~lots~~ one and all,  
And then - God help the British - and here's to you, Com Paul!

**George Fearing Hollis Papers**

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**CAPE TOWN CONSULSHIP - Miscellaneous  
- Boer poems and songs, circa 1888-1893**



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