

- This hale and hearty warrior is worshipped in the ranks,
 For he does his task inside the cask, as well as in the tanks.
 He bears the brunt on every front, north, south, east, and west,
 And he wears about ten million canteen medals on his chest.
 He's good old General Guinness, he has won the world's applause.
 'Twas him who kept our spirits up in the midst of all our wars.
 Who was the first to flirt with Mademoiselle from Armentieres?
 Why good old General Guinness of the Dublin Booziliers.
- All over bonny Scotland too, the General is seen.
 They've given him the freedom of the toon of Aberdeen.
 From Inverness to Galashiels, he keeps them warm and bright,
 And they love to gather 'round him, och, on every moonlit night.
 He's good old General Guinness, he's as strong as Scottish broth,
 'Twas him who turned the Firth of Forth into the Firth of Froth.
 All Scotsmen dance The Highland Fling and shout when he appears,
 Hurrah! for General Guinness of the Dublin Booziliers.
- Through the length and breadth of Ireland, the General he is known, His Convoy takes his liquid joy to Kerry and to Rome. From Saint James's Gate he's never late, on his appointed round, And no matter what the weather, sure, he never lets us down. He's good old General Guinness, he's as good as Irish stew, We all recall his war cry, "Guinness is Good For You." So Irish men all raise a glass, and give three rousing cheers, Hurrah! for General Guinness of the Dublin Booziliers!

General Guinness [C] General Guinness [D] General Guinness [F] General Guinness [F]