

A BALLAD OF THE RANKS.

(Adapted from A. Conan Doyle.)

Who carries the Gun?
 A lad from over the Tweed,
 What's he got in his bag?
 Eddy's Matches of which we read.
 Then let him go, for well we know
 He comes of a soldier breed.
 So drink together to rock and heather,
 Out where the red deer run,
 And stands aside for Scotland's pride,
 The lad that carries the gun.

Chorus.—For the colonel rides before,
 The major's on the flank,
 The captains and the adjutants
 Are in the foremost rank.
 But, when it's "Action front!"
 And fighting's to be done,
 'Baccy and pipe and Eddy's Matches
 They for the moment shun,
 Come one, come all, you stand or fall
 By the man who holds the gun.



Who carries the gun?
 A lad from a Yorkshire dale,
 He's provided with Eddy's Flamer Match
 That won't go out in a gale.
 Then let him go, for well we know
 The heart that never will fail.
 Here's to the fire of Lancashire,
 And here's to her soldier son;
 For the hard-bit North has sent him forth,
 The lad that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?
 A lad from a Midland shire.
 What kind of matches does he use?
 Eddy's when he wants sure fire.
 Then let him go, for well we know
 He comes of an English sire.
 Here's a glass to a Midland lass,
 And each can choose the one,
 But east and west we claim the best
 For the lad that carries the gun.

Who carries the gun?
 A lad from the hills of Wales.
 He too uses Eddy's Matches
 The kind that never fails.
 Then let him go, for well we know
 That Taffy is hard as nails.
 There are several I's in the place he dwells,
 And of W's more than one,
 With a "Lan" and "Pen," but it breeds good men,
 And it's they who carry the gun.

Who carries the gun?
 A lad from the Windy West,
 His kit includes a box of Eddy's
 They're known to be the best.
 We'll let him go, for well we know
 That he is one of the best.
 There's Bristol rough and Gloucester tough,
 And Devon yields to none,
 Or you may get in Somerset
 A lad to carry the gun.

