

WHERE THEY COME FROM

The Hundred and Twenty-Ninth to war
Went gaily forth one day,
They gladly met the mighty Huns
All in the bloody fray;
They hailed the German lads with glee,
They hailed them all with joy;
"Here is a kick from Lynden, boys,
And a jolt on the jaw from Troy."

Chorus:

"Whence come ye?" der Kaiser cried,
When they had flung him down.
"Our mothers they sell their butter'n eggs
In good old Dundas town!"

On they went thro' fire and smoke,
Our gallant joy and pride;
Here's a smash from Sheffield town
And a whip-like clip from Clyde,
And old Westover takes a crack
At every Hun with vim,
And Stoney Batt'ry takes a whack
At the nearest one to him.

Chorus:

"Whence come ye?" der Kaiser cried,
When they had dumped him down.
"Our mothers they sell their butter'n eggs
In good old Dundas town!"

"Where'd ye learn to fight?" he asked,
And then they laughed, "Ho! ho!"