

THE LADS OF THE FORTY-NINTH

They shouldered their guns as they marched away
With blithesome hearts at the break of day,
All willing their parts in the game to play
The lads of the Forty-Ninth.

Some left behind them a silvered head,
Others a sweetheart with heart of lead,
While others left nought but an empty bed,
The lads of the Forty-Ninth.

Their arms are strong and their hearts are keen,
No faltering steps in their ranks are seen;
Bill Kaiser will certainly duck his bean
To the lads of the Forty-Ninth.

The blood coursing madly within their veins,
Like hounds they are straining against their chains,
Just watch who increases the Allies' gains,
The lads of the Forty-Ninth.

The Fifes and the Drums sound loud and clear
As they march through the crowds that madly cheer;
Small wonder that Billie holds most dear,
His lads of the Forty-Ninth.

From every part of the Globe they came,
On the Roll of Honour inscribed their name,
Worthy to uphold Britain's fame,
The lads of the Forty-Ninth.

Billie's brave lads are all out to win
A straight road through to the gates of Berlin,
Which will fall asunder like sheets of tin
'Fore the lads of the Forty-Ninth.

And so we are bidding you all adieu
To your Flag and Country be ever true,
We'll welcome home when the fightin's through
Brave lads of the Forty-Ninth.