

The letter that ye sent us
 Was a pleasure for tae read;
 It telt us ye were happy as a gauger,
 But the best o' a' yer news
 Was that bit about the booze;
 Man, am gled ye've got a job as Canteen Major.
 Oh, Wullie, ye're the canty chiel
 At dishin' oot the booze,
 But dinna' hae aroon yer place
 They men that boks an' spews;
 Jist keep them a' at airm's length;
 Ye're able fur 't, I'll wager;
 It'll mak' a steady business fur
 The gallant Canteen Major.
 An' when we come across the sea,
 We'll drap intae yer bar;
 Introduce us tae yer freen', aul' Johnny Walker,
 An' gi'es a wee bit drap ye ken
 Tae sloken aff oor throat;
 For by gings we'll ha'e a thrist like ony cauiker,
 I'll bate ye, Wullie Aikison's
 Weel kent aroon' yer place;
 He'll hing against the coonter like a stager;
 Man, I wish I wis beside him,
 I wad help him haud it up;
 We wad eat and sleep wi' the Canteen Major.

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"GOOD-BYE, FIFTY-FIRST"

We are bidding Good-bye to the Fifty-First,
 They are ordered away to France,
 The fault ins't theirs, they were left behind,
 They've always been asking a chance
 To take their share in the fighting there,
 Their motto is, "Berlin or Bust,"
 On the streets every day you can hear people say,
 "We're proud of you, Fifty-First."
 So here's good luck to you, Fifty-First,
 We wish you a safe return
 To the loving hearts at home, boys,
 And the happy days to come, boys,
 Always be true to the dear old flag
 And bravely you'll face the worst.
 We'll follow your movement everywhere,
 And root for the Fifty-First.