

ENVOI

GREETINGS, my masters! The world is wide and the ways lie far apart, but are we not brothers all bound by the ties of great memories, great hours and great friendships? At the close of the old year let every man revive his pride in the fellowship of the 42nd. We belong to a regiment with a magnificent tradition. The spirit that of old made the Black Watch write its name in splendid glory over the page of British history is our heritage, and to us the word of an old campaigner to a young soldier in a sterner fight than the actions of earth is given, "Keep that which is committed to thy trust." Wherefore may the New Year find us, as in the past, ready to serve, ready to spend and be spent on the side of things honest and of good report, ready in mind and heart to know the glory of going on.

"There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in,
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

"The sand of the desert is sodden red—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke:—
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

"This is the word that year by year,
While in her place the School is set,
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling, fling to the host behind—
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

AVE ATQUE VALE!