

WHA WADNA FECHT FOR SCOTLAND

Ae murky nicht roon' Neuve Chappel
The win' was blawin' ruch an' snell
But spite o' aw 'twas hot as hell
 An' twice as vivid,
The Huns wad rin frae us pell mell
 Wae faces livid.

The shot an' shrapnel fleein' bye,
The stars that lichtit up the sky
Wad show whaur oor brave fellows lie,
 Wi' nocht tae cover
Their stiffenin' limbs an' settlin' eye,
 But shadows over.

The wee sma' oors ayont the twal'
Saw us respond tae bugle's call
Git up man, Jock, an' start the ball,
 The Kaiser's waitin'
Wi' Prushin Gaids, baith great an' small,
 Tae gie's a baitin'.

We up an' at them micht an' main,
Knocked them oot an' back again,
It hurt us sair tae cause sic pain
 Tae "honest Wullie,"
For a' his efforts were in vain,
 An' michty silly.

The shells were fleein' richt an' left,
Oor gunners wrocht like men bereft,
An' mony a German felt the heft
 O' Scottish sword,
As thro' his ribs the claymore cleft
 Wi'oot a word.

The Kaiser scorned oor army sma',
He deemed oor forces nane ava,
But noo his back's against the wa',
 His coorse is ended,
Wi' torn hert an' broken jaw,
 Too late he's menJea.