

In every corner o' the earth  
 Ye'll fin' a Scotchman canny,  
 Aye ready there tae show his worth  
 At work or play he's han'y.  
 Folks winner whey the Scotties win  
 Whaur ithers hae hard farin',  
 But aye the answer is a grin,  
 We're a' Jock Tamson's bairns.

Wha disna' min' some weel kent spot  
 They played aroun' as weans,  
 Wha wadna hae a warm hert  
 For Scotland's hills and plains.  
 Altho' the years slip ower oor heids,  
 We aye can stan' the wearin',  
 An' ne'er forget whaur'er we be  
 We're a' Jock Tamson's bairns.

Wha wadna lo'e thee, dear auld hame,  
 Thy valleys, crags an scaurs,  
 Wha could be silent at that name  
 That's honor'd near an' faur,  
 The hardy sons ye sent afield  
 Sae fu' o' life an' darin',  
 Tae you this honest tribute yield,  
 We're a' Jock Tamson's bairns.

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#### THE RETURN OF THE 49th

The pipes they are playing, the drums they are beat,  
 The soldiers are marching with joy up the street;  
 The people are shouting the joyous refrain,  
 Oh we're eager to welcome the boys again.

Then fill up the cup with the strongest you can,  
 Let the old town tonight turn out to a man,  
 For the old Forty Ninth have again crossed the sea  
 And march home to the skirling of "Bonnie  
 Dundee."

We bade them good-bye with the tears in our eyes  
 When we watched them departing to answer the  
 cries  
 Of grief stricken Belgium and down trodden France,  
 And to teach the old Kaiser the right way to  
 dance.