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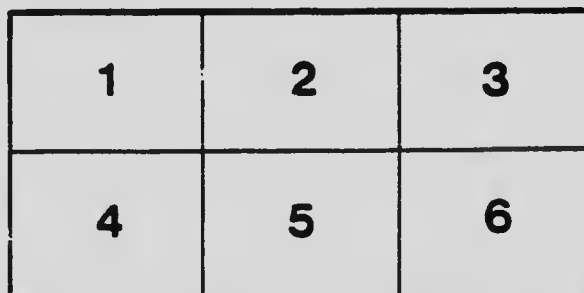
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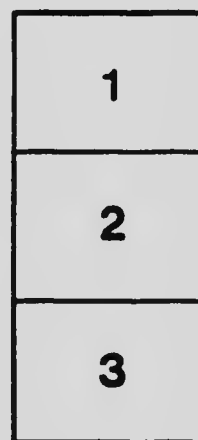
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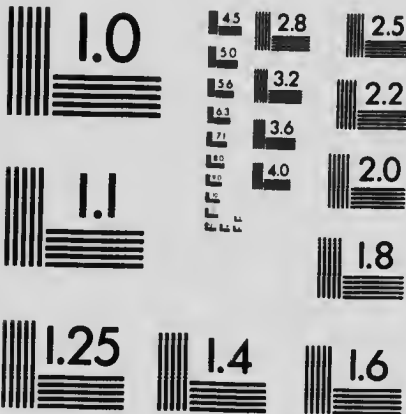
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SOME SNATCHES OF SONG AND VERSE

FREDERICK JAMES COLVIN

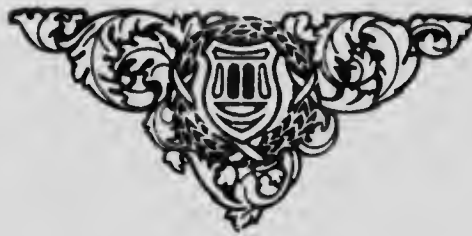


Published by some of the friends of St. Andrew's
Society in appreciation of so many fine qualities.

SOME SNATCHES OF SONG AND VERSE

BY

FREDERICK JAMES COLVIN



Published by some of his friends of St. Andrew's
Society in appreciation of his many fine qualities.

RECEIVED

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FOREWORD

THIS little booklet of verse is published by a small group of the friends of Frederick James Colvin, the author, who had been associated with him in the membership of The St. Andrew's Society of Edmonton.

Frederick James Colvin was born in the historic town of Falkirk on August 25th, 1883. A son of James Colvin, manager of Burnbank Foundry, he early decided to try his fortune in some one of the overseas Dominions. Canada was his choice, and for nine years he was known as a citizen of Edmonton.

It is believed by the publishers that his many friends who knew him, in business as a conscientious and honorable citizen will find much delight in the perusal of this evidence of his wit, his love of Auld Scotia and his high ideals. His natural aptitude for verse, a trait by no means scarce among his fellow Scots, has not been excelled, if equalled, among the Scottish residents of Western Canada. His early death, while depriving many of a true friend and Canada of a loyal and useful citizen, also means the loss of a voice of all ideals truly Scottish in the lilt of his native Doric.

His activities in connection with the local branch of St. Andrew's Society in no small measure assisted that worthy organization in the remarkable growth which it has experienced in Edmonton. It is therefore with a measure of appreciation for his many fine qualities of heart and mind that the publishers of this little booklet of poems submit them to his wide circle of friends, to whom his death means an irreparable loss.

THE PUBLISHERS.





FREDERICK JAMES COLVIN

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.

"TO MY WIFE"

She shares my humble little lot
Throughout the passing years,
Her cheery smile greets me, the while
Dispelling doubts and fears,
The worries of the daily task,
As life ebbs to and fro,
Seems but a nightmare as I greet,
The lass I call my Jo.

Her eyes are not like diamonds twain,
Or twin stars in the night,
A cupid's bow fits not her lips,
Or cherries twain so bright,
In form she's not a fairy elf
The winds blow to and fro,
But just her winsome little self,
I love to call my Jo.

She is no picture postcard maid
To deck a boudoir neat,
Her bosom may be ivory white,
Likewise her hands and feet.
Nor does she gaze with dreamy eyes,
Or whisper soft and low,
But looks and talks just like herself,
Because she is my Jo.

Her like you'll find most anywhere,
If you but care to look,
Beyond the frills and furbelows
That flirt in every nook.
She wastes no time on latest modes
Tho' fashions come and go,
She's one of Nature's brightest jewels,
And aye she'll be my Jo.

* * * *

THE LITTLE YELLOW GOD

There's a one-eyed yellow idol to the north of Kai-
mandu,
There's a little marble cross below the town;
There's a broken-hearted woman tends the grave of
Mad Carew,
And that yellow god forever gazes down.

He was known as Mad Carew by the subs at Katmandu,
He was hotter than they felt inclined to tell;
Despite his foolish pranks, he was worshipped in the
ranks,
And the colonel's daughter smiled on him as well.

He loved her from the start, p'raps she knew it in her
heart,
The fact that she loved him was plain to tell;
She was nearly twenty-one and arrangements had
begun
To celebrate her birthday with a ball.

He wrote to ask what present she would like from Mad
Carew;
They met next day as he dismissed his squad,
And jestingly she told him nothing else on earth would
do
But the green eye of the little yellow god.

On the night before the dance Mad Carew seemed in
a trance,
And they chaffed him as they puffed at their cigars,
But for once he failed to smile and sat alone awhile,
Then went out into the night beneath the stars.

He returned next day at dawn with his shirt and trousers
torn
And a gash across his temple dripping red;
He was patched up right away, and slept all through
the day,
And the colonel's daughter watched beside his bed.

When he awoke he asked her to send his tunic through
She did so and he thanked her with a nod,
And feeling in his pocket said: "There; that's from
Mad Carew,"
And he handed her the green eye of the god.

She reproached poor Carew in the way that women do,
Though both her eyes were strangely hot and wet;
She handed back the stone and poor Carew was left
alone
With the jewel he had risked his life to get.

When the ball was at its height on that still and tropic
night,
She thought of him and hastened to his room
As she crossed the barrack square she could hear the
dreamy air
Of a waltz tune softly stealing through the gloom.

His door was open, too, with the moonlight streaming
through,
And the floor was wet and slippery where she trod,
For an ugly knife lay buried in the heart of Mad Carew
'Twas the vengeance of the little yellow god.

There's a one-eyed yellow idol to the north of Kat-
mandu
There's a little marble cross below the town,
There's a broken-hearted woman tends the grave of
Mad Carew,
And that yellow god forever gazes down.

FINIS

* * * *

In the sad, sweet hour of Sunset,
When the twilight shadows fall,
I seem to see you in my dreams,
And hear your sweet voice call.
I clasp your hand so tender,
My heart to yours is wed,
We wander into dreamland
With fairy blossoms spread.
No need of words between us
As heart to heart we stand,
Embowered in the shadows
Of love's sweet fairyland.
Oh, would that we might ever
Devour love's treasure trove,
As through this life we wander
To our long home above.

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

Where are the lads of yesterday
 We knew and we loved so well
Oh, they left their homes at the break of day
To the fifes and the drums they marched away
Into that Cockpit where war held sway,
 Somewhere in France.

By the pale dim light in the ingle nook
 A mother sits weary and worn,
Her tired eyes scan the family book,
And they gleam anew with a loving look
As she thinks of the son whom duty took
 Somewhere in France.

Mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives
 What are you thinking now?
You are thinking, I trow, of the galant lives
That have sacrificed been to the German knives
In the great Armageddon that still survives
 Somewhere in France.

You slackers at home on Easy Street,
 What are you thinking now?
Are the shackles so strong on your hands and feet
That you idly stand while the war drums beat?
And you know the enemy's still to defeat
 Somewhere in France.

Friends and Countrymen left behind,
 What are you thinking now?
Are you perfectly satisfied in your mind
That your duty is done to all mankind.
And that you could no greater glory find
 Somewhere in France?

Gallant lads of the day that's gone,
 What are you thinking now?
That some day you'll meet us when all is done,
And by grace of God the victory's won,
You'll tell us you've buried the sword and gun
 Somewhere in France.

THE BETTER HALF

Last Hogmanay three canty chieles
Agreed wi' solemn vow
Tae meet for auld lang syn, an' keel
The auld year ower the knowe.
Tho' in a kintry far frae hame,
An' a' their butties tae,
Three blither herts ye couldna' fin'
Throughout the live-long day.

But "aft laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft an times alee,"
An' little thocht gaed ane o' them
Tae whit the end wad be;
But fegs, the end is sad tae tell,
Before the thirty-first,
The wife o' ane said, "Ma guid man,
Jist gang there if ye durst."

Puir lad, he wis sae hudden doon,
But aye his hert wis strang;
Said he, "Guid wife, ay'll gang ma gait.
Let it be short or lang."
But man, he reckoned not his hos,
For on the Sawbath day
She plestered mustard on his chest
As in his bed he lay.

Says she, "Yer throat's fair chokit up;
Ma man, yer gitin auld:
If ye gang oot a nicht like this
Ye'll get yer daith o' cauld;
Jist lie in bed an' tak' yer rest,
Ye'll gang some ither day;
I'll see nae cauld'll keep ye then
Gin I get askit tae.

"I'll cure yer cauld an' wrap ye up
So ye'll no' get anither;
Ye'll be aw richt the morn for
We're baith gaun oot thegither."
In spite o' aw his grunts an' groans,
She vowed he wadna leave 'er;
The chief in silence strode before,
An' darna cock his peaver.

THE BLUE AND HUNGRY ORCHESTRA

As boundless as the ocean's tide,
Its fame has spread both far and wide,
No other stands a chance beside
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Our pianist, Miss Polly Hood,
Will show you how an artiste should
Comport herself—How's that for good?
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Our violin (first) is Mrs. Dunn,
Whose music, ere 'tis scarce begun
In raptures to her side has won
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Jim Robertson our 'cello plays,
His touch is good and fine always,
Small wonder all the papers praise
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

The Misses Ritchie, Smith and Dollar,
As artistes equal Lewis Waller,
All dancing masters try to collar
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Then we have MacKenzie-Bain,
Our bell performers, Molly's twain,
The purest music we maintain,
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

All kinds of instruments we find,
There's Reid and Powell, we must mind,
And Mr. Dunn's the man behind
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Tom Connachie we can't forget;
He's been a help to us you bet;
His place will be the leader yet;
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Meg Cochrane, as our vocalist,
With Willie Allan, heads the list,
And Lizzie, well, she plays at whist,
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Our "chuckers out" are good as ten,
No matter where we are, or when,
"Cochritcho" is their cognomen,
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Conductors clever there may be,
Sousa, Wood, and Cowan three,
None can conduct like F. J. C.,
The Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

Tho' miles away by ship and train,
Divided by the flowing main,
With thee in "Spirit" I'll remain,
Dear Blue and Hungry Orchestra.

* * * *

THE GREENHORNS' HIKE

You may talk of the trail of Ninety-Eight,
When the Pioneers sallied forth
With story and song, they mushed along
To conquer the frozen North.
That was a hike to be proud of, sure,
And it wasn't done in a hurry,
But those boys were not so glad as we
When we landed in Fort McMurray.

We started away from Edmonton town
Aboard of the A. and G. W.,
Light-hearted pals, for we had been told
There's nothing at all to trouble you;
But the pitfalls strewn that line to catch
The steps of the poor unwary
Are numerous, and to describe them here
Is quite unnecessary.

Suffice it to say that we reached Lac La Biche
Weary and tired, 'tis true;
But the feeling in our hearts still strong
That we'd see the dam thing through;
Little we knew what ahead of us lay
On our run to the end of the steel,
And I guess the folks were afraid to tell
In case we would turn on our heel.

Our arrival there was the signal for cheers
Though we didn't feel worth a penny,
But we'll never forget the "Dinky's" pain
As it gasped out, "Two too many."
We mushed along to the river's bank
And we thought our joys begun,
As we saw the palatial boat tied up
At the bank 'neath the blazing sun.

But our pleasure had not very long to live,
For the boatman, I'd like to choke 'm,
Explained that his boat leaked like a sieve
And he hadn't a dam bit of oakum.
Then someone suggested us walking,
It seemed but a little thing,
We humped our packs and started off
While the "Hielianman" tried to sing.

We mushed along for the first few miles
And stopped now and then for a smoke,
But it wasn't long ere we stopped the song,
For it made us like to choke.
Tho' we all felt dead yet we plugged ahead
Through brush and nettles and mud,
And the uppermost thought in all our minds
Was to get Bill Henderson's blood.

There was James and Pace and the Hielianman,
Hamdon, Fish and Earl,
Billy and Henderson, all of us men,
With not a sign of a girl;
Those Pioneers may hike for days,
And mosey along without hurry,
But never was man so glad as we
When we landed in Fort McMurray.

TO-DAY—BRITAIN

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,
On the banks of the River Slow;
Where blooms the Wait-a-while flower fair,
And the some-time-or-other scents the air,
And the soft Go-easy's grown.

It lies in the Valley of What's-the-use
In the province of Let-her-slide;
That old "tired feeling" is nature there,
It's the home of the listless "I don't care,"
Where the Put-it-offs abide.

The Put-it-offs smile when asked to pay up,
And they say they will do it to-morrow,
And so they delay from day to day
Till Death sidles up and steals them away,
And the Creditors beg, steal or borrow.

* * * *

TO-MORROW—AMERICA

My friend, have you heard of the town of Phret,
On the banks of the Torrent Push,
Where burst the buds of the Dope Fiends' Plant
And the Get-there-or-bust plan makes you pant,
By the Bitter, Selfish Rush.

It always lies: it lies hard there;
It lies in the Province of Do.
All kindly feelings are throttled there;
It's the Den of the Tiger, "I don't care,"
Where the Me-firsts trample on you.

The Me-firsts sneer when a man asks aid,
And they say, "We know that game well,"
And they greedily prey on their neighbors each day
Till Death sidles up and carts them away,
And they find themselves (rightly) in hell.

DEDICATED WITH HUMBLE APOLOGIES TO
THE BLUE AND HUNGRY ORCHESTRA

It seems to me but yesterday,
That last we said good-bye,
Our parting might have been for years
Perhaps Eternity.

And to the wanderer o'er the sea,
Sweet memories of the past
Crowd in upon him thro' the tears
Which gather thick and fast.

The names of those I loved so well,
In happier days gone bye,
Are graven on my memory
In all sincerity.

Thro' silent watches of the night
They come in dreams to me,
Those shadowy forms of friends so dear
I left across the sea.

Could we recall those happy hours
We spent with mirth and song,
Our hearts would open like summer flowers
With joy, the whole day long.

Perhaps I helped to cheer your path
I know you brightened mine,
I would not if I could forget
The days of Auld Lang Syne

One last request I wish to make
Dear friends, before we part,
That you will always keep for me
A corner in your heart.

* * * *

THE CANTEEN MAJOR

The days hae been sae weary,
The toon has been sae dull,
Since ye left yer freen's at hame tae be a sodger
An' ye've had yer share o' fechtin'
In the trenches ower in France,
But I'm gled tae hear ye're safe, ye sonsy codger,

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.

* * * *

"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.

We are sorry to part with you, Fifty-First,
It's a credit you've been to the town,
There are people, of course, who always think worse
Than is real when a fellow is down,
But we know these things don't worry you,
And in you we've implicit trust,
You're men everyone, and, father or son,
We're proud of you, Fifty-First.
So here's a Good-bye to you, Fifty-First,
When you get to the other side,
The folk will run to meet you, boys,
The Forty-Ninth will greet you, boys,
Then side by side for the dear old flag
You'll gallantly face the worst,
And wherever you are we'll remember you,
And root for the Fifty-First.

* * * *

WHEN NELLIE BOBBED HER HAIR

Oh, Nellie dear, why did you do it,
How could you be so unkind,
Depriving your head of its glory,
And showing it so bare behind.
The boys have not been so despondent
Since the day they first were demobbed,
When they look and behold with a shudder
Your raven black hair has been bobbed.

You looked so demure and so dainty
As you served out the cakes in the store,
Or handed our soup and our doughnuts
And had us all asking for more.
But, oh, what a sad transformation,
It just makes us feel we've been robbed
When we look at your head and discover
Your raven black hair has been bobbed.

Lovely hair is a woman's best asset,
At least so we see every day
From advertisements showing that Woffles'
Hair Tonic is best every way.

So, Nellie dear, don't be hard-hearted,
Just think how the boys have sobbed
When they heard of your great indiscretion
In getting your raven hair bobbed.

For Heaven's sake, Nellie, HAVE A HEART.

WE'RE A' JOCK TAMSON'S BAIRNS

Tae brither Scots the warld ower
We send this hamely greetin',
May a' yer joys hae double po'er,
Yer sorrows a' be fleetin'.
Aye, rally tae St. Andrew's call
That a' wha run may lairn
Auld Scotia's sons whaur'er they be
Are a' Jock Tamson's bairns.

We'll aye hae room for members new
Oor Club has lots o' places
For them that seek true fellowship
Wi' ither hairts an' faces.
Frae Edmonton the call goes oot
Tae a' that wad be sharin',
The comforts o' St. Andrew's Club
An' a' Jock Tamson's bairns.

Whit's in a name, the poet says;
Weel, maybe there's no muckle,
But it's the strength ahin' it, man,
That gaurs a' Scotchmen chuckle
An' proodly strut the warld ower,
Oor little emblem wearin',
That proves the truth o' oor prood boast
We're a' Jock Tamson's bairns.

Sic' sangs like "Mary o' Argyle"
An' "Jock o' Hazeldean,"
Frae Scottish hairts ca' forth a smile,
A tear frae oot their e'en;
Syne "Loudon's Bonnie Wuids an' Braes"
Or "Buy Ma Caller Herrin',"
Serve tae remind us a' oor days
We're a' Jock Tamson's bairns.

Whaurever Scotchmen gether roun'
They tell wi' sang an' story
Hoo dear auld Scotia won her fame
On fields o' daithless glory;
In silent tribute tae oor dead,
O' selfish thochts be sparin',
That love, compassionate be spread
Ower a' Jock Tamson's bairns.

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.

* * * *

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.

Then fill up the cup, let none be denied,
Here's health to the boys who lowered the pride
Of the arrogant Hun, who ne'er wanted to see
What was meant by the skirling of "Bonnie
Dundee."

They came from the North and the South, East and
West,
They were all brawn and muscle, their hearts were
the best,
And they fought wi' Bill Griesbach that we might be
free,
Of the murderous tyrant of old Germanie.

Then fill up the cup, here's health to the lads,
Of the brave Forty Ninth, be they brothers or
dads,
When they rushed at the Germans 'twas easy to
see
There 's none so respected as "Bonnie Dundee."

To the Lords of Hunland, 'twas Griesbach who spoke,
E're this old war is finished your hearts will be
broke,
When the lads from the land of the old maple tree
Make ye loup to the skirling o' "Bonie Dundee."

Then fill up the cup, I'll give you a toast,
Here's to all our brave heroes, let this be our
boast,
There was ne'er a Canadian sailed over the sea
But upheld the traditions of "Bonnie Dundee."

Never let us forget what we owe our dead,
By our children their wonderful deeds will be
read,
For the heroes of Canada never could yield,
And they sleep neath the poppies in Flanders
field.

Then fill up the cup to memory dear
Of our fallen heroes who never knew fear,
They fought the good fight and their spirits are
free,
They'll be with us forever in "Bonnie Dundee."



"FRED," AS WE KNEW HIM

THE UNSPEAKABLE SCOT

When Billie Mac asked Bandsman Jock
Hoo mony Huns he'd like tae choke,
John blithely answered, "Man, I'd choke
 Wae joy and glee,
'Gin I could get yae sonsy poke
 At Wilhelm's e'e.

Whan we were workin' wae the Twin,
We yist tae winner "whit's the din,"
Until we saw Bill Griesbach's chin
 Work overtime,
An' knew that he was brekin' in
 His Forty-Nine.

We couldna jine a better baun',
Wi' sic a Cornel in commaun',
It wis an easy job tae laun',
 Three guid recruits,
Wha'd fecht fur him wae hert an' haun',
 a bet yer buits.

Said Jock, "Ye min' that New Year's night
When doon at Feyther's we got ticht,
We little thocht hoo sune we'd fecht
 In trenches wat,
Nor rush tae sink oor ba'net bricht
 In German fat.

Here Atkinson chimed in tae say,
"I've longed fur this fur mony a day,
But never thocht I'd want tae slay
 My fellow man,
Until I see aroun' me lay
 This pillaged lan'.

Well, here we are an' here we'll bide
Tae wark oor share whate'er betide
Until the Kaiser's boys decide
 They've had eneuch,
Then we'll gang hame tae Edmonton
 Tae haud the peuch.

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.



