

Songs

OF THE

85th OVERSEAS
BATTALION



CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY
FORCES

"Nova Scotia Highlanders"



Our thanks are due especially to two friends of the battalion, Miss M. E. Fletcher and Mrs. (Hon.) J. W. Longley for timely and valued assistance in preparing these songs. Within the battalion several have helped—and particularly Lieut.-Col. F. P. Day—and some of the N. C. O's and men of No. 1 platoon.

Songs of the 85th Overseas Battalion, C. E. F.

"Stol Na Fear Fearall"

1

THE 85TH FEATHER.

Tune—"Tulip and Rose."

I used to walk the sidewalk in a Nova Scotia town,
There was a man came down, his face was bronzed and
brown,
He told us how King George was calling each to do his
share,
He offered us a khaki coat to wear.
He told us how the call had gone far over land and sea,
And when I heard that speaker's word,
I said, "Why, that means me."

Now we wear the feather, the 85th feather,
We wear it with pride and joy,
That fake Advertiser, Old Billy the Kaiser,
Shall hear from each Bluenose boy.
Where trouble is brewing, our bit we'll be doing,
To hammer down Briton's foes,
With the bagpipes a-humming, the 85th's coming,
From the land where the maple leaf grows.

And when we've put the Kaiser where he cannot ride
or roam,

We'll beat it straight for home, across the raging foam;
Where every pretty girl we meet will greet us with a
smile,

They'll not forget, but wait for us awhile;

And never were such lassies, so sweet, so fair, so true,
A welcome warm as sunshine waits our boys when they
get through.

Now we wear the feather, the 85th feather, etc.

And when for King and Country we shall all have done
our bit,

And safe at home we sit, when Kaiser Bill has quit,
We'll tell how sons of Canada for country did and
dared,

The glory Borden's fighting Gamecocks shared.

And though the years may find our boys in far and
distant lands,

In memory how often we shall clasp our comrades
hands.

Now we wear the feather, the 85th feather, etc.

2 THE VETERAN, OR WHEN WE FIT FOR GINERAL SAM.

How well I remember the year nineteen sixteen
 When the bullets were flying thick and fast.
 Along came a cannon ball a sailing through the air,
 And it laid poor Donald on the grass;
 Then up jumped Donald just as mad as he could be,
 Crying, "They're trying for to kill me if they can."
 How well I remember the year nineteen sixteen,
 When we fit for Ginerol Sam.

Chorus—

When we fit for Ginerol Sam, BY GOSH!
 When we fit for Ginerol Sam,
 HOW well I remember the year nineteen sixteen
 When we fit for Ginerol Sam.

How well I remember the year we went to France,
 And how one day I had a bit of luck,
 For when out on scouting duty I captured in a bunch,
 Ginerol Hintenburg, the Crown Prince and Von Kluck;
 Oh, I tied them in a string and I marched them into
 camp,
 Says the Colonel "Donald darlin', you're a lamb."
 How well I remember the year we went to France,
 When we fit for Ginerol Sam.

Chorus.

How well I remember the day we made the charge,
 When we had the stodgy Bosches on the run,
 For I singled out the Kaiser by his stickin' up mous-
 tache,
 And I hit that bloomin' War Lord on the bun;
 Ses he, "Stop it, sir, I'm the ruler of the Dutch."
 But for Kaisers Donald didn't give a damn.
 How well I remember the day we made the charge,
 When we fit for General Sam.

Chorus.

How well I remember the day the Colonel said,
 "Donald, you will have to capture yonder hill;
 Take Malcolm from Bras d'Or and Rory from Mabou
 And go yourself, also your brother Bill!"
 When I got to the top I was all by myself,
 And the shells were comin' cracky, biffy, bam,
 But I staved off two battalions and I held the hill
 alone,
 When we fit for General Sam.

Chorus.

How well I remember when the King he up and says,
 "Come, Donald, take of medals half a score,
 Here's a bag full of silver, another full of gold,
 And if you're short write Uncle George for more."

Sez I "If you want for to win another war
 I'll try to come and help you if I can."
 How well I remember that last inspection day
 When we fit for General Sam.

Chorus.

3

HERE WE ARE AGAIN.

The poets in the 85th have written lots of things
 About our gallant Gamecocks which no one ever sings;
 Although the words are very good, the lilt they seem
 to miss,
 For Donald likes a tricky song—a song that goes like
 this:

Chorus—

Here we are, here we are, here we are again,
 There's Pat and Mac and Donald and Jack and Joe;
 When there's trouble brewing,
 When there's something doing,
 Are we downhearted? NO! LET 'EM ALL COME!
 Here we are, here we are, here we are again,
 We're fit and well and feeling as right as rain;
 Never mind the weather,
 Now then all together,
 HELLO! HELLO! Here we are again.

When Donald goes across the sea, to bear the battle's
brunt,
Of course, he'll sing this little song when marching
to the front;
And when he's marching through Berlin he'll sing this
anthem still,
He'll smile his sweetest smile and say "How are you
Uncle Bill?"

Chorus.

And when our boys have finished up with Hermann
and with Max,
And when the Huns have got it where the chicken got
the axe,
The girls will all be waiting, 'midst the cheering and
the din,
To hear their sweethearts singing, as the ship comes
sailing in.

Chorus.

4

DONALD FROM BRAS D'OR.

Tune: "Donald from Bras d'Or."

When Donald heard the 85th
Was going off to war,
Says he, "I'll throw away my pick

I won't dig any more;
 When the Colonel sees how smart I am
 And how well I earn my pay,
 He'll make of me a Major
 Or a Captain anyway."

Chorus:

Donald from Bras d'Or,
 Donald from Bras d'Or,
 So wild and so crazy,
 Was Donald from Bras d'Or.

When the train pulled out with Donald
 The folks all wept and cried.
 Said Donald, "Do not grieve, my friends,
 I'll fill your hearts with pride;
 With my breast adorned with medals,
 I'll seek my native shore,
 And in the House of Parliament
 I'll represent Bras d'Or."

Chorus: Donald from, etc.

When Donald came to Halifax,
 He sought the Colonel out;
 Says he, "I hear you want a man
 To put the Huns to rout."

Says the Colonel to the Adjutant,
 "Have I seen this man before—"
 The Adjie smiled and sweetly said,
 "It's Donald from Bras d'Or."

Chorus.

The first night under canvas
 The corporal spoke right fair:
 "Now, Donald, you lie by the flap
 Where you'll get lots of air."
 And Donald said politely
 "I'm much obliged to you."
 But in the night the rain poured down
 And soaked him through and through.

Chorus.

Next morning Donald felt a chill;
 Says he, "I'll have a spree,
 I'll slip away from the parade,
 They never will miss me."
 At Foley's place he got a drop,
 Likewise a quart of drink;
 But watchful, waiting Sergeant Horne,
 Soon had him in the clink.

Chorus.

For four and twenty hours
 In durance vile he lay,
 Till up before the Colonel
 He came to have his say.
 The Colonel said, "O Donald, dear,
 Why have you done this sin?"
 Says Donald, "Sure, your riverance,
 'Twas only medicine."

Chorus.

The Colonel scratched his head and thought,
 Says he, "It seems to me
 I've heard that argument before;
 Take fourteen days C. B."
 And Donald oft was neard to moan
 As the hours slowly ran,
 "I thought I'd be a soldier brave,
 But I'm a bloomin' scrub woman."

Chorus.

When Donald got at liberty
 Existence seemed more sweet.
 He spied a pretty maiden
 Come tripping down the street.
 Says he, "If I could win that lass
 'Twould set me up a notch."
 But later on she stole his coat
 And his fourteen dollar watch.

Chorus.

5 WE'LL NEVER LET THE OLD FLAG FALL.

Britain's flag has always stood for Justice,
 Britain's hope has always been for Peace;
 Britain's foes have known that they could trust us
 To do our best to make the cannons cease.
 Britain's blood will never stand for insult,
 Britain's sons will rally at her call,
 Britain's pride will never let her exult,
 But we'll never let the old flag fall.

Chorus—

We'll never let the old flag fall,
 For we love it the best of all;
 We don't want to fight to show our might,
 But when we start, we'll fight, fight, fight.
 In peace or war you'll hear us sing,
 God save the flag, God save the King,
 At the ends of the world, the flag's unfurl'd,
 We'll never let the old flag fall.

Britain's sons have always called her Mother,
 Britain's sons have always loved her best,
 Britain's sons would die to show they love her,
 The dear old Flag, laid on each manly breast;
 Britain's ships have always ruled the ocean,
 Britain's sons will serve her one and all,
 Britain's sons will show their true devotion,
 And we'll never let the old flag fall.

Chorus.

6 BORDEN'S GAMECOCKS.

Tune: "Highland Laddies."

O, where and O where will these Borden Gamecocks go?
 O, where and O where will these Borden Gamecocks go?
 They'll go to fight the Kaiser for the King upon his
 throne,
 And who'd be the one who would bid them bide at
 home?

What clothes and what clothes do these Borden Game-
 cocks wear?

What clothes and what clothes do these Borden Game-
 cocks wear?

They wear their country's khaki, they sport the feathers
 gay,
 Where danger is blackest, these plumes shall lead the
 way.

From whence and from whence did these fighting
 Gamecocks come?

From whence and from whence did these fighting
 Gamecocks come?

They are the breed of brave men, their motto truly
 tells;
 And shoulder to shoulder they'll face the shot and
 shells.

What prize and what prize shall these Borden Game-
cocks win?

What prize and what prize shall these fighting Game-
cocks win?

They'll win all love and honour, they'll win undying
fame,

For never shall perish our fighting Gamecocks name.

7

DOING OUR BIT.

Tune: "Bonnie Dundee."

We're going, we're going, to do our own bit,
Each gamecock is proud of his coat and his kit;
Kaiser Bill will grow cold when he hears the news told
That the 85th's coming to do its own bit.

We're going, we're going to do our own bit,
We're marching and drilling to make ourselves fit;
When you hear a big noise over there with the boys,
'Tis William the Kaiser just throwing a fit.

Colonel Borden is able to show us the way,
And Parsons of Ours will have something to say;
That bragging Old Bill shall soon have his fill,
And you'll hear something drop when we travel his
way.

And Major Frank Day is coming along,
 We can't do without him in war or in song,
 And our own Captain Phinney without any doubt,
 For we won't budge a step if that Captain's left out.

We're going, we're going to do our own bit,
 Watch for the trail that our N. C. O.'s hit;
 When they once cross the seas, they will fight till they
 freeze

The brass off their buttons in doing their bit.
 But what of the Colonels and N. C. O's too,
 If there were no brave privates like me and like you,
 The rank and the file they never will quit,
 The 85th laddies will all do their fit.

8 WHEN WE MEET THE KAISER.

Tune: Comin' Thro the Rye.

When our Colonel meets the Kaiser,
 'Neath a foreign sky,
 When the Kaiser meets our Colonel,
 Hear the Kaiser cry:

“See these meddling Bluenose bodies,
 Hear their Gaelic cry,
 See their rifles and their bayonets,
 Watch their feathers fly.

When our Majors meet the Kaiser,
 Much there'll be to pay,
 When the Kaiser meets our Majors,
 Hear the Kaiser say:

“Out upon these kilted heathen,
 Pipers piping high;
 Though I shower iron crosses
 All my men grow shy.”

When the Kaiser sees us coming,
 From far over sea,
 Counts our Companies and measures,
 A, B, C and D.

Then we'll hear his teeth a-chatter,
 All his bluff blow in,
 As the 85th Battalion
 Marches through Berlin.

9

WI' A HUNDRED PIPERS.

Wi' a hundred Pipers an' a' an' a',
 Wi' a hundred Pipers an' a' an' a',
 We'll up and we'll gie them a blaw, a blaw;
 Wi' a hundred Pipers an' a' an' a',

Its over over the water awa, awa,
 Its over over the water awa, awa,
 We'll on and we'll march to Potsdam Ha',
 Wi' its Pilsner and Munchner and a' and a'.

Wi' a hundred Pipers, etc.

Oh, our soldier lads look braw, look braw,
 Wi' their tartans, kilts, and a' and a',
 Wi' their bonnets and feathers and glitt'ring gear
 And pibrochs sounding sweet and clear,
 Will they a' return to their ain dear glen,
 Will they a' return—our Hieland men;
 Their mothers and sweethearts and wives dread the
 day,
 But they will a' be proud when the boys march away.

Wi' a hundred Pipers, etc.

Oh, wha is foremaist and a' and a',
 Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw,
 Colonel Borden, the king o' us a' hurra',
 Wi' his hundred Pipers and a' and a',
 His bonnet and feather he's wavin' high,
 His prancing steed maist seems to fly.
 He'll lead us to Berlin across the Rhine,
 Wi' his 85th Highlanders bonny and fine.

Wi' his hundred Pipers, etc.

O, Hielanders gallant and big and gay,
 We hae Parsons and Johnston, McKenzie and Day,
 And Creighton and Morrison and others sae braw,
 Such bonnie fighters as ye never saw.
 Wi' their hundred Pipers and a' and a',
 Wi' their hundred Pipers and a' and a'.
 They'll up and gie them a blaw and blaw,
 Wi' their hundred Pipers and a' and a'.
 Wi' their hundred Pipers, etc.

10

O CANADA.

O Canada! Our home, our native land,
 True patriots' love thou dost in us command.
 We see thee rising fair dear land,
 The true north strong and free,
 And stand on guard, O Canada,
 We stand on guard for thee.

Chorus—

O Canada! O Canada!
 O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.
 O Canada, we stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! beneath thy shining skies
 Thy stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise,
 And so abide, O Canada,
 From East to Western sea,
 Where e'er thy pines and prairies are,
 The true north strong and free.

11 MO NIGHEAN DONN BHOIDHEACH— MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN.

A Pheigi dhonn nam blath-shul,
Gur trom a thug mi gradh dhuit:
Tha d' iomhaigh ghaoil, 'us d' ailleachd,
A ghnath tigh 'nn fo m' uidh.

Chorus:—

Ho ro mo nighean donn, bhoidheach,
Hi ri, mo nighean donn, bhoidheach,
Mo chaileag laghach bhoidheach,
Cha pos ainn ach thu.

Cha cheil mi air an t-saoghal
Gu bheil mo mhiann 's mo ghaol ort;
'S ged chaidh mi uait air faondradh,
Cha chaochail mo run.

'N uair bha mi ann ad lathair,
Bu shona bha mo laithean—
A' sealbhachadh do mhanrain,
'Us aille do ghnuis.

Gnuis aoidheil, bhannail, mhalda
Na h-oigh a's caoimhe nadur;
I suairce, ceanail, baigheil,
Lan grais agus muirn.

Ach riamh o'n dh' fhag mi d' fhianuis,
 Gu bheil mi dubhach, cianail;
 Mo chridhe trom ga phianadh
 Le iaguin do ruin.

Ge lurach air a' chabhsair
 Na mnathan oga Gallda,
 A righ! gur beag mo gheall-s'
 Air bhi sealltainn 'n an gnuis.

'S ann tha mo run 's na beanntaibh,
 Far bheil mo ribhinn ghreannar,
 Mar ros am fasach Shamhraidh,
 An gleann fad' of shuil.

Ach 'n uair a thig an Samhradh,
 Bleir mise sgrio b do 'n ghleann ud,
 'S gu 'n tog mi leam do 'n Ghalldachd,
 Gu h-annsail, am flur.

(Translation).

Thine eye with love is gleaming;
 Thy face with beauty beaming;
 When waking, or when dreaming,
 My thoughts dwell on thee.

Forget thee will I never,
 But I will love thee ever;
 Though many miles us sever,
 I'm still true to thee.

When I was staying near thee,
 Thy presence sweet did cheer me;
 And charming 'twas to hear thee
 Sing gaily and free.

Of cheerful, comely features;
 Of gentle, kindly nature;
 There n'er was living creature
 More lovely than thee.
 But now that thou 'rt not by love,—
 I often sit and sigh, love—
 And wish that thou wert nigh, love.
 To bring joy to me.

Though Lowland girls are fine, love,
 E'en some may say divine, love,
 There's none can thee outshine, love,
 Or lure me from thee.

For 'mong the hills she's dwelling,
 Where crystal streams are welling;
 Like rose all flowers excelling,
 The maiden for me.

When summer comes again, love,
 I'll seek your Highland glen, love,
 Mine own to make you then, love,
 And take thee with me.

12 'TILL THE BOYS COME HOME.

(Keep the Home-Fires Burning) X

They were summoned from the hillside,
 They were called in from the glen,
 And the Country found them ready
 At the stirring call for men.
 Let no tears add to their hardship,
 As the Soldiers pass along,
 And although your heart is breaking,
 Make it sing this cheery song.

Chorus—

Keep the Home-fires burning,
 While your hearts are yearning,
 Though your lads are far away
 They dream of Home;
 There's a silver lining
 Through the dark cloud shining,
 Turn the dark cloud inside out,
 Till the boys come Home.

Over seas there came a pleading,
 "Help a Nation in distress—"
 And we gave our glorious laddies;
 Honour bade us do not less.

For no gallant Son of Britain
 To a foreign yoke shall bend,
 And no Englishman is silent
 To the sacred call of Friend.

Chorus.

13 IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY.

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
 As the streets are paved with gold, sure everyone was
 gay;
 Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester
 Square,
 Till Paddy got excited, then shouted to them there:—

Chorus—

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
 It's a long way to go;
 It's a long way to Tipperary,
 To the sweetest girl I know!
 God-bye Piccadilly,
 Farewell, Leicester Square,
 It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
 But my heart's right there!"



Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O',
Saying, "Should you not receive it, write and let me
know!

It I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear," said he,
"Remember, it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the
blame on me."

Chorus.

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O',
Saying, "Mike Maloney wants to marry me, and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame,
For love has fairly drove me silly—hoping you're the
same!"

Chorus.

14 · ARE WE DOWNHEARTED? NO!

Fighting for right for the cause that is true,
Fighting the foe our great duty to do,
What though the vict'ries be many or few,
Are we downhearted? No—
Old Nova Scotia has given her best,
Seventeenth, twenty-fifth all stood the test,
Fortieth, sixty-fourth and all the rest.
Are we downheard? No! No! No!

Chorus—

Are we downhearted? No! No! No!
 Are we downhearted? No! No! No!
 Troubles may come and troubles may go,
 The 85th's ready, come weal or come woe.
 Are we downhearted? No! No! No!

Here's to the boys who are now in the scrap,
 Helping to alter the face of the map,
 For hardship or danger they don't give a rap,
 Are we downhearted? No!
 Boys you are needed the vict'ry to gain,
 Will you hold back—they are calling again,
 Men from the trenches—they won't call in vain!
 Are we downhearted? No! No! No!

Chorus—

Are we downhearted— No! No! No!

15

KHAKI.

Colors may change in fashion,
 Change in the spring and fall;
 Some that are worn in summer—
 In winter will not do at all.
 Khaki is always stylish,

Now you see it everywhere.
Khaki is right for the men who fight—
It's the color that our soldiers wear!

Chorus—

Oh, the man who wears the khaki,
Hasn't got very much to do;
He gets up at six in the morning,
And he drills the whole day through.
He has lectures in the evening,
With a signalling class to boot;
But it's all in the game
And he likes it just the same,
The man in the khaki suit.

Youths may appear quite stylish,
Dressed in the finest made,
But the eighty-fifth Battalion
Wears the clothes that never fade.
What care they for the weather,
Plainly dressed for action they!
And the soldier lad in the khaki clad,
In the thickest of the fight will stay.

Chorus—

Oh, the man who wears the khaki.

16 (Tune: "I've got a sneaking feeling 'round my heart.")

I've got a sneaking feeling 'round my heart,
 That I'll wear the khaki now;
 So I'll lay away my civiy suit, put a feather on my
 brow,
 For I know I'm really well and fit,
 And it's up to me to do my bit.
 I'll get in it, right this minute,
 I'll be with the boys.
 So I'll say good-bye to my Nova Scotia home.
 I've got a sneaking feeling round my heart,
 That I'll wear the khaki now.

17 ("Back Home in Tennessee.")

We're going Overseas with kilties and bare knees,
 We're not afraid they'll freeze; we scorn the life of
 ease.
 Just picture tonight the Gamecocks in the fight
 Big guns roaring, Zeppelins soaring; searchlights
 flashing bright.
 And if we don't win fame at least we'll play the game,

For home life is so tame. Keep up the British name,
 The lassies will greet us; they'll be at the boat to meet
 us,
 When we come back, when we come back, direct from
 Germany.

18 (Tune: "Everybody's Doing It.")

Everybody's doing it, doing what? Signing up.
 Everybody's doing it, signing up, signing up.
 See that blank file waiting over there?
 Don't you think it's time to do your share?
 Show your friends you really have a care.
 If you have, come along, come along.
 For everybody's doing it, doing what? Signing up.
 Everybody's signing up, signing up, signing up.
 Get that music right in your heart.
 You'll feel better doing your part.
 Come, come, come, it's time to start.
 Everybody's doing it, everybody's doing it,
 Everybody's signing up now.

19

BY ORDER OF THE KING.

The Empire's pride, stand side by side,
 Upon the battlefield.
 Like knights of old, so brave and bold,
 The King and Flag to shield.
 For each brave heart, will do his part,
 For Country and for King,
 And gladly go, to meet the foe,
 Just hear them proudly sing.

Chorus—

By order of the King (God bless him), we'll fight
 and win or die.
 "The Empire and the King" (God bless him) is
 the nation's cry.

Our country's pride are fighting,
 "God bless them and vict'ry bring,"
 For they are gladly dying just to keep the old flag
 flying
 By order of the King.

Chorus—

By order of the King (God bless him)
 We march and work and drill.
 By order of the King (God bless him)
 We'll keep drilling still.

We're getting educated,
We won't miss anything;
So we'll be fit and steady
When the call comes to get ready,
By order of the King.

The clash of steel, may make us reel,
But we'll not give an inch.
For right and fame, we'll play the game,
And we will never flinch.
Thro' sounds of war and cannon's roar,
We'll ever pray and sing,
"God give us might, to fight for right,"
By order of the King.







