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In aid of the Fund for sending Tobacco and Cigarettes to the  
5<sup>th</sup> Black Watch at the Front.

Lines from the Fighting Line – By Lance Corporal J Beaton.

Weel Wullie, thank ye ance agin,  
For the parcels that ye sent,  
Wi' trying tae set this wee bit richt,  
I've fa'in' a bit ahint.

Noo the weather's no a treat oot here,  
It's afu' cauld and frosty,  
But the puddens fairly cheered us up,  
They gae'd doon fine wi' toasty.

Sgt. Young cam on the scene,  
I says "What dae ye think",  
They've sent us lot's o' post cairds,  
Alang wi' pen and ink".

That's stuff that will be handy,  
For I hiv nae doot,  
Afore oor letters handed hame,  
They wid be weel rubbed oot.

It's dingin on o'rain Wullie,  
And I'v jist cum fae a match,  
At fitba, 'tween the Camerons,  
And the 5<sup>th</sup> Black Watch.

They set the ba' and aff they went,  
It wisna bad ava,  
The Camerons scored a'e goal,  
And the 5<sup>th</sup> had nane at a'.

The 5<sup>th</sup>'s left wing cam rushin' up,  
And a' the boys did howl,  
And jist as they were nearin' goal,  
Some ane shouted "Foul".

They a' looked tae the referee,  
Wha never seemed tae mind,  
So a'e chap tried tae lash it thro',  
But it gaed far behind.

The Black Watch tried and tried tae score,  
But yet they tried in vain,  
And when they had finished up,  
They vowed they'd try again.



We're ha'en a wee bit rest again,  
And we're enjoying it fine,  
But I doot we'll no be very lang,  
In dauderin' up the line.

For I hear them say that there's tae be,  
Anither big advance,  
But I'll gie ye a' the news o' it,  
If I can get the chance.

The day's mail has jist come in,  
And I was pleased tae see,  
That you had sent anither box,  
O' cigarettes on tae me.

The chocolate it was spiffin,  
It was absolutely grand,  
And wait till we come hame Wullie,  
We'll shak ye by the hand.

And a' the fook that sent it,  
And no forgettin' them,  
That sent the candles and athing else,  
Their shak will be the same.

A richt guid herty shak Wullie,  
Jist for Auld Lang Syne,  
So here's tae ye and your's Wullie,  
And here's tae me and mine.

Convey my thanks tae ilka ane,  
And tell them ane and a',  
Oor thochts are aye alang wi' them,  
Altho' we're far awa'.

I'll hae tae feenish up Wullie,  
For I hear the Sgt sayin',  
That a' the letters should be in,  
So "Ta Ta, there's nothin' dain".

