

The Town Pants "Gallant 40 Twa"

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You may talk about your lancers, or your Irish Fusiliers,
The Aberdeen Militia or the Queen's Own Volunteers;
Or any other regiment that's lyin' far awa'
Come give to me the tartan of the gallant Forty Twa.

Chorus:

And strolling through the green fields

On a summer day

A-watchin' all the country girls a-workin' at the hay.

I really was delighted and he stole my heart awa'

When I saw him in the tartan of the gallant Forty Twa.

I never will forget the day his regiment marched past

The pipes they played a lively tune but my heart was
aghast.

He turned around and smiled farewell and then from
far awa'

He raised to me the tartan of the gallant Forty Twa.

(Chorus)

Once again I heard the music of the pipers from afar

They tramped and tramped, the weary men returning
from the war

And as they nearer drew I brushed a woeful tear awa'

To see my bonnie laddie of the gallant Forty Twa.

(Chorus)

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