

Gallant Forty-Twa

G
You may talk about your lancers, or your Irish Fusiliers,
C G A D7
The Aberdeen Militia or the Queen's Own Volunteers;
C G Em
Or any other regiment that's lying far awa'
G D7 G
Come gie to me the tartan of the gallant Forty Twa.

G C G
Strolling through the green fields on a summer day
C G A D7
Watching all the country girls working at the hay,
C G Em
I really was delighted and he stole my heart awa'
G D7 G
When I saw him in the tartan of the gallant Forty Twa.

Oh 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 waved to me the tartan of the gallant Forty Twa.

I stood there on the dockside as his ship pulled out to sea
And pray'd that my own bonnie lad would soon return to me
But many the pipe will sound no more and many the lad will fall
When fighting for the tartan of the gallant forty twa

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.