

The Badge o' Caber Feidh

What matters though I'm down and out,
And bootless on the road,
What matter though the fault is mine,
Or who's the bloody goad,
Not all the legislator's robbing rich and poor to-day,
Can pucker-o' my talisman the badge o' caber feidh.
We flaunted it in India, in Chitral "95",
We showed them at At-Barra that the Jock's were still alive,
Mackenzie's Tartan travelled,
When the Boer's began to boast,
Ere their men had tried the metal,
Of a dour Mackenzie host.

The years of peace past slowly,
But the stock of mars was high,
And soon the German cloud O' war,
O'er spread the summer sky,
Then back to " Bonnie Scotland",
From how many land's astray,
Came Auld MacKenzie's Bairns,
W'i their badge o' Caber Feidh'.
Through heat and dust we battled,
Through snow and rain and mire,
Nor ere forgot the badge we bore,
Through blood and steel and fire.

Where ere the fight was hottest,
Or fiercest was the fray,
The Seaforth's bore the brunt of death,
And shouted " Caber Feidh ",
Farewell the land of promise,
Where Heroe's were to dwell,
Forgotten are the years of pain,
On earth for us a hell,
But we're still a band O' Brothers,
Let happen now what may,
For we wore MacKenzie's Tartan,
And The Badge O' Caber Feidh.