



SCOTTISH TOASTS

by Ivor Ben McIvor

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SCOTCH TOASTY



SCOTCH TOASTS

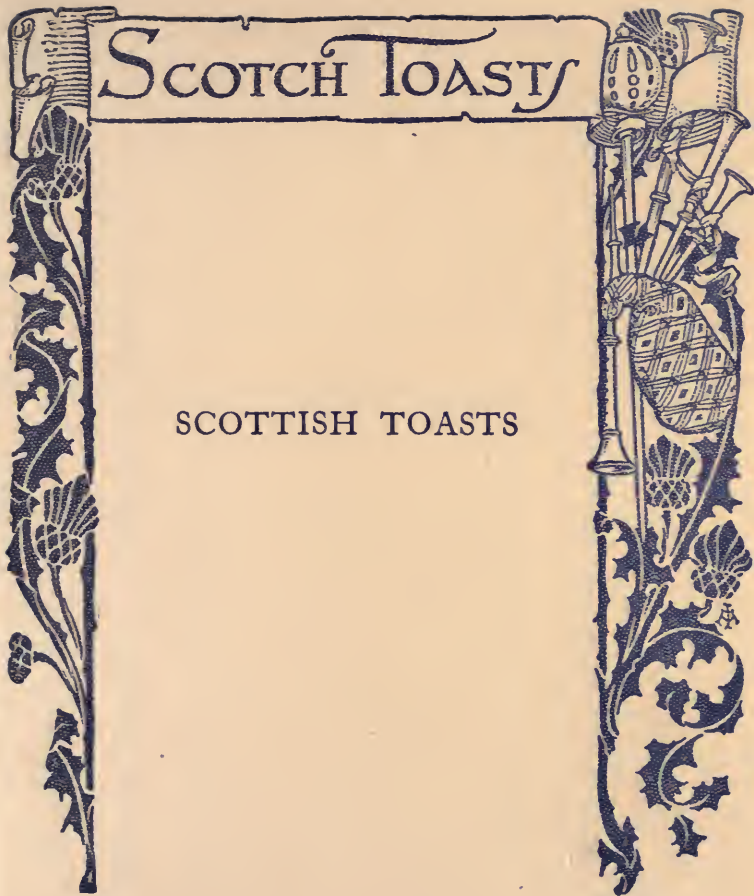


SCOTCH TOASTY



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SCOTCH TOASTS



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SCOTTISH TOASTS

By IVOR BEN McIVOR

Charles Marsh



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SCOTCH TOASTS

INTRODUCTION

Whenever and wherever Scotchmen foregather the spirit of friendship and festivity is in the air.

To be able to say the right thing at the right moment is to contribute to the harmony of such occasions. This little book is offered as an aid to all who would do so — and it has been arranged so that Toasts, Sentiments and expressions of Conviviality, Love and Friendship of varying character and for all occasions come ready to hand. Here separately grouped are Patriotic Toasts, Convivial Toasts, Sentiments of Love and Friendship, Toasts to the Women, Humorous Toasts, and a budget of Miscellaneous Toasts and Sentiments from which to pick and choose at will.

Here also is a store of good stories;



SCOTCH TOASTS



when toasts are not in order a good story is always in order. The best of all good stories are among the Scotch ones and these are of the kind that are ever welcome at the festive board.

And the compiler of this little book, to use the language of the Toast Master of the Lord Mayor of London, "bids you a right hearty good welcome" and drinks to all his brother Scots in a Loving Cup.



SCOTCH TOASTS

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SCOTCH TOASTY





SCOTCH TOASTS

Edinburgh Pen and
Pencil Club

Scotch Nacht.

"And noo a rantin' feast weel stored,
Saur sweetly on the festive board."

Picken's Poems.

"A grace (but no) as lang's my arm." — *Burns.*

Bill o' Fare.

Powsowdie and Cockie-leekie.

"Wi' rowth o' reekin' kail supply
The inward man."

Ferguson.



SCOTCH TOASTS



Cod and Oyster Sauce.

Haddies.

" He's no ill boden
That gusts his gab wi' oyster sauce
An' cod weel soden."

Ferguson.

"They're braw caller haddies." — *Antiquary.*

Sheep's Head and Trotters.

HAGGIS.

"A sheep's head owre muckle boiled is rank
poison." — *Bailie Nicol Jarvie.*

"A haggis fat, weel tottled in a seything pat."
Ferguson.

Drams.

"An' his nose is juist a sicht, wi' drinkin drams."
Outram.



SCOTCH TOASTS

Beef and Greens.

Bubbly-Jock and Howtowdies.

" We'll live a' the winter on beef an' lang kail,
An' whang at the bannocks o' barley meal "

John, Duke of Argyll.

" Noo, maister, I sall thank ye for a prievin'
o' your bubbly-jock."

Saxon and the Gael.

" A fine fat howtowdie. . . .
The fowl looks weel, an' we'll fa' till her."

Allan Ramsay.

Marrow Eanes.

" Nil nisi bonum."

" Os homini sublime dedit."



SCOTCH TOASTS

Kapers.

"Do you not remember, Hugh, how I
gave you a kaper?" — *Clan Albyn.*

"Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,
Bethankit hums."

Burns.

Toddy.

"A guid auld sang comes never wrang,
When o'er a social cogie."

William Reid.

"The hour approaches Tam maun ride." — *Burns.*

"Landlady, count the lawin'." — *Burns.*

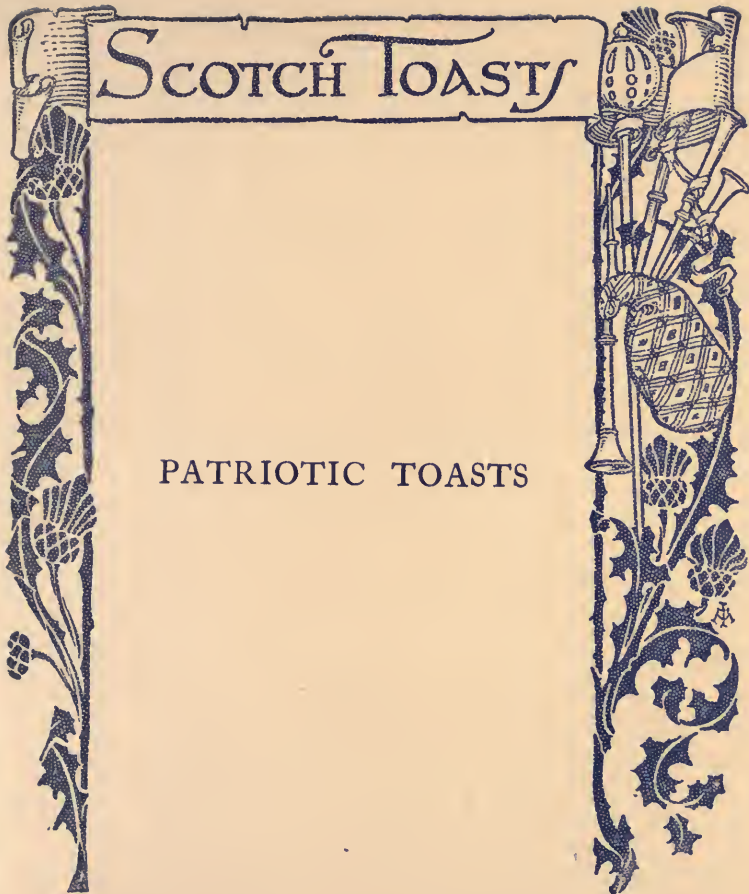
"Guid nicht, an' joy be wi' ye a'!" — *Old Song.*

Waterloo Hotel.

W. G. R.

SCOTCH TOASTS

PATRIOTIC TOASTS



SCOTCH TOASTS



SCOTCH TOASTY

A health to the friends of Caledonia.



But let ilk man pursue his plan,
Let all have liberty of soul,
Let every man stand by his clan
And slavery have no control.



Be whaur I like, or gang whaur I
like, I see nobody hae the sense and
manners that the folk o' our ain
town hae!



Brave Caledonia, the chief of her
line.



Breathes there a man with soul so
dead,



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Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart hath ne'er within him
burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering from a foreign
strand?



Caledonia: the nursery of learning
and the birthplace of heroes.



Edina! Scotia's darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the bank of Ayr I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

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Give me my Scotia's darling sons
Sae kind and free.
O! but I loe their hamely tweils,
Their auld sweet songs and foursome
reels,
Their heathery hills, their glens and
biels
Sae snug and warm,
Rare honest independent chieils
Wha dread nae harm.



Green be thy hills, auld Scotia,
And fertile be thy plains, man;
Where friendship, love, and freedom
reign,
To bless our nymphs and swains,
man.



Here's to dear Scotland, its crags
and its glens!



SCOTCH TOASTS



The bonniest country that e'er mon
nicht ken!

The land where the lads and the
lassies all learns
To play golf, to drink high-balls and
read Bobby Burns.



Here's to the land of bonnets blue,
Tartan kilts and tarry woat,
O for a waught of mountain dew,
To toast the guid and brave o't.



Kyle for a man,
Carrick for a coo,
Cunningham for butter and cheese
And Galloway for woo.



O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to
Heaven is sent!

SCOTCH TOASTS

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic
toil,
Be blest with health, and peace,
and sweet content!



O Scotland! it was a gracious act in
thee
To build a monument beside the sea
To Lincoln, to him who wrote the
word,
And slavery's shackles fell.



Old Scotia, loved at home, revered
abroad.



Rear high thy bleak, majestic hills
Thy sheltered valleys proudly
spread,
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills



SCOTCH TOASTS



And wave thy heaths with blossoms
red.



Pledge to the much-loved land that
gave us birth,
Invincible, romantic Scotia's shore!
Pledge to the memory of departed
worth,
And first, among the brave, remem-
ber Moore.

And be it deemed not wrong that name
to give
In festive hours, which prompts
the patriot's sigh,
Who would not envy such a Moore to
live —
And died he not as heroes wish to
die?

Yes, though too soon attaining glory's
goal,

SCOTCH TOASTY

To us his bright career too short
was given,
Yet, in a mighty cause, his phoenix
soul
Rose, on the flames of victory, to
heaven.

Now oft (if beats on subjugated Spain
One patriot heart) in secret shall it
mourn
For him! now, oft, on far Corunna's
plain,
Shall British exiles weep upon his
urn!

Peace to the mighty dead! our bosom-
thanks
On sprightlier strains, the living
may inspire!
Joy to the chief that leads old Scotia's
ranks,
Of Roman garb, and more than
Roman fire.



SCOTCH TOASTS



Triumphant, be the thistle still unfurled!

Dear symbol wild! on Freedom's hills it grows,
Where Fingal stemmed the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes!

Joy to the bard, on ancient Egypt's coast,
Whose valour tamed France's proud tri-colour,
And wrenched the banner from her bravest host,
Baptized Invincible in Austria's gore.

Joy for the day on red Vemeira's strand,
When bayonet to bayonet opposed,
First of Britannia's host, a Highland band

SCOTCH TOASTS

Gave but the death-shot once, and,
foremost, closed.

Is there a son of generous England
here,
Or fervid Erin? he with us shall
join
To pray that in eternal union dear,
The rose, the shamrock, and the
thistle twine.

Types of a race who shall the invader
scorn,
As rocks resist the billows round
their shore, —
Types of a race who shall, to time un-
born,
Their country leave unconquered,
as of yore!



Scotland and the products of its
soil.



SCOTCH TOASTS

Scotland: the birthplace of valour
— the country of worth.



Scotland, my auld, respected Mither!
Tho' whiles ye moistify your leather,
Till whare ye sit, on craps o' heather,
Ye tine your dam;
(Freedom and whiskey gang the-
gither!)
Tak' aff your dram!



Scotland's bonnie boys.



Scottish heroes; and may their
fame live for ever.



Scottish learning and Scottish uni-
versities.

SCOTCH TOASTS

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their father's, up to prop
Their honour'd native land!
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be — "Athole's honest
men,
And Athole's bonnie lasses!"



The land o' the leal.



The tartan plaid.



The thistle of Scotia! — the thistle
sae green!



SCOTCH TOASTS



Then here's may Scotland ne'er fa'
down,

A cringing coward doggie,
But bauldly stand and bang the loon,
Wha'd reave her of her coggie.



To the land o' cakes.



To the banners of Scotland — long
may they wave.



To the memory of the Heroes and
Heroines of Bonnie Scotland.



To the memory of Wallace and the
Scots who hae wi' Wallace bled.

SCOTCH TOASTS

We toast ye, the nicht, the hill and the
heather,
The lad o' the bonnet, the plaid and
the feather,
The land o' the mountain, the stream
and the river,
The land o' our ancestors, Scotland
for ever!



Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I
love!



PATRIOTIC SCOTSMEN

A Budget of Stories

The expression, "Caledonia, stern
and wild," is very apt. The sternness
has been seen in the Solemn League
and Covenant, in Sabbath observance,
and in the Disruption of 1843. The
wildness has been seen on many a



SCOTCH TOASTY



battlefield in every quarter of the world. Lord Byron refers to it in his description of Waterloo:—

“And wild and high the ‘Cameron’s Gathering’ rose.

. . . the fierce native daring which instils

The stirring memory of a thousand years.”

Sir Walter Scott, dealing with the same subject, uses a similar expression. In Ossian it occurs over and over again. Stern and wild applies to country, people, and music as much to-day as it did a hundred years ago. The qualities which Napoleon admired in the Scots at Waterloo in 1815 were displayed at Dargai and Atbara in 1898.



The Scots being a warlike race, it followed that the Volunteer movement

SCOTCH TOASTS

should be popular. We all know the story of the urchin who laughed immoderately at the mounted Volunteer officer. The officer turned on him with the wrathful remark, "Boy, what are you laughing at; did you never see a war horse?" The urchin responded, "Oo, aye, I hae seen a waur horse mony a time, but I never saw a waur rider!"



Geordie Gardiner was a member of Trowan's company, Crieff, which was composed chiefly of country lads. They used to squat down on the grass as soon as they entered the park, and no bugle call could bring them to their feet till Geordie would get into a frenzy, running about like a drover at Falkirk Tryst, shouting to the recumbent redcoats, "Rise




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and dress up there, or I'll tak' ye a crack wi' a stane!"



A lad who got his living by the manufacture of horn spoons applied for admission into what was known as the Daft Company in Crieff. Lord John addressed the Company, and asked, "if they would be willing to serve along with the lad who was a tinker." Gill Jock replied, "Ou, aye, sir, tak' him by a' means. We get the name o' the Daft Company ony way, and then there'll be naething but daft folk and tinkers in't." Poor Lord John, feeling himself, as it were, "rebuked and put down," merely added, "Oh, I'll inform the young man that he'll not be accepted of."



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A story is told of a Haddington tinsmith, Harry Galbraith, who, when checked for inability to perform some military evolution, in the Volunteer Corps replied in a tone of disgust, "Every man to his trade, Captain Kinloch. Can ye mak' a caffee-pat?"



The Tranent Volunteers, a very good company, consisting almost entirely of miners, were being drilled, a good many years after 1859, by Adjutant Ross, afterwards colonel of the Royal Scots. The order was new to them, "Stand at ease. Stand easy." They stood easy, as miners do, by settling on their hunkers! I hope the expression is not too vague. The expression used by the adiutant was not. It is told of the same company that on one occasion, at a big affair in Annisfield Park, they were



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told to "ground arms." This was done by every man. Afterwards, when the order was given, "take up arms," one member had to be prompted, and this was how it was done: "Hi, Johnnie, man, lift yir cannon."



This reminds me of another from the same company. It was during refreshment time after a big sham fight. "Hi, man," says one, "a' lost the skin o' ma baagnet comin' through that — wud." "Man, that's naethin," exclaims a comrade, "A' lost the lid o' ma cannon." The worthies were deploring the loss of a scabbard and a sight protector.



I am not sure whether he was a member of Tranent company or not

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that was travelling one night by rail from Edinburgh when an old gentleman searched his pockets, grew very fidgety, and said it was a most extraordinary thing that he should lose his railway ticket. Our hero calmly replied, "Lose a bit ticket! That's naethin. A' lost the big drum."



In one of the Haddington Volunteer companies there was a member named Porteous, who was not a crack shot, but it was understood that his bullets all went to the same place, which came to be known as Porteous's hole. Whenever a Volunteer missed the target and asked, "I wunner whaur'll that ane hae gane," the reply was, "It'll be in Porteous's hole."



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It does not pay crack shots to brag too much, however. A squad of the 8th (Crieff) Volunteers, firing at Bennybeg Range, happened to hit a horse that was standing near — probably with a splinter from a bullet after it had struck the target. A short time afterwards the excellences of the “gallant eighth” were being extolled in presence of a well-known Breadalbane Highlander named Duncan. Becoming exasperated, he exclaimed, “Tamm you and ye gallants and eights and things, the first man ye shot was a horse!”



A private of the 7th V. B. R. S., of extreme weight, took part in a forced march from Stow to Dingleton Common, and, it being a very hot day, had to succumb. The doctor asked

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him if he knew his weight, and the answer gasped out was, "A' no' ken, but I was auchteen stane when I left Longniddry."



At some Volunteer manoeuvres in the South of Scotland a young sergeant in charge of a squad was asked by a private, "Where are we to go now?" "Dae ye no see that beer barrel below the trees? Left turn. Quick march."



It was a commissioned officer who, having to lead his company through a narrow gap in a hedge, gave the order, "Halt, disperse, form on other side of hedge."



Adjutant Gordon, Haddington, once startled his company with the comi-



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mand, "When the bugle fires begin to sound."



He was a Highland sergeant who told the men in camp, "If she'll be findin' pottles here and pottles there, and if she'll find no more whatever the innocent will be punished as well as those that's not guilty."



On one occasion a sham fight was going on and two men were supposed to have been shot. One of them, however, got up and fired off a blank cartridge, when the other, a joiner, pulled him down, exclaiming, "Dae ye no ken yir a casualty?"



Colonel Ross of the Royal Scots, while adjutant of the Haddington-



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shire Volunteers, allowed full sway to his humour and impulsiveness. On one occasion he took in hand the "sizing" of a company, and after stating the book instructions that the tallest man was to be placed on the right and the smallest on the left, shouted "Six feet two, three paces to the front." There was no response. "Six feet one," etc. One stepped forward. And so on down to five feet four, when one man was left. "Five fut," shouted the adjutant, and little J—— responded to the order amid laughter which was not easily suppressed.



Old Sergeant Law of the Haddington company had a hunchback, no chest to speak of, and a head which reached far forward. When drilling



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he used to ask the members of the company to "Stand straight, head up, just like me." The same old sergeant was a good shot, and on one occasion when putting on bull's eyes in succession was asked by a man of position, who was a member of the company, how he managed to score so well. The reply was, "Oh, I juist shut ma een and pu' the tricker!"



A good story of practice at "the butts" is told of a Volunteer who was observed to lower his rifle frequently and blow something from about the foresight. Asked by a comrade what was wrong, he said there was a blasted fly that persisted in landing on the barrel whenever he took aim. The comrade took the rifle and lay down, when he dis-

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covered that the mysterious fly was none other than the rangekeeper painting out bullet marks in front of the target. The old man had no idea how near he was to a future state.



It was a red-letter day in the annals of the Haddington Volunteers when the Marquis of Tweeddale invited them to have a sham fight in the neighbourhood of Goblin Ha', famed through "Marmion." The commander, a burly citizen who had attained to high honours in the birth-place of John Knox, placed himself in front of his company and addressed them in martial strains. "When the bugle sounds the charge," he concluded, "follow me, my brave men." The bugle sounded, the charge was made — for about thirty yards, when



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the gallant leader, looking back to see how his men were advancing, fell into a ditch. The rank and file pursued their wild career, but two kind-hearted sergeants remained by their discomfited leader. "Oh, captain, I hope you are not mortally wounded," said one. "My breeks are wounded," said the officer on being pulled out of the ditch. "Duncan, hae ye a needle and thread?" Duncan, who was a tailor, had the necessities; at any rate the unmentionables were patched up in some way, and the officer was sympathized with in being so unfortunate as to get wounded in the back, thereby suggesting that he had been disgracefully fleeing from the enemy.



The old soldier was at one time a prominent personage in country dis-

SCOTCH TOASTS

tricts. One of the earliest stories I remember is of a veteran who touched his hat whenever he spoke to anybody. Some one checked him for this, remarking that he was a very poor man and unworthy of such honour. The reply of the old warrior was, "Am I to spoil my good manners for your d—— poverty?"



The old warriors were not always well educated. A veteran in the Crieff district, John M'Niven, was one of the advance companies, or forlorn hope, which entered Washington, of which only eleven survived to tell of their daring. When asked by one of his neighbours how he felt when marching to the town he answered, "I dinna ken; I was just there." John was religious and read his Bible



SCOTCH TOASTY



on Sundays, spelling the difficult words, and giving pronunciations unknown in English dictionaries. He had several parts of a work entitled, "The Life of Christ," and one of his lodgers had some parts of a work entitled, "The Scottish Chiefs," and both publications had similar covers. One Sunday his lodgers and a neighbour were talking of things worldly to such a degree that John thought fit to challenge their proceedings, and told them it would be wiser were they reading their Bibles, and if they would not do so he would read it himself. He took "The Scottish Chiefs," and commenced reading and spelling at a determined rate. After a little he got bewildered with an adventure connected with Wallace. His hearers could scarcely keep their gravity, but one ventured to ask who this Wallace was. He replied, "Ye nicht

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ken that brawly, wi' yer education. He was one i' (of the) apostles." John once offered to put up a dyke "at a penny below the lowest offer." On another occasion the laird sent a servant asking John to make an offer. John, not being a ready writer, asked the servant to write out the offer. This the servant refused. "Well," said John, "just tell the laird that I'll put the dyke up for what he likes."



When Tam Black, another Crieff worthy, went to the Highlands to buy yarn he always was attired in full regimentals, and if any one asked the reason the ready reply was, "Oh, a person's money is always safe under a red coat. No one would ever think of robbing a soldier."



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Old Andrew Creach, Bower, was most unscrupulous in his dealings with those he did not like. He was very ready-witted. In a Thurso tavern he got into a discussion with a blacksmith about sweating, and the son of Vulcan, having got the worst of the argument, said, "Andrew, come down to the back of the chapel and I'll put your soul ou' of your body in five minutes." "At leisure, at leisure," said Andrew, "they're no so easy putten thegither again."

SCOTCH TOASTS

TOASTS TO WOMEN,
LOVE, FRIENDSHIP,
ETC.

SCOTCH TOASTS



SCOTCH TOAST

A cozy but, and a cantie ben
To couthie women and trusty men.



An honest man may like a glass,
An honest man may like a lass,
But mean revenge, an' malice fause,
He'll still disdain.



And fill them high with generous
juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast—
“The whole of human kind!”



And here's to a' in barley bree,
Oursel's and a' the world thegither,



SCOTCH TOASTY



To a' wha luv the kilted knee,
Or bonnie lasses in the heather.



And pray a' guid things may attend
you!



And the sands shall sing,
And the round world ring,
With my love and thy love for me.



And whilst we thus should make our
sorrows one
This happy harmony would make
them none.



But truce with kings, and truce with
constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolu-
tions;

SCOTCH TOASTS

Let Majesty your first attention sum-
mon,
Ah ça ira! the Majesty of Woman!



But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness
warms,
Who hold your being on the terms,
"Each aid the others,"
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!



Drink ye to her that each loves best.



Fill me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast, a toast divine,
Give the poet's darling flame,
Lovely — be the name,



SCOTCH TOASTS



Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast.



Farewell the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewell the plain sae rushy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O!



For a' that and a' that,
It's coming yet for a' that —
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that.



For me, I'm woman's slave confessed —
Without her, hopeless and unblessed.



For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a';

SCOTCH TOASTS

There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.



Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou Man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.



Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,
Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear;
Thou art as sweet as the smile when
fond lovers meet,
And soft as their parting tear —
Jessy!



Here's a bottle and an honest friend!
What wad ye wish for mair, man?
Wha kens, before his life may end,



SCOTCH TOASTS



What his share may be of care,
man?

Then catch the moments as they fly,
And use them as ye ought, man:—
Believe me, happiness is shy,
And comes not aye when sought,
man.



Here's to him who winna' beguile
ye.



Here's a health to the ladies at hame,
Here's a health to the ladies awa',
And wha winna pledge wi' all their
soul
May they never be smiled on at a'.

Here's health to the bright eyes at
hame,
Here's health to the bright eyes awa',

SCOTCH TOASTS

Here's health to the beauties of every
clime,
And may we be smiled on by a'.



Here's to the friends we can trust
When the storms of adversity blow;
May they live in our song and be near-
est our hearts
Nor depart like the year that's awa'.



Here's to the year that's awa',
We'll drink it, in strong and in sma';
And here's to the bonnie young lassie
in love
While swift flies the year that's awa'.



Here's to them that loe's us, or
lends us a lift.



SCOTCH TOASTS



Here's to woman — she requires
no eulogy — she can speak for herself.



Here's to you, as good as you are,
And here's to me, as bad as I am;
But as good as you are and as bad as
I am
I'm as good as you are, as bad as I am.



Honest men and bonnie lassies.



I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin';
I hae been joyfu' gath'ring gear;
I hae been happy thinkin';
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a'
Amang the rigs o' barley.

SCOTCH TOASTS

It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but her name,
It heats me, it beats me,
And sets me a' on flame.



Jessie, the flower of Dumblane.



Mair friends and less need o' them.



May the hand of charity wipe the
tear from the eye of sorrow.



May the friends of our youth be the
companions of our old age.



May the honest heart never feel
distress.



SCOTCH TOASTS

May the hinges o' friendship never
rust or the wings o' love lose a feather.



May ne'er waur be amang us.



May we a' be canty and cosy
And ilk hae a wife in his bosy.



Let's drink our drap o' barley bree,
Though moon and stars should blink
thegither,
To each leal lad wi' kilted knee,
And bonnie lass amang the heather.



May never wicked fortune touzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle
him!



SCOTCH TOASTY



Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
He canty claw!
Then to the blessed New Jerusalem,
Fleet wing awa!



O! love! love! laddie.
Love's like a dizziness!
It winna let a puir body
Gang about his business.



Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.



SCOTCH TOASTS



We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary
foot
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And here's a hand, my trust fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid willie-
waught,
For auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be thine;

SCOTCH TOASTS

And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.



The de'il rock them in a creel that
does na' wish us a' weel.



The Ingle neuk wi' routh o' ban-
nocks and bairns.



The social friendly honest man,
Whae'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
And none but he.



The Highland lads and Lowland
lassies.



SCOTCH TOASTS



The Lowland fare and the Highland
lassies.



Then fill a bowl, and while we drink
We'll rivet closer friendship's link,
Till joy rin o'er and care deep sink,
Beneath the whirling wave o't.



Till Hymen brought his love-delighted
hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy
bower.



To a' Scots lassies.



To our next merry meeting.



Thumping luck and fat weans.

SCOTCH TOASTS

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!



This is a good world to live in,
To lend to spend or to give in,
But to get or to borrow or keep what's
one's own
'Tis the very worst world that ever was
known.



To those who love us, second fill;
But not to those whom we love:
Lest we love those who love not us!
A third — "to thee and me, Love!"



While highlandmen hate tolls and
taxes;



SCOTCH TOASTS



While muirlan' herds like guid fat
braxies;

While terra firma, on her axis
Diurnal turns,

Count on a friend, in faith an' prac-
tice,

In Robert Burns.



While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin' my
e'e,

Ye shall be aye my dearie.



Whilst we together jovial sit
Careless, and crowned with mirth
and wit,

We'll think of all the friends we
know

And drink to all worth drinking to!




SCOTCH TOASTS




CONVIVIAL AND
HUMOUROUS TOASTS
AND SENTIMENTS

SCOTCH TOASTY





SCOTCH TOASTS



A man when he's sober is deils ill to
ken;

Gude sooks than there's nae ken-
ning o' him.

But prime him wi' nappie, than ye
mae gae ben

And learn what he is — for 'twill
show him.



A club of good fellows like those that
are here

And a bottle like this I most heartily
cheer.



A ram's horn filled with usquebaugh.



Here's to the chief whose heart is
brave,



SCOTCH TOASTY



That merrily lives in the mountain
cave
And bides by greenwood law,
Who scorns the weather,
Whose bed's the heather,
Fill high, fill high together.



And let the careless moments roll
In social pleasures unconfin'd
And confidence that spurns control
Unlock the inmost springs of mind.



And now I have lived — I know not
how long.
And still I can join in a cup or a song.



Auld Scotland wants nae skinking
ware
That jaups in luggies;

SCOTCH TOASTS

But, if ye wish her gratefu' prayer,
Gie her a Haggis!



Be't whiskey gill, or penny wheep
Or any stronger potion,
It never fails, on drinking deep,
To kittle up our notion
By night or day.



Blythe, blythe, aroun' the nappy,
Let us join in social glee;
While we're here we'll hae a drappy,
Scotia's sons hae aye been free.



Blythe may we a' be,
Ill may we never see.



Breeks and brochan (brose),



SCOTCH TOASTS



By the gaily circling glass
We can tell how minutes pass.
By the hollow cask we're told
How the waning night grows old.



Comrades, you may pass the rosy.
With permission of the Chair
I shall leave you for a little, for I wish
to take the air.



Drink to-day, and drown all sorrow;
You shall perhaps not do't to-
morrow.



Food fills the wame, an' keeps us livin';
Tho' life's a gift no worth receivin'
When heavy dragged in pine and
grievin';
But oil'd by thee,

SCOTCH TOASTS

The wheels o' life gae down-hill,
screivin,
Wi' rattlin' glee.



Fortune, if thou'lt but gie me still
Hale breeks, a scone, an' whiskey gill,
An' rowth o' rhyme to rave at will,
Tak a' the rest,
An' deal 't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best.



Freedom and whiskey gang thegither!
Take aff your dram!



Gae fill the three pint cup o' ale,
The maul maun be above the meal,
We hope your ale is stark and stout
For men to drink the auld year out.



SCOTCH TOASTY



Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care;
There let him bouse, an' deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves and debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.



Gude e'en to ye a' an' tak your nappy,
A wully-waught's a good night cappy.



Here's to the place where a drap o'
guid drink's to be gotten.



Here's your fery good healths
And tamm ta whiskey duty.

SCOTCH TOASTS

In Vino Veritas! which means
A man's a very ass in liquor.
The thief that slowly steals our brains
Makes nothing but the temper
quicker.



Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,
What dangers thou canst make us
scorn.



Lang may they bloom, as aye they've
been

The pride o' lang syne.
Then fill the bicker reaming fu'
Wi' Scotland's Highland wine,
An' drink to a' whar're leel an' true,
An' days o' lang syne.



Let other poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, and wines, and druncken
Bacchus,



SCOTCH TOASTS



And crabbit names and stories wrack
us,
An' grate our lug,
I sing the juice Scotch barley can make
us,
In glass or jug.



Let Pride in Fortune's chariots fly,
Sae empty, vain, and vogie;
The source of wit, the spring of joy,
Lies in the social coggie.

Then O revere the coggie, sirs!
The poor man's patron coggie!
It warsels care, it fights life's
faughts
And lifts him frae the boggie.



Lees me wi' drink.
It gives us mair than either school
or college,

SCOTCH TOASTS

It wakens wit, it kindles lear
An' primes us fou o' knowledge.



May the pleasures of the evening
bear the reflections of the morning.



May love and whiskey both
Rejoice an honest fellow,
May the unripe joys of life
Love and whiskey mellow.



May ye never ken a fiddler's drouth.



May we have preed an' cheese like
Pen Nevis, an' whiskey like Loch
Lomond and a pig dyke 'tween us an'
the Tevil.



SCOTCH TOASTS



May we never be wearing lug
warmers when we are offered a drink
of whiskey.



May we ne'er want a friend or a
drappie to gie him.



Now fill your glasses ane an' a'
And drink the toast I gie ye, O,
"To merry chieles and lasses braw,
And every joy be wi' ye, O."

Fair fa' the whiskey, O,
Fair fa' the whiskey, O,
What wad a drouthy body do,
If 'twere nae for the whiskey, O?



O gie me the times when the ploys
were in vogue
An' the cake an' the kebbuck gaed
down wi' the cogue.

SCOTCH TOASTY

O guid ale comes and guid ale goes,
Guid ale gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose and pawn my shoon,
Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.



O thou my muse! guid auld Scotch
drink!



There's nought so sweet in this poor
life

As knittin' soul to soul;
And what maist close may bind that
knot?

The glass and bowl!
The glass and bowl, my boys,
The glass and bowl;
So let us call, for this is out,
Anither bowl.

We never dabbled in the burn,
Nor pull'd the gowan droll,



SCOTCH TOASTY



But often has the sun's return
Surprised our bowl.

Chorus — Our glass and bowl, etc.

And aft did we the merry catch
And cheering ditty troll,
And hooted mony a whiggish wretch
About the bowl.

Chorus — Our glass and bowl, etc.

And, therefore; hill betwixt may rise,
And though ocean water roll,
Yet we'll ne'er forget the lads who met
About the bowl.

Chorus — Our glass and bowl, etc.

And when yer poet's dead and gane,
And laid beneath the moul,
Let those who sung his memory, drink
About the bowl.

Chorus — Our glass and bowl, etc.

SCOTCH TOASTS

Our heads cool, our feet warm.
And a glass of good liquor to do us no
harm.



Peat whiskey hot
Tempered with well boiled water,
These make the long night shorter.



Scotch whiskey and Scotch cakes.



See the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial ragged ring;
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing.



Some hae meat and canna' eat,
And some wad eat who want it;
But we hae meat and we can eat,
So let the Lord be thankit.



SCOTCH TOASTY



Strong ale was ablution,
Small beer persecution,
A dram was memento mori;
But a full flowing bowl
Was the saving his soul,
And port was celestial glory.



The grace is said : it's nae o'wer lang;
The claret reams in bells.
Quo, Deacon, "Let the toast round gang,
Come, here's our noble sels',
Weel met the day."



The Highlandman's bauld, the High-
landman's free,
His arm is strong and his heart is true:
What gives the Highlandman courage
and glee?
What but the drops of his mountain
dew.

SCOTCH TOASTS

The juice of the grape is given to him
who will use it wisely,
As that which cheers the heart of men
after toil,
Refreshes him in sickness, and comforts him in sorrow.
He who enjoyeth it may thank God for
his wine cup as for his daily bread.
And he who abuses the gift of heaven is
not a greater fool than thou in
thine abstinence.



The sweets of Life — Mirth, Music,
Love, and Wine.



Life's a bumper filled by fate,
Let us guests enjoy the treat,
Nor, like silly mortals, pass
Life as 'twere but half a glass;
Let this scene with joy be crown'd,
Let the glee and catch go round!



SCOTCH TOASTS



All the sweets of life combine,
Mirth, music, love and wine.



Then fill up a bumper, and make it
o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to
throw;
May every true brother of the compass
and square
Have a big-bellied bottle when har-
ass'd with care.



Then here's to ilka kindly Scot:
Wi' mony good broths he boils his pot,
But rare hotch potch beats a' the lot,
It smells so brawly.
For there's carrots intill't and neaps
intill't,
There's peas and beans and beets intill't,
The hearty wholesome meats intill't
That stick the kite sae brawly.



SCOTCH TOASTY



Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!



Then sip the dew, and cheerful sing,
And loud the bagpipes play, man,
And gae the very welkin ring
Wi' blithe St. Andrew's Day, man.



There's death in the cup — sae beware!
Nay, more — there is danger in touch-
ing;
But wha can resist the fell snare?
The man and his wine's sae bewitching.



To sum up all, be merry, I advise;
And as we're merry, may we still be
wise.



SCOTCH TOASTY



To the three things necessary to the happiness of a Scotchman — First, the sneeshin' (snuff), second the whiskey, third, more whiskey.



To whiskey — o'er a' the ills o' life victorious.



We arena fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.



We hae a' kinds o' whisky, frae Glen-
livet sae clear,
That ne'er gaes a headache — to the
five bawbee gear;
We hae Gin, Rum, Shrub, and ither
neck-rackets

SCOTCH TOASTS

For them whan the clear stuff their
brain sets in rackets

We hae fine Yill frae Peebles, an'
Porter frae Lonnon —

Ginger beer frae the toon, an' Sma'
brisk an' foaming;

We hae Teas, Bread an' Cheese,
alias Welsh Rabbits;

Ham, Eggs an' Red Herrings for
wairsh tasted gabbets.

If at ony time aught else should be
wanted

We'll raither send for 't than see
freen's disappointed.



We meet to be merry, then let us part
wise

Nor suffer the bottle to blind reason's
eyes.



SCOTCH TOASTS

Wi' tippeny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae, we'll face the devil!



Now for the Doch an' Doris.



SCOTCH TOASTS

SOME
AFTER DINNER
STORIES



SCOTCH TOASTY



SCOTCH TOASTS

The source o' joy below,
The antidote to woe,
And the only proper go,
Is drinking drams.

So sang George Outram. The barley bree is peculiarly national, and is responsible for an extraordinary amount of wit and humour. Of course there are the tragic and the pathetic sides. But, as is related elsewhere, "A kirk withoot a hell's just no worth a d—— docken." If there had been less harm there would have been less fun in whisky. When could lemonade make a man "Glorious, o'er a' the ills o' life victorious!" What a pathetic little scene is that of Hawkie, the well-known Glasgow "character," as he himself describes it. "Wearied out, I lay down at the roadside to rest me, an' a' the laddies were saying as they passed, 'Haw-



SCOTCH TOASTY



kie's drunk,' an' vext was I that it wasna true."



"Was ye ever drunk, sir," inquired a Perthshire blacksmith of the Free Church minister who was remonstrating with him for excessive indulgence. "No, Donald," said the minister, "I am glad to say I never was." "I thocht as muckle," said the smith; "for man, if ye was ance richt drunk, ye wad never like to be sober a' your days again."



A Perthshire village tradesman got on the "batter" and did not return home until after the lapse of several days. His wife met him in the door with the question, "Whaur hae ye been a' this time?" "Perth," was the sententious reply. "Perth!"

SCOTCH TOASTS

echoed the wife. "An' what was ye doin' sae lang in Perth? Nae mortal man could be doin' gude stayin' in Perth for three hale days on end." "Awa! an' no haiver, woman," was the dry reply, "plenty o' fouk stay a' their days in Perth an' do brawly."



"There's death in the cup!" exclaimed a violent teetotal lecturer as he rushed up to where an old farmer was carefully toning his dram with water from a huge decanter. More of the pura had flowed forth than was intended, and eyeing his glass critically, "Hech, an' I think ye're richt, freend," was the response, "for I've droon'd the miller."



Here is a peculiar form of "drunk." The grandfather of the author of



SCOTCH TOASTY



“Oor Ain Folk” sent his man Donald to dispose of a skep of bees at Edzell market. The seductions of the fair, etc., were too much for Donald, who arrived home nearly “blin’ fou” and could only give a long, rambling rigmarole of the most imaginative character about the lost siller. Seeing clearly, however, what had happened, the old minister in great irritation cut him short with the following outburst of broadest vernacular: “Hoots! ye leein’ sumph, ye’ve drucken the haill hypothec; I can hear the vera bees bizen i’ yer wame!”



Johnnie Baxter, of Montrose, was ordered by the doctor to give his wife some whisky. Shortly afterwards the doctor called again, and, being rather dubious of Johnnie’s moral

SCOTCH TOASTS

rectitude when whisky was in question, asked him point blank, "Weel, Johnnie, did ye get yer wife the stimulant I ordered?" "Ou ay," said Johnnie with a hiccough, "I got the steemulant." "Ay, but did ye administer it?" Then Johnnie, with a fine outburst of drunken candour, said: "Weel, as fac's deith, doctor, I got the whusky for her, but ye see ye tell't me she couldna last till mornin', and that naethin' would dae her ony guid, so I jist thocht it's a peety tae waste guid whusky, and so, doctor" (this with a sigh), "I jist took the drappie masel' ;" but he hastened to add, seeing a look of strong disgust on the doctor's face, "I gied her the hooch o't."



For the pure "peat reek" one must go away to the far north. There



SCOTCH TOASTY



whisky was a "mercy," something sent by an all-wise Providence to comfort the sons of men in all their troubles. Old Andrew Creach, of Caithness, was the reverse of a bigoted teetotaler. A shepherd accused him of being drunk, and quoted Scripture to the effect that no drunkard should inherit the Kingdom of God. Andrew retorted, "Ye know nothing about it, shir; what does the Scripture say? 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.' That's the Gospel call, and I tell ye, shir, I hope I'll go singing fu' ower Jordan."



A hard-working weaver had a less Scriptural explanation. Recognizing that the only social relaxation he could possibly enjoy was when he met his cronies to interchange ideas

SCOTCH TOASTS

over a tumbler of toddy, and on being reproached by his good minister for having allowed himself to be overcome by the seductions of the potent national spirit, he said, as the minister expressed his astonishment that he would allow his love for whisky to overcome the better part of his nature: "Ah, meenister, it's no the whisky, it's the 'here's t'ye' that dis a' the mischief."



There is an old story of one man coming into a public-house and asking for a glass of whisky because he was hot, another asking for one because he was cold, and a third because he liked it.



A young countryman went a considerable distance to pay a visit to his



SCOTCH TOASTY



uncle and aunt and cousins, who were reputed a family of strict teetotalers. During his first meal at his kinsman's table the young man commented on the absence of spirituous liquors. "We're a' temperance folk here, ye ken," interrupted the old man. "No spirituous liquors are allowed to enter this house." After dinner the old man went upstairs to take his customary "forty winks," the girls started off to Sunday School, and the boys lounged away to smoke in the stable. As soon as Aunt Petty found herself alone in the kitchen she put her fore finger to her lips, to enjoin silence on the part of her youthful nephew, and going to a dark nook in the pantry, she drew therefrom a little black bottle, and filling a glass, held it out to him and said, "Here, John, tak' a taste o' that. Our gudeman's sic a strict teetotaler that

SCOTCH TOASTY

I daurna let him ken that I keep a wee drap in the hoose — just for medicine. So dinna mention it." A few minutes later the old man cried from the stairhead, "Are you there, John?" The nephew went upstairs, when the head of the house took him to his own bedroom, where he promptly produced a gallon-jar of whisky from an old portmanteau under the bed, and, pouring out a hearty dram, said: "Teetotalin' doesna prevent me frae keepin' a wee drap o' the 'rale peat reek' in case o' illness or that; so here, lad, put ye that in yer cheek; but (confidentially) not a word aboot it to your auntie, or the laddies." Strolling out of doors after this second surprise, and entering the stable, the cousins beckoned their relative into the barn, where after fumbling among the straw for a few seconds, they handed him a black



SCOTCH TOASTY



bottle, with the encouraging — “Tak’ a sook o’ that, cousin, ye’ll find it’s gude; but not a word to the old fouks, mind, for twa mair infatuated teetotalers were never born.” Such things happen also in the State of Maine they say. [Ed.



John and Betty M'Dougal went to a temperance lecture and signed the pledge. On their way home they bought a bottle of whisky to have in the house in case of illness — “medicine,” they called it. About a week after John complained of not feeling well, and said, “Betty, wuman, I’m no weel; I’ve a terrible sair stamach. Fetch the medicine; quick, wuman, quick.” Betty brought the bottle and held it up to the light, and said, “I wush, John, there may

SCOTCH TOASTS

be a gless in it, for I've had a terrible sair stomach mysel' every day this week!"



Three drovers in a roadside inn met and celebrated — in whiskey. There was but one glass and that with no foot to it. One after the other they filled and refilled it, one of them saying gravely each time it came to his turn, "I think we wadna be the waur of some water," but he never used any.



It was a Scotchman who said that porter was a wholesome beverage if you did not drink more than a dozen bottles!



It may have been the same man who observed, "Na, na, I never knew ony-



SCOTCH TOASTY


body killed wi' drinking; but I hae kenned some that deed in the training."



"Bend well to the Madeira at dinner, for here you'll get little o't after," was the advice given to a fellow guest at the table of a friend the latter was visiting for the first time.



A stag party below stairs broke up late, or rather early in the morning. The wife, who was thrifty, could not sleep for the thought of the quantity of whiskey that must have been consumed. She eagerly called down the stairs to the maid, "How many bottles of whiskey have they used, Betty?" The girl, who had not to pay for the whiskey but who had to fetch water from the well, replied, "I dinna ken,



SCOTCH TOASTY

mem, but they've drunken sax gang o' watter."



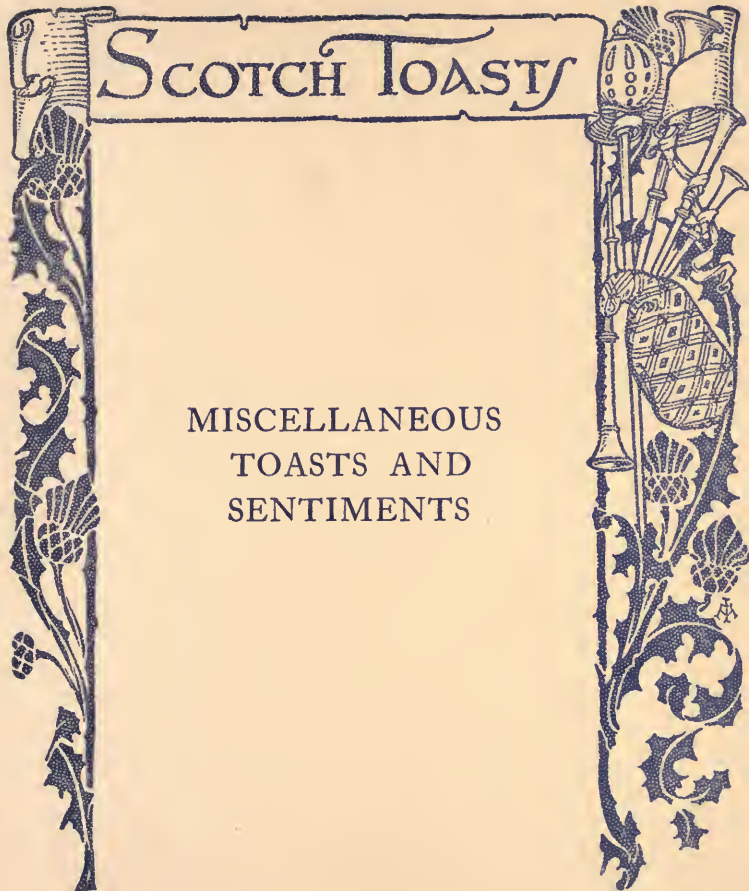
When men used to drink till they fell under the table, one of a party who did not wish to go to excess followed the example of some and slid to the floor; presently he felt a small pair of hands about his throat. On asking what he was doing there came the reply, "Sir, I'm the lad to lowse the neckties."

SCOTCH TOASTY



SCOTCH TOASTS

MISCELLANEOUS
TOASTS AND
SENTIMENTS



SCOTCH TOASTY



SCOTCH TOASTS

A chiel's amang ye takin' notes and,
faith, he'll prent it!



A garland for the hero's crest
And twined by her whom he loves best.



And here's to a' wha drink this night,
And here's to them that's far awa',
And muckle joy and pure delight.



And so suppose now, while the things
go away,
By way of a grace we all stand up and
say
How pleasant it is to have money,
heigh ho,
How pleasant it is to have money!



SCOTCH TOASTS



And there in soul sunshine, shall bloom
evermore
The mem'ry of Burns, the bard of the
Poor.



Auld Lang Syne.



Barley rigs; may we experience a
few of Burns' happy nights among
them.



Dinna' forget.



God loves man when he refrains from
sin,
The De'il loves man when he persists
therein,

SCOTCH TOASTS

The world loves man, when riches on
him flow,
And you'd love me could I pay what I
owe.



Gude nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.
Gude Nicht.



Health to the man, death to the
fish, and good growth to all in the
ground.



Here's to him that has the right
And yet received the wrang,
Has five shillings in his pouch
And yet he wants a crown.



Here's to him that's out
And no to him that pits him out,



SCOTCH TOASTY



And de'il turn all their insides out
That doesna drink this toast about.



Happy's the man that belongs to nae
party
But sits in his ain house and looks at
Benarty.




Here's health to the sick, stilts to the
lame, claise to the back and brose to
the wame.




Here's health, wealth, wit and meal.



Here's to a' your fouk an' a' our
fouk, an' a' the fouk that's been kind
to your fouk an' our fouk; an' if a'
fouk had aye been as kind to fouk as
your fouk's been to our fouk, there



SCOTCH TOASTS



wad aye hae been guid fouk i' the
warld sin fouks bin fouks.



Here's to horn, corn, wool and yarn.



In politics if thou would'st mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind, be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see.



Mair sense and mair siller.



May every Scotchman be fed with
crowdy-mowdy, lang-kail, and ranty-
tanty.



May liberty meet wi' success!
May prudence protect her frae evil!



SCOTCH TOASTS



May tyrants and tyranny tine in the
mist
And wander their way to the devil.



May poortith never throw us in the
dirt, or gowd into the high saddle.



May the mouse ne'er leave our meal
pock with the tear in his ee.



May the winds o' adversity never
blaw open our door.



May want, discontent and turbulence
cease,
May men live thegither in concord and
peace,

SCOTCH TOASTS

May Scotland aye yield a rich crop an'
fleece
To keep our hands full wi' the spin-
in' o't.



Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could mak' us happy lang;
The heart aye's the part aye,
That make's us right or wrang.



Of all the arts beneath the heaven
That man has found or God has given,
None draws the soul so sweet away
As Music's melting mystic lay.



O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were
tried
There's nane half so sure as our ain
fireside.



SCOTCH TOASTS



O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us.



Success for aye to the guid auld game,
To the grand old game of the gowff.



To horny hands and weather-beaten
haffets (cheeks).



To the rending o' rocks and the
pu'in' doun o' auld houses.



The anniversary of St. Andrew's Day
and all its convivial meetings.



The Duke of Argyll and the Camp-
bell clan.

SCOTCH TOASTS

Let the waiter bring clean glasses,
With a fresh supply of wine —
For I see by all your faces,
In my wishes you will join.

It is not the charms of beauty,
Which I purpose to explain,
We awhile will leave that duty,
For a more prevailing theme.

To the health I'm now proposing,
Let's have one full glass at least,
No one here can think't imposing —
'Tis — "The Founder of the Feast!"



The Highland fling: may it ever cast
care away.



The nobles of Caledonia and their
ladies.



SCOTCH TOASTS

The poet of chivalry, Sir Walter Scott.



The Scotch bagpipe but not the
Scotch fiddle.



The Scotch Greys: that made the
Eagles look black.



The Scotchman's proverb: Get a
good price but give good measure.



The three great generals — General
Peace, General Plenty and General
Satisfaction.



Then dormy hame we can sing through
the round
And die like golfers keen.

SCOTCH TOASTS

We've played fu' well the short game
and lang,
The game on the golfing green.



Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human,
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.



"To each and all a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams and slumbers
bright."



To Edinburgh — the penniless lass
wi' the lang pedigree.



SCOTCH TOASTY



To Burns

Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower; the lowest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and
grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass
The brighter seem.



To Burns

For now he haunts his native land
As an immortal youth; his hand
Guides every plough;
He sits beside each ingle-nook;
His voice is in each rushing brook
Each rustling bough.



To the memory of Sir Ralph Aber-
cromby, and may the laurels which
Scotland gained when he fell bloom to

SCOTCH TOASTS

the latest ages untarnished by any of
her future warriors.



To the memory of Robert Bruce.



To the Shakespeare of novelists,
Sir Walter Scott.



Up wi' my ploughman, lad,
And hey my merry ploughman,
Of a' the trades that I do ken
Commend me to the ploughman.





When driving ceases, may we still be
able
To play the shorts, putt and be com-
fortable.



SCOTCH TOASTY


Yonder's the moon, I ken her horn,
She's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines fu' bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!





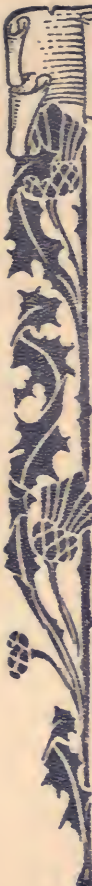
SCOTCH TOASTS

SCOTTISH TOASTS
A MISCELLANY




SCOTCH TOASTS





SCOTCH TOASTS



Most folks give their sentiments after
their song,

But I cannot say that is my teacher;
To part heart and harmony sure must
be wrong,

Song and Sentiment I join together:
So at once in a Song I'll my Sentiments
give,

Sure you'll all approve what I am
giving —

“Here's our noble selves, and long may
we live,

With dear Scotland, the land that
we lived in.”

Then here's “Lovely Woman!” each
man will drink that,

For in each care and ill she'll re-
lieve him;

“Sweet home,” for though homely,
'tis home for all that,



SCOTCH TOASTS



With "a friend and a bottle to give him."

Here's "may honour and honesty never decline,"

'Tis the wish of my heart, I assure ye;

"May justice and mercy for ever entwine,"

With our glorious "Trial by Jury."

May the moment now present, of life be the worst,

May the honest heart ne'er know distress,

May we have in our arms what in heart we love best,

All those that bless us may we bless.

"A good trade and well paid" which ensures "peace and plenty;"

"Honest men, pretty women" for ever!

"Playhouses full, and Workhouses empty,"



SCOTCH TOASTS



And "may worth and want finally
sever."

"Here's the heart that can feel for
another's distress,"

And "the man that was never un-
grateful; "

Here's "may we the smiles of good
humour possess,

With friends around, cheerful and
faithful."

Here's "our own wooden walls," that
still lay our foes flat,

With those treasures, wives, chil-
dren, and friends,

"Here's our own noble selves," and
now having drank that,

Here my Song of good Sentiment
ends.

THE END.

SCOTCH TOASTS



SCOTCH TOASTS



SCOTCH TOASTY



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