

Toast tae Robbie Burns – Written by Stewart Archibald of Ballater, Scotland

Wordsworth, Keats and Longfellow are names that spring tae mine,
For writing romantic verse and makin wordies rhyme,
Bit the mester o' them a' when it comes tae penning prose,
Is the man fae Scotlands Ayrshire brought up on plain meal brose,
He wrote it like it wis, in his native Scottish tongue,
He lived his life tae full, and passed awa' too young.
Bit there's nae ees livin' lang, if nae living tae the full,
And for loving/living life, oor Rabbies mester o' the school.

How he iver found the time tae wrute a' thing that he did,
Is beyond a normal mortal and the proverbial "whizz-kid"
Bit pen tae paper he did pit, he wrote aboot it a'
Fae great chieftain o' the puddin' race, tae birdies in the sna'.
He wrote o' witches in the buff and o' his grey meer meg,
O'timorous mice, Afton rose and fillies wi' dammed fine legs.
He wrote o' men that couldna eat and some wad eat that want it,
Bit we hae meat and we can eat, and sae the Lord be thankit.

He drank and courted his fair share, and mony mair on top,
He loved and left and sowed his seed and fertilized his crop.
His name still ranks amongst the best fae the bonnie Scottish shores,
His words they still work wonders and open mony doors,
So as we gather here the nicht lets toast the Ayrshire man,
Fa maks us friens thru troubled times in far flung foreign lands.
Pit doon yir fags, get on yir feet and raise yir gless up high,
Let's toast and hope his name lives on, till a' the seas rin dry.

"RABBIE BURNS"