

TOASTS



15¢

AND
BALLADS

15¢

SUITABLE FOR ALL OCCASIONS

TOASTS AND BALLADS



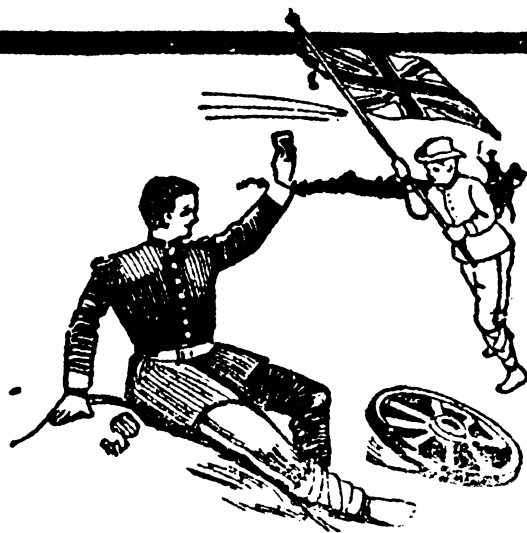
WITTY
SAD
GAY
WISE
AND
OTHER-
WISE

GEORGE J. McLEOD, LIMITED
TORONTO



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Patriotic



BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has 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 on a foreign strand?

Great Britain



Britain's myriad voices call:
Sons, be welded, each and all
Into one imperial whole.
One with Britain heart and soul,
One fleet, one flag, one life, one throne—
Britons, hold your own!

Canada



Here's a maid of the North,
And a maiden of worth,
A maid of the wheatfields and pine;
On her cheeks there is health,
In her hands there is wealth
Of the river and forest and mine.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Here's to Canada!

To Canada, the land of Young Hope,
Where the man that hath Endeavor
To Despairing yieldeth never,
But doth bend unto his task,
Pressing forward, does but ask
Chance to share
Thy future fair,
Canada, thou Land of Hope!



Canada

Here's to the land of the rock and the pine!
Here's to the land of the raft and the river!
Here's to the land where the sunbeams shine,
And the night that is bright with the North
Lights' quiver.



England

What of the men?
The men were bred in England.
The bowmen—the yeomen—
The lads of dale and fell.
Here's to you—and to you!
To the hearts that are true,
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Scotland

We toast ye, the night, the hills 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.



Ireland

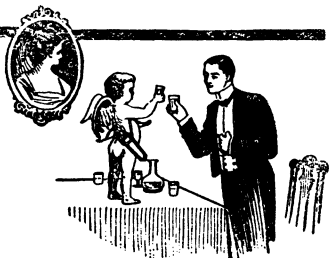
Here's to the land of the shamrock so green,
Here's to each lad and his darling colleen,
Here's to the ones we love dearest and most,
And may God save old Ireland!—that's an Irish-
man's toast.



United States

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.

Love



A MIGHTY pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss;
But, of all pain, the greater pain
Is to love, but love in vain.



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



Here's to love, a thing divine;
Description doth but make it less.
'Tis what we feel, but can't define,
'Tis what we know, but can't express.



Since we parted yester eve,
I do love thee, Love, believe,
Twelve times dearer, twelve hours longer,
One dream deeper, one night stronger,
One sun surer; this much more
Than I loved thee, dear, before.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

May those now love who never loved before,
And those who always loved now love the more.



TOM MOORE'S TOAST

I filled to thee, to thee I drank,
I nothing did but drink and fill;
The bowl by turns was bright and blank,
'Twas drinking, filling, drinking still.

At length I bade an artist paint
Thy image in this ample cup,
That I might see the dimpled saint
To whom I quaffed my nectar up.

Behold, how bright that purple lip
Now blushes through the wave at me!
Every roseate drop I sip
Is just like kissing wine from thee.

And still I drink the more for this;
For, ever when the draught I drain,
Thy lip invites another kiss,
And in the nectar flows again.

So, here's to thee, my gentle dear,
And may that eyelid never shine
Beneath a darker, bitterer tear
Than bathes it in this bowl of mine!

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Here's to you, my dear,
And to the dear that's not here, my dear;
But if the dear that's not here, my dear,
Were here, my dear,
I'd not be drinking to you, my dear.



It warms me, it charms me
To mention her name;
It heats me, it beats me,
And sets me aflame.



Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would not change for thine.



We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

A broken cake, with honey sweet,
Is all my spare and simple treat:
And while a generous bowl I crown
To float my little banquet down,
I take the soft, the amorous lyre,
And sing of love's delicious fire:
In mirthful measures warm and free,
I sing, dear maid, and sing for thee!



Like one who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lured by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee.

For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be tossed;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost!



I saw thee weep—the big, bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet dropping dew;
I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That filled that glance of thine.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Here's a health to all those that we love,
And a health to all those that love us,
And a health to all those that love them that we
love,
And to them that love those that love us.



A book of verses underneath the bough,
A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and Thou,
Beside me, singing in the wilderness—
Oh, wilderness were Paradise enow!



Here's to those who'd love us
If we only cared;
Here's to those we'd love
If we only dared.



Here's to you in wine,
Good old wine!
I will be your love,
And you will be mine,
I will be constant,
You will be true,
And I'll leave my happy home,
And everything for you—
Just for a little while.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Come, twine the wreath, thy brows to shade;
These flowers were culled at noon;
Like woman's love, the rose will fade,
But, ah! not half so soon.
For though the flower's decayed,
Its fragrance is not o'er;
But once when love's betrayed,
Its sweet life blooms no more.



Here's to the girl I love,
And here's to the girl who love me,
And here's to all those who love her whom I love,
And all those who love her who loves me.



Here's to the man who loves his wife,
And loves his wife alone,
For many a man loves another man's wife
When he ought to be loving his own.



The world is filled with flowers,
The flowers are filled with dew,
The dew is filled with love
For you—and you—and you.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Ah, Love! could you and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?



O, lady, there be many things
That seem right fair, below, above;
But sure not one among them all
Is half so sweet as love.



The cup that is longest untasted
May be with our bliss running o'er,
And, love when we will, we have wasted
An age in not loving before.



Mix me, child, a cup divine,
Crystal water, ruby wine:
Weave the frontlet, richly flushing,
O'er my wintry temples blushing.
Mix the brimmer—Love and I
Shall no more the contest try.
Here, upon this holy bowl,
I surrender all my soul!

Kisses



ONE kiss from all others prevents me,
And sets all my pulses astir,
And burns on my lips and torments me,
'Tis the kiss that I fain would give her.



Fill a glass with golden wine,
And the while your lips are wet,
Set their perfume upon mine and forget;
Every kiss we take or give
Leaves us less of life to live.



A kiss! When all is said, what is a kiss? An oath of allegiance taken in closer proximity, a promise more precise, a seal on a confession, a rose-red dot on the letter "i" in loving; a secret which elects the mouth for ear; an instant of eternity murmuring like a bee; balmy communion with a flavor of flowers; a fashion of inhaling each other's heart, and of tasting, on the brink of the lips, each other's soul!

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Give me a kiss, and to that kiss add a score,
Then to that twenty add a hundred more;
A thousand to that hundred, and so kiss on,
To make that thousand quite a million;
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kiss afresh as though we'd just begun.



Tho' a kiss be amiss,
She who misses the kisses
As Miss without kiss,
May miss being a Mrs.
And he who will miss
The kisses of Misses
Will miss having the bliss
Of being Mr. to Mrs.



Yesterday's yesterday while to-day's here,
To-day's to-day till to-morrow appear,
To-morrow's to-morrow until to-day's past,
And kisses are kisses as long as they last.



One kiss for all others requites me,
Although it is never to be,
And sweetens my dreams and invites me,
'Tis the kiss that she dare not give me.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Here's to the smoke that curls in the air,
Here's to the dog at my feet;
Here's to the girls that have gone before—
Gad! but their kisses were sweet!



Here's to the lasses we've loved, my lad,
Here's to the lips we've pressed;
For of kisses and lasses,
Like liquor in glasses,
The last is always the best.



May we kiss whom we please,
And please whom we kiss.



See, the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?



Hang up love's mistletoe over the earth
And let us kiss under it all the year round.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

The pretty girl who gets a kiss
And goes and tells her mother,
Does a very foolish thing
And don't deserve another.



To the first kiss of love—
When age chills the blood, when our pleasures
are past—
When years fleet away with the wings of a dove,
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love.



Never a lip is curved in pain
That cannot be kissed into smiles again.



They say there are microbes in a kiss,
This rumor is most rife;
Come, lady dear, and make of me
An invalid for life.



Here's to the girl who's bound to win
Her share, at least of blisses,
Who knows enough not to go in
When it is raining kisses.



Stolen kisses are always sweetest!

Women



THEY talk about a woman's sphere as though
it had a limit;

There's not a place in earth or heaven,
There's not a task to mankind given,
There's not a blessing or a woe,
There's not a whispered yes or no,
There's not a life, there's not a birth,
That has a feather's weight of worth—without a
woman in it.



Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir!
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove
An excuse for the glass.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

A woman's tongue keepeth not the Sabbath.



I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.

Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.



To Ladies' eyes around, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse;
Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bowers, yon airy bowers,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find Love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!

TOASTS AND BALLADS

My son, I've travelled round the world,
And many maids I've met;
There are two kinds you must avoid—
The Blonde—and the Brunette!



The fairest work of a great Author; the edition
is large, and no man should be without a copy.



Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty!
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.



I know the thing that's most uncommon,
(Envy be silent and attend),
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.



Here's to the girl that's good and sweet,
Here's to the girl that's true;
Here's to the girl that rules my heart—
In other words, here's to you!

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Here's to woman, whose heart and whose soul
Are the light and the life of each spell we
pursue;
Whether sunned at the tropics or chilled at the
pole,
If woman be there, there is happiness too.

Drink, drink, drink!
Drink to the girl of your heart;
The wisest, the wittiest, the bravest, the prettiest,
May you never be far apart.

There is sadness in her sadness when she's sad,
And there's gladness in her gladness when she's
glad;
But the sadness of her sadness,
And the gladness of her gladness,
Are not in it with her madness when she's mad.

God made the world—and rested,
God made man—and rested,
Then God made women;
Since then neither God nor man has rested.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Brisk wine and lovely women are
The source of all our joys;
A bumper softens every care,
And beauty never cloys.
Then let us drink and let us love
While yet our hearts are gay,
Women and wine we all approve
As blessing night and day.



Here's to woman! In hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
Yet seen too oft—familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.



Now, boys, just a moment! you've all had your
say,
While enjoying yourselves in so pleasant a way.
We've toasted our sweethearts, our friends and
our wives,
We've toasted each other, wishing all merry lives;
Don't frown when I tell you this toast beats all
others,—
But drink one more toast, boys, a toast to "Our
Mothers!"

TOASTS AND BALLADS

To the light that lies in woman's eyes,
And lies—and *lies*—and LIES!



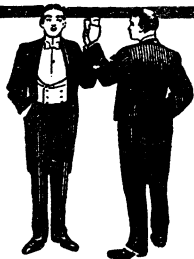
Some sing of the ruby wine,
Or the humming home-brewed ale;
Some glory in tavern toasts,
With comrades hearty and hale;
But give me a forest health,
The blue sky roof above;
I drain this glass to the bonny lass,
The lass of my own true love.

Then here's to the maid ye love, my lads,
And here's to her promise true;
And here's to the blue of the sky in her eye,
And the print of her tiny shoe.
I drink to her sunny hair, my lads,
I drink to her lips rose red,
The lass you love is the world to you,
When all's been done and said.



Here's to woman, the sweetheart, the wife,
The delight of our fireside by night and by day,
Who never does anything wrong in her life,
Except when permitted to have her own way.

Friends



AT all your feasts, remember, too,
When cups are sparkling to the brim,
That there is one who drinks to you,
And oh! as warmly drink to him.



Here's to the four hinges of friendship,
Swearing, lying, stealing and drinking:
When you swear, swear by your country;
When you lie, lie for a pretty woman;
When you steal, steal away from bad company,
And when you drink, drink with me.



May the skin of a gooseberry be big enough for
an umbrella to cover up all your enemies.



Then stand to your glasses steady,
And drink to your comrade's eyes;
Here's a cup to the dead already,
And hurrah for the next that dies.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Here's health to you, and wealth to you,
Honors and gifts a thousand strong;
Here's name to you, and fame to you,
Blessings and joy a whole life long;
But, lest bright Fortune's star grow dim,
And sometime cease to move to you,
I fill my bumper to the brim
And pledge a lot of love to you.



Choose your friends wisely,
Test your friends well;
True friends, like rarest gems,
Prove hard to tell.
Winter him, summer him,
Know your friend well.



Here's a toast to all who are here,
No matter where you're from:
May the best day you have ever seen
Be worse than your worst to come.



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

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Long years have passed, old friend, since we
First met in love's young day;
And friends long loved by thee and me
Since then have dropt away;—
But enough remain to cheer us on,
And sweeten, when thus we're met;
The glass we fill to the many gone,
And the few who're left us yet.



Old books, old wine, old nankin blue,
All things in fact to which belong
The charm, the grace that time makes strong.
All these I love, but *entre nous*,
Old friends are best.



A little health, a little wealth,
A little house and freedom,
With some few friends
For certain ends,
But little cause to need 'em.



For some we loved, the loveliest and best,
That from his vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Here's hoping you will live one thousand years;
Here's hoping I will live one thousand years, less
one day.

How could I live on that day
Knowing that you had passed away?



Here's to the friends we love so well,
To those so far away!
If a drink of cheer would bring them here
We would drink the livelong day.



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



Then here's to thee, old friend, and long
May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
This short life ere it fleet.



While there's life on the lip, while
There's warmth in the wine,
One deep health I'll pledge, and that
Health shall be thine!

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Now think of a toast and while thinking it,
Here's a toast to our host and while drinking it,
Let's wish him long life,
And the same to his wife,
Now empty your glass after clinking it.



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



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



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



I wish thee health,
I wish thee wealth,
I wish thee gold in store;
I wish thee heaven upon earth—
What could I wish thee more?

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Into life's bitter cup true friendship drops
 Balsamic sweets to overpower the gall.
True friends, like ivy, and the wall it props,
 Both stand together, or together fall.



I drink as the Fates ordain it.
 Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the lonely glass and drain it
 In memory of dear old times.



A health to our sweethearts,
 Our friends and our wives,
And may fortune smile on them
 The rest of their lives.



Thou art ever a favored guest
 In every fair and brilliant throng—
No wit like thine to make the jest,
 No voice like thine to breathe the song.



All care to the wind we merrily fling,
For the damp, cold grave is a dead sure thing!
It's a dead sure thing we're alive to-night,
And the damp, cold grave is out of sight.

Wine



HERE'S to champagne, the drink divine,
That makes us forget our troubles;
It's made of a dollar's worth of wine
And three dollars' worth of bubbles.



God made man
Frail as a bubble;
God made love,
Love made trouble;
God made the vine,
Was it a sin
That man made wine
To drown trouble in?



The sizzle's a fizzle, but I'll pour you out thine;
Our trouble, like bubbles, will vanish in wine.
Let's sizzle our troubles in fizzleous bubbles—
Come, empty your good glass with mine.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Come! fill a fresh bumper, for why should we go
While the nectar still reddens our cups as they
flow?

Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.
The purple-globed clusters their life dew have
bled;

How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they
shed!

For summer's last roses lie hid in the wines
That were gathered by maidens who laughed thro'
the vines.



Friend of my soul, this goblet sip,
'Twill chase that pensive tear,
'Tis not so sweet as a woman's lip,
But, oh! 'tis more sincere.
Like her delusive beam,
'Twill steal away thy mind;
But, truer than Love's dream,
It leaves no sting behind.



Wine, women, mirth, and laughter,
Sermons and soda water the day after.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours, we have it here!
Let's banish business, banish sorrow,
To the gods belongs to-morrow.



Come, once more a bumper, then drink as you
please,
Tho' who could fill halfway to toasts such as these?
Here's our next joyous meeting—and, sir, when
we meet,
May our wine be as bright and our union as sweet!



The bubble winked at me and said:
"You'll miss me, brother, when you're dead."



Here's to mine, and here's to thine!
Now's the time to clink it;
Here's a flagon of old wine,
And here we are to drink it.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer
For all good wine, and we've some of it here—
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!



There are no sorrows wine cannot allay,
There are no sins wine cannot wash away,
There are no riddles wine knows not to read,
There are no debts wine is too poor to pay.



If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why I drink—
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be bye-and-bye, or any other reason
why.



Fill the bumper fair;
Every drop we sprinkle
O'er the brow of care
Smooths away a wrinkle.



Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets, and future fears.
To-morrow? why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years.

Drinking



A FIG, then, for Burgundy, Claret or Moun-
tain,

A few scanty glasses must limit your wish ;
But he's the true toper that goes to the fountain,
The drinker that verily drinks like a fish !



Along, come along,
Let's meet in a throng
Here of tinkers,
And quaff up a bowl
As big as a cowl
To beer drinkers.



The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again ;
The planets suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
Fill all the glasses, then, for why
If these all drink, then shouldn't I ?

TOASTS AND BALLADS

I know thou lovest a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure—
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.



Let us be drunk, and for awhile forget,
Forget, and ceasing even from regret
Live without reason, and despite of rhyme,
As in a dream preposterous and sublime,
Where place, and hour, and means, for once are
met.

What is the use of effort? Love, and debt,
And disappointment have us in a net;
Let us break out and taste the morning prime—
Let us be drunk.



Fill the goblet again! for I never before
Felt the glow that now gladdens my heart to its
core;
Let us drink!—who would not?—since through
life's varied round
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

He who drinks strong drink gets drunk with ease;
When you've drunk too much you get weak at
the knees.

I should hate to see this, so will say to you, "Please
Take care, good fellows, take care."



I takes my pipe, I takes my pot,
And drunk I'm never seen to be;
I'm no teetotaler, or sot,
And as I am I mean to be.



And let me the canakin clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man,
A life's but a span,
Why, then, let a soldier drink.



Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternal "health" goes round.
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high—
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

TOASTS AND BALLADS

When your heels hit hard,
And your head feels queer,
And your thoughts rise up
Like the froth on beer,
And your knees are weak,
And your voice is strong,
And you laugh all night
At some darn fool song,
You're drunk, young man, you're drunk!



THE MORNIN'S MORNIN'

*This is the tale that Cassidy told
In his halls asheen with purple and gold;
—Told as he sprawled in an easy chair,
Chewing cigars at a dollar a pair;
—Told with a sigh and perchance a tear
As the rough soul showed through the cracked
veneer;
—Told as he gazed on the walls near by,
Where a Greuze and a Millet were hung on high,
With a rude little print in a frame between—
A picture of Shanahan's ould shebeen.*

TOASTS AND BALLADS

"I'm drinkin' me mornin's mornin'—but it doesn't
taste th' same;

Though the glass is iv finest crystal an' th' liquor
slips down like crame;

An' me cockney footman brings it on a soort of
a silver plate:—

Sherry an' bitters it is; whisky is out iv date.

In me bran' new brownstone manshin'—Fift'
av'noo over th' way,

Th' Cathaydral round th' corner, an' the Lord
Archbishop to tay,

Sure I ought to be sthiff wid grandeur, but me
tastes are mighty mean,

An' I'd rather a mornin's mornin' at Shanahan's
ould shebeen.

"Oh! well do I mind th' shanty—th' rocks, an'
th' field beyant,

The dirt floor yellow wid sawdust an' th' walls
on a three-inch shlant.

(There's a twelve-story 'flat' on th' site now—
'twas meself that builded th' same.)

An' they called it 'The Mont-morincy'—though
I wanted th' good ould name.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Me dinner pail under me oxther, before th' whistle
blew,
I'd banish th' drames from me eyelids wid a
noggin', or maybe two;
An' oh! 'twas th' illegant whisky—its like I have
never seen
Since I went for me mornin's mornin' to Shana-
han's ould shebeen.

"I disremember th' makers—I couldn't tell you
the brand;
But it smiled like the goolden sunlight, an' it
looked an' tasted gr-rand.
When me throat was caked wid mortar an' me
head was cracked wid a blast,
One drink o' Shanahan's dewdrops an' all me
troubles was past.
That's why, as I squat on th' cushins, wid divil
a hap'orth to do,
In a mornin' coat lined wid velvet, an a cham-
pagne lunch at two,
Th' mem'ry comes like a banshee, meself an'
me wealth between;
An' I long for a mornin's mornin' in Shanahan's
ould shebeen.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

"A mornin' coat lined wid velvet—an' me ould
coat used to do

Alike for mornin' an' evenin' (an' sometimes I
slep' in it, too;)

An' 'twas divil a sup iv sherry that Shanahan
kept—no fear;

If you couldn't afford good whisky he'd take you
on trust for beer.

Th' / dacintest gang I knew there—McCarthy
(Sinather since,)

An' Murphy that mixed the morthar (sure the
Pope has made him a Prince);

You should see 'em, avic, o' Sundays, wid faces
scraped an' clean,

When th' boss stood a mornin's mornin' round
Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"Whisht! here comes his Grace's carriage, 'twill
be lunch time by an' by;

An' I dasn't drink another—though me throat
is powerful dry;

For I've got to meet th' Archbishop—I'm a
laborer now no more,

TOASTS AND BALLADS

--But ohone! those were fine times then, lad, an'
to talk o' 'em makes me sore.
An' whisper—there's times, I tell you, when I'd
swap this easy chair,
An' th' velvit coat, an' th' footman, wid his
Sassenach nose in the air—
An' th' Lord Archbishop himself, too, for a drink
o' the days that ha' been,
For th' taste o' a mornin's mornin' in Shanahan's
ould shebeen!"



Drink, my jolly lads, drink with discerning,
Wedlock's a lane where there is no turning;
Never was owl more blind than lover:
Drink, and be merry, lady, half seas over.



Here's turkey when you are hungry,
Champagne when you are dry,
A pretty girl when you're lonely,
And heaven when you die!



Come, fill the cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your winter garment of repentance fling;
The bird of time has but a little way
To fly—and, lo! the bird is on the wing.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Fill me, boy, as deep a draught
As e'er was filled, as e'er was quaffed;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle.
For though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Ne'er let it be the birth of madness.
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight;
To drunkards leave these wild excesses,
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we wreath,
In concert let our voices breathe,
Beguiling every hour along
With harmony of soul and song.



The Frenchman loves his native wine,
The German drinks his beer,
The Englishman takes his half and half
Because it brings good cheer;
The Yankee drinks his whisky straight,
Because it gives him dizziness,
But the Canadian has no choice at all,
And drinks the whole d—— business.

Miscel- laneous



A PIPE, a book, a fire, a friend,
A stein that's always full;
Here's to the joys of a bachelor's life,
A life that is never dull.



For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die.



We might be better
If we would,
But it's very lonely
Being good;
and

According to Scripture,
You must own,
Man was not built
To be alone.



Who loves not women, wine and song,
Will be a fool his whole life long.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Here's to tobacco—

It is better to smoke here than hereafter.



Blessings on old Raleigh's head—

Though upon the block it fell—

For the knowledge he first spread

Of the herb I love so well!



Take no physic but tobacco, which is a cure
for almost all distempers.



Pass me the wine! To those that keep

The bachelor's secluded sleep

Peaceful, inviolate and deep,

I pour libation.



Here's to our bachelors, created by God for
the consolation of widows and the hope of
maidens!



When I said I should die a bachelor,

I did not think I should live till I were married.



To the bachelor—who is always free!

To the husband—who sometimes

May be!

TOASTS AND BALLADS

I asked for her hand—"Go, ask papa," she said.
Now, she knew that I knew that papa was dead,
And she knew that I knew the life that he led,
And she knew that I knew what she meant when
she said:

"Go—ask papa!"



He told me the old, old story,
Until I believed it true;
We were married—
Then: any old story would do.



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!"

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Fools may pine, and sots may swill,
Cynics gibe, and prophets rail,
Moralists may scourge and drill,
Preachers prose, and faint-hearts quail.
Let them whine, or threat, or wail!
Till the touch of Circumstance
Down to darkness sink the scale,
Fate's a fiddler, Life's a dance!



Here's to a temperance supper,
With water in glasses tall,
And coffee and tea to end with—
And me not there at all.



Drink ye to her that each loves best,
And if you nurse a flame
That's told but to her mutual breast,
We will not ask her name.



If I should have my choice after I die,
I don't know just where I should wish to go:
For climate—I would want to be above;
For company—I'd choose to go below.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

First, our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when
These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves, must fade and perish;
Such is our rude mortal lot—
Love itself would, did they not.



Straight is the line of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow the straight and thou shalt see
The curved line ever follow thee.



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



Indeed, the idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in men's eye much wrong:
Have drowned my glory in a shallow cup,
And sold my reputation for a song.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

But what should a man do? Seek some grandee, take him for a patron, and like the obscure creeper clasping a tree-trunk, and licking the bark of that which props it up, attain to height by craft, instead of strength? No, I thank you.

Work, without concern of fortune or of glory. Put forth nothing that has not its spring in the very heart, yet, modest, say to himself: "Old man, be satisfied with blossoms, fruits, yea, leaves alone, so they be gathered in your own garden and not another man's!" Then, if it happen that to some small extent he triumph, be obliged to render of the glory, to Cæsar, not one jot, but honestly appropriate it all. In short, scorning to be the parasite, the creeper, if even failing to be the oak, rise, not perchance to a great height—but rise alone!

Ballads



THE STEIN SONG

By Richard Hovey

GIVE me a rouse, then, in the May-time,
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into day-time,
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song ring-
ing clear;
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song ring-
ing clear.

Oh, we're all frank and twenty
When the spring is in the air;
And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
And we've life and love to spare;
And it's birds of a feather
When good fellows get together,

TOASTS AND BALLADS

With a stein on the table and a heart without a
care;

And it's birds of a feather

When good fellows get together,

With a stein on the table and a heart without a
care.

For we know the world is glorious,

And the gold a golden thing,

And that God is not censorious

When his children have their fling;

And life slips its tether

When good fellows get together,

With a stein on the table in the fellowship of
spring;

Then life slips its tether

When good fellows get together,

With a stein on the table in the fellowship of
spring.

When the wind comes up from Cuba

And the birds are on the wing,

And our hearts are patting juba

To the banjo of the spring,

Then life slips its tether

When good fellows get together,

TOASTS AND BALLADS

With a stein on the table in the fellowship of
spring;
Then life slips its tether
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of
spring.



OLD BLACK JOE

By Stephen C. Foster

Gone are the days when my heart was young and
gay;
Gone are my friends from the cotton-fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Chorus

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending
low;
I hear those gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no
pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"



GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES

Good-night, ladies! Good-night, ladies! Good-night,
ladies!

We're going to leave you now.

Chorus

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

Farewell, ladies! Farewell, ladies! Farewell, ladies!
We're going to leave you now.

Sweet dreams, ladies! Sweet dreams, ladies!
Sweet dreams, ladies!
We're going to leave you now.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE

Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.
My Sally am a spunky gal,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Chorus

Fare thee well, fare the well, fare thee well, my
fairy fay,
For I'm going to Louisiana, for to see my
Susianna,
Sing Polly-wolly-doodle all the day.

Oh, my Sal, she am a maiden fair,
With curly eyes and laughing hair.

Oh, I came to a river, and' I couldn't get across,
An' I jump'd upon a nigger, an' I tho't he was
a hoss.

Oh, a grass-hopper sittin' on a railroad track,
A-pickin' his teef wid a carpet tack.

Oh, I went to bed but it wasn't no use,
My feet stuck out for a chicken roost.

Behind de barn, down on my knees,
I thought I heard that chicken sneeze.

He sneezed so hard wid de 'hoopin'-cough,
He sneezed his head an' his tail right off.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

DIXIE

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Chorus

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!

Old Missus marry Will de weaber,
William was a gay deceaber,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Old Missus acted the foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
Den hoe it down 'an scratch your grabble,
To Dixie Land I's bound to trabble,
Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.



LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over,
Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Chorus

For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
To-morrow we'll be sober.

The man that drinks good whiskey punch,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly fellow.

The man who drinks cold water pure,
And goes to bed quite sober,
Falls as the leaves do fall,
So rarely in October.

But he who drinks just what he likes
And getteth "half seas over,"
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

A pretty girl that gets a kiss,
And goes and tells her mother,
Does a very foolish thing,
And don't deserve another.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

(Way Down Upon De Suwanee River)

By Stephen C. Foster

Way down upon de Suwanee Ribber, far, far away,
Dere's wha' my heart is turning eber, dere's wha'
de old folks stay.

All up and down de whole creation sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation, and for de old
folks at home.

Chorus

All de world am sad and dreary, eb'erywhar I
roam,
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary, far from
de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wandered when I was
young,
Many de happy days I squandered, many de songs
I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder, happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder, dere let me
live and die.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

One little hut among de bushes, one dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes, no matter where
I rove.

When will I see de bees a-humming all round de
comb?

When will I hear de banjo tumming, down in my
good old home?



MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT

By Stephen C. Foster

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the
bloom,

While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, and bright,
By'n-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Chorus

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, on the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
On the bench by the old cabin door;
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

The head must bow and the back will have to
bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end,
In the fields where the sugar-canec grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

TOASTS AND BALLADS

HOME, SWEET HOME

By John Howard Payne

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Chorus

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.

I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage
door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer
me no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer
than all.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

AULD LANG SYNE

By Robert Burns

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

Chorus

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

We twa ha'e run aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
We've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa ha'e sported i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine,
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

Alexander Muir

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine,
The Maple Leaf forever.

Chorus

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever;
God save our King and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died.
And those dear rights that they maintained,
We swear to yield them never;
Our watchword ever more shall be
The Maple Leaf forever.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound:
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er Freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever.

On merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle!
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our King, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever.

TOASTS AND BALLADS

GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,

God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

Acknowledgment and Appreciation

IT will be noticed that no acknowledgment has been made of the authorship of the various verses and toasts, excepting in the case of a few of the songs

The omission was made, not with any idea of slighting the authors, but because there were so many instances in which the source of the matter was unknown, to us at least, that it was thought advisable to leave out all names.

We wish, therefore, to express our gratitude to those whose verses we use by permission, and our appreciation of the work of those authors, living and dead, whose writings have been helpful in the compiling of this book.

THE COMPILERS