

BY DANIEL J. McILDOWIE

'Twas in the year sixty nine  
February seventh was the time  
That we to Brao did repair  
To hold a Burns Supper there.

Our hostess fair was Morag Graham  
She ge-ed us meat tae fill our wame  
Cockie-leekie, haggis, neep  
Syne steak pie and then the sweet.

The usquebae tae wash it doon  
It took frae aff our face the froon  
And we decided ane and a'  
That we that nicht wad hae a ba'.

Martin Mathewson was the man  
Piped in the Chieftain o' its clan  
He jerked us a' tae oor feet  
That we might its arrival greet.

Tae carry it was Findlay's pairt  
The wee-est chef wi' the biggest he'rt  
He lowered it wi' prudent care  
Lest it should slip aff unaware.

Bryson he then did ta'k his stan'  
And addressed the haggis-like a man  
Syne it was pipe-et ben the hoose  
Tae get it ready for our use.

Ian McIntosh a chairman brow  
Said the Selkirk grace for us a'  
Then we did justice tae the meal  
Richt much the better we did feel.

When Ian the loyal toast had gi'en  
We honoured it and sang "The Queen"  
Dan Campbell played upon the keys  
As accompanist he did us please.

The Chairman said how well we'ed dined  
Nae better hostess we could find  
He welcomed a' in happy manner  
And hoped that we'ed enjoyed oor dinner.

He called a man o' singing fame  
Willie McKendrick was the name  
His wame too fu' for sic a ploy  
He still contrived tae give us joy.

The Immortal Memory to propose  
Dan McIldowie he then arose  
He spak o' Rabbie's works richt fair  
We could'na weel nae expected mair.

We a' jined in "There was a lad"  
And after that a break we had  
As sure's I write this wi' my pen  
The time was nearing half past ten.

To toast the lasses rose Tom Rowe  
And of their virtues he did know  
He spak richt kindly o' the lasses  
And on his call we raised oor glasses.

Then "Tam O' Shanter" it was gi'en  
By Willie Boag a guid auld freen  
Never wil't be rendered better  
And for that we are his debtor.

The only 'Skirt' for that matter  
Answered Tom wi' hum'rous patter  
And Donald Gillies 'he's from Perth sirs'  
The lasses would hae liked your answers.

Willie Morrison was in fine voice  
O' Burns sangs he gave his choice  
His deep bass voice it aye enthralls us  
Lang mae he live and come among us.

"The Kindred Clubs" by Cecil Hilling  
Was toasted weel wi' muckle feeling  
An Englishman, that's no' his fau't  
A Scottish wife does balance that.

Willie Jardine O' 'hear,hear' fame  
Toasted oor Club wi' might and main  
'Maist things he said o' us were nice  
All coupled wi' Jim Allardyce.

A grand reply our Jim did make  
Into the past he did us take  
And telt us a' o' the time  
Our Club was formed in eighty nine.

A fermer chiel o' 'Leicester' fame  
Willie Johnston was his name  
We're glad he cam' in oot the cauld  
For wi' <sup>his</sup> sangs he us enthralled.

McLaren and King gave recitations  
To them we give congratulations  
Syne we had 'The Soor Mulk Cairt'  
Findlay still can do his pairt.

Jim Dawson next was on his feet  
To toast the Artists for the treat  
They'd gi'en us a' this merry nicht  
And wow he did it unco richt.

The Chairman he was toasted tae  
He'd chaired us in a famous way  
And then we jined in 'Auld Lang Syne'  
Resolved to meet some ither time.

<sup>us</sup>  
Sae let us keep this friendship dear  
Warm and true throughout all the year  
And then 'Man to Man the World O'er'  
Shall be our Toast for evermore.