

Greenloaning Burns Club – 1904

By John R Coupar

I, a'e fine nicht on pleasure bent,
To haud a nicht wi' Burns went.
To the fair village of Greenloanin'
Whaur tables neath a feast lay groanin!

Our hostess – need I tell her name?
Was a warm hearted kindly dame;
She many virtues does possess
To her I'll gie a short address.

Hail, hostess famed baith far and wide
The best kent dame o' the countryside;
Famed as the friend o' a' what come they way
Straucht forrit, honest as the licht o' day.

To each an' a' you stretch a welcome hand
And help you gie to a' what help demand;
Lang may ye live to gie us welcome cheer
And reign as happy ower frae year to year!

Let them what may o' riches boast,
Estates and lands in quite a host,
But we boast mair than e'er they can
The much-socht friendship o' Guild Mary Ann.

Oor Chairman was a man o' mettle
Who kept us a' in glorious fettle,
He takes the lead as a' before,
The royal King o' a' the core.

First on the list the haggis cam
Nae imitation or low sham
But just as honest Burns saw it
What loyal Scot could then misca' it?

And as it lay in its kingly grace
The king, weel named, o' the puddin race
And as our Croupier wi' his knife caressed it
The miller in his ain grand style addressed it.

At length , when we were o' supplied
And ilka dish o' guide fare tried;
We set oorselves, a' in oor glory,
To pass the nicht wi' sang and story.

The first thing on oor programme lang
Was just what we desired – a sang
It tauld o' hoo tae cure the dumb,
But couldna cure a woman's tongue.

And when we had in royal style
"There was a lad was born in Kyle".
Nae peevish blaw, nae peckin skirl,
He made the rafters dir!

And dinna think that toast we missed
We had a very guid toast list.
To tell o' each I wad be lief
But no haein time I'll name the chief.

In gi'ein the toast o' agriculture
Oor Croupier swooped doon like a vulture,
An' asked an honest explanation
O' hoo the beasts that left his station
As little calves baith young an' sma'
Had e'er they reached their destination
At Speedie's Mart at Stirlin station
Aged by a year or two!
But Mr Maxton honest farmer,
Get up gainsayin in a' his armour
Said he "I can explain these gains
They're due to mix up of your trains."

And then oor auld freed John McLaren
Ga'e us wi' ellequence unsparin'
The toast to which each Scot's hearts turns
On each birthday o' Robert Burns
It made oor Scots hearts burn wi' pride
Tae think that ower the hale world wide
Is kent the sound o' Burns name
And a' the world resounds his fame.

But soon again to song we came
A song it was o' glorious fame
A song which ne'er a Scotsman spurns,
It was "The Star o' Rabbie Burns."
So thus wi' song and recitation
We reached the "Toast of Education."
T'was Mr Bayne, straucht forrit chiel,
Wha ga'ed it, and he ga'ed it weel.
Syne Mr Wotherspoon replied.
His speech showed weel what he decried
Oor principles o' education
Were but sma' credit to oor nation
But we, in Scotland, shouldna mourn
Nor oor auld honest schoolboards spurn,
For look at England's awful' mess
Wi' Parliament's great thoughtlessness.
If think ye the next toast on the list
Was one that surely would be missed

It's one o' which we aye should boast
"The Lasses" was that honoured toast.

Our Chairman, who was unco thrang,
Asked Mr Hunter for a sang
But we (to our regret) were tauld
That Hunter had an awfu' cauld.

But anxious looks came oor faces
And we began to make grimaces
As we could see without a joke
T'was wearing on to twelve o'clock
But still o' songs we had anither
T'was "Happy we've been a' the gither."
Oor Chairman wi' us a' did sing
And sure we made the rafters ring
Then we resolved wi' signs o' woe
We'd hae tae bundle up and go
Sae joinin' hands and voices fine,
We finished up wi' "Auld Lang Syne".

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