

Response of the Lassies

Oh gentle lads, a toast to thee
Chuck, Roger, Arthur, BPC
And fain would I my ain dear Laird
Nat of Kincavel disregaird

Oh cheerie are these men an' blest
Whose ain dear lassies luv them best
The dearest comfort o' their lives
Their grushie weans and faithfu' wives

An' now they need na toil an' sweat
Thro winter's cauld and summer's heat
Now nae hard work to tire their bains
An fill auld age wi' grips and groans

Roger and Roz were wed lang syne
Lord knows how lang, but a lang, lang time
Twa friends who wi' us crossed the span
O' Scotland by big yellow van

And as we roamed midst lachs and gowan
We ne'er forgot Prince Charlie's comin'
For wi' us in that yellow van
Our ain BPC, lookin' grand

Aye, Charlie and Mary are now retir-ed
Nae langer on the East Coast mir-ed
Sae up to Medford we'll all be gang
For hikes and plays and wine and song

Though th'ancient Scots were swordsmen fine
Arthur lost this from his Scottish bloodline
So he turned to his Rita to luv and to marry
And, in case of attack, she can thrust, feint and parry

Nae doubt ye ken a' this wee table
But one to claim Scots birth is able
To Isobel and her guid Chuck
Our thanks for Rabbie, his charm and his pluck

Dear laddies, pardon a' the fuss
But what sort o' life would you have wi'out us?
A frugal wifie is nae kind of farce
While ye play wi' computers and sit on your arse
Frae mornin' to e'en she knows naught but toilin'
She's bakin' and roastin' and fryin' and boilin'

Lads, life, sae far's I understand
Is nae enchanted fairy-land
For as our days draw near the gloamin
Say fareweel vacant, careless roamin'
An' fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin'
An' fareweel chasin' frisky women

Weel now, auld codgers, I ken you're thinkin'
'Tis time to get back to your eatin' and drinkin'
But afore ye loosen up your collar
Wi' ya act like a gentleman and a scholar

And gi' a hand to your auld dearie
O' your braw praise she's niver weary
Twad be owre lang to recite or compare
A' her virtues sae many, her beauty sae fair

Just lift up your eyes to the guid Lord above
And thank him for sendin' your dearie to luv
Sweet kisses to ye from each bonnie fair lass
To our braw guid auld husbands we lift up a glass!