

Of Victory's Crown for our share.
We've played the old game,
In mist, and in rain,
When the sun, like a furnace did stream,
While we puff'd and perspir'd,
Yet never we tired,
Of the hills, and the glorious scene.

A toast then to golf,
Let outsiders scoff,
At the best of all joy giving games;
It adds to the wealth,
Of your life and your health,
And its fair fascination remains.
It adds to our friends,
And fellowship blends,
When good golfers meet, and I'm sure,
You'll join, boys, with me
In sincerity,
And drink to old Golf — Au revoir!

