

Now let him feel a gamester's hand,
 Now in this bosom die, man.
 Then fill the port, and block the ice,
 We'll sit upon the tee, man ;
 Now tak' this inwick sharp and neat,
 And mak' there winner flee, man.

How stands the game ? eighteen ! eighteen !
 Now for the winning shot, man ;
 Draw slow and sure, and tak' your aim,
 I'll sweep you to the spot, man.
 The stane is thrown, it glides along,
 The besoms ply it in, man ;
 Wi' twisting back the player stands,
 And eager breathless grin, man.

A moment's silence, still as death,
 Pervades the anxious thrang, man ;
 When sudden bursts the victor's shout,
 Wi' hollas loud and lang, man,
 Triumphant besoms wave in air,
 And friendly banter fly, man ;
 Whilst cold and hungry to the inn,
 With eager steps they hie, man.

Now fill ae bumper, — fill but ane,
 And drink wi' social glee, man ;
 May curlers on life's slippery rink,
 Frae cruel rubs be free, man :
 Or should a treacherous bias lead
 Their erring course a gee, man ;
 Some friendly inwick may they meet,
 To guide them to the tee, man.

CURLER'S SONG AFTER THE BEEF AND
 GREENS.

AIR.—“ *Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut.* ”

Now, brothers in the roaring game,
 Come, join a curling stave with me