

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 banters 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