

If yere fash'd wi' the blues, or get dung o'er with care,
Or oppressed wi' the things o' this warl' o'er sair,
An' ye want to get rid o' them a' for a spell,
Just tak a stap down to the Station Hotel.

Ye can ha'e a douce crack, ye can hear a guid sang,
The nicht passes by, and ye ne'er think it lang.
It seems but a jiffy, frae nine until twel'
When ye crack wi' the laird o' the Station Hotel.

He is always as blythe as a body can be,
He's aye open-hearted aff-handed and free,
And for raising a splore he's a host in himsel',
He's the cock o' the walk at the Station Hotel.

Sae here's to ye, Dave, may ye lang wag yer pow,
An' gang dauncing about, just as ye're doing now,
And may cauld, thowless sorrow or poverty snell,
Ne'er come in at the door o' your Station Hotel.

An' in years after this, when ye're laid in the mools,
An' the earth happit o'er ye wi' spades, and wi' shoals,
May ye gang up aboon, wi' guid fellows to dwell,
When ye're dune wi' the warl' an' the Station Hotel.