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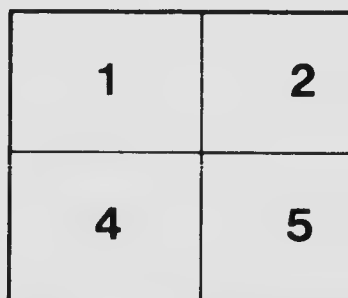
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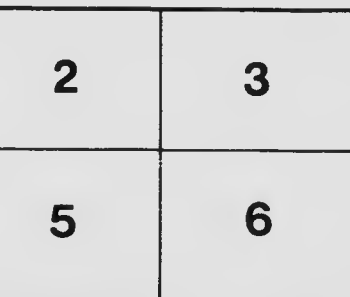
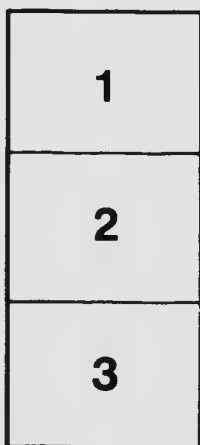
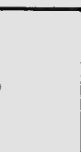
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HAPPY DAYS



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A BOOK OF TOASTS.

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HAPPY DAYS

HAPPY DAYS

A Book of Toasts

Compiled and Edited with an Introduction

BY

GEORGE N. MADISON

The Copp, Clark Co., Limited
Toronto



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Ralph Pickard Bell

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INTRODUCTION

Happy Days! That is a toast that goes well with this little book, and so—Happy Days!

"What is a toast?" was once asked at a banquet.

"A toast is the chord that vibrates in the heart of good fellowship when the hand of the poet touches the strings of the affections," came from one.

"It's a sentiment you hunt out the day before, to be given on the spur of the moment the next evening."

"A toast," came from the end of the table, "a toast is something you forget when you can't think of anything else."

"A t-t-t-t— toast is wh-wh-wh—wha-what y-you——" but a stutterer has no business giving a toast.

Some people think a toast is a good thing to end a long-winded talk with. It isn't. Nothing is. That is, nothing but a club. How, then, may one safely end? As well ask how to begin. However, here are a few rules for the banqueteer:

Rise gracefully at your place; toes out—

chin up — eyes to the front. Carelessly button your waistcoat with your free hand. Raise your glass to the level of your mouth, six or eight inches away, to show your self control — it is permissible to hold down the table with the other hand while doing this. Now clear your throat; count three; then clear your throat again. That will make them all think you have either forgotten a short toast or are getting ready for a long one. Smile. Not too broadly. Remember the rest of your face has rights. If you think you can risk it, raise your other hand. Now, get your balance — ready — fire!

But a toast doesn't necessarily imply drinking. There is nothing immoral or immodest or inebriate about a toast as such. It is to be used on any and all occasions where good fellowship reigns; where kindness and good wishes and good cheer can have a hearing.

And so, hoping that somewhere in this collection you will find the very toast you were looking for to fit that special occasion; hoping you will recognize some old friends and meet many new ones — here's to you. As the German says, *Prosit*, the Scandinavian, *Skol*, the Frenchman, *A votre santé*, so to you — Happy Days!

Happy Days

YOUR HEALTH!

While there's life on the lip, while
there's warmth in the wine,
One deep health I'll pledge, and that
health shall be thine!

— Meredith.

COMPENSATION

This world that we're a-livin' in
Is mighty hard to beat;
You get a thorn with ev'ry rose,
But ain't the roses sweet!

— Frank L. Stanton.

ONCE MORE

Then once again, before we part,
My empty glass shall ring;
And he that has the warmest heart
Shall loudest laugh and sing.

— Holmes.

PROGRESS

One little step won't take us very far —
So let us keep on walking :
One little word doesn't mean very
much —
So let us keep on talking :
One little thought won't make a book —
So let us keep on thinking :
One little drink won't do us any harm —
So let us keep on drinking !

TO ALL OF US

Here's a toast to all of us —
The large ones and the small of us —
The short ones and the tall of us —
And when Time gets the call of us,
Let's hope he'll make one haul of us.
— George Norman.

TO MOTHER

O mother o' mine, with the silvery hair,
That came when the gold did depart;
It but softens your forehead that's fur-
rowed with care,
And the gold has gone into your heart.

TO THE GIRLS

Here's to the girl with
Eyes of blue,
Whose heart is kind and
Love is true.

Here's to the girl with
Eyes of brown,
Whose spirit proud you
Cannot down.

Here's to the girl with
Eyes of gray,
Whose sunny smile drives
Care away.

Whate'er the hue of their
Eyes may be,
I'll drink to the girls
This toast with thee!

MOTHER

Mother — the one person in the world
whose kindness was never the preface to
a request.

— Wm. Hunter.

PEACE

I wish thee wealth, the gift of men;
I wish thee health from Healing's rod;
I wish thee joy and love, and then
I wish thee peace, the gift of God.
— M. G. N.

TO THE LAST AND BEST

Here's to the lasses we've loved, my lad,
Here's to the lips we've pressed;
For of kisses and lasses,
Like liquor in glasses,
The last is always the best.

A DOUBLE TOAST

Here's to the ships of our navy,
Here's to the ladies of our land,
May the former be well rigged,
And the latter be well manned.

May those who exert the industry of
the bee, be like him, laden with riches.

TO MY BEST FRIEND

Here's to the one who never fails
To help you when in need,
The one who gives you all he has
Nor shows the slightest greed,
The one who knows your virtues best
Nor seeks your faults to view,
Who really thinks that you're all right.
Who is the man? He's YOU!

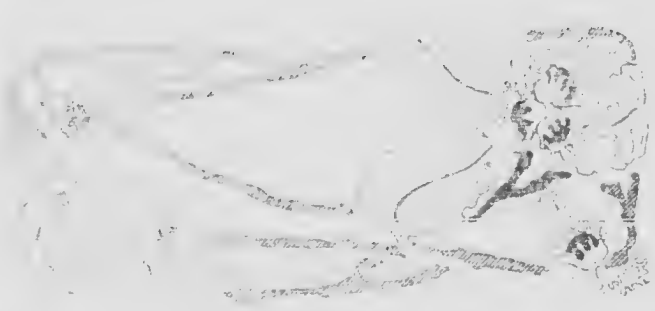
— John U. Higinbotham.

TO THE BRIDE AND GROOM

Here's to the health of the happy pair,
May good luck meet them everywhere,
And may each day of wedded bliss
Be always just as sweet as this!

HERE'S TO YOU

Here's to the prettiest,
Here's to the wittiest,
Here's to the truest of all who are true;
Here's to the neatest one,
Here's to the sweetest one,
Here's to them all in one—here's to you!



NO TO-MORROW

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses smile.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here;
Let's banish business, banish sorrow,
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

— Cowley.

TO ONLY ONE

I drink to one, and only one, —
And may that one be he
Who loves but one, and only one, —
And may that one be me!

Here's to the Miss
(and the Mrs.).
Let us hope that the Miss
(and the Mrs.)
Never misses love's kisses.

AMERICA

My native land! I turn to you,
With blessing and with prayer;
Where man is brave and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome — foes a grave,
Within our borders find.

— Morris.

TO FRIENDSHIP

Here's a toast to our friendship that's
lasted so long;
Here's a hope that its warmth will re-
main,
And will kindle the fires of remembrance
as strong,
As the glow of our meeting again.

— M. G. N.

One drink is plenty;
Two drinks too many,
And three not half enough.
— W. Knox Haynes.



OUR MOTHER

Now, boys, just a moment! You've all
had your say,
While enjoying yourselves in so pleas-
ant a way.
We've toasted our sweethearts, our
friends and our wives,
We've toasted each other, wishing all
merry lives;
And so to the last I've been saving the
best;
'Tis one in a million, and outshines the
rest; —
Don't frown when I tell you this toast
beats all others, —
But drink one more toast, boys, a toast
to "Our Mothers!"

A WISH

Pure gold be thine, the like that grows
Within the budding of the rose;
And may your heart with it be filled,
Like perfume by the rose distilled.

— M. G. N.

OLD FRIENDS

Old books, old wine, old Nankin blue —
All things, in short, to which belong
The charm, the grace, that time makes
strong,

All these I prize, but (*entre nous*)
Old friends are best.

— Dobson.

“Hark to the song where spheral voices
blend:

‘There’s no beginning, never will be
end,’

It makes us nutty; hang the astral
chimes!

The table’s spread; come, let us dine, my
friend.”

—Robert W. Service.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE US

Here’s to those who love us,
And here’s to those who don’t,
A smile for those who are willing to,
And a tear for those who won’t.

OLD TIMES

I drink as the Fates ordain it.

Come, fill it, and have done with
rhymes;

Fill up the lonely glass and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

— Thackeray.

TO OUR FRIENDSHIP

Don't ask me to give you a toast from
my head,

For straightway its warmth will de-
part;

But here's to our friendship — I pledge
you instead —

'Tis a toast that was made in my
heart. — J. C. Flanders.

TO THE ONE YOU LOVE

Drink ye to her that each loves best;

And if you nurse a flame

That's told but to her mutual breast,

We will not ask her name.

— Campbell.

THE LOVING CUP

And let the Loving-Cup go round,
The cup with blessed memories crowned,
That flows whene'er we meet — my
boys.

No draught will hold a drop of sin,
If love is only well stirred in
To keep it sound and sweet — my boys,
To keep it sound and sweet.

— Holmes.

AN EXCUSE FOR WINE

God made man frail as a bubble;
God made Love, Love made Trouble.
God made the Vine; was it a sin
That Man made Wine to drown Trouble
in?

TO FLEETING LOVE

We'll drink to-night with hearts as light,
To loves as gay and fleeting
As bubbles that swim on the beaker's
brim,
And break on the lips while meeting.

19 — Hoffman.

TO DINING

We may live without poetry, music and
art,
We may live without conscience and live
without heart,
We may live without friends; we may
live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without
cooks.

We may live without books, —
What is knowledge but grieving.
We may live without hope, — what is
hope but deceiving.
We may live without love, — what is
passion but pining;
But where is the man who can live with-
out dining? — Meredith.

TO THE GIRL OF YOUR HEART

Drink, drink, drink!
Drink to the girl of your heart;
The wisest, the wittiest, the bravest, the
prettiest,
May you never be far apart.

MY PIPE

Old pal, the times when I've be'n blue
Wuz just the times I found you true;
But the company you gave me then
Wa'n't wuth a half as much as when
You said, "Taint nuffin' —
Keep on puffin'!"

— J. C. Flanders.

TAKE TO-DAY

Fill high the goblet! Envious Time
Steals, as we speak, our fleeting prime.
Away with hope! Away with sorrow!
Snatch thou to-day, nor trust to-mor-
row. — Horace.

TO US BOTH

Here's a toast to you,
And a toast to me,
And a toast to us both together;
And whatever we do,
And wherever we be,
May we always be birds of a feather.

TO MOTHER

There's a toast I'd propose, and as
everyone knows,
'Tis a toast should precede all the
others;
For the sweets it discloses, like dew-
jeweled roses,
Make us all think at once of dear
mother. — J. C. Flanders.

GOOD LUCK TO YOU

Here's wishing you luck,
And here's wishing you health,
Here's wishing your cares may be few;
Here's wishing you pluck,
And the winning of wealth;
Here's — well, here's looking at you.
— G. N. M.

TO BACHELOR JOYS

A pipe, a book, a fire, a friend,
A stein that's always full;
Here's to the joys of a bachelor's life,
A life that is never dull.

TO THE BLUE RIBBON LASSIE

Here's to the lassie who takes her champagne
And drinks it along with the best of us;
And here's to the one who won't touch it at all,
And leaves that much more for the rest of us. — G. N. M.

THE GIRL OF SONG

Drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh, —
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!
Oh, woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone;
By other fingers played
It yields not half the tone!
Then here's to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh, —
The girl who gave to song
What gold can never buy!

TO SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES

Come, messmates, fill the cheerful bowl!

To-night let no one fail,

No matter how the billows roll,

Or roars the ocean gale.

There's toil and danger in our lives,

But let us jovial be,

And drink to sweethearts and to wives

On Saturday night at sea!

— Taylor.

DRINK TO-DAY

Drink to-day and drown all sorrow;

You shall, perhaps, not drink to-mor-
row;

Best while you have it, use your breath,

There is no drinking after death.

— Beaumont and Fletcher.

TO YOU

Here's to the girl that's good and sweet,

Here's to the girl that's true;

Here's to the girl that rules my heart, —

In other words, here's to you!

**DRINK TO ME WITH THINE
EYES**

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

— Jonson.

TO OUR HONORED GUEST

Here's to our honored guest to-night;
I vote he's a mighty good sort,
And there isn't a doubt, had he been left
out,
Our number would be just one short.

— G. N. M.

TO ALMA MATER

Ever youthful Alma Mater,
Alma Mater ever fair,
Alma Mater, guardian watcher,
My inspirer everywhere!

TO OUR NEXT MEETING

Come, once more, a bumper! — then
drink as you please,
Tho' who could fill half-way to toasts
such as these?
Here's our next joyous meeting — and,
oh, when we meet,
May our wine be as bright and our union
as sweet! — Moore.

MY GOLD

Some take their gold in minted mold,
And some in harps hereafter;
But give me mine in tresses fine,
And keep the change — in laughter.
— Oliver Herford.

TO WOMEN

Here's to God's first thought, Man!
Here's to God's second thought,
Woman!
Second thoughts are always best,
So here's to Woman!

GOOD LUCK

Good luck to the boat that will take you
afloat,

And good luck to your journeys on
shore;

Good luck to each day that you stay
far away,

And what Good Luck to see you once
more!

TO THE GROOM-TO-BE

Here's to our friend who is soon to be
wed,

May the double-hitch turn out no
botch,

And always the picture he hides in his
heart,

Be the same he has stuck in his watch.

TO THE ABSENT

Here's to the friends we love so well,

To those so far away!

If a drink of cheer would bring them
here,

We would drink the livelong day.

TO OLD FRIENDS

Hail, good old hat, my companion devoted!

Hail, good old shoes, blest deliver'rs from pain!

Hail, good old pipe, my unfailing inspirer!

Hail, good old friends, ne'er appealed to in vain!

GOOD FELLOWS

A glass is good, and a lass is good,
And a pipe to smoke in cold weather;
The world is good and the people are good,

And we're all good fellows together.

— O'Keefe.

TO SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES

Here's to our sweethearts and our wives;

May our sweethearts soon become our wives

And our wives ever remain our sweethearts.

TO MY COUNTRY

Fair is thy flag,

Great is thy fame,

Clear are thy streams,

Spotless thy name.

Blest be the flag that's above me unfurled!

Blest be my country, the best in the world!

TO LOVERS

To every lovely lady bright,

I wish a gallant faithful knight;

To every faithful lover, too,

I wish a trusting lady true.

—Scott.

TO THEE BESIDE ME

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,

A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread, — and thou

Beside me singing in the Wilderness —

Oh! Wilderness were Paradise enow!

— Omar Khayyam.

TO THE YOUTH IN OUR HEARTS

A health for the future, a sigh for the
past, —

We love, we remember, we hope to the
last;

And for all the bare lies that the alma-
nacs hold,

While we've youth in our hearts, we can
never grow old.

— Holmes.

Here's wishing you joy when you're
merry;

Here's wishing you hope when you're
sad;

But here's what counts most — a rol-
licking toast —

May you never get caught when
you're bad.

Cheer up! If you haven't anything
you can't lose it.

TO LOVE

Here's to the love of the fair and the
good,

Here's to the love of the true.

Here's to the love that you love, and the
love

That you love to think loves but you!

MY COUNTRY

My country, 'tis of thee
That I sing.

My country, 'tis to thee
That I cling.

My country, 'tis for thee
That I pray.

My country, 'neath thy flag,
Let me stay!

TO THE BRIDE AND GROOM

To the bride and the bridegroom! come
pledge them,

Be the wine of love sweet to their lips,
The star of good luck in ascendant,
Misfortune for aye in eclipse.

TO MOTHER

To the hands that ne'er grow weary,
To the eyes with lovelight bright,
To the heart forever faithful,
Guardian of both day and night.
To the keeper of my secrets,
To the sharer of my joy, —
To my Mother, now and ever
The Ideal of her boy!

TO MOTHER

Most of all the other beautiful things
in life come by twos and threes, by
dozens and hundreds! Plenty of roses,
stars, sunsets, rainbows; brothers and
sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one
mother in all the wide world.

— Kate Douglas Wiggin.

TO A NEW FRIEND

Old friends are scarce,
New friends are few;
Here's hoping I've found
One of each in you.

TO OUR WIVES

There are no times like the old times —
They shall never be forgot;
There is no place like the old place —
Keep green the dear old spot!
There are no friends like the old
friends —
May heaven prolong their lives!
There are no loves like the old loves, —
God bless our loving wives!

TO CHAMPAGNE

Here's to Champagne, the drink divine,
That makes us forget our troubles;
It's made of a dollar's worth of wine,
And three dollars' worth of bubbles.

AMERICA

Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers,
our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee!
— Longfellow.

THOROUGHBREDS

We come into this world naked and
bare,
We go through this world full of sorrow
and care;
We go out of this world — we know not
where —
But if we're thoroughbreds here, we'll
be thoroughbreds there.

WASTE NOT YOUR HOUR

Waste not your hour, nor in the vain
pursuit
Of this and that endeavor and dispute;
Better be joyful with the jocund grape
Than sadden after none or bitter fruit.
— Omar Khayyam.

TO THE BRIDE-TO-BE

Here's to the bride that is to be,
Happy and smiling and fair,
And here's to those who would like to
be,
And are wondering when, and where.

GIVE AND TAKE

Don't be stingy of your kisses;
Kisses kept are tasteless blisses;
Kisses taken no one misses,
Kisses given, sweet as this is!
Don't be stingy; no one ought to;
Give and take is love's own motto.

— G. N. M.

THE LAW OF LOVE

O, rank is good, and gold is fair,
And high and low mate ill;
But love has never known a law,
Beyond its own sweet will.

— Whittier.

THE HONORED GUEST

This night I hold an old accustom'd
feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest,
Such as I love, and you among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my
number more.

— Shakespeare.

FILL A FRESH BUMPER

Come! fill a fresh bumper, for why
should we go
While the nectar still reddens our cups
as they flow?
Pour out the rich juices still bright with
the sun,
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies
shall run.
The purple-globed clusters their life
dews have bled;
How sweet is the breath of the fragrance
they shed!
For summer's last roses lie hid in the
wines
That were garnered by maidens who
laughed thro' the vines.

— Holmes.

TO OUR WIVES

Here's to our wives, who fill our hives
With little bees and honey!
They break life's shocks, they mend our
socks, —
But don't they spend the money!

TO THE PRESIDENT

Hail to the Chief! the great Chief of the
people,

Hail to the name of Democracy's son!
Hail to the Guide of a nation tri-
umphant,

Hail to the task, to the fame to be
won!

Hail to our Brother, to one who incar-
nates

All our fond hopes for Columbia's new
day.

Hail to the Chief! may his strength be
unfailing,

Hail to the Chief, may he prosper
always!

THE BIRD OF TIME

Come fill the cup, and in the fire of
spring

Your winter garment of Repentance
fling.

The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter, and the Bird is on the Wing.

— Omar Khayyam.

TO OURSELVES

"We have with us to-night," food to spare.

"We have with us to-night," wine to share.

"We have with us to-night," time to burn.

Then let's forget the world! It's our turn!

TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Here's to the good old days,
They were better days I vow;
You could buy a whole hen then
For what an egg costs now.

TO-MORROW

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past regrets and future fears;
To-morrow! — why, to-morrow I may
be
Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand
years! —Omar Khayyam.

COMPANIONSHIP IN SOLITUDE

I praise the Frenchman, his remark was
shrewd,
How sweet, how passing sweet is soli-
tude!
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,
To whom I still may whisper, "Solitude
is sweet." —Cowper.

TO THE CHAPERONE

Here's to the chaperone;
May she learn from Cupid,
Just enough of blindness
To be sweetly stupid.

TO LAUGHTER

Laugh at all things,
Great or small things,
Sick or well, at sea or shore;
While we're quaffing
Let's have laughing,
Who the devil cares for more?
— Byron.

TO THE "SHORT"

Here's to the man who has money to
blow,
And here's to the man who has none,
sir;
Here's to the boys who can pay as they
go,
And here's to the fellow named
"Dun," sir:
So here's to the chap whose pockets are
lined
With good yellow boys full of fun, sir;
And here's to friend "Short" who comes
out behind,
And has to wire home for the "mon,"
sir. — Geo. Norman.

WHY I DRINK

If on my theme I rightly think,
There are five reasons why I drink:
Good wine, a friend, because I'm dry,
Or lest I should be by and by,
Or any other reason why.
— John Sirmond.

TO HER

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon.
Her health! and would on earth there
stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

— Pickney.

A WISH

I wish thee health,
I wish thee wealth,
I wish thee gold in store,
I wish thee heaven upon earth —
What could I wish thee more?

TO MOTHER

The moon may change her phases,
My sister change her name,
My sweetheart change her fitful mind,
But mother stays the same!

TO THE GIRL EACH LOVES

Come, fill 'round a bumper, fill up to the
brim: —

He who shrinks from a bumper I pledge
not to him: —

Here's to the girl that each loves, be her
eyes of what hue,

Or lustre, it may, so her heart is but
true. — Moore.

TO TOBACCO

Let the learned talk of books,

The glutton of cooks,

The lover of Celia's soft smack — O!

No mortal can boast

So noble a toast

As a pipe of accepted tobacco!

— Fielding.

TO THE AMERICAN

Here's to the average American,

He's handy in a fracas,

He works for a dollar like a horse,

And spends it like a jackass.

THE WELCOME TOAST

I've heard many a toast,
And I've laughed at the most,
But I tell you there's one that's a winner;

It sounds mighty jolly,
Drives away melancholy,
It's the plain simple words, "Come to dinner!"

THE BOTTLE

A Bottle, a Bird and a jolly good Fire,
May these be your friends when you're lone.

May the Bird be a Lark,
And the Fire be a Spark;
The Bottle — has joys of its own.

TO THE WEDDING PARTY

Let us drink to the health of the bride,
Let us drink to the health of the groom,

Let us drink to the Parson who tied,
And to every guest in the room!

TOBACCO

Blessings on old Rale'gh's head —
Though upon the block it fell —
For the knowledge he first spread
Of the herb I love so well!

TO CONSTANCY

Let's be gay while we may,
And seize love with laughter;
I'll be true as long as you,
And not a moment after.

TO ONE WHO DRINKS TO YOU

At all your feasts, remember, too,
When cups are sparkling to the brim
That there is one who drinks to you,
And oh! as warmly drink to him.

TO MY LADY

Quaff a cup to one unnamed, —
Queen of my affection;
Wish for me that her bright eyes
Shine in my direction!

WHY DRINK?

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again;
The planets suck in the earth and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.

Fill all the glasses then, for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

— Cowley.

A WORD OF THANKS

When turkey's on the table laid,
And good things I may scan,
I'm thankful that I wasn't made
A vegetarian.

— Edgar A. Guest.

Precious fingers, precious toes,
Precious eyes and precious nose,
Precious chin and precious lip,
Precious fool that lets 'em slip.

NEVER TROUBLE TROUBLE

Never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you;
And when it starts to troubling, give it
a push or two,
And then you'll find that double the
trouble that you knew,
Was doubling over happiness that soon
would bubble through.

— G. N. M.

TO DINNER

All of these things a man, I believe, may
forget,
And not be the worse for forgetting;
but yet
Never, never, oh, never! earth's luckiest
sinner
Hath unpunished forgotten the hour of
his dinner!

— Owen Meredith.

Here's champagne to our real friends,
And real pain to our sham friends.

THE LIPS THAT ARE NEAR

Let us drink to the thought that wher-
e'er a man roves

He is sure to find something that's
blissful and dear;

And that when he is far from the lips
that he loves,

He can always make love to the lips
that are near. — MONTAGUE

TO THOSE WE LOVE

Here's a health to all them that we love,
And a health to all those that love us,
And a health to all those that love them
that we love,

And to them that love those that love us.

TO AN HONEST FRIEND

Here's a bottle and an honest friend!

What wad you wish for mair, man?

Wha kens before his life may end

What his share may be o' care, man?

— Robert Burns.

TO WINE

Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast,
and a cheer
For all the good wine, and we've some
of it here!
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Long live the gay servant that laughs
for us all! — Holmes.

A WELCOME

Come in the evening, or come in the
morning,
Come when you're looked for or come
without warning;
A thousand welcomes you'll find here
before you;
And the oftener you come here the more
we'll adore you.

TO ALL HERE

Here's a toast to all who are here,
No matter where you're from:
May the best day you ever have seen
Be worse than your worst to come.

PARTING

To-night you give me the roses
And kiss me a last adieu;
To-morrow they all will wither
And I shall be gone from you —
But as long as the world has roses,
As long as love shall be —
I shall think of to-night forever
And all that you are to me.
— F. E. Weatherley.

THE CHILDREN

Bless them. The joy they bring compensates us for their responsibility.

Woman, O fairest of creation, last and best.
— Milton.

TO ALL HUMAN KIND

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind,
And pledge me in the generous toast —
The whole of human kind.
— Robert Burns.

A GOOD CIGAR

When a blanket wet
Is solidly set
O'er our hopes prematurely grown;
When ambition is tame,
And energy lame,
And the bloom from the fruit is
blown;
When to dance and dine
With women and wine,
Past poverty pleasures are —
A man's not bereft
Of all peace, if there's left
The joy of a good cigar.

— Norris Bull.

Let Bacchus' sons be not dismayed,
But join with me each jovial blade;
Come booze and sing, and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus.

Money — may it ever be our friend,
never our tyrant.



HERE'S HEALTH TO YOU

Here's health to you and wealth to you,
Honors and gifts a thousand strong;
Here's name to you and fame to you,
Blessings and joy a whole life long!
But, lest bright Fortune's star grow
dim,

And sometimes cease to move to you,
I fill my bumper to the brim,
And pledge a lot of love to you!

— Turner.

TO THE MAN WITH COURAGE

Here's to the man from morning till
night,

Here's to the man with courage to fight.
The courage to fight and the courage to
live —

The courage to learn, and to live and
forgive.

Here's to the clever;
May they be with us ever.

— Meusa.

TO A FRIEND

Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

Were 't the last drop in the well,
As I gasped upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

— Byron.

A CHEERFUL GLASS

A bumper of good liquor
Will end a contest quicker
Then justice, judge or vicar;
So fill a cheerful glass,
And let good humor pass.
— Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

LIVE TO-DAY

Drink wine, and live here blitheful while
you may,
The morrow's life too late is; live to-day.

— Robert Herrick.

A TOAST

Let wisdom drink to folly,
And gentle youth to age;
Sweet joy to melancholy,
And cowardice to rage.

Let old men drink to childhood,
And sad men to delight;
The cities to the wildwood,
And weariness to might.

Let lovers drink to parting,
Let exiles drink to home;
Let grief, with tears upstarting,
Drink to the joys to come.

Let death clink cups with laughter,
And purple night with day;
Let now drink to hereafter,
And work quaff deep to play.

Let faith drink to deceiving,
And hope to treachery;
Let gladness drink to grieving,
And I my love to thee.

— B. H. Carroll, Jr.

THE NATIONAL DRINK

The Frenchman loves his native wine;
The German loves his beer;
The Englishman loves his 'alf and 'alf,
Because it brings good cheer.
The Irishman loves his "whisky
straight,"
Because it gives him dizziness;
The American has no choice at all,
So he drinks the whole blame busi-
ness.

FILL THE CUP

Then fill the cup, fill high! fill high!
Let joy our goblet crown;
We'll bung Misfortune's scowling eye,
And knock Foreboding down.
— Lowell.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE

Here's to the American Aigle
That beautiful Burd so hale;
Whom nobody can invaigle,
And put salt on his lovely tail.

MY PIPE

When love grows cold, thy fire still
warms me;
When friends are fled, thy presence
charms me.
If thou art full, though purse be bare,
I smoke, and cast away all care!

TO A MAN

As a rule, a man's a fool;
When it's hot, he wants it cool;
When it's cool, he wants it hot —
Always wanting what is not.

OUR COUNTRY

In her intercourse with foreign na-
tions may she always be right; but our
country, right or wrong!

— Stephen Decatur.

May our friends be in our hearts,
whether they be remembered in wine or
water.

A WISH

Here's turkey when you're hungry,
Champagne when you are dry,
A pretty girl when you're lonely,
And heaven when you die!

THE BABIES

As they comfort us in our sorrows,
let us not forget them in our festivities.
— Mark Twain.

TO THE BOYS IN BLUE

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.
— Bayard Taylor.

Here's to the girl, demure and bland,
In entertaining, apt and able:
Whose eyes look down, whene'er her
hand
Caresses yours beneath the table.

THE THREE B's

Three B's there are, three busy B's,
Together go always:
Two of them cater to my ease,
The third curtails my days.
The twain are comrades staunch and
true,
The other makes me ill:
The Bottle and the Bird are two,
The third B is the Bill!

GOOD COUNSEL

Eat less, breathe more;
Talk less, think more;
Ride less, walk more;
Clothe less, bathe more;
Worry less, work more;
Waste less, give more;
Preach less, practice more.

May the hinges of friendship never
rust, or the wings of love lose a feather.

TO IRELAND

Here's to the land of the shamrock so
green,
Here's to each lad and his darling col-
leen,
Here's to the ones we love dearest and
most,
And may God save old Ireland!—that's
an Irishman's toast.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you
have,
And the best will come back to you.
— Madeline S. Bridges.

TO OLD GLORY

The Lily of France may fade,
The Thistle and Shamrock wither,
The Oak of England may decay,
But the Stars shine on forever.

TO MY LASSIE

Here's a toast to the lassie
Who hasn't a care
But to fix her complexion
And fuss with her hair.
But here's to my Lassie;
Come! Stand up for this!
Here's in rich, red grape-nectar
As sweet as her kiss, —
My Lassie! Drink deep!
I've no words for the toast,
But I always say least
When I'm thinking the most.
— G. N. M.

BEGIN WHERE YOU ARE

If you want to be happy,
Begin where you are;
Don't wait for some rapture
That's future and far;
Begin to be joyous,
Begin to be glad,
And soon you'll forget
That you ever were sad.

AFTERWARDS

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear
it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er
the liquid be,
And may the cherubs on its face, protect
me from the sin
That dooms me to those dreadful words:
My dear, where have you been?"
— Holmes.

PUT OFF SORROW

The cares of to-day, old moralists say,
Are quite enough to perplex one;
Then drive to-day's sorrow away till to-
morrow,
And then put it off till the next one.
— Dickens.

TO A FRIEND

I'll ne'er forget where'er I roam
Wherever you may be,
If ever I have had a friend,
You've been a friend to me.

ACROSTIC

To the best need with sovereign
Vile
O'er canker'd care and grimant smiles,
Be gift of Love's boon given!
At once the soul's affliction
Removes and brings down
The
Contentment in its sweet liberty,
O'ercome the foe to misery!

— J. H.

TO FRIENDSHIP

Say what you think and think what
you say and in all things keep yourself
loyal to the sacred profession of friend-
sh

— Longfellow.

TO KISSES

Yesterday's yesterday while to-day's
here,
To-day is to-day till to-morrow appear,
To-morrow's to-morrow until to-day's
past,
It kisses are kisses as long as they last.

A KISS WITHIN THE CUP

There is no gladness in the glass
Unless thou pour it for me;
But taste it first before it pass,
And I will drink with thee;
For if those lovely lips of thine
Have breathed upon the brim,
I swear that I will drain the wine,
Although it reach the rim.

Oh, who could bear to say thee nay,
When thou hast kissed the cup?
Or who would turn the other way,
When thou hast filled it up?
For, oh, the cup has kept the kiss
And carried me a share,
To show me all the wasted bliss
Thy lips have lavished there!

— Jane M. Sedgwick.

To Home: The father's kingdom;
the child's paradise; the mother's world.

FOR AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min',
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And days of auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

— Robert Burns.

THE FRIENDS I SEEK

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of Destiny.
— John Burroughs.

TO THE PRESENT

Don't worry about the future,
The present is all thou hast;
The future will soon be present;
And the present will soon be past.

IN
6311
MIS.
M.M.

TOAST OF RIP VAN WINKLE

"Here's to us all, may we live long
and prosper."

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