



ST. ANDREWS TO THE PLAY.

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DEDICATED TO THE

Royal and Ancient Golfing Club.

BY A MEMBER.

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PRINTED AT THE NORTH WALES CHRONICLE OFFICE,  
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Past the laigh links that bound the Tay,  
Past Moatry Burn and Eden Bay,  
Auld Leuchars quaint kirk tour between,  
Whar Saxon architecture's seen,  
Past Bobby Haig's distillery,  
Whase jolly Chief, Fat Peter's pliskie,  
Lang syne dubbed Baron Caskowhisky,  
Gair Brig, whose name ca's blessins to ye  
Kind hearted Bishop Davy Kennedy.  
The headsman's croft (noo Hemp's the rule)  
The cashless toll-hoose made a schule,  
Stratyrum's geologic strand ;  
Ance Neptune's bed noo' gude neep land,  
Thae objects past an' mony mair,  
I feel the sea breeze lift my hair,  
My gratefu' sense delighted drinks  
Yere caller air St. Andrew's Links ?  
I mark red coated Gowfin chiels  
Wi' cawdies trottin' at their heels,  
An' schule skailed laddies not a few,  
Light headed and light hearted crew.  
Selfish in truth his heart maun be  
That warms not to their careless glee ;  
Young happy thochtless daffin' chiels,  
Ye canna' hear time's hurryin' wheels,  
Ye can but listen to the sang  
Kind nature chants the live day lang.  
Unkent by you grief, pain, despair,  
The ill-faured family o' care,  
Sune as ye quit youth's flow'ry track  
She'll bind her fardel on your back,

That heavier still frae stage to stage  
 Maks this dooms life a pilgrimage.  
 Be blest blithe younkers while ye may,  
 Yet learn betimes to think an' pray.  
 Sae may ye never breathe a sigh  
 For heart ease tint for peace gane by.

Twa Brigs lead ower the Swilcanth Burn,  
 That winds wi' devious jouk an' turn;  
 The littler brig folk think as auld,  
 As Wallace wight or Bruce the bauld ;  
 I canna' tell if that be true,  
 Its auld eneuch gey slipp'ry too.  
 Here mony a heavy aneled lass  
 Attends the bleachin' on the grass ;  
 If ye dar flout them, let yere tongue  
 Be specially weel oiled an' hung ;  
 Or troth they'll gie ye rub for rub,  
 Thae Naiads o' the washin' tub ;  
 Their gift o' gab 's by nae means weak,  
 They'll gie ye kail richt through the reek,  
 Or souk ye 'mang the soap-sud steams,  
 As happened to Flash Jimmy Weymss.  
 Thou Scottish Muse, that teaches weel  
 By fits to laugh, by fits to feel,  
 Thy haunts, alike the lanely glen,  
 The hames, the crowded haunts o' men ;  
 Pathos and humour thine to give,  
 To bless the lay, to bid it live ;  
 'Twas thine to sing, in measure rare,  
 The humours quaint o' Anster Fair.  
 Help a fasht Bard in verse befittin',  
 To sing St. Andrew's Gowfin' Meetin'.  
 'Twas ten A.M., a glorious day,

As ever lit St. Andrew's Bay ;  
 While "the twa pricket steeple" shone  
 As happy to be played upon ; \*  
 The white square tour o' gude St. Rules'  
 Looked fresh as frae the builder's tools,  
 Tho' near nine hundert years it's stude  
 Sin' wild boars thronged Strathkinness wood.  
 St. Andrew's banner nobly flew ;  
 Matches an' bets were not a few ;  
 Excursion trains poured in amain ;  
 Gentle an' semple swelled the train.  
 Lean wabsters frae Dunfermline,  
 Folk frae Fife's sea-side toons that shine  
 Like chance-dropt pearls beside the brine ;  
 While Cupar lads were no ahint  
 To see the Medal won and tint.  
 Yet spite of a' the scene were bare  
 And dull, but for the Leddies there.  
 Noo paired an' matched the Gowfers stand,  
 Ilk ane taks drivin club in hand ;  
 Some hit, some miss, the best tee'd ba',  
 Then aff like grape-shot ane an' a'.  
 O kittle game, hoo aft thy Bard  
 Has fand thy mysteries ower hard ;  
 I mind the end hole on the Eden,  
 Where fasht and dasht wi' no succeedin ;  
 In fit o' petulance an' shame,  
 I smashed my clubs an' damned the Game.  
 Noo Muse among the Gowfin clan  
 We're peint a leal true Hielandman ;  
 Weel can he guide an' strike a ba',  
 Mair years on him but lichtly fa'

\* A frequent direction from your Cudie at Golf. "Play on the twa pricket Steeple."

As on Braemar's proud pine the snaw.  
 He's kind o' look, o' speech an' heart,  
 Weel can he play a comrade part ;  
 An' whist betimes or fiddle play,  
 An' deftly dance an auld Strathspey ;  
 His step is quick, his ee' is bricht ;  
 He's braid in back, an' tall in height.  
 My Muse to Captain Campbell drinks,  
 The Nestor o' St. Andrew's Links.  
 Glen Saddell neist a buirdly man,  
 Great pillar o' the Campbell clan,  
 If thae stout wights had been alive,  
 In "feifteen" or the "forty-five,"  
 They micht hae played a gude claymore,  
 An' swept the heads aff mony a score.  
 Sal Major Playfair be forgot—  
 St. Andrew's Provost—worthy Scot!  
 I wuss ilk burgh, toon, and city,  
 Like guardian, had as wise, as witty.  
 There's George Moncrieff,\* wha aft can claim  
 The praise to save a losin' game :  
 There's George Makgill, o' Kemback hight,  
 A pleasant and a likely wight :  
 To skeel in Gowf he 's less pretence  
 'Than ready humour worth an 'mense.  
 Balthayock's Laird†, wha golfin Links,  
 Delight and curlers' icy rinks.  
 Wolfe Murray, too, a niche maun hae,  
 Nor last, nor least, at Gowfin play,  
 Kind heart, an' quaint quick humour his,  
 There's Harry Erskine's bluid, I wis:

\* Col. George Moncreiff, Scots Fusileer Guards.

† Jas. Neil Fergusson Blair, of Balthayock, Perthshire.

Guid luck to Cringletie's blithe lord,  
 At kirk an' mercat, bed an' board.  
 Bob Lindsay, too, a notice merits,  
 Less for his play than his guid sperits,—  
 The term "Light Lindsays" suiteth well  
 His courteous brither an' himsel.  
 Lord Eglintoun—a verse to ye :  
 May patriot chief ne'er wantin' be  
 In thy lang line, Montgomerie !  
 Amang Saint Johnstoun folk that day,  
 George Condie bore the palm away.  
 Tom Paton, catch asleep wha can,  
 That active, roun', fat funnie man—  
 Gleg at the uptake quick an' cool ;  
 He's gude at Gowf, at Whist, at Pool,  
 Dry joker o' the auld Scots school.  
 He skips life's smooth an' rough ava,  
 Licht as a gutta percha ba.'  
 It's unco lang sin' I hae seen  
 Bob Oliphant\* upon the Green.  
 There's mony mair I weel nicht mention,  
 But time an' rhyme baulk kind intention.  
 Hark to the cheers—the signal gun  
 That tell the Medal 's tint an' won.  
 Thy shabby siller bit, Bombay,  
 Is aiblins worth a callant's play ;  
 If fortune smile, and things gang well,  
 I'se found some day a prize mysel—  
 A medal o' the red gowd fine,  
 For the dear sake o' auld langsyne.  
 But see the folk are daikerin' hame,

\* Robt. Oliphant, W.S. of Rossie, Perthshire ; a crack player from a boy.

I feel a famine i' the wame ;  
 Sinks to his rest the fire-faced Sun,  
 Forfaughten wi' the lang day's fun ;  
 While not o'ertired we quit our Gowf  
 To dine at Hastie's Cross Keys Howf,  
 To pass around the iced Champagne,  
 And fecht the battle ower again.  
 While clear as mud will loser prove,  
 Hoo some cur dowg\* his tail wad move,  
 Its shadow, wavin near the hole,  
 Spoiled his best putt—puir nervous soul !  
 Wi' joke, wi' argument an' sang,  
 The sma' hours flit, Care's venom stang  
 Has little power o'er they wha seek,  
 Wi' driver putter spune an' cleek,  
 The health, the ease, the vital spring  
 That exercise alane can bring.  
 Whar best o' Links sweet breezes woo  
 To health and sport the Gowfin crew.  
 Whane'er the Autumn Meetin' dawns,  
 Elastic be thae gorsey lawns,  
 Our Queen's best weather smilin' greet,  
 Her Royal an' Ancient Gowfers meet ;  
 Nae dust stowre rise nor east win' blaw,  
 To gar' the Leddies bide awa' ;  
 The year's best offspring be the day  
 That woos wi' welcome blink St. Andrews to  
 the Play.

\* A certain cantankerous Golfer ascribed the loss of a interesting match to a dog waving its tail at the moment the player studied an intended grand stroke. The opponent might have demurred "Nec tali auxilio!" the rather, as the accused dog proved to have no more tail than a Manx cat or John O'Connell.