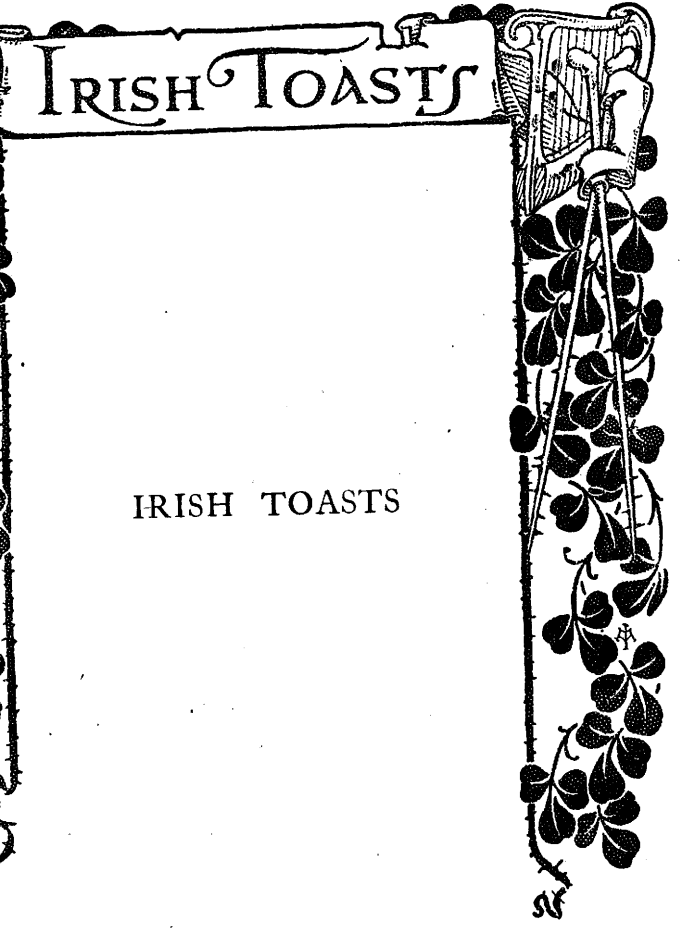
IRISH TOASTS



IRISH TOASTS

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By SHANE NA GAEL

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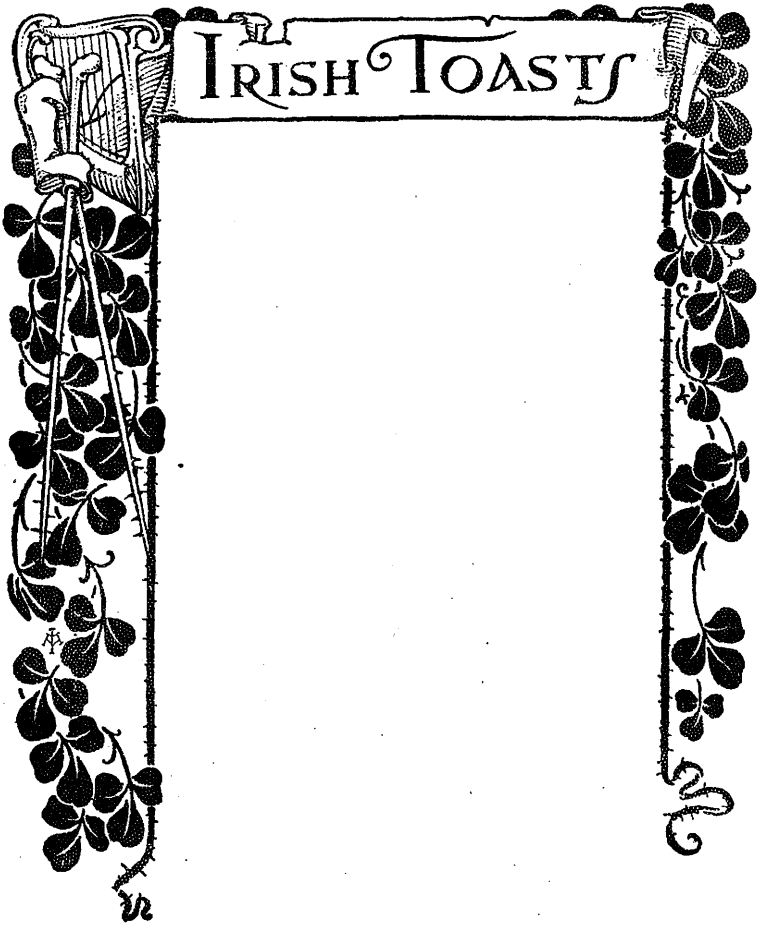
IRISH TOASTS

A Toast from Ireland to Irishmen in America

Éire i gcrích, Éire ar lár
Ireland divided is Ireland defeated;
United we stand, divided we fall

Sent by John E. Redmond, M. P.


IRISH TOASTS

IRISH TOASTS

INTRODUCTION

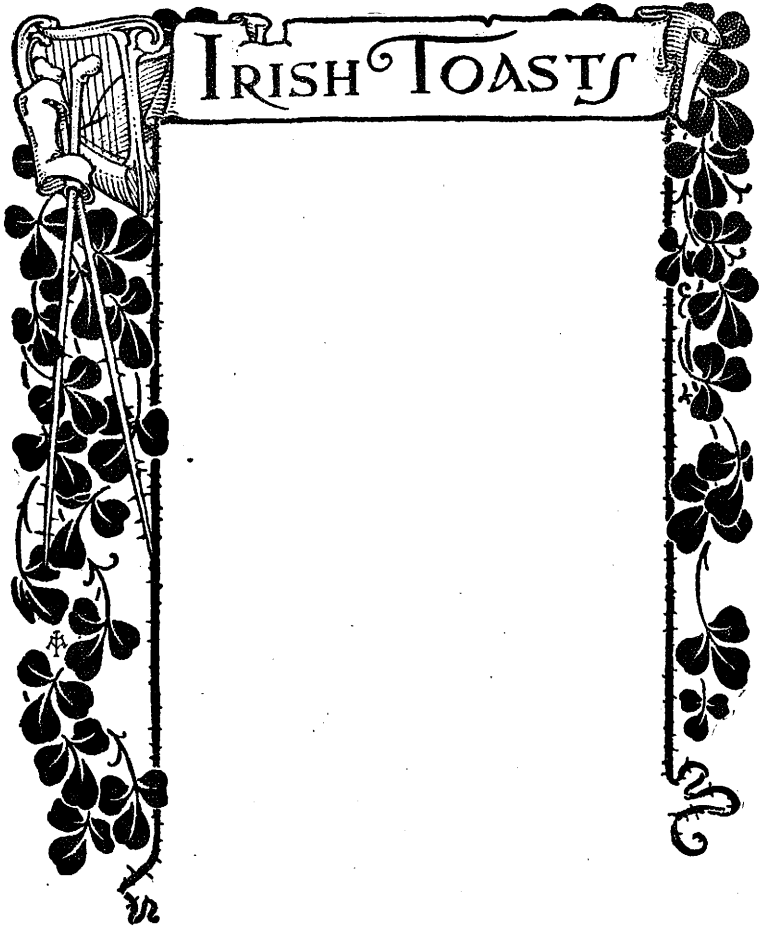
Irish wit, Irish eloquence, Irish patriotism, Irish hospitality, and the Irishman's high admiration and respect for woman are famous the world over.

This collection of Irish Toasts and Sentiments contains the cream of it all.

Ready-witted as every Irishman is, he will be glad to have this little reminder of the right things to say on the right occasion. Here are Toasts Patriotic, Convivial and Humorous, Toasts to Love, to Women and to Friendship and a miscellaneous garland of sentiments from which the bright flowers may be plucked at will or as the occasion serves.

And with all Irishmen all the world over the compiler lifts his glass with the sentiment we all so ardently love,

"Erin slainthe gal go bragh!"


IRISH TOASTS

IRISH TOASTS

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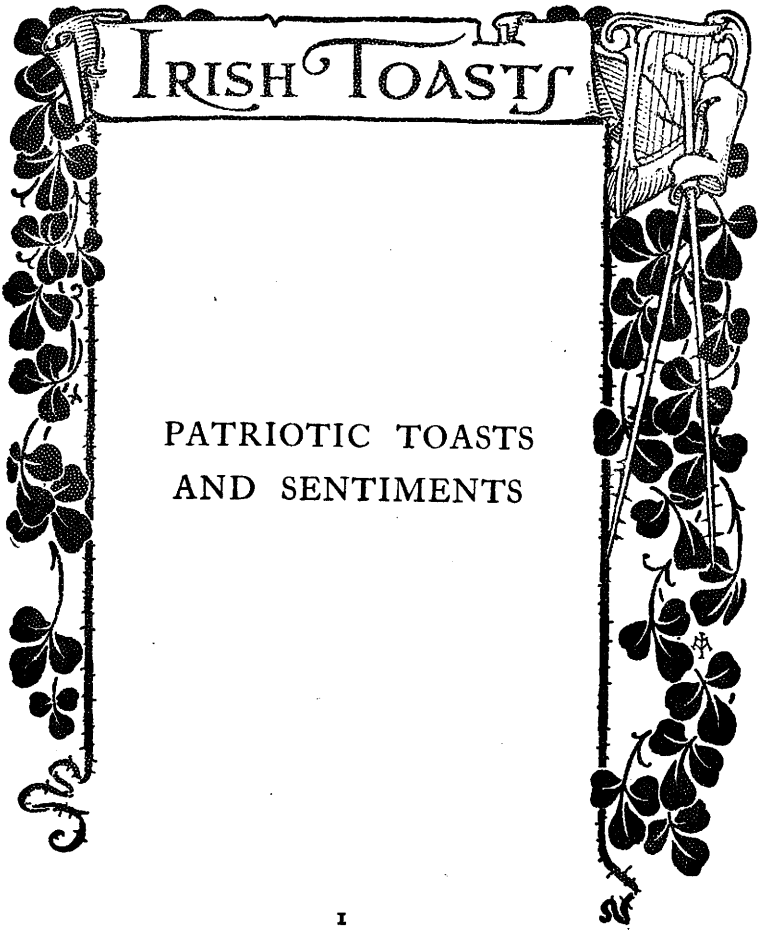
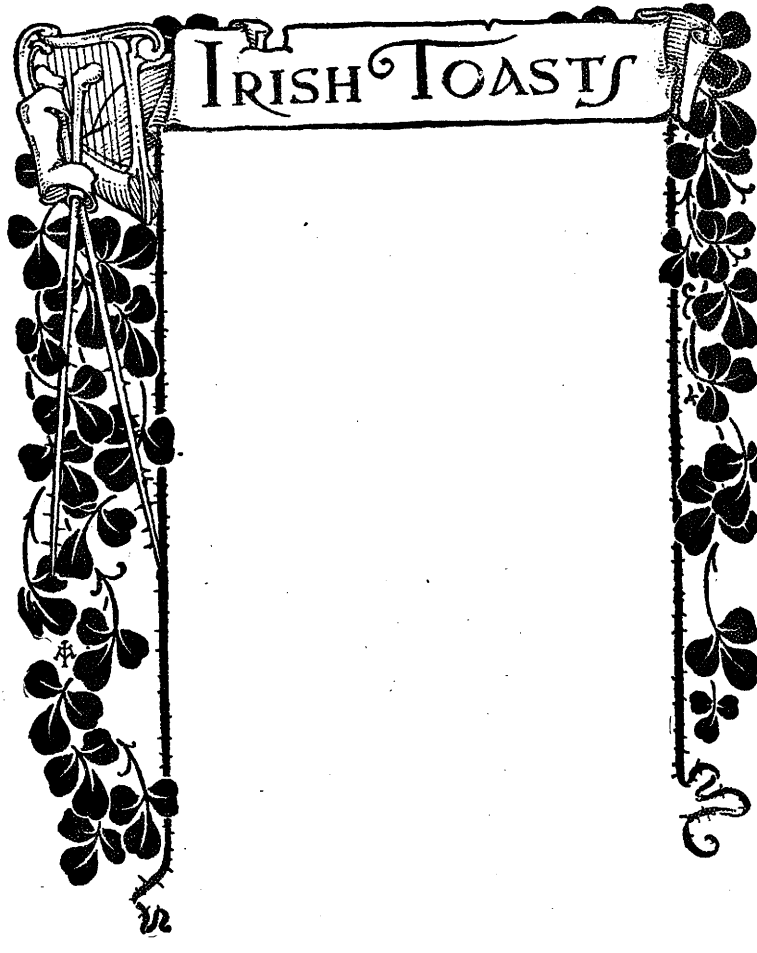
IRISH TOASTS



PATRIOTIC TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS


IRISH TOASTS

IRISH TOASTS

A greeting and a promise unto them all we send;
Their character our charter is, their glory is our end, —
Their friend shall be our friend, our foe whoe'er assails
The glory or the story of the sea-divided Gaels
One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

A high Post to the enemies of Ould Ireland.

All hail fairest land in Neptune's old ocean!
Thou land of St. Patrick, my Ireland agra!
Cold, — cold must the heart be, and void of emotion

IRISH TOASTS

That loves not the music of Erin go bragh!

Americans and Irishmen — They may differ as to whether the patron saint of the latter had any hand in driving out the enemies of the former — but in this they will agree — to stand together and fall together, before a hostile foot shall again be placed on the land of their birth or the land of their adoption.

And when at last in death we're laid
ashes to ashes gone,
When earth and faction cease for
us, and we are all alone,
The mantle that our mother spreads
above our grave I ween
Is still the color of our land, our
own sad, lonely green.

Irish Toasts

A priestly train, o'er the briny main
Shall greet my love,
And wine of Spain to thy health will drain
My Ros geal dubh.

Arch of the ocean and Queen of the West!

Be bold, united, firmly set,
Nor flinch in word or tone —
We'll be a glorious nation yet,
Redeemed — erect — alone!

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth,
Bless the land of the oak, and its neighboring earth,
Where grow the shillelah and shamrock so green!

IRISH TOASTS

May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Drub the foes who dare plant on our confines a cannon;
United and happy, at Loyalty's shrine,
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine
Round the sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the ocean,
And thy harp striking bards sing aloud with emotion,
Erin mavourneen! Erin go bragh!

But come, fill up another cup,
And with every sup we'll say,

IRISH TOASTS

" Here's dear Old Ireland!
Loved Old Ireland!
Ireland, boys, hurrah! "

But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!

Come! pledge again thy heart and hand —
One grasp that ne'er shall sever;
Our watchword be — " Our native land! "
Our motto — " Love forever! "

Daniel O'Connell — Athens boasted of a Solon, an Aristides and a Demosthenes, but Ireland beholds all their

great qualities combined in her favorite Son.

Daniel O'Connell: the enemy of corruption, the champion of his injured country and the defender and asserter of its rights and liberties.

Dear Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
An emerald set in the ring of the sea;
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou queen of the West, the world's Cushla-ma-chree!

Down with the tyrants, and up with the green and gold!

IRISH TOASTS

Erin the land of potatoes; may it never lack butter-milk.

Erin the land of the brave and the bold.

Erin! thy silent tear shall never cease
Erin! thy languid smile shall ne'er increase
Till, like the rainbow's light
Thy varied tints unite,
And form in Heaven's sight
One arch of Peace.

Erin's friend; may his name live for ever.

Flag of beauty, flag of splendor,
May old Erin's sons defend her
Till thy folds shall float above her

IRISH TOASTS

Free as shines the noonday sun:
Till the hated links that bind her
Shall with scorn be flung behind her,
Till fair freedom smiles upon her,
By her children's valor won.

God shield you, champions of the Gael,
Never may your foes prevail,
Never were ye known to yield
Basely in the embattled field.

Here's the shamrock, the thistle, the leek, and the rose,
And the four saints, for emblems, which each of them chose,
Flourish long and live happy, like sister and brother,
Since now all the four have married each other.

IRISH TOASTS

Here is to old Ireland, her sons and her daughters;
Here is to her emblem, the Shamrock, I mean.
May the sun always shine on the round towers of Erin.
That's a toast from the heart of an Irish colleen.

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

Hibernia — Steeped in her own tears she never can get up; — soaking

in whiskey, she must go down; — but bathing in "coult wather" she will get on "swimmingly."

Horticultural Experiments — May the tree of freedom soon be planted in Ireland, and may John Bull find it as difficult to uproot as he found it here.

I'm weary for old Ireland — once again
To see her fields before me,
In sunshine or in rain!
And the longing in my heart when it comes o'er me
Stings like pain.

In her cause I am willin' my veins should run dhry,

And for Ireland's sweet sake I am ready to die.

Ireland! Ancient Ireland!
Ancient! yet for ever young!
Thou one mother, home and sireland,
Thou at length hast found a tongue,
Proudly thou at length
Resistest in triumphant strength.

Ireland and America — May the former soon be as free as the latter, and may the latter never forget that Irishmen were instrumental in securing the liberty they now enjoy.

Ireland — St. Patrick destroyed its creeping things of other days — may

his disciples speedily exterminate the political reptiles of the present age.

Ireland: sympathy to her wrongs, and a determination to redress them.

Ireland: the sister of proud England, may she never be her bonded slave.

Ireland's harp all over the world.

Ireland's harp: may its chords never be broken.

Ireland's immortal Shamrock: may it be green for ever.

Irish Toasts

Irish heroes: and the apprentices of Londonderry.

Irish Shillelaghs: may they never break the head of a friend.

Irishmen — The love of liberty will burn in their bosoms as long as their bright isle is washed by the ocean.

Justice to Ireland — A domestic legislature alone can confer it; to expect it from a London Parliament is an idle dream, and we Irishmen, on this side of the water, hope that full restitution will be made for past injustices.

IRISH TOASTS

Land of my forefathers, Erin-go-Bragh!
Buried and cold when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin Mavoureen! Sweet Erin-go-Bragh!

Let all atone
For blood and groan,
For dark revenge and open wrong;
Let all unite
For Ireland's right
And drown our griefs in Freedom's song.

May the Cork of Irish freedom float proudly on the waves of Irish liberty.

Irish Toasts

May the day come quickly when Great Britain will discover that Irishmen are her stanchest friends, and when Irishmen will learn that Englishmen are their brothers.

May the Emerald Isle ever bloom in the main, and only be trodden by the foot of friendship.

May the Emerald Isle that grows
out of the sea
Flourish long in Prosperity, happy
and free.

May the Irishmen wear their grievances till they are all re-dressed.

IRISH TOASTS

May the shamrock continue to flourish, and ever be an emblem of unity, charity, friendship, and love.

My blessing be on you, old Erin,
My own land of frolic and fun,
For all sorts of mirth and diversion
Your like is not under the sun.

O Ireland, isn't it grand you look —
Like a bride in her rich adornin'?
And with all the pent-up love of my heart
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

Oh! the green land, the old land,
Far dearer than the gold land,
With all its landscape glory and unchanging summer skies;

Irish Toasts

Let others seek their pleasures
In the chase of golden treasures,
Be mine a dream of Erin, and the
light of Kathleen's eyes.

On one side is Virtue and Erin
On theirs is the Saxon and Guilt!

Peace and Prosperity to Ireland

Pearly are the skies in the country
of my fathers,
Purple are thy mountains, home
of my heart.
Mother of my yearning, love of all
my longings,
Keep me in remembrance, long
leagues apart.

Irish Toasts

Quick, quick, now, I'll give you, since
Time's glass will run
Even faster than ours doth, three
bumpers in one;
Here's to the poet who sings — here's
to the warrior who fights —
Here's to the statesman who speaks,
in the cause of men's rights.

Shannon's flowery banks: may
they bloom for ever.

She is a rich and a rare land,
Oh! she's a fresh and a fair land,
She is a dear and rare land —
This native land of mine.

Slante gael go bragh!

Irish Toasts

Success to the Emerald Isle
Where Shillelagh and Shamrocks abound,
May peace and prosperity smile
O'er the land and its natives around.

The anniversary of St. Patrick's day: and may the Shamrock be green for ever.

The birthplace of wit, and the home of hospitality — Ireland.

The Descendants of Irishmen — May they never forget the respect which they owe to the land which contains the ashes of their fathers.

IRISH TOASTS

The Emerald Isle — May her sons and daughters resemble a field of potatoes in full bloom, beautiful to look upon; and when called on to assist the distressed, may they, like the roots, prove a real blessing to the poor.

The everlasting Green for me;
And we for one another.

The green, oh the green, it's the color of the true
To wear it far transcends in worth, the orange or the blue,
Arrayed in brilliant blue above the spreading sky is seen,
But the mantle of our mother earth is still the glorious green.

Irish Toasts

The Heart of an Irishman — A living monument of the kind and generous feelings — while the hand of Charity guides the stream, may the hand of Wealth yield a perpetual supply.

The homes that our fathers — our childhood endeared —
That our memories cling to with pining desire,
Shall be Ours — Ours again — and the brave will be heard,
The long exiled brave — cheering Sheela na guire.

The Irish - American — may his tribe increase!

The Lads of the land of Shillelagh.

IRISH TOASTS

The queen of all islands is Erin, the blest.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Then well may Erin's sons adore
Their isle, which nature formed so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon great, or pastoral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman?

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But honesty is still his guide;
No more repent a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride;
He may be duped, but won't be dared—
More fit to practise than to plan;

IRISH TOASTS

He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

If strange or poor, for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be;
If you're his guest, while e'er you stay
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he may your secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe or weal
Whate'er she bids he dares to do;
Try him with bribes — they won't prevail;
Prove him in fire — you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety, let his post
Be where it ought, in danger's van;

IRISH TOASTS

And if the field of fame be lost,
It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin! loved land! from age to age
Be thou more great, more famed, and free;
May peace be thine, or, should'st thou wage
Defensive war, cheap victory.
May plenty bloom in every field
Which gentle breezes softly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild
The home of every Irishman!

The Shamrock, the green immortal Shamrock,
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock.

Irish Toasts

Then let us be frisky, and tipple the whiskey,
Long life to the land of dear liberty's joys,
No country whatever has power to sever
The Shamrock, the Rose and the Thistle, my boys.

Then here's their memory — may it be
For us a guiding light,
To cheer our strife for liberty,
And teach us to unite!
Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
Though sad as theirs, your fate;
And true men, be you, men,
Like those of Ninety-Eight.

IRISH TOASTS

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself, sure, that set it;
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland;
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,

In each climate that they may appear in;
And shine through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland:
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from one stock we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;
And still through the bog, through the brake, through the mireland,
From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,

Irish Toasts

The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland.

Those hues in our bosoms be sure to unite, boys:
Let each Irish heart wear those emblems so true;
Be fresh as the green, and be pure as the white, boys,
Be bright as the orange, sincere as the blue.
I care not a jot
Be your scarf white or not,
If you love as a brother each child of the soil;
I ask not your creed,
If you'll stand in her need
To the land of your birth in the hour of her dolors,
The foe of her foes, let them be who they may;

IRISH TOASTS

Then, "Fusion of hearts, and confusion of colors!"
Be the Irishman's toast on St. Patrick's Day.

Though absent, the fount of our faith is not frozen,
While we live, of its upwelling waters we'll draw,
For the maids that we love, for the land that we've chosen,
Where freedom is nursed at the bosom of law.
"Land of the free! for the shelter thou'st given
To those whom the storm of oppression has driven
From their homes, may a blessing be on thee from Heaven,"
Say the sons and the daughters of Erin go bragh.

IRISH TOASTS

To the Country that gave St. Patrick birth.

To the Irishmen in America! — They have built our great public works; they have constructed our vast system of railways; they have risen to place of power and eminence in every walk of industry and in every avenue which is open to brains and pluck.

To the Shamrock, that never will lose its emerald hue.

To our native land. Every one loves it whether he was born there or not.

Irish Toasts

"True to his name, his country, and his God,
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad."

Truth for England and Justice for Ireland.

"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

Wert thou all that I wish thee,
Great, glorious and free,
First flower of the earth,
And first gem of the sea.

We've heard her faults a hundred times,

IRISH TOASTS

The new ones and the old,
In songs and sermons, ranns and rhymes,
Enlarged some fifty fold,
But take them all, the great and small,
And this we've got to say:
Here's dear Old Ireland,
Good Old Ireland,
Ireland, boys, hurrah!

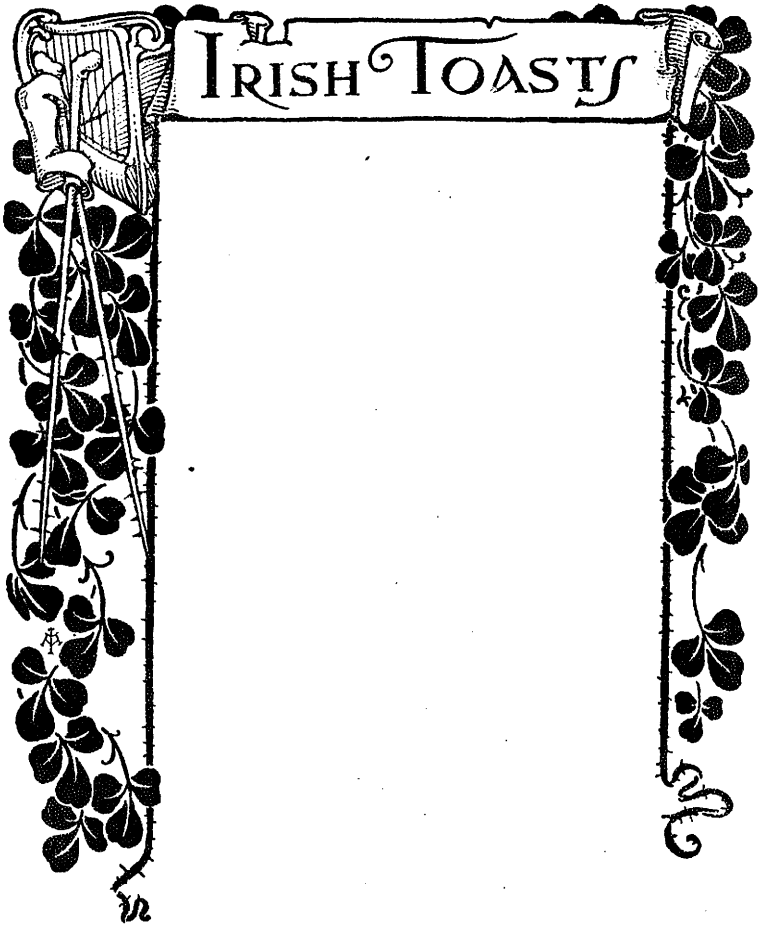
What flood reflects a shore so sweet
As Shannon's sweet or pastoral Pann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet
So generous as an Irishman?

When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,
God blessed the green Island, and saw it was good;

IRISH TOASTS

The em'rald of Europe, it sparkled and shone —
In the ring of the world the most precious stone.
In her sun, in her soil, in her station thrice blest,
With her back towards Britain, her face to the West,
Erin stands proudly insular on her steep shore,
And strikes her high harp 'mid the ocean's deep roar.

Yes! Ireland shall be free,
From the centre to the sea;
Then hurrah for Liberty!
Says the Shan Van Vocht.


IRISH TOASTS

IRISH TOASTS

TOASTS AND
SENTIMENTS TO
WOMEN, LOVE,
FRIENDSHIP, ETC.

IRISH TOASTS

Irish Toasts

A delectable dear is woman, so sweet that honey would blush in her presence, and molasses (he said "traycle") stand appalled.

A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend

An Irish lad's a jolly boy,
Full of frolic, mirth, and fun,
Wine and women all his joy,
And from a foe he'll never run.
And whether he is rich or not,
He ne'er feels discontent at all,
For when he cash in store has got,
Ne'er rests till he has spent it all.
Och so frisky — fond of whiskey,
Joy is never at an end;
Love's his boast — and this his toast,
A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.

How free of care's an Irish boy,
A foe to all formality,
A social life his only joy,

IRISH TOASTS

His motto — Hospitality.
His monarch too he'll dearly love,
His measures, faith, he'll back them all;
And as for foes, he'll quickly prove
How naitly he can whack 'em all.
He'll dance and sing — God save the King,
Success the noble Crown attend;
All cares deride — no wish beside
A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.

In me you see an Irish lad,
Content to please, and willing, Och,
Who laughs when comfort's to be had,
And pays while he's a shilling, Och.
Then take my hand, O Fanny, love,
And make no further pother, Och.
My heart is yours — things clearly prove
We're made for one another, Och.

Irish Toasts

We'll sing and play — no larks more gay,
Our joys shall never have an end;
No wish beside — our own fireside,
My wife, a Bumper, and a Friend.

A good wife and health
Are a man's best wealth.

Again prepare — here's to the Fair
Whose smiles with joy have crowned us,
Then drain the bowl for each gay soul
That's drinking here around us.

" Ah, happy is he, crowned with such life,

Who drinks the wife pledging the sweetheart,
And toasts in the sweetheart the wife."

Be thou but fair, — mankind adore thee!
Smile, — and a world is weak before thee!

But send round the bowl: while a relic of truth
Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine —
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

IRISH TOASTS

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.

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.

Die when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's court a form more fair

IRISH TOASTS

Than beauty here on earth has given:—
Keep but the lovely looks we see,
The voice we hear, and you will be
An angel ready made for Heaven.

Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis a woman rules us still.

Drink to her who long
Hath waked the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy!

Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats atop is the maid that has bewitched you.

Irish Toasts

Go-de-thu, Mavourneen slaun.
(May you go safe, my darling.)

If Love is an innocent thing, my dear,
My heart then is innocent too;
For sure it contains a devil a thing
But love for an angel — that's you —
And all of the day, it's the whole of my lay,
This love I am bearing for you.

Irish eyes! Irish eyes!
Eyes that most of all can move me!
Lift one look
From my book
Through your lashes dark, and prove me
In my worship, oh, how wise!

Irish Toasts

It takes more genius to be a man than manhood to be a genius. As to the differences between men and women, I believe that when their accounts have been properly balanced it will be found that it has been a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other, both in the matter of sovereignty and of mereness, and therefore without prejudice I propose that the sixes to which I belong shall rise and cordially drink to the health of the other half dozens, our kind and generous hosts of to-night.

Let us drink to the thought that where'er a man roves
He is sure to find something blissful and dear,
And that when he is far from the lips that he loves,

IRISH TOASTS

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

Let those love now who never loved before,
Let those who always loved now love the more.

Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first invented kissing.

Love must, in short,
Keep fond and true,
Thro' good report
And evil too.

May the smiles of women cheer Irish lads so clever

That they in whiskey drink to beauty's
queens for ever.

May we never see poor hounds about
a house
That drag their mangy life,
Or a good Irish gentleman
Attending on his wife.
(*i. e., for want of help.*)

O the boys of Kilkenny are brave
roving blades,
And if ever they meet with the nice
little maids
They'll kiss them and coax them and
spend their money free —
Of all the Towns in Ireland Kilkenny
for me.

IRISH TOASTS

Of all the lands beneath the sun
Old Ireland is the dearest one.
My green robed, meek eyed mother,
And though there's trouble on her now,
Though pain and sorrow mark her brow,
Where is there such another?

I love each hill and flowery dale
That decks my own fair Innisfail,
I love her sparkling waters,
I love her ruins, grey and old,
I love her sons so true and bold
And — don't I love her daughters!

Oh! fairer than the lily tall, and sweeter than the rose,
As modest as the violet in dewy dell that blows;
With heart as warm as summer noon, and pure as winter snow —

IRISH TOASTS

The pride of Erin's isle is she, dear
Irish Molly O!

Oh the bumpers went round
With an elegant sound,
Chink, chink, like sweet bells went
the glasses, the glasses,
We drank Queen and King
And each other fine thing,
Then bumpered the beautiful lasses,
sweet lasses.

The Daughters of Ireland, entrenched within the fortress of parental affection; May they never surrender the citadels of their hearts, except to those who wield the arms of sincere love, chastened by morality and temperance.

IRISH TOASTS

The dewy blue blossom that hangs
on the spray,
More blue than her eye human eye
never saw,
Deceit never lurked in its beautiful
ray.
Dear lady, I drink to you, Slainte go
bragh!

The drum is his pleasure, his joy and
delight,
It leads him to pleasure as well as
to fight.
There's never a girl, though ever so
glum,
But packs up her tatters, and follows
the drum.

The girl that is witty,
The girl that is pretty,
The girl an eye black as a sloe,

Irish Toasts

Here's to girls of each station
Throughout Ireland's nation,
And especially one that I know.

The Irish Heart — Quick and strong in its generous impulses, firm in its attachments, sound to the core.

The poet of the ladies, Tom Moore.

Then remember whenever your goblet is crowned,
To the eastward, or westward, wherever you roam,
Whenever the health of dear woman goes 'round,
Remember the smiles that adorn her at home.

IRISH TOASTS

Then you know a boy is an ass,
Then you know the worth of a lass
Once you have come to forty year.

Tho' the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see
Yet wherever thou art shall seem Erin to me,
In exile thy bosom shall still be my home
And thine eyes make my climate wherever I roam.

Through all the drama — whether damned or not —
Love gilds the scene, and women guide the plot.

To Every Maid, Wife, or Widow

IRISH TOASTS

To each — to all,— I'm ever true,
To God — to Ireland — and to you.

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
And here's to her that has none, sir,
Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
And here is to her that's but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, etc.

Irish Toasts

Here's to the maid with the bosom
of snow,
And to her that's brown as a berry;
And here's to the wife with a face full
of woe,
And here's to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, etc.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient I care not a
feather,
So fill the pint bumper quite up to
the brim,
And e'en let us toast them together.
Let the toast pass, etc.

To ladies' eyes, around, boys,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Their bright eyes so abound, boys,
It's hard to choose, it's hard to
choose.

Irish Toasts

To Love, for heaven and earth adore
him,
And gods and mortals bow before him.

Let every man now give his toast,
Fill up the glass — I'll tell you mine:
Wine is the mistress I love most;
This is my toast, now give me thine.

Well said, my lad, ne'er let it stand,
I give you Chloe, nymph divine;
May love and wine go hand in hand;
This is my toast, now give me thine.

Fill up the glasses to the brink,
Hebe, let no one dare decline;
'Twas Hebe taught me first to drink;
This is my toast, now give me thine.

Ge'mmen, give my wife, d'ye see,
May all to make her blest combine,

IRISH TOASTS

So she be far enough from me;
This is my toast, now give me thine.

Let constant lovers at the feet
Of pale-fac'd wenches sigh and pine,
For me, the first kind girl I meet
Shall be my toast, now give me thine.

You toast your wife, and you your lass,
My boys, and welcome, here's the wine;
For my part, he who fills my glass
Shall be my toast, now give me thine.

What's a table richly spread
Without a woman at its head?

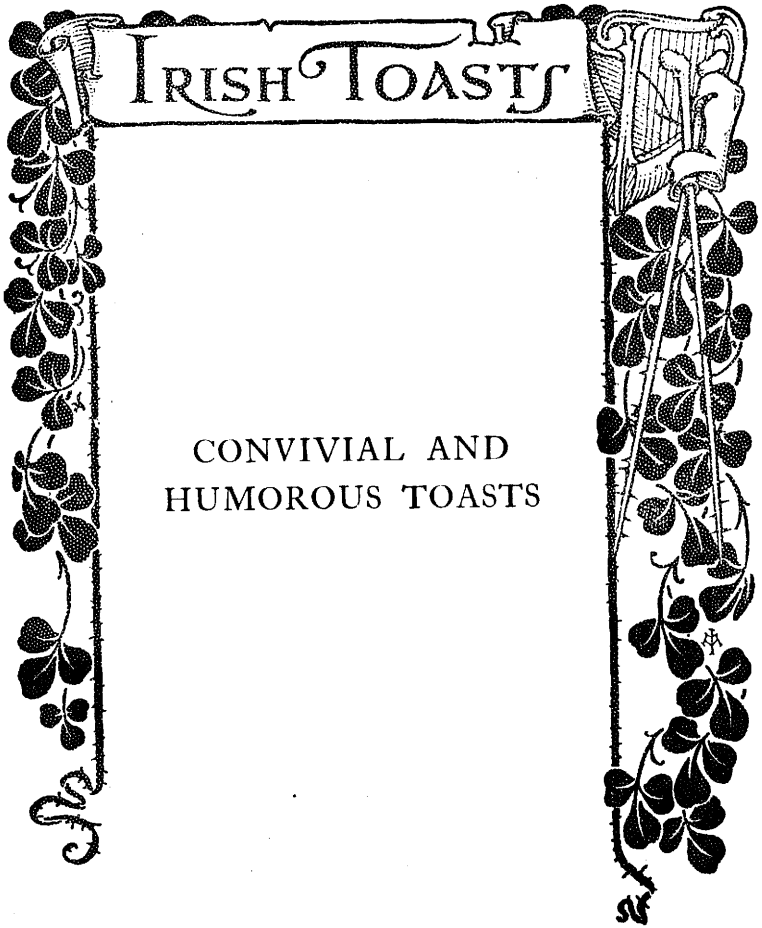
When once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.

Irish Toasts

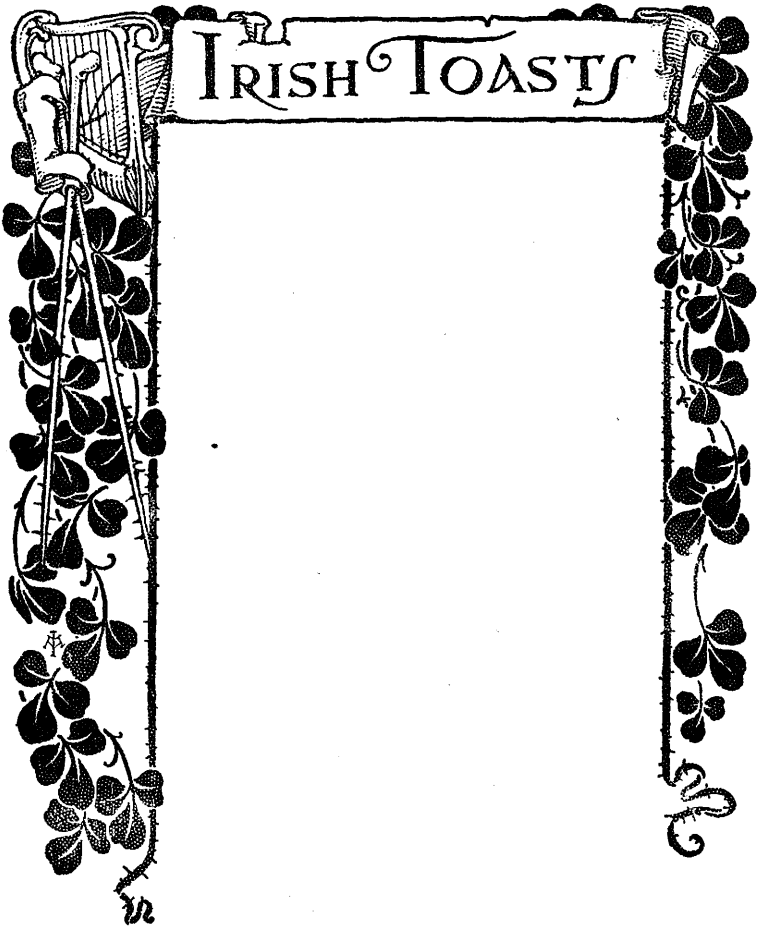
Wherever you roam, wherever you roam,
You nothing will meet
Half so lovely or sweet
As the girls at home, the girls at home.

Wine of Spain,
To her we'll drain,
Whoe'er she be, I love her!

Women are like tricks by sleight of hand,
Which to admire, we should not understand.



CONVIVIAL AND
HUMOROUS TOASTS


IRISH TOASTS

IRISH TOASTS

Beimedh a gole!
(Let us be drinking.)

A glass is good, 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.

Be the whiskey ever near thee, thro' the day and night,
'Tis the cordial for all ages,
Every evil it assuages
And to bards and saints and sages
Gives joy and life and light.

Bird of the North! By instinct fine
You sought a perfect sea.
And we to-night from sparkling wine
Will make that place for thee!

Irish Toasts

No longer seek the rippling brine,
Or haunt the marshy waste,
But dip your wing in drink divine,
With celery to your taste.

Bird of the blest, a choicer wave
Flows o'er our goblet's brim,
And in it you shall sweetly lave,
And in it you shall swim!
No more the waters beat your breast,
Your tired wings brave the sky,
But you shall have eternal rest,
And float in "Extra Dry."

But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile —
May we never meet worse in our pilgrimage here
Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile —
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

IRISH TOASTS

"Cead mille failte," they'll give you
down at Donovan's,
As cheery as the spring-time, and Irish
as the Canavaun.
The wish of my heart is if ever I had
one
That every luck in life may linger
with the Donovan.

Come fill round a bumper, fill up to
the brim,
He who shrinks from a bumper I
pledge not to him.

Come charge high, again, boy, nor
let the full wine
Leave a space in the brimmer, where
daylight may shine;
Here's the friends of our youth —
tho' of some we're bereft,

Irish Toasts

May the links that are lost but endear
what are left.

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!

Come, send round the wine, and leave
points of belief
To simpleton sages and reasoning
fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and
brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the
dust of the schools:

Irish Toasts

Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,
The fool, who would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Drain the cup —
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Fill the bumper fair;
Every drop we sprinkle

Irish Toasts

O'er the brow of care,
Smooths away a wrinkle.

Flow, thou regal purple stream
Tinted by the solar beam,
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart and glad my eyes.
My brain ascend on fancy's wing,
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll lave my clay:
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say,
"A month he reign'd, but that was May."

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainthe, and slainthe and slainthe again,
Powerfullest preacher, and tenderest teacher
And kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

IRISH TOASTS

Here's to ale: it is meat, drink and cloth: it will make a cat speak and a wise man dumb.

I hope you are all here to do honor to the toast. As many of ye as is present will say "Here!" and as many of ye as is not present will say "Absent!"

I know thou lovest a brimming measure,
And art a kindly, cordial host;
But let me fill and drink at pleasure —
Thus I enjoy the goblet most.

I should be glad to drink your honor's health in a pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence.

IRISH TOASTS

I drink the good health of "Often-Who-Came."
Who often comes not, I also must name.
Who often comes not, I also must blame
That he comes not as often as "Often-Who-Came."

Irish whiskey: the genuine mountain dew.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain
With grammar and nonsense and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives genius a better discerning.

Let Bacchus's sons be not dismayed,
But join with me each jovial blade;

Irish Toasts

Come booze and sing, and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus —
Instead of Spa we'll drink brown ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail,
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen in glory!

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
The shepherd his dew-scented lawn,
But I, more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day
With my charming little crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
My charming little crúiscín lán.

Grádh mo chroidhe mo crúiscín, —
Sláinte geal mo mhúirnin.
Is grádh mo chroidhe a cúilin bán.

IRISH TOASTS

Grádh mo chroidhe mo crúiscín, —
Sláinte geal mo mhúirin,
Is grádh mo chroidhe a cúilin, bán, bán,
Is grádh mo chroidhe a cúilin bán.

Immortal and divine,
Great Bacchus, God of wine,
Create me by adoption your son;
In hope that you'll comply,
My glass shall ne'er run dry,
Nor my smiling little crúiscín lán, lán,
My smiling little crúiscín lán, etc.

And when grim Death appears,
In a few but pleasant years,
To tell me that my glass has run;
I'll say, Begone, you knave,
For bold Bacchus gave me lave
To take another crúiscín lán, lán, lán, lán,
Another little crúiscín lán, etc.

Irish Toasts

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips adry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn;
And since we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again,
To fill another crúiscín lán, lán, lán,
To fill another crúiscín lán, etc.

Long life to the man that invented potheen,
Sure the Pope ought to make him a martyr.
If myself was this moment the King or the Queen
I'd dhrink nothing but whiskey and wather!

Man wants but little here below
Nor wants that little long

IRISH TOASTS

Mark how it sleeps in its deep placid purity,
Not a brain-madd'ning wild bead on the top of it.
Look at it, emblem of health and security —
Slainte doibh uille — there's health in each drop of it.
Health to you all.

May lasting joys attend the boys
Who love the land that bore us,
Still may they share such friendly fare
As this that spreads before us.

May Venus's Myrtle ever be entwined with the Vine of Bacchus.

Ye sons of Anacreon, be joined hand in hand,

Irish Toasts

Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love,
For 'tis yours to support what's so happily plann'd,
You've the sanction of Gods and the fiat of Jove.

While thus we agree,
Our toasts let it be:
" May our Club flourish, happy, united and free,
And long may the Sons of Anacreon entwine
The Myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's Vine."

May we never want a friend in need, or a bottle to give him —! !

Observe, when Mother Earth is dry
She drinks the droppings of the sky,

Irish Toasts

And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapors which at evening weep
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre from the solar beam.
Then hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking,
I'll make the law of Nature mine,
And pledge the Universe in wine.

Of lives we have but one as far as I can see;
Then speed the joyous hour with song and gayety,
Let fellowship abound, throw sorrow to the wind,
Let not a care be found, and throw misery all behind.

Irish Toasts

Pour deep the rosy wine and drink a toast with me: —
Here's to the three: Thee, Wine and Camaraderie!

Once more fill a bumper — never talk of the hour,
O'er hearts thus united old Time has no power.
May our lives, — tho' alas! like the wine of to-night,
They must soon have an end, — to the last flow as bright!

One bumper at parting! though many
Have circled the board since we met,
The fullest, the saddest of any,
Remains to be crowned by us yet.
The sweetness that pleasure has in it,
Is always so slow to come forth,

Irish Toasts

That seldom, alas! till the minute
It dies, do we know half its worth!
But oh! may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up,
They're born on the bosom of pleasure,
They die in the tears of the cup.

Paddy O'Blarney's toast — Arrah, may we live all the days of our lives.

Press the grape and let it pour
Around the board its purple shower,
And, while the drops my goblet steep,
I'll think in woe the clusters weep.
Weep on, weep on, my pouting vine, —
Heaven grant no tears but tears of wine, —
Weep on! and as thy sorrows flow
I'll taste the luxury of woe.

Irish Toasts

Saint Patrick was a gentleman
Who, through strategy and stealth,
Drove all the snakes from Ireland —
Here's a bumper to his health.
But not too many bumpers,
Lest we lose ourselves, and then
Forget the good St. Patrick
And see the snakes again!

Say, why did Time his glass sublime
Fill up with sands unsightly,
When wine he knew runs brisker through
And sparkles far more brightly?
Oh, lend it us, and smiling thus,
The glass in two we'd sever,
Make pleasure glide in double tide,
And fill both ends for ever!
Then wreath the bowl with flowers of soul,
The brightest wit can find us;

Irish Toasts

We'll take a flight toward heaven to-
night,
And leave dull earth behind us!

Serenely full, the epicure would say,
Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-
day.

So fill to the brim, and here's to him
Who'd drink in punch the Solway;
With debts galore, but fun far more,
Oh, that's "the man for Galway."

So we, Sages, sit,
And 'mid bumpers brightening,
From the Heaven of Wit
Draw down all its lightning.

Success to the green! faith, we'll stand by it still!

Irish Toasts

The best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night,
my dear.

The fountains drink caves subterrene,
The rivulets drink the fountains dry;
Brooks drink those rivulets again,
And then some river gliding by;
Until some gulping sea drink them,
And ocean drinks up that again.

Of ocean then does drink the sky;
When having brewed it into rain,
The earth with drink it does supply,
And plants do drink up that again.
When turned to liquor in the vine,
'Tis our turn next to drink the wine.

By this who does not plainly see
How into our throats at once is
hurled —

Irish Toasts

Whilst merrily we drinking be —
The quintessence of all the world?
Whilst all drink then in land, air, sea,
Let us too drink as well as they.

The four drinks — the drink for thirst, the drink without thirst, the drink for fear of thirst, and the drink at the door.

The friends, the very best I saw
While through the land a rover,
Were brandy, ale and usquebaugh —
Of claret I'm no lover.

The Irishman loves his "whiskey straight,"
Because it gives him dizziness.
The American has no choice at all,
So he drinks the whole —— business.

IRISH TOASTS

The Pope he leads a happy life,
He knows no cares nor marriage strife;
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine —
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But yet not happy in his life —
He loves no maid or wedded wife,
Nor child hath he to cheer his hope —
I would not wish to be the Pope.

The Sultan better pleases me,
He leads a life of jollity,
Has wives as many as he will —
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But yet he's not a happy man —
He must obey the Alcoran,
And dares not taste one drop of wine —
I would not that his lot were mine.

So here I take my lowly stand,
I'll drink my own, my native land;
I'll kiss my maiden's lips divine,
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

IRISH TOASTS

And when my maiden kisses me
I'll fancy I the Sultan be;
And when my cheering glass I tope
I'll fancy then I am the Pope.

Then fill the bowl — away with care,
Our joys shall always last, —
For hope shall lighten days to come
And memory gild the past.

" Then here goes another," says he,
" to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says
Rory O'More.

There's never a bond old friend like
this, —
We have drunk from the same can-
teen.

Irish Toasts

This cup's flowing measure
I toast to that treasure,
The brave man whose pleasure
Is quaffing rich wine.
Who deep flagons draining
From quarrels abstaining
The morn finds remaining
All joyous divine.

This lesson oft in life I sing,
And from my grave I still shall cry,
Drink, mortal, drink, while time is young,
Ere death has made thee old as I.

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full.

Thus circling the cup hand in hand,
ere we drink
Let sympathy pledge us through
pleasure, through pain,
That fast as a feeling but touches one
link
Her magic shall send it direct through
the chain.

To All Friends at Home or Abroad

Let others delight in the days that are
fled,
And boast of the revels their fore-
fathers led;
Whilst of present enjoyments more
wisely we'll talk,
And laugh, joke and sing, as we draw
forth the cork.

We saw how the sun looked sinking,
The waters beneath him how bright,

Irish Toasts

And now let our farewell of drinking
Resemble that farewell of light.
You saw how he finished by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim —
So fill up, let's shine at our parting,
In full, liquid glory like him.
And oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
It was born on the bosom of pleasure,
It dies 'mid the tears of the cup.

When Saint Patrick this order established,
He called us the "Monks of the Screw;"
Good rules he revealed to our Abbot
To guide us in what we should do;
But first he replenished our fountain
With liquor the best in the sky;
And he said, on the word of a saint,
That the fountain should never run dry.

IRISH TOASTS

Each year, when your octaves approach,
In full chapter convened let me find you;
And when to the Convent you come,
Leave your favorite temptation behind you.
And be not a glass in your Convent,
Unless on a festival found;
And, this rule to enforce, I ordain it
One festival all the year round.

My brethren, be chaste, till you're tempted;
While sober, be grave and discreet;
And humble your bodies with fasting,
As oft as you've nothing to eat.
Yet, in honor of fasting, one lean face
Among you I'd always require;
If the Abbot should please, he may wear it,
If not, let it come to the Prior.

Irish Toasts

Come, let each take his chalice, my brethren,
And with due devotion prepare,
With hands and with voices uplifted,
Our hymn to conclude with prayer.
May this chapter oft joyously meet,
And this gladsome libation renew,
To the Saint, and the Founder, and Abbot,
And Prior, and Monks of the Screw!

Where is the heart that would not give
Years of drowsy days and nights,
One little hour like this to live —
Full to the brim of life's delight?

Whiskey, drink divine!
Why should drivellers bore us
With the praise of wine
While we've thee before us?

Irish Toasts

Were it not a shame,
  Whilst we gaily fling thee
To our lips of flame,
  If we could not sing thee?

  Whiskey, drink divine, etc.

Greek and Roman sung
  Chian and Falernian —
Shall no harp be strung
  To thy praise, Hibernian?
Yes! let Erin's sons —
  Generous, brave, and frisky —
Tell the world at once
  They owe it to their whiskey —

  Whiskey, drink divine, etc.

If Anacreon — who
  Was the grape's best poet —
Drank our mountain-dew
  How his verse would show it!

IRISH TOASTS

As the best then known,
He to wine was civil;
Had he Inishowen,
He'd pitch wine to the devil —

Whiskey, drink divine, etc.

Bright as beauty's eye,
When no sorrow veils it:
Sweet as beauty's sigh,
When young love inhales it:
Come, then, to my lips —
Come, thou rich in blisses!
Every drop I sip
Seems a shower of kisses —

Whiskey, drink divine, etc.

Could my feeble lays
Half thy virtues number,
A whole grove of bays
Should my brows encumber.

IRISH TOASTS

Be his name adored,
  Who summoned up thy merits
In one little word,
  When we call thee spirits —

Whiskey, drink divine, etc.

Send it gaily round —
  Life would be no pleasure,
If we had not found
  This enchanting treasure:
And when tyrant death's
  Arrow shall transfix ye,
Let your latest breaths
  Be whiskey! whiskey! whiskey!

Whiskey, drink divine, etc.

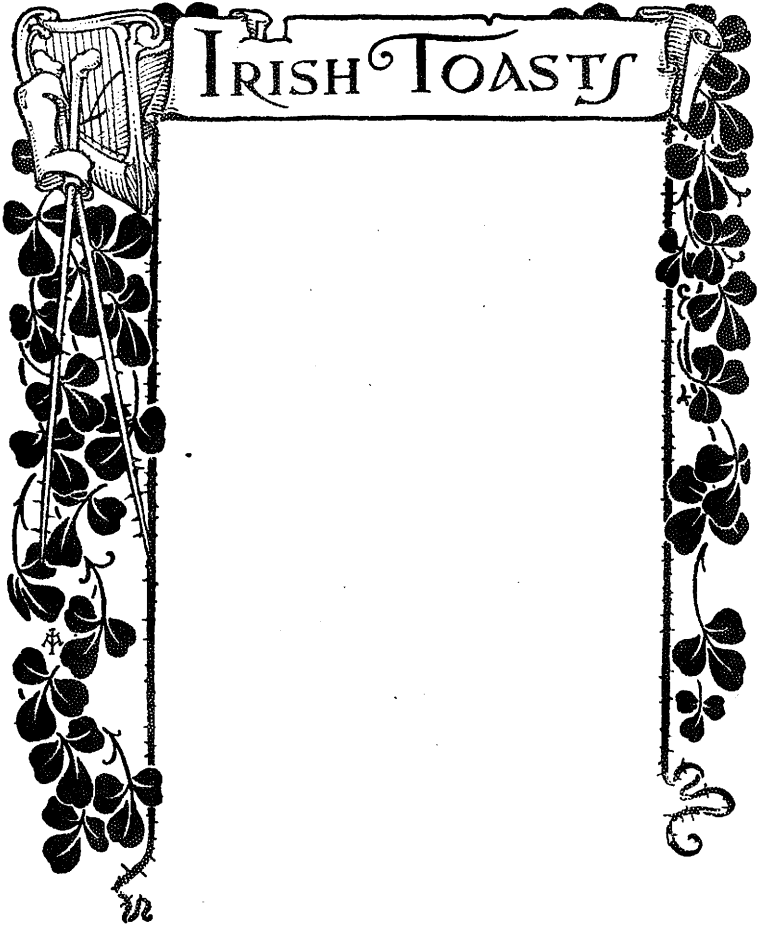
Ye good fellows all,
Who love to be told where good
  claret's in store,
Attend to the call

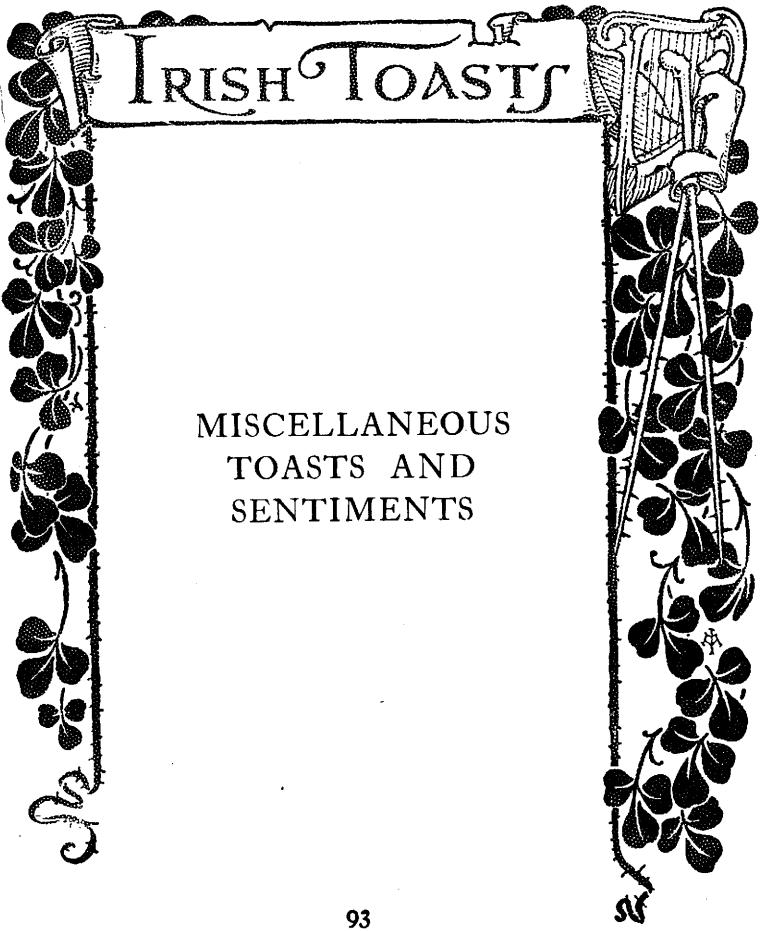
IRISH TOASTS

Of one who's ne'er frighted,
But greatly delighted
With six bottles more.
Be sure you don't pass
The good house, Moneyglass,
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns,
'Twill well suit your humor —
For, pray, what would you more,
Than mirth with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones?

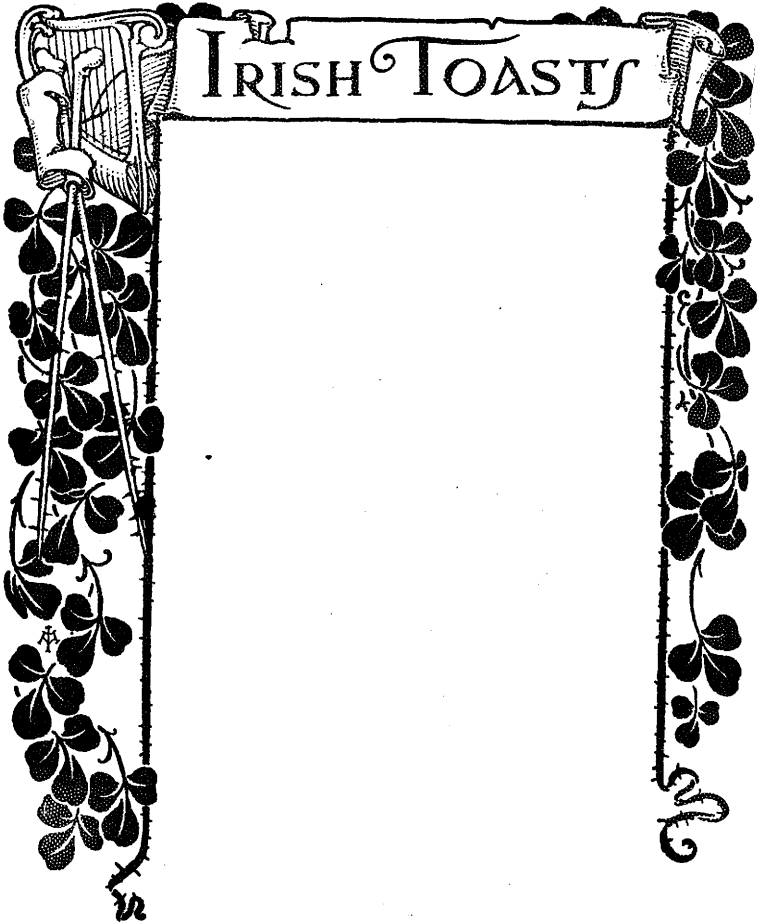
Within this goblet, rich and deep,
I cradle all my woes to sleep.

Your health, my friend! till life shall end
May no bad chance betide us;
Oh, may we still, our grief to kill,
Have drink like this beside us!


IRISH TOASTS



MISCELLANEOUS TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS


IRISH TOASTS

Irish Toasts

A fig for your new-fashioned waltzes
Imported from Spain and from France,
And a fig for the thing called the polka,
Our own Irish jig we will dance.

An Irishman, may he always eat his potatoes without peel.

An Irishman in France, drinking in company with one who proposed the toast "The Land we live in," responded, "Ay, with all my sowl, me jewel; Here's to poor ould Ireland."

And often and often I'm longing still,
This gay and golden weather,
For my father's face by an Irish hill
And he and I together.

And when we drain the golden cup
To them, to those we ne'er can see,
With wine of hope we'll fill it up
And drink to days that yet may be.

And there — whence there's never returning
When we travel — as travel we must —
May the gates be all free for our journey
And the tears of our friends lay the dust.

Brother Pat, may he be as always triumphant in love and in war.

"Caed mille failthe."
A hundred thousand welcomes.

Irish Toasts

God save us from
A slow foot steed, a hound run wild,
An unwise lord who breeds but strife —
And a wife who bears no child.

" God scatters her sons like seed on the lea,
And they root where they fall, be it mountain or furrow;
They come to remain and remember; and she
In their growth will rejoice in a blissful to-morrow."

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor,
and don't be their despiser,
For worldly wealth soon melts away,
and cheats the very miser.

Irish Toasts

Hame, what's hame?
A wee short word o' letters four,
But frae the store
O' langest word that tongue can claim,
Nane's got, I wis,
Sic power an Irish heart to touch,
Nane hauds in meanin' half as much
As this.

Health to my body, wealth to my purse,
Heaven to my soul, and I wish you no worse.

Here's to Mavourneen and Erin-go-bragh!
The Dutch make the beer, but I keep up the law.
The Germans are all right in war and in peace,
But, b'gorry! it takes the Irish to make good police.

Irish Toasts

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 any fate.

Here's to poetry, the eldest sister of all arts and the parent of most.

Here's to the bridge that carries us over.

Here's to the ould Fifty-ninth, th' last in the field and the first to lave it! No, that's wrong — Here's to th' ould Fifty-ninth, aquil to none!

Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis all we have to prize.
A cup to the dead already, —
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Irish Toasts

I drink as the fates ordain it,
Come fill it, and have done with rhymes;
Fill up the glass and drain it
In memory of dear old times.

If wishing damns us, you and I
Are damn'd to all our heart's content;
Come then, at least we may enjoy
Some pleasure for our punishment.

Irelands bards from O'Carolan to Tom Moore.

Irish generosity, warmth of heart and kind bravery.

Irish hearts and English hearts: may they ever beat in unison together.

Irish Toasts

Irish hospitality and bravery.

Leave Business to Idlers and Wisdom to Fools; they have need of 'em; Wit be my faculty, Pleasure my Occupation and let Father Time Shake his Glass.

Liberty all over the world — and everywhere else!

May good fortune follow you all your life (and never catch up with you).

May Thady eat his potatoes in peace and quietness.

May we follow in our good fathers' steps and never get into a bog.

IRISH TOASTS

May we never hear the cuckoo, when we have an empty stomach, see the first snail on a bare stone, or a black ram with its hinder parts towards us.

May we never quarrel from difference of creed.

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages, and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and too brief,
To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But, while they are fill'd from the same bright bowl,

Irish Toasts

The fool, who would quarrel for difference of hue,
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier, who fights by my side
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds do agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul shall I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! perish the hearts, and the laws that may try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this.

May you live all the days of your life.

Irish Toasts

May you never be without a caubeen, a threeheen, and a sligeen.

May you never burn your coal without warming yourself.

Must we part?
Well, if we must — we must — and in that case
The less is said the better.

O thou that blest the loaves and fishes,
Look down upon these two poor dishes,
And tho' the murphies are but small,
O make them large enough for all,
For if they do our bellies fill
I'm sure it is a miracle.

IRISH TOASTS

Och, you and only you,
Soggarth aroon!

Pat may be foolish, and sometimes very wrong,
Pat has a temper, which don't last very long,
Pat is full of jollity, that everybody knows,
And you'll never find a coward, where the shamrock grows.

St. Patrick was a gentleman, and came of decent people;
In Dublin town he built a church and on't he put a steeple;
His father was O'Houlihan, his mother was a lady,
His uncle was O'Shaughnessy, and his aunt a Widow Grady.

Then success to bold St. Patrick's fist,
He was a saint so clever,
He gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And banished them for ever!

Oh! Feltrim Hill is very high, so is the Hill of Howth, too,
But there's a hill that is hard by, much higher than them both too;
'Twas on the top of this high hill St. Patrick preached a sarmin,
He made the frogs skip thro' the bogs, and banished all the varmin!
Success, etc.

There's not a mile in Ireland's Isle where the dirty varmin musters;
Where'er he puts his dear fore-foot, he murdered them in clusters:

IRISH TOASTS

The toads went hop, the frogs went pop,
slap-haste into the water,
And the snakes committed suicide to
save themselves from slaughter.
Success, etc.

Nine hundred thousand vipers blue he
charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on the n at Killaloe, in soups
and second courses;
When blind-worms crawling on the
grass disgusted the whole nation,
He gave them a rise, and opened their
eyes to a sense of their situation.
Success, etc.

Oh, then, should I be so fortunate as to
get back to Munster,
Sure I'll be bound that from that
ground I ne'er again will once stir;
'Twas there St. Patrick planted turf,
and plenty of the praties,

Irish Toasts

With pigs galore, machree asthore!
and buttermilk and ladies!
Success, etc.

No wonder that we Irish lads should be
so free and frisky,
Since St. Patrick taught us first the
knack of drinking of good
whiskey;
'Twas he that brew'd the best of malt,
and understood distilling,
For his mother she kept a shebeen shop
in the town of Inniskillen!
Oh, success, etc.

Should he by chance a Knave or Fool
expose,
That hurts none here, sure here are
none of those.

Irish Toasts

Spirits, my lads, and toast away,
I have still one with yours to join,
That you may have enough to pay;
This is my toast, now give me thine.

The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland.

The Irish Anacreon, the bard of Bacchus and Love, Tom Moore.

The Irish piper who plays the same tune night and morning.

The newspapers — the most villainous — licentious — abominable — in-

fernal — Not that I ever read them — No — I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper!

The Press — Here's to all the success it deserves.

To the Informer

May his cradle ne'er rock, may his box have no lock,
May his wife have no frock for to cover her back,
May his cock never crow, may his bellows ne'er blow,
And his pipe and his pot, may he ever more lack.

Then, oh! when round the Christmas board, or by the Christmas hearth,

IRISH TOASTS

That glorious mingled draught is
poured, — wine, melody and mirth —
When friends long absent tell, low-
toned, their joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill,
and lips meet lips once more —
In that bright hour, perhaps — perhaps,
some woman's voice would say —
"Think — think, on those who weep to-
night, poor exiles, far away."

Your voice has the music of spirit-land
To the heart of an Irishman,
For magic, and tears and joy are there,
A Roshin bhinn na'ndhan!
(Melodious rose of the poem.)

THE END.