

On Friendship: Auld Lang Syne

Post by "Joshua" of December 31, 2020 at 5:47 PM

I do love Robert Burns, but it's a sad day for an Epicurean when he can't bring himself to buy a pint for an old friend—as in lines 9 and 10!

Another excellent poem, and especially relevant for this "towmond" (12-month);

*Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair,
Whene'er I foregather wi' Sorrow and Care,
I gie them a skelp as they're creepin' alang,
Wi' a cog o' guid swats, and an auld Scottish sang.
I whyles claw the elbow o' troublesome Thought;
But man is a sodger, and life is a faught:
My mirth and gude humour are coin in my pouch,
And my Freedom's my lairdship nae monarch daur touch.
A towmond o' trouble, should that be my fa',
A night o' gude fellowship sowthers it a':
When at the blythe end o' our journey at last,
Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past!
Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte on her way;
Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae:
Come Ease, or come Travail, come Pleasure or Pain,
My warst word is:- "Welcome, and welcome again!"*

Happy New Year!