

Oor toast for Barry.

It's surprising how often those who seem to have it all, turn out to be adept at losing it all. The tune of this one is "Mairi's wedding", and the title is an echo of the same song.

Plenty pals doon at the pub,
Hoose like a community hub,
Prestige at gowff an rugby club,
That's oor toast for Barry.

Plenty pleasure, plenty sex,
Fun withoot nae ill effects,
Awthin shipshape below decks;
That's oor toast for Barry.

Full employment here tae stey,
Easy earnin aw the wey,
Plenty profit, plenty pey;
That's oor toast for Barry.

Healthy flesh tae fill his claes,
Plenty puff tae climb life's braes,
Hale an herty aw his days:
That's oor toast for Barry.

But whae can tell where life may lead
As through this vale o tears we speed,
An this is what he got insteid
O what we wished for Barry:

Disappointments withoot end,
No a penny spare tae spend,
A broken hert that wuidnae mend:
- That made toast o Barry!