

Dum Spiro Spero

Sung to the tune of John Cope.

This first song from the attic trove (see preface) gently mocks the motto of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, dum spiro spero, "while I breathe I hope." Its source is likely not its affluent and prominent members, but fishermen and other "lower class" golfers.—TT

The lass who fills me glass, she's fair,
And fairer soon she'll be,
As th' shadows lengthen, an'
Me cups have mended me.
Aye, she's sweet and light, 'tis true,
Just like th' playful Sparrow,
But to me bed will she be led?
I sing, *dum spiro spero*.

A beechie is expensive, lads,
A feath'ry even mair,
I've lost eno' o' them tae know,
How very dear they are.
Aye, they fly and hide, 'tis true,
Just like a frightened Sparrow,
Wi' I e're learn to shun the burn?
I sing, *dum spiro spero*.

Th' man o' weal upon th' links,
Looks doon on such as we:
Men who pull a living frae
Th' deep, th' briny sea;
Aye, we've seen their featheries fly,
Straight as a marxman's arrow,
They'd no' play well, ha' we their weal,
We sing, *dum spiro spero*.

So, fill me glass once mair, sweet lass,
Aye, fill it 'till it's spillin',
Calls a pallet soft tae me,
Still softer if yer willin';
Aye, the night is cald and lang,
An though th' gate is narrow,
Wi' ae wee sin, we'll get us in,
'Til then, *dum spiro spero*.