

Good Fortune at Crees Inn

The normal Friday quietly ending, at 9 o'clock
Towards the Post,
Jack Davidson spoke of his impression
A stop at Alec's would suit us most
(A quiet look-in mind, not a drinking session)

The scheme itself was quite all right
And Jack kept to his promise
But Dominos to end the night
(in spite of being a Novice)
Was certainly attractive
With just a chance to win a prize
And whisky kept me active.

As in a dream, the games went well
Against all opposition;
The final came with Alec's bell;
But I was now in prime condition.

Ah well, the truth must always out
And nothing can delay that
My glory had its final shout
When Tony Gehan against me sat
At first there seemed a little hope;
With one game to my credit.
But finally I could not cope!
At three-one I had had it.

Of course, there was at least his dram
And happiest compensation
My prize a lovely lump of ham
Or rather Pork, God bless the Scottish Nation
Yes, Scotland's produce, Scotland's best,
It should be our endeavour,
To live our lives and take our rest
In friendship thus together.

Bobby Clows Triumph?