

# Whistle

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I sing of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,  
 I sing of a Whistle pride of the North,  
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,  
 And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda, still reing the arm of Fingal,  
 The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—  
 'This Whistle's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,  
 'And drink them to hell, Sir or ne'er see me more'

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,  
 What champions ventured, what champions fell;  
 The son of great Loda was conqueror still,  
 And blew on the Whistle their requiem shrill.

Till Robert lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,  
Unmatched at the bottle, unconquered in war,  
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,  
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious trophy has gained,  
Which now in his house has for ages remained;  
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,  
The jovial contest again have renewed.

Three joyous good fellows with hearts clear of flaw;  
Craigdarroch so famous for wit, worth, and law;  
And trusty Glenriddel, so skilled in old coins;  
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began with a tongue smooth as oil,  
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;  
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,  
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

'By the gods of the ancients' Glenriddel replies,  
'Before I surrender so glorious a prize,  
'I'll conjure the ghost of the great Rorie More,  
'And bumoe his horn with him twenty times o'er.'

A bard was selected to witness the fray,  
And tell future ages the feats of the day;  
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,  
And wished that Pamassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over claret they ply,  
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;  
In the bands of old friends and kindred so set,  
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay Pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;  
Bright Phoebus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps,  
And vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,  
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,  
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,  
Turned o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,  
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,  
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;  
A high ruling elder to wallow in wine  
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;  
But who can with Fate and Quart Bumpers contend?  
Though Fate said, a hero should perish in light;  
So uprose bright Phoebus – and down fell the kinght.

Next arose our Bard, like a prophet in drink:—  
'Craigdarroch, thou'lt soar when creation shall sink  
'But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,  
'Come —one bottle more— and have at the sublime

'Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with Bruce  
'Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:  
'So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay  
'The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of day'