

## "There Will Always Be A Toast For Charlie"

*Written by John B. Shivas  
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Few of his age, are as spry as my brother,  
as Charles goes from one place to another.  
Of course we're aware, that's a famous name,  
To which Kings & Prince's, oft-times laid claim!

Yes, he is my brother, & I tell you he's of the best,  
and bravely he "Weathered", Man's greatest test.  
For twenty five years, his country he served,  
from his "Line of Duty", not once had he swerved.

I recall the day, when he first enlisted,  
'twas a desire 'pon which, he'd always persisted.  
Aye, on that far off day, when he had to leave,  
I felt a loneliness, & of course I did grieve!

When he first tried to “Join”, he was turned at the gate,  
well, after all, back then, he boxed as a “Fly-Weight”.  
I thought he’d “Burst” from all the bananas he’d “Gorge”!  
Then he just “Made the Scales” and was sent to Fort George!

So, with the Seaforths, he served for many a year,  
his first “Trophy” he won, was by drinking “Most Beer”!  
Then became “Fly-Weight” Champion & won “The Cup”!  
But that was our Charlie, he would never give up!

Then on over-seas missions, with the Regiment he went,  
yes, I think ‘twas to Palestine, they were all sent.  
Where they quelled the “Uprising” twixt Arabs and Jews,  
He returned home on “Leave” sporting new “Tartan Trews”!

He then transferred to the REM-i-ES and ”What do you Know”!  
On gaining promotion, his tunic now flaunted “Three Stripes” arow.  
But I tell you he merited all that and more,  
for he’d seen lot’s of action, far from our shore!

From Egypt’s arid areas, such as the “Gaza Strip”,  
to the Far East they sailed, aboard a troop-ship,  
to serve in India and Ceylon, Shanghai and then Hong Kong,  
while those at home oft wondered, as to how he got along!

When the war was over he came home to retire,  
and many a night we would sit there by the fire,  
sharing a “Drammie” no matter how late,  
entranced with the stories, he had to relate!!

Tho’ now in retirement, he makes good use of each day,  
if not using the paint-brush, the Fiddle he’ll play!  
He repairs them too, which can be a real tricky task,  
but “Frustration” is “Cured” wi’ a “Swig Frae’ his Flask”!

Now don’t blame me too much, for feeling so proud!  
tho’ indeed it must seem, that I’m “Up on a Cloud”!  
Believe me now, that as long as “Scotch” contains “Barley”  
I’ll “Toast” my brother, he’s my “Bonnie Prince Charlie”!!