

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Hew Ainslie**

**- poems -**

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## **Let's Drink to our next Meeting**

Let's drink to our next meeting, lads,  
Nor think on what's atwixt;  
They're fools wha spoil the present hour  
By thinking on the next.

Chorus

Then here's to Meg o' Morningside,  
An Kate o' Kittlemark;  
The taen she drank her hose and shoon,  
The tither pawned her sark.

A load o' wealth, an' wardly pelf,  
They say is sair to bear;  
Sae he's a gowk would scrape an' howk  
To make his burden mair

Chorus

Gif Care looks black the morn, lads,  
As he's come doon the lum,  
Let's ease our hearts by swearing, lads,  
We never bade him come.

Chorus

Then here's to our next meeting, lads,  
Ne'er think on what's atwixt;  
They're fools who spoil the present hour  
By thinking on the next.

Chorus

Hew Ainslie

## The Daft Days

The midnight hour is clinking, lads,  
An' the douce an' the decent are winking, lads;  
Sae I tell ye again,  
Be't weel or ill ta'en,  
It's time ye were quatting your drinking, lads.  
Gae ben, 'an mind your gauntry, Kate,

Gi'es mair o' your beer, an' less bantry, Kate,  
For we vow, whaur we sit,  
That afore we shall flit,  
We'se be better acquaint wi' your pantry, Kate.  
The "daft days" are but beginning, Kate,

An we're sworn. Would you hae us a sinning, Kate?  
By our faith an' our houp,  
We will stick by the stoup  
As lang as the barrel keeps rinning, Kate.

Thro' hay, an' thro' hairst, sair we toil it, Kate,  
Thro' Simmer, an' Winter, we moil it, Kate;  
Sae ye ken, whan the wheel  
Is beginning to squeal,  
It's time for to grease an' to oil it, Kate.

Sae draw us anither drappy, Kate,  
An' gie us a cake to our cappy, Kate;  
For, by spiggot an' pin!  
It's waur than a sin  
To flit when we're sitting sae happy, Kate.

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## The Hoosier

We lads that live up in the nobs,  
Tho' our manners might yet bear a rubbing,  
We're handy at neat little jobs  
Such as chopping and hewing and grubbing.  
Tho' we roost in a cabin of logs,  
And clapboards lie 'twixt us and heaven,  
Our mast makes us fine oily hogs,  
And from hoop-poles we pick a good living.  
Right quiet -- to a decent degree --  
it's seldom we guzzle it deep, Sir,  
Tho' we don't mind a bit of a spree,  
Provided the liquor is cheap, Sir.  
Our neighbours, that live 'cross the drink.  
May laugh at our fondness for cider,  
But so long as we pocket their clink  
They may laugh till their mouths they grow wider.  
Our gals make our trousers, you see,  
From that beautiful stuff called tow linen,  
and in coats of the linsey -- dang me,  
If we don't look both handsome and winning.  
Our wives are our weavers, to boot;  
Ourselves are first rate on a shoe, Sir;  
We can doctor a tub with a hoop --  
And hark ! we're our own niggers too, Sir,  
So here's to our Hoosier land,  
The sons of its soil and its waters !  
May the "nullies" ne'er get it in hand,  
Nor demagogues tear it in tatters.  
But still may it flourish and push,  
Thro' vetos and all such tough cases,  
Till railroads are common as brush,  
And the nobs are as sleek as your faces.

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## Willie and Helen

'WHAREFORE sou'd ye talk o' love,  
Unless it be to pain us?  
Wharefore sou'd ye talk o' love  
Whan ye say the sea maun twain us?'

'It 's no because my love is light,  
Nor for your angry deddy;  
It 's a' to buy ye pearlins bright,  
An' to busk ye like a leddy.'

'O Willy, I can caird an' spin,  
Se ne'er can want for cleedin';  
An' gin I hae my Willy's heart,  
I hae a' the pearls I'm heedin'.

'Will it be time to praise this cheek  
Whan years an' tears has blench'd it?  
Will it be time to talk o' love  
Whan cauld an' care has quench'd it?'

He's laid ae han' about her waist--  
The ither 's held to heaven;  
An' his luik was like the luik o' man  
Wha's heart in twa is riven.

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