

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Hew Ainslie**  
**- poems -**

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## Hew Ainslie(5 April 1792 - 11 March 1878)

Hew Ainslie was a Scottish poet.

### <b>Biography</b>

He was born in the parish of Dailly, in Ayrshire, 5 April 1792. After a fair education, he became in turn a clerk in Glasgow, a landscape gardener in his native district, and a clerk in the Register House, Edinburgh. For a short time he was amanuensis to Dugald Stewart. In 1822, being then ten years married to his cousin, Ainslie emigrated to America, where he continued to live with varied fortune for the rest of his days, paying a short visit to Scotland in 1864. He was attracted, on going to the New World, by [Robert Owen's](http://www.poemhunter.com/robert-owen/) social system at New Harmony, Indiana; but after a short trial he connected himself with a firm of brewers, and his name is associated with the establishment of various breweries, mills, and factories in the Western States. He died at Louisville, 11 March 1878. Ainslie's best known book originated, by its title, what is now an accepted descriptive name for the part of Scotland associated with Burns. It is 'A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns' (1820), and consists of a narrative interspersed with sprightly lyrics. A collection of the poet's Scottish songs and ballads (of which the most popular is 'The Rover of Loch Ryan') appeared in New York in 1855. Ainslie is one of the group of minor Scottish singers represented in 'Whistle Binkie' (Glasgow, 1853).

# 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.

Hew Ainslie

# The Hint O' Hairst

It's dowie in the hint o' hairst,  
At the wa-gang o' the swallow,  
When the wind grows cauld, and the burns grow bauld,  
And the wuds are hingin' yellow ;  
But oh, it's dowier far to see  
The wa-gang o' her the hert gangs wi',  
The deid-set o' a shinin' e'e -  
That darkens the weary world on thee.

There was mickle love atween us twa -  
Oh, twa could ne'er been fonder ;  
And the thing on yird was never made,  
That could ha'e gart us sunder.  
But the way of Heaven's abune a' ken,  
And we maun bear what it likes to sen' -  
It's comfort, though, to weary men,  
That the warst o' this world's waes maun en'.

There's mony things that come and gae,  
Just kent, and syne forgotten ;  
And the flowers that busk a bonnie brae,  
Gin anither year lie rotten.  
But the last look o' that lovely e'e,  
And the dying grip she ga'e to me,  
They're settled like eternitie -  
Oh, Mary ! that I were wi' thee.

Hew Ainslie

# 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.

Hew Ainslie

# Willie And Helen

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

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

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

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

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

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