

## To The Laddies & The Lassies

Sean Dayes

To the Lassies,

To those fair few who make up half our race.  
Those kind of heart and soft of face.  
Whose words are hard but full of truth.  
Who guide us through our wily youth.  
But a lass, to me, means more than a wife.  
A lass will guard you your whole life.  
Who'll see the problems of the land,  
And crush them in her strong, firm hand.  
Who'll fight all those who hurt her love,  
And send them unto God above.  
For a Lassie like mine is like no other,  
Excepting of course, perhaps my mother.  
So let us drink then, each to our lass,  
And hope that as these days each pass,  
That we continue to curry their favour,  
And in each sweet, pure second savour,  
For we all know we'll have no larger woes,  
Than should our fair lassies become our foes.  
So let us drink to our wives and our mothers.  
Angels to us, and demons to others.

To The Laddies,

Silent protectors, gentle and strong,  
Sworn to help us all life long,  
Who solve our problems without sword,  
And triumph instead with gentle word.  
Who'll nurse our wounds and guard our health,  
And lead us unto boundless wealth.  
With helpful hand and honest eyes,  
They soften woes and aid our rise.  
Who slew our monsters in our youth,  
And in old age speak boundless truth.  
Long of temper, short of scorn,  
They fit us like a boot well worn.

Within their hearts, true love thrives,  
A love they show us their whole lives

For while, "The finest hour that e'er I send were among the lasses."  
For the lads with which we share our lives, I ask we raise our glasses.