

He had whan he commenced creation,
 O' fittin' a' things for their station.
 Then why should we puir feckless creatures,
 Wear discontent on a' oor features?
 Whan we're aye warm, an' couth an' dry,
 Weel clad, wi' fouth o' meat forbye.
 But sae it is in human nature,
 For man 's a sinfu' thankless creature,
 Wi' a' the knowledge he may have,
 The mair he has, the mair he'll crave,
 Forgetting his Almighty Guide,
 Who for his wants does aye provide.

Poem
 woul
 may
 year
 indu
 bu t
 prac
 on
 cou
 tha
 ver
 hav
 tha
 all
 hav
 sta
 W
 rh
 ric
 of
 " (