

I'm verra anxious, Sir, to learn,
For I've been filled wi' deep concern
An' dismay surely,
How now you fare, for I made note,
You made complaint when last you wrote
That you were poorly ?

It's fearsome quite to think young bloods
Who've breasted hie life's troubled floods
Like you and me,
Should at our time feel pains and aches,
My pencil in my hand fair shakes,
Sad sight to see.

But I'm no deid nor yet are you,
My promise made will yet come true
A joysome meetin'.
All pains and aches then laid aside
We'll hae a crack, an' no a guide
To mark time fleetin'.

Losb, mon dear, I bear your voice,
Some rare Scotch yarn no over choice
for budding maids,
But good strong stuf for men (not wives)
To point the moral of our lives,
We're still young blades.

So for the nonce we'll sweat in pain
An' bide our chance to gang again
Our ain old gait.
Some fights to fight, tears, sorrows, joys,
For life is made of strange alloys,
Such is man's fate.