

To ROBERT BLEAKIE, Esq.

I'm proppit up i' bed to write,
An' while I know its no polite
A pencil letter,
It's no my fault nor want of will,
It only is that I am ill
An' can't do better.

A pesky ailment's got me grippit,
While dirty druggs I fain must sippit
An' ither slop,
They say to bring the fever down.
My belly tells me I maun droun
If they'll no stop.

I wnd'na say it oot an' oot
For Doc. an' wife may be aboot,
I dinna grumble,
I'm at the tbocht just fairly grinnin'
To think bow each now gets an innin'
To keep me bumble.

Weel, bumble pie from lovin' hands
Is no so bad as ither brands,
I'll tak my share,
And wisb that no worse fate is mine.
I'd drink to wife and love in wine
If I might dare.

But all of this is Scotch preamble,
Now to my subject I maun scramble
As best I may,
For mind and body weak an' aillin'
I fear on outer seas I'm sailin'
Somewhat astray.