

THE EPISTLE TO
JAMES WALLACE THOM,
BEING
THE THIRD EPISTLE
OF THE
ACTS OF THE ELECTORS.

DEAR JEEMS,

The whirligig o' fate
Has driven you an unco' gate :
Dame Fortune, surely at the spate,
Has greatly altered ;
She changes aft—to you o' late,
She's never faltered.

Man, ye hae cause tae bless your stars
Ye hae come safely throo the wars,
And landed licht and free o' scaurs,
In Coouncil seat ;
A man may do—just what he daurs :
Faith, it's a treat.

Auld Time, the grim, and grizzly carle,
Like dice box grabs this wee bit warl'
And showman like, wi' empty barrel,
Gars't spin about ;
Syne presto ! spite o' smile, or snare,
The dice row oot.