

To Dr Currie M.D., F.R.S

These Forty years, I've rode one hobby horse  
We're buck'd no more, for better or for worse  
She's some times lame, with one she limps by worst  
But alwise sound when she was rode by Burns  
Nab held the plow, and I was but his gadman  
Some call'd us fools, and others thought us madmen  
I coult at Mauchline, he liv'd at Moogwell  
Where we had reuth of rhimes and smelky meal  
Burns lo'd his Jean, and I lo'd boney Nell  
Blyth, as the lark, and sweet as Philomell  
The violet Myrtle and the rose in May  
Not half so sweet, nor even the new moun hay  
On Ayr's sweet banks like Nell none e'er was seen  
The blythist lap, that trip'd on Mauchline green  
The Anus set aem blest their friends with riches  
And Burns and me, at hoarding, were no witches  
He neer did need to pay a Doctors fee  
His yad was sound for lenthing o'er the lee  
But old and spawing, men limp'd for behind  
And spaw'd unseem like eastern blasts of wind  
To cure her lameness, mickle skill I tried  
But none her faults would tell, but alwise hide  
Longe have I sought a Doctor, now I've found one  
Could make my yad, a sicker, more sound one  
It's Doctor J. C., M.D., F.R.S  
Whome Widows, Orphens, poor & Poets blep

Longe may he live, to praise and Criticise  
And raise Great Opian's sons above the Shies  
Immortall fame to give to Scotia's Bard  
Whilst conscious virtue, is his own reward  
Krab's Muse to Doctor, and without a fee  
But who can think, he'll do the same by me  
What if he'll Deign any Follies faults to tell  
I think I'd happen make her sound myself  
Two of her limbs instead I send in rhyme  
If you'll but look at them when you have time  
If curable, that's all I can Desire  
If not I pray you put them in the fire  
And am with reverence humble Devine

Your Servant,  
Willie Pinder Porcupine

Liverpool  
12 July 1800

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