

Dr. Burns, thou brother of my heart,  
 Both for thy virtues, & thy art;  
 If art it may be call'd in thee,  
 Which Nature's bounty large & free  
 With pleasure on thy breast diffuses,  
 And warms thy soul with all the Muses.  
 Whether to laugh with easy grace,  
 Thy numbers move the sage's face,  
 Or bid the softer passions rise,  
 And ruthless souls with grief surprise;  
 'Tis Nature's voice distinctly felt,  
 Thro' thee, her organ, thus to melt.  
 Most anxiously I wish to know,  
 With thee of late how matters go,  
 How keeps thy much lov'd Jean, her health,  
 What promises thy father of wealth?  
 Whether the Muse persists to smile,  
 And all thy anxious cares beguile?  
 Whether bright Fancy keeps alive?  
 And how thy darling infants thrive?  
 For me with grief, & sighs spent,  
 Since Thy journey homeward bent,  
 Spirits depressed no more I mourn,  
 But vigour, life, & health return.  
 No more to gloomy thoughts a prey,  
 I sleep all night & live all day;  
 By turns my book, & friend enjoy,  
 And thus my circling hours employ  
 Happy while yet these hours remain.  
 If Burns could join the cheerful train

With wanted zeal sincere & fervent  
Salute once more his humble servant

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What think you of this. My good Friend I can  
honestly assure you that it rejoices the heart of  
your very sincere friend and  
humble ser<sup>t</sup>  
Sarah Blacklock