

*Let.....*

*Let this album, bright-souled Maiden,*

*Be an emblem of thy life;*

*Let not its fair leaves be laden*

*With a single thought of strife.*

*Let no vain, unreal sorrow*

*Blur the beauty of the page,*

*No unknown, unborn "To-morrow"*

*Lend to Youth the hue of Age.*

*12<sup>th</sup>. December, 1919.*

*G.B.R.*

(Lines handwritten on an 'album' cover-page found by Donald Brown in his home at Vaul on the Island of Tiree.)

LINES FOUND IN THIS HOUSE

THE HIGH SOUL CLIMBS BY THE HIGH WAY  
THE LOW SOUL GROPEs BY THE LOW  
AND, IN BETWEEN, ON THE MISTY FLATS  
THE REST DRIFT TO AND FRO:  
BUT MANY A MAN DECIDETH  
THE WAY HIS SOUL SHALL GO

JOHN GILLIES

CORNAIG BEG TIREE 19 18

BE EARNEST AND SUCCESS IS SURE  
TO COME YOUR WAY

J.G.

• • •  
TELL, TALE, TIT,  
YOUR TONGUE SHALL BE SLIT,  
AND ALL THE DOGS IN THE TOWN  
SHALL HAVE A LITTLE BIT

• • •  
TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH SHALL RISE AGAIN  
THE ETERNAL YEARS OF GOD ARE HERE  
BUT ERROR WOUNDED WRITHES IN PAIN  
AND DIES AMONG HER WOR....(HIATUS)

• • •  
MAY YOU ALWAYS MEET DAME FORTUNE  
BUT NEVER HER DAUGHTER MISFORTUNE

AN OLD FRIEND

( These lines were found by Donald Brown in his home at Vaul on the Island of Tiree