

Tobacco is an Indian Weed

By King James VI of Scotland



eed a happy little ditty to sing in the streets? Here's a fine one, written by Queen Elizabeth's cousin, King James VI of Scotland, later to become James I of England and Scotland. From reading and singing this you can get a very accurate idea of how much fun he was at parties.

Richard Foss

Tobacco is an Indian Weed

by James VI

Tobacco is an Indian weed,
Grows green at morn, cut down at need
It shows our decay,
We are but clay
Think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily white,
In which so many take delight,
Breaks at a touch,
Man's life is such.
Think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The pipe that is so foul within,
Shows how the soul is stained with sin,
It doth require
The purging fire
Think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind
Doth serve to put us all in mind,
That unto dust return we must
Think on this when you smoke tobacco.

The smoke that doth so high ascend
Shows that our lives must have an end
The vapor's gone
Man's life is done
Think on this when you smoke tobacco