



THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS

O F

P O O R M A I L I E,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWE,

AN UNCO MOURNFU' TALE.

**A**S MAILIE, an' her lambs thegither,  
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,  
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,  
An' owre she warst'd in the ditch:  
There, groaning, dying, she did ly,  
When \* *Hughoc* he cam doytan by.

\* A neibor herd-callan.

Wi' glowrin een, an' lifted han's,  
 Poor *Hughoc* like a statue stan's;  
 He saw her days were near hand ended,  
 But, waes my heart! he could na mend it!  
 He gaped wide, but naething spak,  
 At length poor *Mailie* filence brak.

" O thou, whafe lamentable face  
 Appears to mourn my woefu' case!  
 My *dying words* attentive hear,  
 An' bear them to my *Master* dear.

Tell him, if e'er again he keep  
 As muckle gear as buy a *sheep*,  
 O, bid him never tye them mair,  
 Wi' wicked strings o' hemp or hair!  
 But ca them out to park or hill,  
 An' let them wander at their will:  
 So, may his flock increafe an' grow  
 To *scores* o' lambs, an' *packs* of woo'!

Tell him, he was a *Master* kin',  
 An' ay was guid to me an' mine;

An' now my *dying* charge I gie him,  
My helpless *lambs*, I trust them wi' him.

O, bid him save their harmless lives,  
Frae dogs an' tods, an' butchers' knives!  
But gie them guid *cow-milk* their fill,  
Till they be fit to fend themsel;  
An' tent them duely, e'en an' morn,  
Wi' taets o' *hay* an' rippis o' *corn*.

An' may they never learn the gaets,  
Of ither vile, wanrestfu' *Pets*!  
To flink thro' flaps, an' reave an' steal,  
At stacks o' pease, or stocks o' kail.  
So may they, like their great *forbears*,  
For monie a year come thro' the sheers:  
So *wives* will gie them bits o' bread,  
An' *bairns* greet for them when they're dead.

My poor *toop-lamb*, my son an' heir,  
O, bid him breed him up wi' care!  
An' if he live to be a beast,  
To pit some havins in his breast!

An' warn him ay at ridin time,  
 To stay content wi' *yowes* at hame;  
 An' no to rin an' wear his cloots,  
 Like ither menfeles, gracefess brutes.

An' niest my *yowie*, silly thing,  
 Gude keep thee frae a *tether string*!  
 O, may thou ne'er forgather up,  
 Wi' onie blastet, moorlan *toop*;  
 But ay keep mind to moop an' mell,  
 Wi' sheep o' credit like thyfel!

And now, *my bairns*, wi' my last breath,  
 I lea'e my bleffin wi' you baith:  
 An' when ye think upo' your Mither,  
 Mind to be kind to ane anither.

Now, honest Hughoc, dinna fail,  
 To tell my Master a' my tale;  
 An' bid him burn this cursed *tether*,  
 An' for thy pains thou'fe get my blather.

This said, poor *Mailie* turn'd her head,  
 An' clof'd her een amang the dead!