## POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

An' warn dillie ay at hill many 'nA.

AMENT in rhyme, lament in profe,
Wi' faut tears trickling down your nose;
Our Bardie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead!

The last, sad cape-stane of his woes;

Poor Mailie's dead!

It's no the loss o' warl's gear,

That could sae bitter draw the tear,

Or make our Bardie, dowie, wear

The mourning weed:

He's lost a friend and neebor dear,

In Mailie dead.

Thro' a' the town she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed:
A friend mair faithfu' ne'er came nigh him,
Than Mailie dead.

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,

An' could behave hersel wi' mense:

I'll say't, she never brak a fence,

Thro' thievish greed.

Our Bardie, lanely, keeps the spence

Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,

Her living image in her youve,

Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe,

For bits o' bread;

An' down the briny pearls rowe

For Mailie dead.

An' wha on AIRE your chanters tune!

She was nae get o' moorlan tips,
Wi' tauted ket, an' hairy hips;
For her forbears were brought in ships,
Frae 'yont the TWEED:
A bonier flees ne'er cross'd the clips
Than Mailie's dead.

Wae worth that man wha first did shape,
That vile, wanchancie thing—a raep!
H 2

It maks guid fellows girn an' gape,

Wi' chokin dread;

An' Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape

For Mailie dead.

O, a' ye Bards on bonie DOON!

An' wha on AIRE your chanters tune!

Come, join the melancholious croon

O' Robin's reed!

His heart will never get aboon!

For Afoile deadh and

A CONTRACT BUSY (The refer to the section of the section)

dephy silie Mard To

Wae worth that men whe hift did thape,



A bonier fless ne et er gield chenging fine

That vile, wanchancie thing - arechtes

His Mailie's dead!

And down the bring pentyl plant nwich in A.

She was nac get o' moonian tips,

Wi cauced kee, an' bairy bips's of