

POOR MAILIE'S ELEGY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
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 los' o' warl's gear,
That could fae 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' fense,
An' could behave herfel wi' menfe:
I'll fay'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 yowe*,
Comes bleating till him, owre the knowe,
For bits o' bread;
An' down the briny pearls rowe
For *Mailie* dead.

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 *fleesh* ne'er cros'd the clips
Than *Mailie's* dead.

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

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!
His *Mailie's* dead!

