

Out through the yard the beastie loupit,
 It funked and plunged and Tammie coupit;
 As Nell and Will saw something comin',
 Out ower the dyke they baith gade bummin',
 Then headlong scoured across the bent,
 Their furious shrieks the welkin rent,
 For, past the twa the brute gade drivin'—
 As if its very hide was rivin',
 Poor Willy sair his croon did claw,
 While Nelly fairly swooned awa!
 When time had brought them to their senses,
 Hameward they gade wi' few pretenses;
 They keekit ower the garden wa',
 Hech me! an unco sight they saw,
 There Tammie lay besmeared wi' glaur,
 And glow'rin' at the evening star!
 Nellie instinctive raised his head,
 At first, she thought that he was dead,
 Yet though his bones were cloured and bloody,
 The breath had not gone out his body;
 They oxtered him into the hallan,
 Then Jenny frae her bed cam' squallin',
 Tam eyed her hard, then gave a groan,
 Syne whispering speered "if Nick was gone?"

Next morn they to the Priest did trot —
 They told him what a gliff they'd got;
 The Priest in meditation sicker,
 Speered "if the brute did gie a nicker?"
 "Na, na," quo' Tam, "it gae a rout;"
 The Priest then cried, "I've found it out—
 Your diel was nothing but a nowte."
 "A nowte?" quo' Tam "say that again,"