

So Margaret she curtsied and bade him good-bye.
 Syne away for the Doctor as fast's she could hie.
 The Doctor came prompt at auld Peggy's request,
 Thinkin' a' the road up what he ought to suggest.
 So his patient wi' skill he minutely surveyed,
 And then shook his head and reluctantly said—
 "His case it is bad and hopeless, I doubt,
 But I'll try what I can to bring him about."
 So he blistered and bled him, and gave him a dose
 O' the best o' strong physick, as one might suppose;
 And the means they were blest to gie Dauvid relief,
 And to ease at the same time the auld body's grief;
 For as Dauvid grew weel, her spirits grew light,
 And her een, lately dimmed, shone wonderfu' bright.
 The minister, he, to his word ever true,
 Came down the next day, as he promised to do,
 On purpose, nae doot, as a matter of course,
 To see if puir Dauvid was better or worse.
 "Well, Margaret," he said, "how is David to-day?"
 "Weel, sir, he's some better, I'm thankfu' to say.
 The Doctor's been here and used the means,
 And to outward appearances some better he seems."
 "I'm glad to hear that, and I hope he'll recover,
 And that both may be spared for a while to each other."
 "Oh, yes, sir, I'm glad and thankfu' atweel,
 For little I thought I would see him sae weel.
 If ye please, sir, sit down, and rest ye a bit."
 "Well, Margaret, I doubt that I scarcely must sit,
 But if it's convenient with David I'll pray."
 "Gude guide me, sir, what on the yirth do ye say?"
 "I'll pray with your husband that's now in distress."
 "The duce i' the man, wad ye pray for an ass?"
 "O fie, Margaret, fie, why don't you think shame
 To call your poor husband by any such name?"
 "Ma husband! I daursay the minister's mad;
 I've nae husband noo, tho' at ae time I had."
 "Dear Margaret, you don't mean to say that that's true?"
 "It's as shure as this minute I'm speakin' to you."
 "Then is David your son or relation in blood?"
 "Gude gracious, the man, isn't it Dauvid the cud?"
 "A *cud*?" said the parson. "Aye, a *cuddy*," said she;
 "Isn't him that carries provisions for me?"
 "Oh, Margaret, I find that I've been quite mistaken,
 I David, your ass, for your husband have taken;
 So pardon what I've in my ignorance said,
 And the awkward mistake into which I've been led."
 So the parson nae langer protracted his stay,
 But shook hands wi' auld Peggy and bade her good day,
 And laughed a' the road hame till nearly distracted,
 To think such a part he'd unwittingly acted.