

THE

GHAIST,

(AN OLD SCOTTISH POEM.)

To which is added,

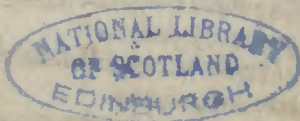
THE RESOLUTE LADY

Or, Fortunate Foolman.



GREENOCK:

Printed by WILLIAM SCOTT.



THE GHAIST.

CAULD was the night—bleak blew the whistlin'
winds,

And frae the red nose fell the drizzlin' drap,
Whilk the numb'd fingers scanty cou'd dight aff,
Sae dozen't wi' the drift, that thick'ning flew,
In puir auld GIBBY's face, an' dang him blin'.
Sair sair he pegh'd, and feught against the storm,
But aft forsaughen turn'd tail to the blast,
Lean'd him upo' his rung, and tuke his breath:
Puir *Bawty*, whinging, crap o' his lee side,
Wi's tail a-tween his feet, and shuke his lugs—
GIBBY's auld heart was wae for the dumb brute,
An', koutin' down, he hap't him wi' his plaid,
Clappit his head, and cry'd, " Poor fallow whisht;
" And gif I'm spair't to reach some-biggitt waws,
" Ye's win as near the ingle as mysel',
" And share my supper too—But we maun on—
" 'The night grows mirker,—an' nae moon nor starns
" We'll see the night. Sae let us face the blast,
" An' to a stay brae set as stout a heart."
Sae cheer't he his poor brute, and he was cheer't,
His plaid he fasten't, and he seiz't his kent,
An' to the *stay brae* his *stout heart* he set,
An' bauldly met the blast:—lang, lang he gade,
Aften he fell, an' raise, and gade again,
Till he dought scarce gang mair.-- When (wow, poor
body!)

Quite dowf and dozen'd, thro' the drift he saw
A light dim blinkin', and at laet a house:

'Twas an auld biggin', that in perilous times
 (Whan fowk rampag'd, an' fought for ilka thing,)

Had been set there to keep aff sudden skaith;
 An' in fierce bruliments, wi' weirlike wights,
 Had stoutly stood—but now 'twas tumblin' down,
 O'ercome by *Time*, fell low! that a' o'ercomes.—

The moon just glimmerin' thro' a parted cloud,
 Shaw'd GIBBY what o' the auld wa's remain'd,
 And whare the creeping woodbine spread its leaves,
 Light shaking wi' ilk blast of winds that blew.

—Blythe, blythe was GIBBY, (*Bawty* too was blythe,)
 He chappit at the dore, an' gif he cou'd,
 He wad hae whistled too:—but wi' the cauld
 Sae davert he,—he cou'd na crook his mou'.

The landlord cam'—"Wha's there?"

—"A frien' (quo' GIBBY)

"Wha's wantin' lodgin', an' haff dead wi' cauld."—

—"Waes me, man! for ye are come o'er late,

For ilka place I hae's already fu',

But ae big room—'Deed frien', I neednae lie t'ye—

An' that has lang been haunted by a *logie*,

That mony a ane has fley'd—I winna bid ye

But gif ye like, I'se gi'e a rousing ingle,

An' mak' ye welcum to't."

GIBBY was cauld—but when the *ghaist* was nam'd

The sweat brake ou him, an' he shook wi' fear.

"Wow *Bawty!*"—Then he leuk'd without the dore—

Loud blew the storm—but then the *ghaist*—again

The blast fierce blatterin' rattled in his lugs,

His heart play'd dunt wi' monny a dowie thought,—

He sidg't—he look bumbaz't—he sein't himsel',

Crap a thegither—startet like ane craz't;
 “ I loo nae bogle;—but that awfu' night!
 “ Alack a day!—'deed I maun tak' ye'r offer,
 “ Tho' I am unco fley't;—but wha can help?
 “ Gif I gang on, that night wad be my dead;
 “ And come the ghaist, I shall be dead wi' fear!
 “ Yet I ne'er harm't it, what need it fash me?
 “ Maybe it winna!”—Now kind Houp came in,
 An' a gude drink drave aff ilk dreary thought.

Whan the lang drawlin' gaunt, an' drowsy e'e,
 Shaw't bed-time come, he was led up the stair,
 (Whare ne'er a fit for monny a day had gane,)
 And thro' an entry, lang and ruinous,
 Whare at the auld fail't windows the cauld blast
 Garr'd GIBBY shiver as he gade alang:
 The dore worm-eaten, creakit on its bands,
 And in he steppit, irie, leukin' round
 To ilka part he thought might ha'd a ghaist;
 Aneath, and yont his bed, and up the lum,
 But naething cou'd he see warse than himsel'.
 A clear peat ingle bleez't on the hearthstane,
 Fore gainst whilk Bawty crap, wagging his tail,
 Turn'd him about, and laid him knusly down,
 Thinkin' of nowther bogles nor the storin.
 “ GILBERT, gude night—soun' sleep an' a blythe
 mornin'.”

Quo' the gudeman—and partin' steek'd the dore.
 GIBBY said naithing, but look'd wond'rous dowf:
 Fast as he cou'd howsever into bed
 He gat amang the claise, out o'cr the lugs,
 An' sain'd himsel', an' swat wi' perfect fright.

Hard luck, alack! that the poor simple lad,
 Wha ne'er was harsh to owther man or beast,
 And wadnae hurt the very de'il himsel',
 Wi' guests should be disturbed.—

The auld dore
 Risp'd on its rusty bands. Poor GIBBY glowr'd :
 Bawty set up a lang and fearsome howl,
 An' cour'd aneath the bed ; whan, strange to tell !
 The fire flaughts glanc't sae clear around the room,
 Ye might hae gather'd prins : the thunner rair't ;
 An' wi' an elritch skirl, a fell like sight,
 Wi' blude a barken'd, gousty stauk'd alang,
 Steer'd up the ingle, ga'e a lang how grane,
 An' shook its bloody pow ; and thrice it pass'd,
 Wi' slaw and heavy stap, by GIBBY's bed,
 Wha near-hand swarf'd, and scarce cou'd thole the
 fright.

At length the ghaist the awfu' silence brake ;
 “ Sax tow-monds syne, benightet here like thee,
 “ Fremit far frae hame, (my hame to see nae mair !)
 “ Wi' gear weel laden, a my ain, dear won :
 “ O'er dear, alack ! The best craft's honesty :
 “ I wanted to be rich ; let knaves tak' tent :
 “ For when I bless't mysel', and had it snug,
 “ Mark how it endet. In that vera bed
 “ I laid my weary limbs, when my base host
 “ In dead o' night came on me, nae ill dreadin',
 “ Reav't me of a' ; and that nane e'er might ken't,
 “ He wi' a muckle rung dang out my harns.
 “ Dy'e see that ugly gash !—But be'na fear't :

" The skybald by his ain ill conscience chas't,
 " Did flee the kintra—and ne'er kent the gude o't,—
 " 'Twill mak' you rich,—Rise up and come awa',
 " I'll shew ye whare 'tis bidden. But, now mind me,
 " Under that hearth ye'll find my bains,—

 " Them tak',

" And see safe yirdet into haly ground ;
 " Sae sall my wand'ring spirit be at rest,
 " And may'st thou never meet a fate like mine."

Up GIBBY raise,—nae daffin' in his head,
 And fallow'd his grim guide ; dreary and driegh,
 He pass'd the muckle yett. The cauld north win',
 'That blew sae loud short syne, was now fa'n lown ;
 The moon shon' clear upo' the new fa'n snaw,
 An' made a haffin's day. When they had gane
 Thro' twa-three fields, the ghaist at length stapp't
 short,

And grain't, and wav't his hand.—" Lo ! here, (quo'
 " he,)

" Ilk bodle lies that ance to me pertain't ;
 " O ! it is little worth whare I hae gane !
 " I gi'e it a to you—Mark weel the park :
 " And now, be sure, the yearding o' my bains
 " Dinna mislippen—O remember me !"

 Nae mair he said, but whidded out of sight.

Wi' hair on end, and ilka lith and limb
 Quakin' wi' fear, GIBBY to find a meith
 Look't a' about, but nowther tree, nor buss,
 Nor stane cou'd find, thro' a' the snaw spread waste.
 Weary, at last, he sat him down to sh—t ;
 " Eh ! this (quo' he) will be a special mark !"

Syne back wi' heart mair happy he return'd,
To sleep till fair day light.

Clear raise the morn,
Whan GIBBY gaunting turn't him to the light,
And something fand—not sav'ry—whare he lay—
—The bed was sh—n and the ghaist was flown.

THE RESOLUTE LADY;
Or, Fortunate Foolman.

IN Sherreaf there lived a Squire of great fame,
And there was a young man that served the same;
This young man was comely, his cheeks they were red,
Although but a serviant, yet he was well bred.

There was a sister unto this young Squire,
Who daily did this young man admire,
And she had a noble estate of her own,
Not far from Trugger, it is very well known.

This sister at her brothers's often would be,
On purpose this handsome young man for to see.
One day by the brother this sister was spy'd,
Walking in the garden by this serviant's side.

He went to the Lady, and to her did say,
What makes you to walk with my man I pray?
The Lady she blush'd, but answer gave none;
She call'd for her coach, and that moment went home.

O then he discharged his man in a spleen,
And said for the future he should serve the King.

He went to the Lady the very same day,
And told her the words his Master did say.

Dear Lady, my Master has discharged me,
And the King I must serve now by land or by sea.
Come in, said the Lady, and I will hire you straight,
You shall be my servant, and on me shall wait.

Next day came her brother and officers-too,
They would have this young man for Flanders to go.
The Lady she said, Take your hands from my man,
For you shall not press him do all that you can,

Well, well, said the brother, when we come again,
He shall be a soldier for Flanders or Spain.
O no, said the Lady, that never can be,
For he is an apprentice, and now bound to me.

How bound, said the brother, what trade must he
learn?

I'm sorry, dear brother, you cannot discern,
I have his indentures, he is bound for life,
Which makes him the Master, and I am his Wife.

O be you then married? her brother reply'd,
I'd have been better pleas'd if this day you had died.
Dear brother, your kindness I cannot disapprove,
But I am better pleas'd in the choice of my love.

I wish you much joy, then the officers said;
She thanked them kindly, and ask'd them to stay,
For this very day we do spend here in wine,
And at night comes the joy when true lovers do join.

T H E E N D