

GIBBY

AND THE

GHAIST!!!

AN EXCELLENT SCOTISH POEM.



EDINBURGH:

Printed for, and Sold by, WILLIAM CAMERON,
and other Booksellers.

(Price One Penny.)

GIBBY

1844

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GIBBY AND THE GHAIST.

CAULD was the night—bleak blew the whistling wind,
And frae the red nose fell the drizzlin' drap,
Whilk the numb'd fingers scanty could dight aff,
Sae dozen't wi' the drift, that thick'ning flew
In puir auld Gibby's face, and dang him blind.
Sair sair he pegh'd, and feught against the storm,
But aft forfaughen turned tail to the blast,
Lean'd him upon his rung, and tuke his breath.
Puir Bawty, whinging, crap on his lee side,
Wi's tail a-tween his feet, and shook his lugs—
Gibby's auld heart was wae for the dumb brute,
And, louting down, he hap't him wi' his plaid,
Clappit his head, and cryed “ Poor fallow whisht,
And gif I'm spared to reach some biggit wa's
Ye's win as near the ingle as mysel',
And share my supper too—but we maun on—
The night grew mirker—and nae moon nor starns
We'll see the night. Sae let us face the blast,
And to a stay brae set as stout a heart.”
Sae cheer'd he his poor brute, and he was cheer'd,

His plaid he fasten'd, and he seiz'd his kent,
 And to they stay brae his stout heart he set,
 And bauldly met the blast:—lang, lang he gae
 Aften he fell, aften raise, and gade again,
 Till he dought scarcee gang mair—when, w
 poor body!

Quite dowf and dozen'd, thro' the drift he saw
 A dim light blinkin', and at last a house;
 'Twas an auld biggin', that in per'lous times
 (Whan fowk rampag'd, and fought for ilka thi
 Had been set there to keep aff sudden skaith
 An' in fierce bruliments, wi' weirlike wights,
 Had stoutly stood, but now 'twas tumbling do
 O'ercome by Time, fell lown, that a' o'ercomes
 The moon just glimmerin' thro' a parted cloud
 Shaw'd Gibby what o' the auld wa's remained,
 And whare the creepin' woodbine spread its lea
 Light shaking wi' ilk blast o' wind that blew.
 Blythe, blythe was Gibby, (Bawty too was bly
 He chiappit at the door, and gif he could,
 He wad ha'e whistled too:—but wi' the cauld
 Sae davert he—he could nae crook his mou'.
 The landlord cam'—"Wha's there?"
 —"A friend," quo' Gibby,
 "Wha's wantin' lodgin', an' half dead wi' caul
 —"Waes me, man! for ye are come o'er late
 For ilka place I ha'e is already fu',
 But ae big room—'deed frien', I needna lie t'y
 An' that has lang been haunted by a bogle,

That mony a'ane has flei'd—I winna bid ye,
 But gif ye like, I'se gi'e ye a rousing ingle,
 And mak' ye welcome to't."

Gibby was cauld—but when the ghaist was nam'd
 The sweat brake on him, and he shook wi' fear.

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

Loud blew the storm—but then the ghaist—again

The blast fierce blatterin' rattled in his lugs,

His heart play'd dunt wi' mony a dowie thought,

He sidg'd—he look bumbaz'd—he said t'himsel',

Crap a thègither—started like ane craz'd;

—"I lo'e nae bogle; but that awfy' night!

Alack-a-day!—'deed I maun tak' yer offer,

Tho' I am unco' flei'd—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 hara'd it, what need it fash me?

Maybe it winna!"—Now kind Hope cam' in,

And a gude drink drave aff ilk dreary thought.

Whan the lang drawlin, gaunt, and drowsy e'e,

Shaw't bed-time came, he was led up the stair,

(Whare ne'er a fit for many a day had gane,)

And thro' an entry lang and ruinous,

Whare at the auld fail'd windows the cauld blast

Garr'd Gibby shiver as he gade alang,

The door worm-eaten, crackit on its bands,

And in he steppit, erie, loukin' round,

To ilka place he thought might haud a ghaist,

Aneath, and yont his bed, and up the lum,
 Büt naething could he see, ware than himsel',
 A clear peat ingle bleez'd on the hearthstane,
 Fore 'gainst whilk Bawty crap, wagging his tail,
 Turned him about, and laid him crus'ly down,
 Thinkin' of neither bogles nor the storm.

“ Gilbert, gude night—soun' sleep, and a blyth
 mornin',

Quo' the gudeman—and partin' steek'd the door
 Gibby said naething, but look'd wond'rous dowf,
 Fast as he could howsoever into bed,
 He gat amang the claise, out o'er the lugs,
 An' safn'd himsel' and swat wi' perfect fright,
 Hard luck, alack! that the poor simple lad,
 Wha ne'er was harsh to neither man nor beast,
 And wadna hurt the very de'il himsel',
 Wi' guests should be distvrbed.—

The auld door
 Risp'd on its rusty bands. Poor Gibby glowr'
 Bawty set up a lang and scarsome howl,
 An' cour'd aneath the bed; when strange to tell
 The fire flaughts glanc'd sae clear aronnd
 room,

Ye might ha'e gather'd drins; the thunner rai
 An' wi' an elritch skirl, a fell like sight,
 Wi' blude a' barken'd, ghosty, staulk'd alang,
 Steer'd up the ingle, ga'e a lang hōw'grare,
 An' shook its bloody pow, and thrice it pass'd,
 Wi' slaw and heavy step, by Gibby's bed,

Wha near-hand swarf'd, and scarce could thole
the fright.

At length the ghaist the awfn' silence brake;

“ Sax towmonds syne, benighted 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 knave's tak tent :

For when I bless't mysel', and had it snug,

Mark how it ended. In that very bed

I laid my weary limbs, when my base host

In dead o' night cam' on me, nae ill dreading,

Reav't me of a', and that nane e'er might ken'd,

He wi' a muckle rung dang out my harns.

D'ye see that ugly gash !—But be na fear'd ;

The skybald by his ain ill conscience chased,

Did flee the kintra—and ne'er kent the gude o't,

'I will mak' you rich—rise up and come awa',

I'll shew ye whare 'tis hidden. But now mind me,

Under that hearth ye'll find my bairns,—

Them tak',

And see safe yirded into haly ground,

Sae sall my wandering spirit be at rest,

Aud may'st thou never meet a fate like miue.”

Up Gibby raise, nac daffin' in his head,

And followed his grim guide, dreary and dreigh,

He pass'd the muckle yett. The cauld north win',

That blew sae loud short syne, was now sa'n low :

The moon shone clear upon the new sa'n snaw,

An' made a haffin's day. When they had ga ne
Thro' twa-three fields, the ghaist at length stapp't
short,

And grinn't and wav'd his hand.—“Lo! here,”
quo' he,

“Ilk bodles lies that ance to me pertain'd,
O it is little worth whate I ha'e ga ne
I g'e it a' to you—mark weel the park,
And now be sure, the yirding o' my bauch
Dinna mislippen—Oh! remember me
Nae mair he said, but whidded out o' sight.
Wi' hair on end, and ilka lith and limb,
Quakin' wi' fear, Gibby to find a meith,
Look't about, but neither tree nor buss,
Nor stane could find, thro' a' the snaw spread
waste.

Weary at last, he sat him down to sh—te:
“Eh! this,” quo he, “will be a special mark!”
Syne back wi' heart mair happy he returned,
To sleep till fair day light.

Clear rise the morn,
When Gibby ganting turn'd him to the light,
And something fand, not sav'ry where he lay;
The bed was sh—n and the ghaist was flown.

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