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THE  
MURDERIT MYNSTRELL.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED  
MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN,  
AND  
THE COMICAL STORY OF  
THRUMMY CAP.



GLASGOW:  
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE  
MURDER OF MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN

AN UNUSUAL CASE

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN

AND

THE GENUINE STORY OF

THE THURSDAY CASE



GLASGOW,  
PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

THE

# MURDERIT MYNSTRELL.

How sweetly shone the morning sun,  
 Upon the bonny ha' house o' Dun;  
 Siccan a bien and lovely abode,  
 Might wyle the pilgrim aff his road;  
 But the owner's heart was hard as stane,  
 And his Lady's was harder still I ween.  
 They never gave alms to the poor,  
 And they turned the wrethed frae their door,  
 While the stranger as he passed their gate,  
 Was by the wander and tykes beset.  
 Oh there lived there ane bonny May,  
 Mild and sweet as the morning ray,  
 Or the gloamin' o' a summer's day:  
 Her hair was fair, her een were blue,  
 And the dimples o' love played round her  
 sweet mou,  
 Her waist was sae jimp and her ankle sae sma,  
 Her bosom as white as the new driven sna  
 Sprent o'er the twin mountains o' sweet Ca-  
 terthun,  
 Beaming mild in the rays of a wintery sun.  
 Where the print of a foot has never been,  
 And not a cloud in the lift is seen;  
 When the wind is slumbering in its cave,  
 And the bark is sleeping on the wave,

And the breast of the ocean is as still  
 As the morning mist upon Morven Hill.  
 Oh sair did she rue baith night and day,  
 Her hap was to be this Lady's May.

Ae morning a minstrel, aged and poor,  
 Came harping to this Ha'-house door;  
 His heart seemed light, though his head was  
 bare,

And spairlie coverit wi' thin white hair;  
 His beard adown his bosom fell  
 Streaming like snow in a wintery gale,  
 Sae sweet and blythesome was his lay,  
 The gowd spink danced upon the spray;  
 The lint-white chirpt frae the bush,  
 And sweetly sang the lark and the thrush;  
 While decked in green the fairy crew  
 Danced frae the grass the morning dew  
 For the dæmons of night had taken their flight  
 As soon as they saw the morning light,  
 And the ghaists had left the dreary yew;  
 Oh they trippit sae lightly over the lea,  
 Their doublets were green as green might be,  
 And they shone in the sun like the Spanish  
 flee.

And aye the Minstrel harpet and sang,  
 Till his notes through ilka chamber rang;  
 Though decrepit, forlorn, and raggid was he,  
 There was merghe in his fingers and fire in  
 his e'e.

Though his voice it was broken and trem-  
 belled fu' sore,  
 He sung Caledonia's battles of yore ;  
 Her mountains sae wild and her sweet smil-  
 ing plains,  
 And the graces and loves of her nymphs and  
 her swains.  
 He brushed the wire wi' muckle glee ;  
 He lilted his notes right merily,  
 As if nae dolour he might dree.

The Lady of Dun she rang her bell—  
 What noise is this, pray quickly tell ;  
 What means this liltin' and deray ?  
 A bonny-like rippet this, by my fay.

A Minstrel, madam, aged and poor,  
 Quoth the damsel, is harping at the door ;  
 And oh, my Lady, I'm wae to see him,  
 And wish I had only something to gi'e him,  
 For his doublet is ragid his hewit is bare,  
 And the wind whistles through his thin white  
 hair ;  
 Albeit his lays be blythesome and sweet,  
 He hasna a bachel to cover his feet.

“ Harping at this time of the morn,  
 Upon my life it canna be borne ;  
 Ye manseless woman, gae tell my men  
 To fling the catyff o'er the den,  
 And let him perish in the deep,  
 For raising the lady o' Dun frae her sleep.”

The damsell looked sae wae and sae meek,  
 And the pearl of pity stood clear on each  
 cheek,

Shall I tell him my lady to wend o'er the  
 lea,

And he winna come back for bountith or fee,  
 The silly auld carle, may peace gae wi' him,  
 I'm sure, dear lady, this time you'll forgie  
 him,"

Her voice was sae sweet, and she bended her  
 knee,

And the moisture o' truth dimmed her bonny  
 blue e'e,

Which glissent like the sun through a cloud  
 in June,

Or the milder radience of the moon,

As she rides in the heavens all alone,

And the thin mists of summer sail round her  
 throne.

An angel frae heaven might hae kissed that  
 sweet face,

And returned to heaven all pure from the  
 embrace.—

"Swithe, out of my presence, ye heard what  
 I said,"

Quoth the lady, "'Tis meet my behests be  
 obeyed."

The men they had danced to the minstrel's  
 lay,

But ready their lady's behests to obey—

Thae flechin, sinfu', murtherous men,

They flang the harper o'er the den,

And loot him perish in the deep,  
 For raising the lady o' Dun frae her sleep.  
 He prigget for mercy, he prayed for grace,  
 While the tears run down his aged face.

He vowed to heaven he meant nae offence,  
 And beggit the men to let him gae hence—  
 To hirple his was to the cot house door,  
 And cheer wi' his lays the simple and poor ;  
 For though his comforts here were but few,  
 His bosom beat to nature true.

Nae mercy here, quoth the men can be given,  
 But we hope, auld man, you'll meet it in  
 heaven,

Our lady's behests we are bound to obey,  
 Albert we hae danced to your roundelay,  
 Then strick on your harp the last sound of  
 woe,

Before that you sleep in your cauld bed below.

The Laird o' Dun hath power of the law,  
 The Minstrel was flung in harp an a'  
 The Minstrel he groaned and his harp it rung  
 And mute for aye was his tunefu' tongue.

A waesome sight it was to see,  
 Him lunched sae quick to eternity.  
 Ance kythit o'er the stream his beard sae  
 hoare—

Syne his spirit winged its way to gloar,  
 And never mair was that minstrel seen ;  
 But aye and anon, at morn and een,  
 His harp it sounded to the breeze,  
 And his figure was seen to gilde through the  
 trees,  
 And groans were heard sae loud and sae deep

The lady o' Dun could never mair sleep;  
 But aye the moment she winket an e'e,  
 She saw before her as plain as might be,  
 The Minstrel wide gapin and wreathin in  
 pain,  
 And sueing for mercy he couldna obtain,  
 And wringing his hands in wild despair,  
 And waggin his head and his thin white hair,  
 While vieve in her fancy wad she see,  
 The ghaistly glower of his death-set e'e,  
 And his clay-cold hand wad' press her cheek;  
 Oh then wad she start frae her bed and shriek  
 "Hand aff that hand! oh, withdraw that e'e,  
 For heaven's sake, take him away frae me!  
 His beard seems smeared over with feanie,  
 Oh, I wish it were but it's nae—a dream!  
 For he looks sae wildly in my face  
 That I wish to God he had met wi' grace!  
 Lord send to my soul the balsóm of peace!  
 Oh, when shall I find it? Never, never!  
 It has fled this bosom for ever and ever!"



## MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.

Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly fixed eyes,  
Seem a heart overcharged to express?  
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;  
She never complains—but her silence implies  
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniae will seek,  
Cold and hunger awake not her eare;  
Thro' the rags do the winds of winter blow bleak  
On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare, and her cheek  
Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy (nor distant the day),  
Poor Mary, the maniac, has been;  
The traveller remembers, who journey'd this way,  
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,  
As Mary the maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight,  
As she welcom'd them in with a smile;  
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,  
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,  
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She lov'd— and young Richard had settled the day,  
And she hop'd to be happy for life;  
But Richard was was idle and worthless; and they  
Who knew him, would pity poor Mary, and say,  
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,  
And fast were the windows and door;  
'Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright  
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight,  
They listened to hear the wind roar.

'Tis pleasant, cries one, seated by the fire-side,  
 To hear the wind whistle without.  
 A fine night for the abbey his comrade replied,  
 Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried  
 Who would wander the ruins about.

I'll wager a dinner, the other one cried,  
 That Mary would venture there now.  
 Then wager then lose, with a sneer he replied,  
 I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,  
 And faint if she saw a white cow.

Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?  
 His companion exclaimed with a smile.  
 I shall win' for I know she will venture there now;  
 And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough  
 From the alder that grows in the aisle.

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,  
 And her way to the abbey she bent;  
 The night it was gloomy, the wind it was high.  
 And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,  
 She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known' still proceeded the maid,  
 Where the abbey rose dim on the sight;  
 Through the gateway she entered, she felt not afraid  
 Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and the shade  
 Seem'd to darken the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast  
 Howl'd dismally round the whole pile;  
 Over wood-covered fragments still fearless she pass'd.  
 And arrived at the innermost ruins at last,  
 Where the alder tree grows in the isle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,  
 And hastily gathered the bough,  
 When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,  
 She paused and she listened, all eager to hear,  
 And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head;  
 She listen'd nought else could she hear;  
 The wind ceased, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread  
 For she heard in the ruins, distinctly, the tread  
 Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a white column half breathless with fear,  
 She crept to conceal herself there;  
 That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,  
 And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,  
 And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart's blood curdle cold:  
 Again the rough wind hurried by;—  
 It blew off the hat of the one, and, behold;  
 Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd;  
 She fell—and expected to die.

Curse the hat, he exclaims, Nay come on, and first hide  
 The dead body,' his comrade replied,  
 She beheld him in safety pass on by her side,  
 Then seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,  
 And away through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,  
 She cast her eyes horribly round;  
 Her limbs could support her faint body no more,  
 But exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor,  
 Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,  
 For a moment the hat met her view;  
 Her eyes from the object convulsively start—  
 For O God, what cold horror thrill'd through her heart  
 When the name of her Richard she knew.

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,  
 His gibbet is now to be seen;  
 Not far from the inn it engages the eye,  
 The traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,  
 Of poor Mary the Maid of the Inn.

# THRUMMY CAP.

A TALE.

IN ancient times, far i' the north,  
 A hundred miles ayont the forth,  
 Upon a stormy winter day,  
 Twa men forgather'd o' the way,  
 Ane was a sturdy bardoch chiel  
 An' frae the wether happit weel,  
 Wi' a mill'd plaiding jockey-coat  
 And eke he on his head had got  
 A thrummy cap baith large and stout,  
 Wi' flaps ahind, as weel's a snout,  
 Whilk button'd close aneath his chin,  
 To keep the cauld frae getting in :  
 Upon his legs he had gammashes  
 Whilk sodgers term their spatterdashes  
 An' on his hands instead o' gloves,  
 Large doddy mittens, whilk he'd roose  
 For warmness, an' an aiken stick  
 Nae verra lang, but unco thick,  
 Intill his nieve—he drave awa',  
 But car'd for neither frost nor snaw,  
 The ither was just the reverse,  
 O' claes and courage baith was scarce,  
 Sae in our tale, as we go on,  
 I think we'll ca' him cow'rldy John.  
 Sae on they gade at a gude scow'r,  
 ' Cause that they saw a gath'ring shower,

Grow verra thick upon the wind,  
 Whilk to their wae they soon did find.  
 A mighty show'r o' snaw and drift,  
 As ever dang down frae the lift!  
 Right wild and boist'rons Boreas roar'd,  
 Preserves! quoth John, we'll baith be smor'd.  
 Our trystic end we'll ne'er make out;  
 Chear up, says Thrummy, never dout.  
 But I'm some fly'd we've tint our way,  
 Howe'er at the neist house we'll stay.  
 Until we see gif it grow fair,  
 Gin no, a' night we'll tarry there.  
 Weel, weel, says Johnny, we shall try,  
 Syne they a mansion house did spy,  
 Upo' the road a piece afore,  
 Sae up they gade unto the door,  
 When Thrummy chappit wi' his stick,  
 Syne to the door, came verra quick,  
 A meikle dog, wha barked sair,  
 But Thrummy for him didna care;  
 He handled weel his aiken staff,  
 An' spite o's teeth he kept him aff  
 Until the Landlord came to see,  
 And ken fat might the matter be;  
 Then verra soon the dog did cease  
 The Landlord then did spear the case  
 Quoth Thrummy, Sir, we ha'e gane rill;  
 We thought we'd ne'er a house get till,  
 We near were smor'd amo' the drift,  
 And sae, gudeman, ye'll mak' a shift  
 To gi'e us quarters a' this night,  
 For now we dinna ha'e the light,  
 Farer to gang, tho' it were fair,  
 See gin ye hae a bed to spare,

Whate'er ye charge we canna grudge,  
 But satisfy ye, ere we budge  
 To gang awa'—and fan 'tis day,  
 We'll pack out all, and tak the way.  
 The Landlord said, o' beds I've nane,  
 Our ain fowks they will scarce contain,  
 But gin ye'll gang but twa miles foret,  
 Aside the Kirk dwalls Robbe Dorret,  
 Wha keeps a Change-house, sells guide drink,  
 His house ye may mak out I think.  
 Quoth Thrummy, that's owre far awa',  
 The roads are sae blawn up wi' snaw,  
 To mak it is na in our power;  
 For, look ye, there's a gathering shower  
 Just coming on—you'll let us bide,  
 Tho' we should sit by the fire side.  
 The Landlord said to him, Na, na,  
 I canna let you bide ava,  
 Chap aff, for 'tis na worth your while  
 To bide, when ye hae scrimp twa mile  
 To gang—sae quickly aff you'll steer,  
 For faith, I doubt ye'll na be here.  
 Twa mile! quo' Thrummy, deil speed me,  
 If frae your house this night I jee,  
 Are we to starve in Christian land?  
 As lang's my stick bides in my hand,  
 An' siller plenty in my pouch,  
 To nane about your house I'll crouch,  
 Landlord, ye needna be sae rude,  
 For faith we'll mak our quarters good.  
 Come, John, let's in, we'll tak a sate,  
 Fat sorrow gars you look so blate?  
 Sae in he gangs, and sets him down,  
 Says he, there's nae about your town.

Sall put me out till a new day,  
 Lang as I've siller for to pay,  
 The Landlord said, Ye're rather rash,  
 To turn you out. I canna fash,  
 Since ye're so positivé to bide,  
 But troth yese sit by the fire-side;  
 I tald ye else of beds I've nane,  
 Unoccupied, except bare ane;  
 In it, I fear, ye winna ly;  
 For stoutest heart has aft been shy  
 To venture in within the room;  
 After the night begins to gloom;  
 For in it they can ne'er get rest,  
 'Tis haunted by a frightful ghaist;  
 Oursels are terrified a' night,  
 Sae ye may chance to get a sight,  
 Like that which some o'our fowk saw,  
 Far better till ye gang awa',  
 Or else ye'll may be rue the day,  
 Guide faith quo' John, I'm thinking sae;  
 Better into the neuk to sit,  
 Than fla'd, Guide keeps out o' our wit;  
 Preserve us ever frae all evil,  
 I widna like to see the deyl!  
 Whisht gowk, quo' Thrummy, haud your peace  
 That sanna gar me quit this place;  
 Nor great nor sma I ne'er did ill,  
 The ghaist nor deil my rest shall spill.  
 I will defy the meikle deil,  
 And a' his warks I wat fu' weel;  
 What the sorrow then maks you sae erry?  
 Fling by your fears, and come be cherry,  
 Landlord gin ye'll mak up that bed,  
 I promise I'll be verra glad,

Within the same a' night to lie,  
 If that the room be warm and dry,  
 The Landlord says. Ye'se get a fire,  
 And candle too gin ye desire,  
 Wi' beuks to read; and for your bed,  
 I'll orders gie, to get it made.  
 John says, as I'm a Christian man,  
 Who never likes to curse nor ban.  
 Nor steal, nor lie, nor drink, nor roar,  
 I'll never gang within its door,  
 But sit by the fireside a' night,  
 And gang awa' where'er 'tis light.  
 Says Thrummy till him, wi' a glow'r,  
 Ye cowardly gowk I'll mak ye cow'r;  
 Come up the stair alang wi' me,  
 And I shall caution for ye be.  
 Then Johnny faintly gaed consent,  
 Sine up the stairs to the bed they went,  
 Where soon they gat baith fire and light,  
 To had them harty a' the night;  
 The Landlord likewise gae them meat;  
 Meikle as they baith could eat;  
 Show'd them their bed and bade them gang  
 To it where'er they did think lang;  
 Sae wishing them a gude repose,  
 Straight syne to his ain bed he goes.  
 Our travellers now being left alane,  
 'Cause that the frost was nipping keen,  
 Coost aff their shoon and warmed their feet,  
 Then syne gaed to their bed to sleep.  
 But cowardly John wi' fear was quaking;  
 He coudna sleep but still lay wakening,  
 Sae troubled wi' nis panic fright,  
 When near the twalt hour o' night,



That Thrummy waked and thus spoke,  
 Preserve's quoth he, I'm like to chock  
 Wi' thirst, and I mann hae a drink.  
 I will gang down the stair, I think,  
 And grapple for the water-pail,  
 O for a waunght o' caller ale!  
 Johnny grips till him, and says, Na,  
 I winna let you gang awa;  
 Wow will you gang and leave me here  
 Alane to die wi' perfect fear?  
 Rise up and gae wi' me then, quoth Thrummy,  
 Ye sonseless gude-for-naething bummy,  
 I'm only gaen to seek some water,  
 I will be back just in a clatter,  
 Na, na says John I'll rather lie,  
 But as I'm likewise something dry,  
 Gif ye can get a jug or cap,  
 Fesh up to me a little drap.  
 Ay ay quoth Thrummy that I will  
 Although I shouldna get a gill.  
 Sae down he goes to seek a drink,  
 But then he sees a little blink  
 O' light that shone upon the floor,  
 Out through the lock-hole o' the door,  
 Which wasna fast but stood a-gee,  
 Whatever's there he thinks he'll see:  
 Sae baldly o'er the threshold ventures,  
 Then in within the door he enters.  
 But reader judge of the surprise  
 That there he saw with wondering eyes  
 A spacious vault well stored wi' casks  
 O' reaming ale and some big flasks,  
 And stride-legs o'er a cask o' ale  
 He saw the likeness of himsel.

Just in the dress that he cast aff,  
 A thrummy and an aiken staff,  
 Gammashes and the jockey coat ;  
 And in its hand the Ghaist had got  
 A big four-legged timber bicker,  
 Fill'd to the brim wi' nappy liquor,  
 Our hero at the spectre stared,  
 But neither daunted was not car'd,  
 But to the Ghaist straight up did step,  
 An' says dear brother Thrummy Cap,  
 The warst ye surely dinna drink,  
 So I wi' you will taste I think ;  
 Syne took a jug, pou'd out the pail,  
 And fill'd it up wi' the same ale,  
 Frae under where the spectre sat,  
 And then up stairs wi' it he gat ;  
 Took a gudè drink, gae John anither,  
 But never tald him o' his his brither  
 That he into the cellar saw  
 Mair than he'd naething seen ava,  
 Light brown and nappy was the beer  
 Whar did you get it? John did speir,  
 Says Thrummy, sure ye needna care,  
 I'll gae and try and get some mair,  
 Sae down the stair again he goes.  
 To get o' drink anither doze  
 Being positive to hae some mair  
 But still he faund the Ghaist was there,  
 Now on a butt behind the door :  
 Says he, ye didna ill before,  
 Dear brother Thrummy, sae I'll try  
 You once again because I'm dry.  
 He fills his jug straight out belew,  
 An' up the stair again does go.

John marvelled sair, but didna speir  
Again where did he get the beer,  
For it was stronger than the first,  
Syne they baith drank till like to burst,  
Syne did compose themsels to rest,  
To sleep a while they thought it best.  
One hour in bed they hadna been,  
They scarcely weel had closed their een,  
When just into the neighbouring cham'er  
They heard a dreadfu' din and clamour.  
Beneath the bed-claes John did cow'r,  
Bot Thrummy jump'd upon the floor,  
Him by the sark tail John did haud;  
Lye still, quoth he, fat, are ye mad?  
Thrummy then gaed a hasty jump,  
Syne took John on the ribs a thump,  
That made him quickly to lie down,  
In little better than a swoon,  
While Thrummy fast as he could rin,  
Sets aff to see what made the din.  
The chamber seem'd to him as light,  
Gif as the sun was shining bright,  
The Ghaist was stanen at the door,  
In the same dress he had afore;  
And o'er anent it, at the wa',  
Were ither apparitions twa.  
Thrummy beheld them for a-wee  
But deil a word as yet spake he  
The spirits seeme'd to kick a ba',  
The Ghaist against the other twa;  
Whilk close they drave baith back and fore,  
Atween the chimney and the door.  
He stops a while and sees the play,  
Syne, rinnin up, he this did say,

Ane for ane may weel compare,  
 But twa for ane is rather sair ;  
 The play's nae equal, say I vow,  
 Dear brother Thrummy, I'll help you.  
 Then wi' his fit he kicked the ba',  
 Gard it play stot against the wa' ;  
 Quick then, as lightning, fra the sky,  
 The spectres with a horrid cry,  
 A' vanished in a clap o' thun'er.  
 While Thrummy at the same did won'er  
 The room was quiet now and dark,  
 An' Thrummy striping in his sark ;  
 Glauming the gate back to his bed,  
 He thinks he hears a person tread,  
 An' ere he gat without the door,  
 The Ghaist again stood him before,  
 And in his face did staring stand,  
 Wi' a big candle in its hand.  
 Quoth Thrummy, Friend, I want to know  
 What brings you frae the shades below,  
 I in goodness' name command  
 You tell your story just aff hand ?  
 Fat wad ye hae?—I'll do my best  
 For you, to let you be at rest,  
 Then says the Ghaist, 'Tis thirty year  
 Sinse I've been doom'd to wander here ;  
 In all that time there has been none  
 Behaved sae bold as ye have done  
 Sae if you'll do a job for me,  
 Disturbance mair I'll never gie.  
 Sae on your tale, quoth Thrummy  
 To do ye justice sure will try.  
 Then mark me weel, the Ghaist replied  
 And ye shall soon be satisfied :

Frae this aback near forty year,  
I of this place was overseer,  
When this Laird's father had the land,  
A' thing was then at my command,  
Wi' power to do as I thought fit,  
In ilka cause I chief did sit :  
The Laird paid great respect for me  
But I an ill return did gie,  
The title-Deeds of his Estate  
Out of the same I did him cheat,  
And stole them frae whare they did lie  
Some days before the Laird did die  
His son at that time was in France,  
And sae I thought I'd hae a chance,  
Gif he sud never come again,  
That the Estate would be my ain,  
But scarcely three bare weeks were past,  
When death did come and grip me fast,  
Sae sudden that I hadna pow'r  
The charter back for to restore,  
Soon after that hame came the heir,  
And syne got up the reefu rair,  
What sorrow was come o' the Rights?  
They sought them several days and nights  
But never yet hae they been seen,  
As I aneath a muckle stane  
Did hide them i' this cham'er wa',  
Weel sew'd up in a leather ba' ;  
But I was ne'er allowed to rest  
Untill that I the same confest ;  
But this to do I hadna power,  
Frae yon time to this verra hour  
That I've revealed it a to you,  
And now I'll tell you what to do.

Till nae laugsyne nae mony kent,  
 That this same laird the rights did want;  
 But now they hae him at the law,  
 And the neist week the laird maun shaw;  
 Before the court the rights o' his land,  
 This put him to an unco stand,  
 For if he didna shaw them there,  
 O' a' his lands he'll be striped bare;  
 Nae hopes has he to save his state,  
 This makes him sour and unco blate:  
 He canna think whar's rights may be,  
 And ne're expects them nair to see,  
 But now my friend mark what I tell.  
 And ye'll get something to yoursel  
 Tak out the stane there in the wa',  
 And there ye'll get the leather ba',  
 Tis just the same as you did see,  
 When you said that you would help me;  
 The rights are sewed up in its heart,  
 But see you dinna wi' them part,  
 Until the laird shall pay you down  
 Just fifty guineas and a crown,  
 Whilk at my death was due to me,  
 This for thy trouble I'll give thee;  
 And I'll disturb this house nae mair,  
 'Cause I'll be free frae all my care.  
 This Thrummy promised to do,  
 And syne the Ghaist bid him adieu  
 And vanished with a pleasant sound  
 Down through the laft and thro' the ground,  
 Thrummy gaed back sine to his bed,  
 And cowardly John was verra glad,  
 That he his neibour saw ance mair,  
 For of his life he did despair.

Wow man, quo' John, whare hae you been,  
 Come tell me a' fat' ye hae seen.  
 Na, bide, says Thrummy, till day-light,  
 And syne I'll tell you hale and right.  
 Sae baith lay still and took a nap,  
 Until the ninth hour it did chap.  
 Thrummy syne raise, put on his claes,  
 And to the chamber quick he gaes,  
 Taks out the stane into the wa',  
 And soon he found the leathern ba';  
 Took out the Rights, replac'd the stane,  
 Ere John did ken whar he had been;  
 Then baith came stapping down the stair.  
 The morning now was calm and fair.  
 Weel, quoth the Laird, my trusty frien',  
 Hae ye ought in our chamber seen?  
 Quoth Thrummy, Sir, I naething saw  
 That did me ony ill ava.  
 Weel, quoth the Laird, ye now may gang,  
 Ye ken the day's no verra lang;  
 In the meantime its calm and clear  
 Ye lose your time in biding here.  
 Quoth Thrummy, Sir, mind what I tell,  
 I've mair right here than you yoursel.  
 Sae till I like I here shall bide,  
 The Laird at this began to chide:  
 Says he, my friend, you're turning rude.  
 Quoth Thrummy, I'll my claim make good,  
 For here I just before you a',  
 The Rights o' this Estate can shaw,  
 And that is mair than ye can do,  
 What! quo' the Laird, can that be true?  
 Tis true, quoth Thrummy, look and see,  
 D'ye think that I would tell a lie.

The Parchments frae his pouch then drew,  
 And down upon the table threw.  
 The Laird at this up to him ran,  
 And cried, whar did you get them, man?  
 Syne Thrummy tald him a' the tale,  
 As I've tald you, baith clear and hale.  
 The Laird at this was sidgin fain,  
 That he had gat his Rights again :  
 And fifty guineas down did tell,  
 Besides a present frae himsel.  
 Thrummy thanked him, an' syne the gowd  
 Intil a muckle purse he stow'd.  
 And cramm'd it in his oxter-pouch,  
 And syne sought out his aiken crutch :  
 And fare-ye-weel, I mann awa,  
 And see gin I get thro the sna ;  
 Weel, fare ye weel, replied the Laird :  
 But how comes it ye hanna' shar'd  
 Or gien your neibor o' the money?  
 Na, by my saul I, Sir, quo' Thrummy,  
 When I the siller, Sir, did win,  
 (To ha'e done this wad be a sin)  
 For while the Ghaist was being laid,  
 The coward lay trembling in his bed.  
 And sae my tale I here do end,  
 I hope no one it will offend :  
 My muse will na assist me langer,  
 The dorty jade sometimes does anger,  
 I thought her ance a gay smart lass  
 But now she's come to sic a pass,  
 That a' my endgeling and weeping,  
 Will hardly wake her out o' sleeping ;  
 To plague her I winna try,  
 But dight my pen and lay it by.