

# **The prophecies of Thomas the Rhymer, and the comical story of Thrummy Cap, the Ghaist.**

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## **Publication/Creation**

Glasgow : printed for the Booksellers, [1840?]

## **Persistent URL**

<https://wellcomecollection.org/works/gp49c956>

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P. C. 2 THE PROPHECIES

OF

(2)

THOMAS THE RHYMER,

AND THE

COMICAL STORY OF

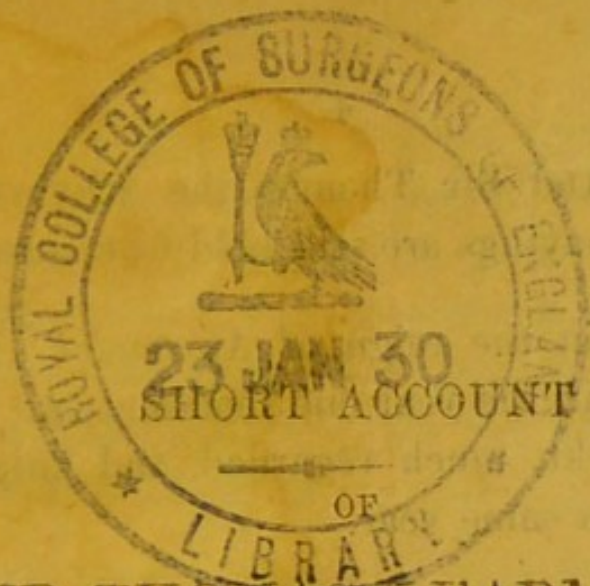
THRUMMY CAP AND THE GHAIST.



GLASGOW: \*

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SIR THOMAS LEARMANT,  
THE RHYMER.

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SIR THOMAS LEARMANT, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, was born in the east corner of Fife, of a good family. His Prophecies have been more credited than any that were ever recorded in the Scots Chronicle, as they have been well attested, what of them is past, and what they allude to, in this present century and period, and of his dark sayings yet to come.

He told many mystical prophecies anent all the Kings of Europe, and what fell out according to his prediction, in this ancient kingdom of Scotland; what is past, present, and to come.

This brief account is taken from the Record of Cryle, near which place he was born and brought up.

His father was said to be Laird of Balcomie, and the records of that family are extant in the Rolls, for assisting at several councils for the honour of

Scotland. And Sir Thomas the Rhymer's prophecies and sayings are still held in estimation.

He lived in the reign of Alexander III. King of Scotland, in the year one thousand two hundred and forty-eight, much regarded, and knighted by that king that same year.

The first of his prophecies ever taken to be faithfully observed, was, that there should be a storm on a certain day, that would surprise all Scotland. Now, some gentlemen being with him that day, they began to joke him, and said, "Sir Thomas, you are now mistaken, and we shall stay and see your mistake, as we have heard so much of your prophecies." He told them to stay an hour longer, and they would see and believe. And in less time than an hour, an express arrived to Sir Thomas from Edinburgh, of the death of Margaret, Queen of Alexander III., who died that day. Upon receiving the news, Sir Thomas told them that this was the storm, and it would give rise to greater commotions in Scotland.

After the death of Queen Margaret, the King married Isabel, daughter to the Earl of Driux; and Sir Thomas told within a few months of an earthquake at Kinghorn, that would make Scotland tremble. An express accordingly came to Cyle to Sir Thomas, that the King had fallen from his horse at Kinghorn, and broke his neck. After the death of Alexander, he left no heirs except a grandchild, Margaret, daughter of the King of Norway,

who also soon died; but a short time before her death she was betrothed to Edward, King of England. After this there were great commotions anent the succession to the crown of Scotland, which occasioned great blood-shed, particularly betwixt Bruce and Baliol, which you have recorded in the Scottish Histories.

The pride of Spain, and the deceitful conduct of the French, as also concerning the Dutch, is all foretold.—Likewise the Scots battles at Torwood, Bothwellbridge, Malpaickie, Killycrankie, Sheriffmuir, Proud-Preston, near Gladsmuir, Falkirk, Culloden, the Camps in Moray-shire, on the Windmill brae at Aberdeen, by General Coup, and at Dunbar.

In forty-five eighty-two and three,  
Sir Thomas' Works doth certify.

THE  
 PROPHECIES  
 OF  
 THOMAS THE RHYMER.

---

As to his prophetic sayings, they are hard to be understood, because they are pointed out by the Coats of Arms which appertain to so many different kingdoms and persons. Yet we may observe how he has pointed out plainly, many things which have come to pass in our days; such as the extirpation of the noble race of the Stewarts, the Revolution of Sheriffmuir, where he says,

That three Ships and a Shield,  
 That day shall keep the field;  
 And be the Antelop's build.

These three ships and a shield, are in the Duke of Argyle's arms.

And even every particular of the rebellion in 1745 and 1746, when pointing at it he says,

A Chieftain unchosen,  
 Shall choose forth himself,  
 And the realm as his own.

When speaking of King Charles, he calls him "A sly Fox-bird, who would turn to Christ with the wyles of tods and foxes," meaning his swearing of the covenants.

When speaking of the battle of Prestonpans, in the year 1745, He names the very two neighbour-



ing villages to the spot of ground whereon it was fought, viz., Coyleford-green and Seton, saying, "Between Seton and the sea sorrow should be wrought by the light of the moon."—Which act, really came to pass that morning the battle of Prestonpans was fought. But how the Lion was hurt at this time, and not perceived, is yet a mystery. Some are of opinion, that it was by taking away the power or superiority from the chiefs of the Highland clans, so that they cannot raise men in such a short time as formerly.

These are a few observations on things already come to pass; and as to what is yet to come, there is some remark will yet happen, when the time draws nigh; such as, "When Tarbet's craigs are tumbled into the sea. And the next season or summer thereafter, great sorrow and bloodshed happen to this realm, the chief thereof especially, such as harling on sleds, and chopping off heads." This Tarbet stands near the root of the river Clyde; but whether its being tumbled into the sea shall happen by an earthquake, thunder, or by the hands of men, is a mystery unknown.

There is also mention made of a lord with a lucken, or double hand, which certainly is of royal blood, and will breed great stir and confusion in Britain. This man is alive at this very present age, and of the Stewarts' race, now in Italy.

There is plainly pointed out, that in his time, a great battle should be seen in Fife,

Where saddled horses should be seen,  
Ty'd unto the trees green.

Not only in Fife, but the four chief rivers of the realm, there should be a battle on each of them, that should make the rivers run with blood, viz:—  
Tweed, Clyde, Forth, and Tay.

Last of all, a bloody desperate battle in Northumberland, on the river Tyne. Also great havoc and slaughter about the broad walls of Berwick. All these things are yet to come to pass and when the first appears, the rest will soon follow after.

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When HEMP is come and also gone,  
Scotland and England shall be one.

Henry,	Edward,	Mary,	Philip,	Elizabeth,
VIII.	VI.		of Spain,	
		Q. M.'s	Husb.	

#### HEMP.

Praised be God alone,  
For HEMP is come and gone,  
And left us old Albion,  
By peace join'd in one.

The explication of the foregoing prophecy concerning Hemp being come and also gone, leaving Scotland and England joined in one, is fulfilled in the late king William, who came out of Holland, which, in old times, was vulgarly called the land of Hemp, and the joining of the two nations together, signifies the union.

These things were foretold by the two Scots Prophets in the reign of King Arthur. Afterwards, to the same purpose, these, and many other strange things were foretold by Thomas Learmant, vulgarly called Thomas the Rhymer,

because he spoke all his prophetic sayings in rhyme, and so darkly that they could not be understood until they came to pass.

But of all the prophets that ever were in Scotland, none of them attained to such credit, because many of his predictions referred to our own country, and were accomplished in the last and present centuries.

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THOMAS THE RHYMER'S  
**PROPHECIES,**  
 IN VERSE.

---

1 SCOTLAND be sad now and lament,  
 For honours thou hast lost,  
 But yet rejoice, in better times,  
 Which will pay the cost.

2 Tho' unto thraldom you should be  
 Brought by your enemies ;  
 You shall have freedom from them all,  
 And enjoy your liberties.

3 The grave of the most noble prince,  
 To all is great regret,  
 The subject to law, who both leave  
 The kingdom and estate.

4 O anguish great! where every kind  
 And ages doth lament  
 Whom bitter death has ta'en away,  
 Shall Scotland sore repent.

- 5 Lately a lamb of rich increase,  
 A nation stout and true,  
 Has lost their former dear estate,  
 Which they did hold of due.
- 6 By hard conflict, and by the chance  
 Of noble fortune's force,  
 Thy hap and thy prosperity  
 May turn into worse.
- 7 Tho' wont to won, may be subdued,  
 And come in under yoke;  
 Strangers may reign, and you destroy,  
 What likes him by sword's stroke.
- 8 A foreign foe whom neither thy force,  
 Nor manners do approve,  
 Woe is to thee, by guile and slight  
 Will only win above.
- 9 This mighty nation was to force,  
 Invincible and stout,  
 Will yield slowly to destiny,  
 Great pity is but doubt.
- 10 In former age the Scots renown  
 Did flourish goodly gay!  
 But yet alas! will be overcome  
 With a great dark decay.
- 11 Then mark and see what is the cause  
 Of this so wond'rous fall!  
 Contempt of faith, falsehood, deceit,  
 The wrath of God withal.
- 12 Unsatiabie greed of worldly gain,  
 Oppression, cries of the poor;  
 A perpetual and slanderous race,  
 No justice put indure.

But gin ye gang but twa miles forret,  
 Aside the kirk dwalls Robbie Dorret,  
 Wha keeps a change house, sells guid drink,  
 His house you may mak out I think.  
 Quoth Thrummy, That's o'er far awa,  
 The roads are sae blawn up wi' snaw,  
 To mak it is not in our power;  
 For look ye, there a gathering shower  
 Is 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 off, for 'tis no worth your while  
 To bide, when ye hae scrimp twa mile  
 To gang—sae quickly aff ye'll steer,  
 For faith, I doubt ye'll nae be here.  
 Twa mile! quo' Thrummy, de'il 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' silver plenty in my pouch,  
 To nane about your house I'll crouch;  
 Landlord, you needna be sae rude,  
 For faith we'll make our quarters good.  
 Come, John, let's in, we'll take a seat,  
 Fat sorrow gars you look sae blate?  
 Sae in he gangs and sets him down:  
 Says he, They're nane about your town  
 Sall put me out, till a new-day,  
 As lang's I've siller for to pay.  
 The Landlord said, Ye're rather rash,  
 To turn ye out we sanna fash,  
 Since ye're sae positive to bide,  
 But troth ye's sit by the fire-side;  
 I tald ye else of beds I've nane  
 Unoccupied, except bare ane,  
 In it, I fear ye winna lye,  
 For stoutest hearts have 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 !  
 Ourselves are terrified a' night ;  
 Sae ye may chance to get a sight,  
 Like that which some of our folk saw,  
 Far better till ye gang awa,  
 Or else ye'll maybe rue the day.  
 Guid faith, says John, I'm thinking sae ;  
 Better in the neuk to sit,  
 Than fly'd, guid keep's, out o' our wit ;  
 Preserve us ever frae all evil,  
 I widna like to see the devil :  
 Whisht gowk, quo' Thrummy, haud your peace,  
 That sanna gar me quit this place :  
 To great nor sma' I ne'er did ill,  
 No ghaist, nor deil my sert shall spill.  
 I can defy the meikle deil,  
 An' a' his works I wat fu' weel ;  
 Fat sorry then maks you sae eery ?  
 Fling by your fears, come then, be cheery.  
 Landlord, gin ye'll make up that bed,  
 I promise I'll be very glad,  
 Within the same a' night to lie,  
 If that the room be warm and dry.  
 The Landlord says, Ye's get a fire,  
 An' candle too, gin ye desire,  
 Wi' beuks to read, and for your bed,  
 I'll orders gi'e 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 whore,  
 I'll never gang within its door,  
 But sit by the fire-side a' night,  
 An' gang awa whene'er 'tis light.  
 Says Thrummy till him wi' a glow'r,  
 Ye cowardly gowk, I'll make ye cower,

Come up the stair alang wi' me,  
 An' I shall caution for you be.  
 Then Johnny faintly gaed consent,  
 An' up stairs to the room they went,  
 Where soon they gat baith fire and light,  
 To haud them hearty a' the night ;  
 The Landlord likewise gae them meat,  
 As meikle as they baith could eat ;  
 Show'd them their bed, and bade them gang  
 To it, whene'er they did think lang ;  
 And wishing them a gude repose,  
 Straight syne to his ain bed he goes.  
 Our travellers now being left alane,  
 'Cause that the frost was nippen keen,  
 Cast aff their shoon, and warm'd their feet  
 And syne gaed to their bed to sleep,  
 But cowardly John wi' fear was quaking,  
 He cou'dna sleep, but still lay wauking,  
 Sae troubled wi' his panic fright—  
 When near the twalt hour o' the night,  
 That Thrummy waken'd and thus spake ;  
 Preserves ! quoth he, I am like to choak  
 Wi' thirst, and I maun ha'e a drink ;  
 I will gang down the stair I think,  
 And grapple for the water pail,  
 O for a waught o' cawler ale !  
 Johnny grips to him, an' says, Na,  
 I winna let you gang awa ;  
 Wow will you gang and leave me here  
 Alane to die wi' perfect fear ?  
 Rise and go wi' me then, quoth Thrummy,  
 Ye senseless gude-for-naething bummy,  
 I'm only gaun to seek some water,  
 I will be back just in a clatter.  
 Na, na, says John, I'll rather lye,  
 But as I am 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,  
 Altho' ye sudna get a gill.  
 Sae down he gaes to fetch a drink,  
 And then he thinks he sees a blink  
 O' light, that shone upo' the floor,  
 Out thro' the key hole o' the door,  
 So setting up the door a jee,  
 Whatever's there he thinks he'll see;  
 So bauldly o'er the threshold ventures,  
 And in within the door he enters;  
 But, reader, judge of his surprise,  
 When there he saw with wondering eyes  
 A spacious vault, weel stored wi' casks  
 O' reaming ale, and some big flasks,  
 And stride legs o'er a cask of ale,  
 He saw the likeness o' himsel,  
 Just in the dress that he cast aff,  
 A Thrummy cap and aiken staff,  
 Gammashes and the jockey-coat;  
 And in his hand the Ghaist had got  
 A big four-legged timber bicker,  
 Filled to the brim wi' nappy liquor;  
 Our hero at the spectre star'd,  
 But neither daunted was, nor car'd,  
 But to the Ghaist straight up did step,  
 An' says, dear brother, Thrummy Cap,  
 The warst ye surely dinna drink;  
 Syne took a jug, pou'd out the pail,  
 And filled it up in the same ale,  
 Frae under where the spectre sat,  
 And up the stair wi' it he gat;  
 Took a gude drink, gaed John anither,  
 But never tauld him o' his brither  
 That he into the cellar saw,  
 Mair than he'd naething seen ava;  
 Right brown and nappy was the beer;  
 Whar did you get it? John did speer,  
 Says Thrummy, Sure you needna care,



I'll gae and try and get some mair,  
 Sae down the stair again he goes,  
 To get o' drink, anither dose,  
 Being positive to hae some mair :  
 But still he fand 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 below,  
 An' up the stair again does go.  
 John marvell'd sair but didna speer  
 Again, where did he get the beer,  
 For it was stronger than the first,  
 Sae they baith drank till like to burst ;  
 Syne did compose themselves to rest,  
 To sleep a while they thought it best.  
 An hour in bed they hadna been,  
 And scarcely weel had closed their een,  
 When just into the neighb'ring cham'er  
 They heard a dreadful din and clamour,  
 Beneath the bed-claes John did cower,  
 But Thrummy jumped upon the floor,  
 Him by the sark-tail John did haud,  
 Lie still, quoth he, fat, are you mad ?  
 Thrummy then gaed a hasty jump,  
 And took John in the ribs a thump,  
 Till on the bed he tumbled down,  
 In little better than a swoon,  
 While Thrummy, fast as he could rin,  
 Set aff to see what made the din.  
 The chamber seemed to him as light  
 As gif the sun was shining bright ;  
 The ghaist was stanin' 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 de'il a word as yet spoke he ;  
 The spirits seemed to kick a ba',  
 The Ghaist against the ither twa :  
 While close they drave baith back and fore  
 Atween the chimla and the door.  
 He stops a while and sees the play,  
 Syne rinnin' up he thus did say :  
 Ane for ane may well compare,  
 But twa for ane is rather sair :  
 The play's nae equal, sae I vow,  
 Dear brother Thrummy, I'll help you,  
 Then wi' his feet he kicked the ba',  
 Gard it play stot against the wa' :  
 Quick then as lightning frae the sky  
 The Spectres, with a horrid cry,  
 A' vanished in a clap of thun'er,  
 While Thrummy at the same did won'er  
 The room was quiet now and dark,  
 And Thrummy stripping in his sark :  
 Glauming the gate back to his bed,  
 Aye 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 his hand.  
 Quoth Thrummy, Friend, I want to know  
 What brings you from the shades below ?  
 I, in my maker's name, command  
 You tell your story just aff hand ?  
 Fat wad you hae ?—I'll do my best  
 For you, to let you be at rest,  
 Then says the Ghaist, 'Tis thirty years  
 Since I've been doom'd to wander here ;  
 In all that time there has been none  
 Behav'd so bold as you have done ;  
 Sae, if you'll do a job for me,  
 Disturbance mair I'll never gie ;  
 Say on your tale, quoth Thrummy, I,

To do you justice, sure will try.  
 Then mark me weel, the Ghaist replied,  
 And you shall soon be satisfied ;  
 Frae this aback near forty years,  
 [ 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 to me,  
 But I an ill return did gie :  
 The Title deeds of his estate,  
 Out of the same I did him cheat,  
 And staw them frae where they did lye ;  
 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 should 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 power  
 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 meikle stane,  
 Did hide them, i' this chamber wa',  
 We'll shewed up in a leather ba',  
 But I was ne'er allowed to rest,  
 Until that I the same confest ;  
 But this to do I hadna power,  
 Frae yon time to this verra hour,  
 That I've reveal'd it a' to you :  
 And now I'll tell you what to do.  
 Till nae langsyne nae mony kent,

That this same Laird the Rights did want,  
 But now they hae him at the law,  
 An' the neist owk the Laird maun shaw,  
 Afore the Court, the Rights o's land,  
 This puts him at an unco stand ;  
 For if he disna shaw them there,  
 O' a' his lands he'll be strip'd bare :  
 Nae hopes has he to save's estate,  
 This makes him sour and unco blate ;  
 He canna think whar's Rights may be,  
 And ne'er expects them mair 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 that you did see,  
 Whan that you said you wad help me ;  
 The Rights are shew'd 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 from all my care,  
 This Thrummy promised to do,  
 And syne the Ghaist bade him adieu,  
 And vanished with a pleasant sound,  
 Down thro' the laft and thro' the ground.  
 Thrummy gade back syne till his bed,  
 And cowardly John was verra glad,  
 That he his neighbour saw once mair,  
 For of his life he did despair.  
 Wow man, quo' John, whar hae ye 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 cham'er quick he gaes,  
 Taks out the stane into the wa',  
 And soon he found the leather ba' ;  
 Took out the Rights, replaced the stane,  
 Ere John did ken whar he had been :  
 Then baith came stappin' down the stair.  
 The morning now was calm and fair.  
 Weel, says the laird, my trusty frien',  
 Hae ye ought in your cham'er 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 nae verra lang :  
 In the meantime it's 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 ;  
 For here I, just before you a',  
 The Rights o' this estate can shaw,  
 And this is mair than you 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 parchment from his pouch then drew  
 And down upon the table threw,  
 The Laird at this up to him ran,  
 And cryed where did ye get them, man ?  
 Syne Thrummy tauld him all the tale,  
 As I've tauld you, baith clear and hale.  
 The Laird at this was fidging fain,  
 That he had got his Rights again ;  
 And fifty guineas down did tell,  
 Besides a present frae himsel'.

Thrummy him thanked, and syne his goud  
 Intil a muckle purse he stowed,  
 An' cramed it in his oxtter pouch,  
 And syne sought out his aiken crutch:  
 Said, Fare-ye-weel, I maun awa,  
 An' see gin I get through the snaw.  
 Weel, fare-ye-weel, replied the Laird:  
 How comes it that ye ha'na shared,  
 Or gi'en your nei'bour o' the money?  
 Na, by my saul, I sir, quo' Thrummy,  
 When I the siller, sir, did win,  
 To had done this wad been a sin,  
 For he cower'd, trembling in the bed,  
 While I it was the Ghaist had laid.  
 And sae my tale I here do end,  
 I hope no one it will offend;  
 My muse will no' assist me langer,  
 The dorty jade sometimes does lang'or.  
 I thought her ance a gay smart lass,  
 But now she's come to sic a pass,  
 That a' my cudgelling and weeping,  
 Will hardly wake her out o' sleeping:  
 To plague her mair I winna try,  
 But dight my pen and lay it bye.

FINIS.



COVER  
TIGHTLY  
BOUND AT  
TOP.  
P. 11-14  
MISSING

