



FARNE

Folk Archive Resource North East



The Backworth Ghost

One Sunday neet, an' very dark,
The wind blew caad an' keen,
A canny lad an' lass
Wis at the station seen.
He'd often seen hor there before
An elwis leuked se hale;
He kindly said "What's up the neet?
Thoo's leukin very pale."

She said, "If thoo the reason knew
What myeks me leuk se sad,
Thoo might be just as bad as me
Altho' thoo is a lad
Aw've been at mony places noo,
In toon an' country tee,
But never felt like this afore,
Oh dear, Aw think Aw'll dee."

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“Thoo munnit dee when Geordie’s here,
It’s serious kind o’wark,
Te think o’ deein’, sic a thing,
Especially in the dark,
Why, what’s the metter? Cum speak oot,
Aw’ll help thoo all Aw can.”
She said, “It’s time that Aw wis in,
But really dorsent gan.

Noo when Aw tell thoo what it is,
Thoo munnit think it’s lees
Aw think Aw’ve seen a ghost the neet
Doon in among the trees.
Maw heart’s gien pit-pat ever since,
As if Aw’d seen sum thieves;
‘Twas myekin sic an aaful noise
Among the fallin’ leaves.”

“It’s nowt but superstition that,
But as thor is ne moon,
An’ seein’ that thor dorsent gan,
Aw’ll gan an’ set thoo doon
Thoo stick with me an’ never fear;
An’ if it shud cum oot
Aw’ll very seun see what it is,
But mind thoo munnit shoot.”

Then doon the road the couple went,
Wi byeth thor hearts quite law.
He lit his pipe, then said te hor:
“Thor’ comfort in the draw.”
He kept hor heart up all the way,
An’ said what he wad dee,
An’ told hor not te run away
If they a ghost shud see.

She pointed to the very spot
Where she haard it last.
he put his airm aroond hor waist,
An’ said, “Gan gently past.”
He said, “Whatever it may be
Te s’ve thoo Aw intend.”
Just at the time they haard a noise
That set his hair on end.

She gave a scream an’ nearly fell,
An almyest like to faint;
An he began te wish hissels
That he had been a saint.
He said “Aw’ll see this very neet
Whatever it mun be.”
She shooted, “Dinnit, dinnit gan.
Whatever will Aw dee?”



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“Stand there,“ he said, “Aw’ll find it oot.”

An then he myed a rsuh,

An shooted, Aw can see the ghost

Beside a proggly bush.”

With hands extended on he went,

But neither firm nor study,

Then presently he laid his hands

Upon a harmless cuddy.

“Cum on, maw jewel, noo thoo’s safe.

Wheiver thowt o’ this.

Aw wish thit we wor bythe as safe

In everlasting bliss.”

They’ve often laughed aboot it since,

But he hes laughed the most,

Te think a cuddy he shud catch,

Instead o’ the Backworth’s ghost.