

YOUNG

RIGOR'S GHOST,

AN

OLD SCOTCH SONG.



GLASGOW:

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13.

YOUNG GRIGOR'S GHOST.

PART I.

Come all ye young lovers in Scotland draw near,
Unto this sad story which now ye shall hear,
Concerning two lovers that liv'd in the north,
Amongst the high mountains that stand beyond Forth
This maid was the daughter of a gentleman,
Of the name of M'Farlane, and of the same clan;
But Grigor was born in a Highland Isle,
And by blood relation her cousin we style.

But where riches are wanting, we oftentimes see,
Few men are esteemed for their pedigree;
His father was forced, when he was a child,
To leave this realm; and when he was exil'd,
His lands they were forfeit, I let you know,
Because of rebellion, the truth for to show,
Both gold and vast riches he with him did give,
For his education, and how he might live.

And solely he to the care of his friend,
Was left by his father to be maintained;
He learn'd him indeed for to read and to write,
In all rules of Arithmetie he made him perfect;
In Latin and French he had taught him also,
That he through the world was fit for to go;
The king was recruiting, all hands did employ,
While her father as a servant used this young boy.

For all kinds of drudgery he made him to serve,
And still to keep him as a corpse of reserve;
Such a beautiful young man was not in the place,
None could compare with him in stature and grace.

The charming Miss Katty was oft in the way,
 One day in love's passion she to him did say,
 My dear cousin Grigor, I've something to tell,
 Which now from my bosom this day I reveal.

You know with lovers I'm plagued to the heart,
 But you are the object that makes me to smart ;
 If you do but love me, dear cousin, said she,
 I'm happy for ever, so therefore be free.
 Then said he, dear Katty, I'm all in a stun,
 I suppose your intentions are nothing but fun ;
 But had I a subject to balance with you,
 I'd count myself happy your suit I might true.

O! said she, dear Grigor, I'm no way in jest,
 And if you deny me, then death's my request ;
 You know the substance and wealth that I have,
 'Tis enough to uphold us all, both gallant and brave.
 I know that my parents for more riches are bent,
 But a few years by nature will make them extinct,
 Till which time, my Grigor, I do make this vow,
 That I never will marry another but you.

O then he consented, and flew to her arms,
 And said, my dear Katty, I'm killed by your charms,
 But if your parents this fond love should know,
 They soon will cause our sad overthrow.
 Of that, my dear Grigor, be silent, I pray,
 This night we will part, and will meet the next day,
 Under the broad oak by the cave in the glen,
 Where more of my mind unto you I'll explain.

PART II.

Her mother, next morning, by a blink of her eye,
 Betwixt her and Grigor great love did espy,

And she to her husband the same soon reveal'd,
 Giving orders to watch them as they're in the field.
 All day then her father went walking about,
 And after her he still kept a look out,
 Till hard on the evening she went to the glen,
 Where Grigor was waiting to hear her explain

The way they would manage and make matters go,
 Her father did follow and heard them also,
 He stepped in softly, stood over the eave,
 Hearing their discourses, how they would behave.
 At length he advanced, cried, Grigor, what now?
 Is this the reward from such an orphan as you?
 You know I've maintained you since seven years old,
 And now your intentions they seem very bold.

Then Grigor ask'd pardon, and thus he did say,
 Sir, I'm at your disposal, then do as you may;
 The old man in a passion there chiding did stand,
 Till Katty took courage and speech into hand.
 Why mean ye, dear father, on us for to frown?
 Was this man a beggar I'm sure he's our own,
 He's of our kindred, our flesh, and our blood,
 And you know very well his behaviour is good.

'Tis him that I chose for my husband, and shall;
 Go, give all your riches to whom that you will,
 Do not think I'm a hog or a horse to be sold,
 Away to some num-skull that has nought but gold?
 The father in a rage to the mother did go,
 And told their proceedings with sorrow and woe;
 He seem'd that night as his anger had been gone,
 Lest that young Grigor from the place should abscond.

But he sent a messenger into Inverness,
 Which brought out a party young Grigor to press;
 And for to make ready gave no time we hear,
 He ask'd but one favour, a word of his dear.
 When being denied, the old man with a frown,
 Said, soldiers can have sweethearts in every town;
 At this the young lady cried bitterly,
 May the heavens requite you for your cruelty.

Young Grigor took courage and marched away,
 When the Captain viewed him, thus to him did say,
 For the lady that lov'd you, sir, I pity her ease,
 Who's lost such a beauty and sweet blooming face.
 His lady eried out, what a wretch can he be,
 Caus'd press this young man for no perjury.
 His long yellow hair to his middle hangs down,
 O'er his broad shoulders so fine round and round.

Now Grigor considering his pitiful ease,
 Received the bounty, and swore the peace;
 His captain unto him a furlough he gave,
 To see his dear Katty he once more did crave.
 Two lines he then sent her by a solid hand,
 That he under the oak at midnight would stand,
 For to wait upon her, and hear her complaint,
 And there for to meet him she was well content.

Her vows she renewed, with tears not a few,
 And a gold-ring on's finger as a token she drew,
 Which was not to move, come death or come life,
 Till that happy moment he made her his wife.
 She fain would go with him, but he answered no,
 For your parents will follow, and cause us more woe;

My Maker be witness, and this green oak, said he,
That I ne'er shall enjoy a woman but thee.

And there then he left her a-weeping full sore,
Poor creature, she never got sight of him more,
For in short time thereafter, he went to sea,
And left the sight of Britain with the tear in his eye,
And went to America, their orders being so.
There proved a gallant soldier, and valour did show;
That for his behaviour they ne'er could him blame,
From a Corporal at last to a Sergeant he came.

PART III.

Being near Fort Niagara in the year fifty-nine,
On the thirtieth of July as he always did incline,
To frequent the green-wood, at some distant place,
To breath out his sorrows, his mind to solace.
Among the savage Indians, alas! there he fell,
But how he was murdered we cannot well tell,
For on the next morning they found him there dead,
Two Indians lay by him wanting their heads.

Cut off with his broad-sword, as is understood,
As there all about him was nothing but blood;
Five wounds in his body, his hair scalp'd away,
His clothes, sword and pistol of all made a prey.
And one of his fingers from his hand they had cut,
On which was the gold-ring from his lover he got,
In that very moment though in Scotland we hear,
A dreadful spectre to his love did appear.

As she was a-weeping under the green oak,
He quickly past by her and not a word spoke,
Yet, shaking his left hand, where the ring he did wear,
It wanted a finger, and blood dropped there.

Whereat the young lady was struek with amaze,
 And rose to run after, and on him did gaze ;
 As she knew it was Grigor, but how in that place,
 It made her to wonder and dread the sad ease.

With terror and grief home she did retire,
 And spent the whole night in weeping and prayer ;
 So, early next morning she rose with the sun,
 And went back to the green oak to weep all alone.
 For always she esteem'd that place as we hear,
 As on it she got the last sight of her dear ;
 As there she sat weeping and tearing her hair,
 Again the pale speetre to her did appear.

And with a wild aspect it stared in her faee,
 Then said, O dear Katty, do not me embraee,
 For I'm but a spirit though shining in blood,
 My body lies murdered in a foreign wood.
 There's two wounds in my body, and three in my side,
 With hatchets and arrows, that's both deep and wide,
 My scalp and fine hair for a premium are sold,
 And also my finger with the ring of pure gold.

Which you threw upon it as a mark of true love,
 Love's stronger than death, for it does remove,
 But my earnest desire it is for you, my dear,
 And till you are with me I'll still wander here.
 For this world's but vanity, all's but a vain show,
 'Tis nought to the pleasures where we are to go ;
 She went to embrace him, being void of all fright,
 But he in a moment went cut of her sight.

Then home in great horror to her father did run,
 Crying, O! cruel father, now what have you done?
 Grigor, lov'd Grigor came to me in blood,
 And his body lies murdered in an American wood.
 He shew'd me his wounds, and each bleeding sore,
 And therefore my pleasures on earth are no more,
 Her father looked at her as one being amaz'd,
 Then said, My dear Katty, your brains they are craz'd.

But still she maintain'd it, and cried like a child,
 Ne'er after was seen for to laugh nor to smile;
 Brought to her all doctors, whose skill was in vain,
 But still gave opinion she was sound in the brain.
 Her body decayed, her face grew wan and pale,
 She soar'd to her true love, beyond death's dark vale,
 First her, then her mother, in one night expir'd,
 I hope she enjoys the bliss she desir'd.

Now the old father cries, bereft of all joys,
 Though he has plenty of gold, no girls nor boys.
 Let all cruel parents to this take great heed,
 His pretty young daughter is now with the dead.