

YOUNG GRIGOR'S GHOST.



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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,
 In the name of M'Farlane, he 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 to 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 maintain'd;
 He learn'd him indeed, to read and to write,
 In all rules of Arithmetic 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 us'd this young boy.

In all kinds of drudgery he made him to serve,
 And still so he kept him as a corps of reserve;
 Such a beautiful young man was not in the place,
 None could compare with him, in stature & grace.

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

You know that with courters I'm plagu'd to the
 heart,

But you are the object that makes me to smart;
 If you can but love me, dear cousin! said she,
 I'm happy for ever, and therefore be free.

Then said he, dear Katty, I'm all in a stun,
 I suppose your intentions are nothing but fun;
 For 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 gallant and brave.

I know that my parents for more riches are bent,
 But a few years by nature will make them extinet;
 To 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 kill'd by your
 charms.

But if your parents this fond love should know,
 They soon would carve out 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.

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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 has 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 off 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 cave,
Hearing their discourse, how they would behave.
At length he advanced, cry'd, Grigor, what now!
Is this the reward from such an orphan as you?
You know I've maintain'd 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 took speech in hand,

What mean you, 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 very well know his behaviour is good.

'Tis him that I choice for my husband and shall,
Go give all your riches to whom that you will;
Do not think I'm a horse or a hog to be sold
Away to some num-skill that has nought but gold.

The father in a rage to the mother did go,
And told their proceedings with sorrow and woe,

Yet seem'd that night as his anger had been gone,
Lest that young Grigor 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, no time gave we hear,
He ask'd but one favour, a word of his dear.

When being deny'd, the old man with a frown,
Said, Soldiers can have sweethearts in every town:
At this the young Lady cry'd bitterly,
May the heavens requite you for your cruelty.

Young Grigor took courage and marched away,
When the captain viewed him, this to him did say,
For the Lady that lov'd you, Sir, I piety her case,
Who's lost such a beauty and sweet blooming face.

His lady cry'd out, What a wretch can he be,
Caus'd press this young man for no injury!
His long yellow hair to his haunches hang'd down,
Over his broad shoulders from ear to ear round.

Now Grigor, considering his pitiful case,
Received the bounty, and swore to the peace,
His Captain unto him a furlong he gave,
To see his dear Katty once more he did crave.

Two lines then he 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 threw,
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
 wo;

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

And here where 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 prov'd a gallant soldier, and valour did show,
 That for his behaviour they ne'er could him blame,
 From a corporal, at last to a serjeant he came.

PART III.

BEing near Fort Niagara, in the year fifty-nine,
 On the 30th 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! here 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 head.

Cut off with his broad sword as they understood,
 As there all around him was nothing but blood,
 Five wounds in his body, his hair scalpt away,
 His clothes, sword, and pistol of all made a prey:

And one of his fingers from his hand they had cut,
 On which the gold-ring from his love he had 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 the left hand, where the ring he did
wear,

Which wanting a finger and blood dropping were.

Whereat the young Lady was struck 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 case.

With terror and griet, home she did retire,
And spent the whole night in weeping and prayer,
So early next morning she rose with the sun,
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 spectre to her did appear,

And with a wild aspect it star'd in her face,
Then said, O dear Katty, do not me embrace;
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 is 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,

For 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,
It's 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 out of her sight.

Then home in great horror to her father did
run,
Cry'd, Oh! cruel father, now what have you done;
Grigor! loved Grigor! came to me in blood!
And his body lies murder'd 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 look'd 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 cry'd like a child;
Ne'er was seen for to laugh, nor yet for to smile;
Brought to her all doctors, whose skill was in vain,
Who still gave opinion she was sound in the brain.

Her body decay'd, and her face 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 he cries, bereft of all joys,
Tho' 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.

F I N I S.