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# YOUNG GRIGOR'S GHOST.

IN THREE PARTS.

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# YOUNG GRIGOR'S GHOST.

## PART I.

Come all you young lovers in Scotland draw near,  
Unto this sad story which now ye shall hear,  
Concerning two lovers that liv'd in the North,  
Among the high mountains that stand beyond the  
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 w<sup>o</sup> style.

But where riches is wanting we oftentimes see,  
Few men are esteem'd for their pedigree,  
His father was forc'd when he was a child,  
To leave this realm, and was exil'd.

His hands they were forfeit, I let you know,  
Because of rebellion the truth for to shew;  
Broad 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 learned him indeed for to read and to write,  
In all rules of arithmetic he made him perfect.

In Latin and French he had him taught also,  
That he through the world was fit for to go,  
The king then recruiting all hands did employ,  
While her father as a servant did use this young boy.

In all kinds of drudgery he made him to serve  
And still so he kept him as a corp<sup>s</sup> of reserve,

Such a beautiful young man was not in the place,  
None could compare with him in stature and grace.

This 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 bosom this day I'll reveal.

You know that with courters I'm plagued to the heart,  
But you are the object that makes me to smart,  
If you can but love, 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 intensions are nothing but fun,  
For had I a subject to balance with you,  
I'd count myself happy, your suit I might try.

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 extinct,  
To which 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, dear Katty, I'm kill'd with your charms,  
But if your parents this fond love should know,  
They will soon carve out my overthrow.

Of that my dear Grigor, be silent I pray,  
This night we will part, & we'll 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 blink of her eye,  
 Perceived between her and Grigor great love to be,  
 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 did keep a look out,  
 Till hard in 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 the whole counsel, how they should behave.

At last he advanced, cried Grigor what now,  
 Is this the reward from such an orphan as 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 this 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 own kind, our flesh and our blood,  
 And you very well know 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 horse or a hog to be sold,  
 Away to some numskull that has nought but gold.

The father in a rage to her mother did go,  
 And told the 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 message into Inverness,  
 Which brought out a party young Grigor to press,  
 And for to make ready no time gave, we hear,  
 He asked but one favour, a word of his dear.

Which being deny'd, the old man in a frown,  
 Said, soldiers can have sweethearts in every town;  
 At this the young lady cried out bitterly,  
 May the heavens requite you for your cruelty.

Young Grigor took courage and march'd away,  
 When his captain view'd him & this to him did say,  
 For the lady that lov'd you, Sir, I pity her case,  
 Who's lost such a beauty and sweet blooming face.

His lady cried out, What a wretch can he be,  
 Caus'd press this young man for no injury,  
 His long yellow hair to his haunches hang 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 furlough he gave,  
 To see his dear Katty once more he did crave.

Two lines he sent her by a solid hand,  
 That he under the oak at midnight should stand,

For to wait upon her and hear her complaint,  
And there for to meet him she was well content.

Her vows she renew'd with tears not a few,  
And a gold ring on his 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 woe,  
My Maker be witness and this green Oak, said he,  
That I never 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 a short time thereafter he went to the sea,  
And left the sight of Britain with a tear in his eye.

And went to America their orders were so,  
There prov'd a gallant soldier, and valour did shew,  
That for his behaviour they ne'er could him blame,  
From a corporal at last to a serjeant became.

### 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 or some distant place  
To breath out his sorrows his mind to solace.

Amongst 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 heads.

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 scalp away,  
His clothes, sword, & pistols, of all they made a prey:

And one of his fingers from his hand they had cut,  
On which the gold ring from his lover he got:  
On 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,  
Which wanted a finger, and blood dropping there.

Whereat the young lady was struck with amaze,  
And rose to run after, and on him to 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 grief, 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:  
And as 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 am but spirit though shining in blood,  
My body lies murdered in a far foreign wood.

There's two wounds in my body and three in my side,  
With hatchets and arrows they're 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 not 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 pleasure where we are to go,  
She went to embrace him being all of a fright,  
But he in a moment went out of her sight.

Then home in great horror to her father did run,  
Cried, Oh! cruel Father, now what have you done,  
Grigor, lov'd Grigor, came to me in blood,  
And his body lies murder'd in an American wood.

And 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 decayed, and the 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  
Though he has plenty of gold, no girls nor boys,  
Let all cruel parents to this take heed,  
His pretty young daughter is now with the dead.

FINIS.