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Young Gregor's

GHOST;

IN THREE PARTS.

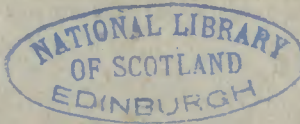
TO WHICH IS ADDED,

Clerk Colville.



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Young Gregor'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 'yond the Forth.

This maid was the daughter of a gentleman,
In the name of M'Farlane and of the same clan;
But Gregor was born in a Highland Isle,
And by blood relation her cousin we 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, for he was exil'd.

His lands they were forfeit I let you know,
Because of rebellion the truth for to shew;
Bread, 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 freind,
Was left by his father to be maintain'd,
He learned him indeed for to read and to write,
In the rules of arithmetic he made him profite.

In Latin and French he taught him also,
That he thro' 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 corps of reserve,
Such a beautiful young man was not in the place,
None could compare with him in stature and grace.

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

You know that with courters I'm plagu'd to the heart; I
 But you are the object that makes me to smart,
 If you can but love me, dear eousin, said she,
 I'm happy for ever, and therefore be free.

Then said he, dear Katy, I'm all in a stun,
 I suppose your intentions are nothing but fun;
 For had I a subject to balancee with you,
 I'd count myself happy, your suit I might rue.

O! said she, dear Gregor, 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 you my dear Gregor, 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 Katy, 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 Gregor, be silent I pray,
 This night we will part, and 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 the blink of her ee,
 Perceived great love 'tween her and Gregor 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 still he did keep a look out,
 'Till hard in the evening, she went off to the glen,
 Where Gregor 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; Gregor, 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 Gregor 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 Katy took courage and took speech in hand.

What mean you, dear father, on us for to frown,
 Was the man a beggar, I'm sure he's our own,
 He's of our own kindred, our flesh and our blood,
 And you very well know his behaviour is good.

'Tis him that I choose 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 nothing but gold.

The father in a rage to her mother did go,
 And told the proceedings with sorrow and woe,
 Yet seem'd as his anger that night had been gone,
 Lest that young Gregor the place should abscon.

But he sent a message into Inverness,
 Which brought out a party young Gregor 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 Gregor took courage, and marched away;
 When his captain view'd him he 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 Gregor considering his pitiful case,
Received the bounty and swore to the peace,
His captain unto him a furlough he gave,
To see his dear Katy 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 answer'd, 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.

He went to America, their orders were so,
There prov'd a gallant soldier, and valour did shew,
That for his behaviour she 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 breathe 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,
 And an Indian lay by him wanting his 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 scalp away,
 His clothes, sword, and 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, tho' 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 Gregor, 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,
 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 Katy, do not me embrace,
 For I am but spirit, tho' shining in blood,
 My body lies murder'd 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 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,
Gregor, lov'd Gregor, came to me in bloody
And his body lies murthered in an American wood.

And still she maintain'd it, and cry'd like a child,
Never 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 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 expired,
I hope she enjoy's the bliss she desir'd.

Now the old father he cries, bereft of all joys,
Tho' he has plenty of gold he has neither girls nor boys;
Let all cruel parents to this then take heed,
His pretty young daughter is now with the dead.

Clerk Colvill; or, the Mermaid.

CLERK COLVILL and his lusty dame
Were walking in the garden green;
The belt around her stately waist
Cost Clerk Colvill of pounds fifteen.
"O promise me now, Clerk Colvill,
Or it will cost ye muckle strife;
Ride never by the wells of Slane,
If ye wad live and brook your life."

“ Now speak nae mair my lusty dame,
 Now speak nae mair of that to me;
 Did I ne'er see a fair woman,
 But I wad sin with her fair body ?”

He's ta'en leave o' his gay lady,
 Nought minding what his lady said;
 And he's rode by the wells of Slane,
 Where washing was a bonny maid.

“ Wash on, wash on, my bonny maid,
 That wash sae clean your sark of silk ;”
 “ And weel fa' you, fair gentleman,
 Your body's whiter than the milk,”

Then loud, loud cried the Clerk Colvill,
 O my head it pains me sair ;
 “ Then take, then take,” the maiden said,
 “ And frae my sark you'll cut a gare.”

Then she's gi'ed him a little banc-knife,
 And frae his sark he cut a share ;
 She's ty'd it round his whey-white face,
 But ay his head it aked mair.

Then louder cried the Clerk Colvill,
 “ O sairer, sairer akes my head ;”
 “ And sairer, sairer ever will,”
 The maiden cries, “ 'till you be dead.”

Out then he drew his shining blade,
 Thinking to stick her where she stood :
 But she was vanish'd to a fish,
 And swam far off a fair mermaid.

“ O mother, mother, braid my hair ;
 My lusty lady, make my bed ;
 O brother take my sword and spear,
 For I have seen the false mermaid.”