

# GRIGOR'S GHOST;

OR, THE

## CONSTANT LOVERS.

IN THREE PARTS.



BRECHIN:  
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# GRIGOR'S GHOST.

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## PART I.

COME all you lovers in Scotland give ear,  
Unto the sad story which now you shall hear,  
Concerning two lovers that liv'd in the north,  
Among the high mountains that stand beyond Forth.

This maid was the daughter of a gentleman,  
In the name of M'Farlane of the same clan,  
But Grigor was born in an outlandish isle,  
And by blood relation her cousin we style.

But where riches is 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 dy'd when exil'd.

His lands they were forfeit, I let you to know,  
Because of rebellion the truth for to show,  
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 learn'd him indeed for to read and to write,  
In all rules of arithmetic he made him perfit.

In latin and french he was teach'd 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 corpse of reserve—

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

This charming Miss Kitty was oft in his 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 that with courtiers, I'm plagued to the heart,  
But you are the object that makes me to smart ;  
If you can but love me, dear cousin, said she,  
I am happy for ever, and therefore be free.

Then said he, dear Kitty, I'm all in a stun,  
I suppose your intention is nothing but fun ;  
For had I a portion to balance with you,  
I'd count myself happy, and your suit I might true.

O said she, dear Grigor, I'm no ways in jest,  
And if you deny me, then death's my request ;  
You know all the substance and wealth that I have  
Is enough to maintain us both gallant and brave.

I know my parents for more riches are bent,  
But a few years by nature will make them extinct ;  
Till which time, dear Grigor, I do make this vow,  
That I shall never marry another but you.

O then he consented, and flew in her arms,  
And said, my dear Kitty, I'm kill'd by your charms ;  
But if your parents this fond love should know,  
They soon will carve out our sad overthrow.

Of that, my love Grigor, be silent, I pray,  
This night let us part and meet the next day,  
Under the broad oak, by the cave in the glen,  
Where more of my love to you I'll explain.

## P A R T II.

HER mother next morning, by blink of her eye,  
 Perceiv'd 'twixt her and Grigor great love to be;  
 And she to her husband the same hath reveal'd,  
 Who orders to watch them as they were in the field.

All day then her father went walking about,  
 And after her, her father he still did look out,  
 Till hard upon evening she went off to the glen,  
 Where Grigor was waiting to here her explain.

What way they should rightly make matters to go,  
 Her father did follow and heard them also—  
 He stepping in softly, stood over the cave,  
 And heard the whole story how they would behave.

At last he advanced, cried, Grigor, what now?  
 Is this a reward for such an orphan as you?  
 You know I've maintain'd you from 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 his daughter got courage, and took it 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 your own kindred, your flesh, and your blood,  
 And you know very well his behaviour is good.

'Tis him that I choose for my husband and shall;  
 Go give all your money to whom that you will;  
 Do not think me a horse or a hog, to be sold  
 Away to a numskull that has nought but gold.

The father in a rage to her mother did go,  
 And told their proceedings with sorrow and woe;  
 Yet seemed that night if his anger had been gone,  
 Lest that the young Grigor the place should abscond.

But sent in a message to 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.

That being deny'd him, the old man with a frown,  
 Said, soldiers can have sweethearts in every town.  
 At this the young lady cried out bitterly.  
 Young Grigor took courage, and marched away.

When his captain view'd him, thus to him did say,  
 This young lady that loves you, I pity her case,  
 Who has lost such a comfort and blooming face,  
 Altho' you have done them not any disgrace.

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 hung down,  
 O'er his broad shoulders from ear to ear round.

Now Grigor considering his pitiful case,  
 Received the bounty, and swore to the peace;  
 His captain to him a furlough did give,  
 To see his dear Kitty once more did he crave.

Two lines he wrote her by a solid hand,  
 That he under the oak at midnight would stand,  
 For to wait upon her and hear her complaint,  
 And therefore to meet him she was well content.

Her vows she renewed, with tears not a few,  
 And a gold-ring for a token on his finger she threw,

Was ne'er to remove hence, 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 you more woe;  
But my Maker be witness, with this oak, said he,  
That I never will marry another woman but thee.

And here where he left her a-weeping full sore,  
Poor creature she ne'er got a sight of him more!  
For in short time thereafter he went to the sea,  
And lost sight of Britain with the tear in his eye.

He went to America, their orders were so,  
Where he proved a soldier and valour did show,  
That for his behaviour, they ne'er could him blame,  
From a corp'ral at last to a serjeant he came.

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### P A R T III.

BEING near Fort Nigaria, the year fifty-nine,  
On the thirtieth of July, as he did always incline  
To frequent the green woods, or some distant place,  
And breathe out in sorrow, his mind to sojace.

Among the savage Indians, alas! there he fell,  
But how he was murder'd we cannot well tell;  
For the next morning they found him there dead,  
Two Indians lay by him who wanted their heads.

He cut with his broad sword, as they understood,  
And then all around him was nothing but blood.  
Five wounds in his body, his hair scalpt away,  
His cloaths, sword, and pistol, of all made a prey.



One of his fingers from his hand they had cut,  
Whereon was the ring from his love he had got;  
And at that very moment in Scotland we hear,  
A most dreadful spectre to his love did appear.

For as she was weeping under the green oak,  
He quickly pass'd by her, but not a word spoke;  
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 it did gaze,  
As she knew in was Grigor; but how in this 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 by the sun,  
Went back to the green oak to weep all alone.

For always she esteemed 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 mild aspect it stared in her face,  
Then said, O dear Kitty, do not me embrace;  
For I'm but a spirit, tho' shining in blood,  
My body lies murder'd in a foreign wood.

There's two wounds in my breast, and three in my side,  
With hatchets and arrows, both deep and wide;  
My scalp of fine hair for a premium is sold,  
And also my finger, with the ring of pure gold.

Which you put 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 be with me I'll still wander here.

For this world's but vanity, all is a vain show,  
It's nought to the pleasures where we are to go.  
She then went to embrace him being void of fright,  
But he in a moment went out of her sight.

Then home in great haste to her father did run,  
Cry'd, oh! cruel father, now what have you done,  
'Grigor, loved 'Grigor came to me all in blood,  
And his body lies murder'd in a foreign wood.

He shew'd me his wounds and each bloody score,  
And therefore my pleasure on earth is no more.  
Her father looked at her as one being amaz'd,  
Then said, my dear Kitty, your brain it is craz'd!

But still she maintain'd it, and cry'd like a child,  
Never after was seen for to laugh or to smile.  
They brought her all doctors, whose skill was in fame,  
Who still gave opinion she was sound in the brain.

Her body decay'd, and her face turned pale,  
She soar'd to her true love beyond death's dark vale.  
First her, then her mother, the same night expired—  
I hope now she enjoys the bliss she desired.

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

FINIS