

YOUNG

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GREGOR'S GHOST

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By James Gregor.



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Young Grigor's Ghost.

COME all ye young lovers in Scotland draw near,
Unto this sad story which now you 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 Macfarlane, 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 esteem'd for their pedigree:
His father was forced, when he was a child,
To leave his family, and 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 for to be maintain'd;
He learn'd him indeed to read and to write,
In all rules of arithmetic he made him perfit,

In Latin and French he was 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 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 and grace.

This charming Miss Katty was oft in his way;
Day in love's passion she to him did say,

Dear cousin, Grigor, I have something to tell,
 Which now from my bosom this day I reveal.
 You know that with courtiers I'm plagu'd to the
 heart,

But you are the subject that makes me to smart;
 If ye 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.

Ah! said she, dear Grigor, I'm no ways in jest,
 And if you deny me death's my request:
 You know the substance and wealth that I have,
 It is 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 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 with your charms,
 But if your parents this fond love should know,
 They soon will carve out my sad overthrow.

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

P A R T II.

HER mother, next morn'g, 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 when they're in the field

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All day then her father went walking about,
And after his daughter did still keep 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 should manage and make matters go,
Her father did follow and heard them also:
He stepped on softly, flood over the cave,
Hearing their discourse how they should behave.

At last he advanc'd, and cried, 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 biggar, 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 choice for my husband, and shall,
Go give all your riches to whom that you will,
Don't think I'm a horse or a cow to be sold,
Away to some num-scull that has aething but gold.

The father in a rage to the mother did go,
And told the proceedings with sorrow and woe,
Yet seem'd that night as if his anger had been gone;
Lest that young Grigor the place might abscone,

But he sent a messenger 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.

Which being deny'd, the old man with a frown,
Said soldiers can have sweethearts in every town.

At this the young lady cried most bitterly,
 May the heavens reward you for your cruelty.

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

His lady cried out. What a wretch he must be,
 Caused press this young man for no injury.
 His long yellow hair to his haunches hang 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 unto him a furlough he gave,
 For 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 should 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 his finger as a token she threw,
 Which was not to move come death or come life,
 Till that happy moment you make me your wife.

She fain would go with him but he answer'd her no,
 For your parents will follow and cause us more woe.
 My maker be witness and this green oak tree,
 That I'll never enjoy another woman but thee.

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

They went to America, their orders were so,
 Where he 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 serjeant he came.

P A R T III.

BEING near Fort Niagara in the year fifty-nine,
 On the 30th of July, he always did incline,
 To frequent the green wood or 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 we found him there dead,
 Two Indians lay by him wanting their heads.

Cut off by his broad sword as we understood,
 As the place all around him was nothing but blood;
 Five wounds in his body, his hair scalp away,
 His clothes, sword and pistol, of all made a prey.

And one of his fingers from his hand they did cut,
 On which was the gold ring from his lover he got.
 In 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 were.

Whereat the young lady was struck with amaze,
 And rose to run after, and him on 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 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 she always esteemed that place as we hear,
 As on it she got the 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 fair'd in her face,
 Then said, O my 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 2 wounds in my body and 3 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 not remove;
 My earnest desire it is for you my dear,
 And till you are with me I'll still wander here.

Fort this world's but vāgity, all but a vain show,
 It's nought to the pleasure where we are to go.
 She went to embrace him, being void of of all fright,
 But he in a minute was 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 mureded in an American wood.

He show'd me his wounds and each bloody 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 brain's turley craz'd.

But still she maintai'd it, and cried like a child;
 Frought to her all doctors whose skill was in vain,
 Who still gave opinion she was found 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,
 Left her, then her mother, in one night expir'd,
 I hope she enjoys the blest she desir'd.

Now his 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 great heed,
His pretty young daughter is now with the dead.

Gloomy December.

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December.

Ance mair I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair.
Fond lovers parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming mild on the soft-parting hour;
But dire feelling, O farewell for ever,
Anguish unming'd, and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown,
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Till my last hope and last comfort is gone.
— Still shall I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
Still shall I hail thee with sorrow and care,
For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh, ne'er to meet mair.

F I N I S.