

YOUNG
 Bateman's
 Ghost!
 AND
 The Chevalier's Lament
 After the BATTLE of CULLODEN.



FALKIRK—Printed by T. JOHNSTON.

1817.

YOUNG BATEMAN'S GHOST

TUNE—*Flying Fame.*

YOU dainty dames so finely fram'd
 of beauty's chiefest mould.
 And you that trip it up and down,
 like lambs of Cupid's fold,
 Here is a less'n to be learn'd,
 a lesson in the mind,
 For such as will prove false in love,
 and bear a faithless mind.

Not far from Nottingham, of lato,
 in Clifton, as I hear,
 There dwelt a fair and comely dame,
 none with her could compare!
 Her cheeks were like the crimson rose,
 yet, as you may perceive,
 The fairest face, the falsest heart,
 the soonest will deceive.

This gallant dame she was belov'd
 of many of that place,
 And many fought, in marriage-bed,
 her body to embrace:

At last a proper handsome youth,
 Young Bateman call'd by name,
 In hopes she would become his wife,
 unto this maiden came.

Such love and liking there was found,
 that he from all the rest
 Had stolen away the maiden's heart,
 and she did love him best:
 Then plighted promise secretly
 did pass between them two,
 That nothing could but death itself,
 this true-love knot undo.

He brake a piece of gold in twain,
 one half to her he gave,
 The other as a pledge, quoth he,
 dear love, myself will have:
 If I do break my vow, quoth she,
 while I remain alive,
 May ne'er a thing I take in hand,
 be seen at all to thrive.

This passed on for two months space,
 and then the maid began
 To settle love and liking too,
 upon another man:

One German, who a widower was,
 her husband needs must be,
 Because he is of greater wealth,
 and better in degree.

Her vows and promise lately made
 to Bateman, she deny'd;
 And in spite of him and his,
 she utterly defy'd.

Well then, quoth he, if it be so,
 that thou wilt me forsake,
 And like a false forlorn wretch,
 another husband take,

Thou shalt not live one quiet hour,
 for surely I will have

Thee either now alive or dead,
 when I'm laid in the grave:

Thy faithless mind thou shalt repent,
 therefore be well assur'd,

When for thy sake thou hear'st report
 what torments I endur'd.

But mark how Bateman died for love,
 and finished his life,

That very day she married was,
 and made old German's wife!

For with a strangling cord, (God wot, and
 great moan was made therefore,) as
 He hang'd himself in desperate sort,
 before the bride's own door.

Whereat such sorrow pierc'd her heart,
 and troubled sore her mind,
 That she could never, after that,
 one day of comfort find:
 And wheresoever she did go,
 her fancy did surmise
 Young Bateman's pale and ghastly ghost
 appear'd before her eyes.

When she in bed one night did ly,
 betwixt her husband's arms,
 In hopes thereby to sleep and rest
 in safety without harm,
 Great cries and grievous groans she heard,
 and voice that sometimes said,
 Oh! thou art she that I must have,
 and will not be deny'd.

But she being now grown big with child,
 was, for the infant's sake,
 Preserved from the spirit's power,
 no vengeance could it take:

The babe unborn did safely keep,
 as God appointed so,
 His mother's body from the fiend,
 that fought her overthrow.

But being of her burden eas'd,
 and safely brought to bed,
 Her cares and grief began a-new,
 and further sorrow bred;
 And of her friends she did entreat,
 desiring them to stay,
 Out of the bed, quoth she, this night
 I shall be borne away.

Here comes the spirit of my love,
 with pale and ghastly face,
 Wh., till he carry me henceforth,
 will not depart this place:
 Alive or dead, I'm his by right,
 and he will surely have,
 In spite of me and all the world,
 what I by promise gave.

Oh! watch with me this night, I pray,
 and see you do not sleep;
 No longer than you do keep wake,
 my body can you keep.

(67)

All promised to do their best,
yet nothing could suffice,
In middle of the night, to keep
sad slumber from their eyes.

So being all full fast asleep,
to them unknown which way,
The child-bed woman, that woeful night,
from thence was borne away!
And to what place no creature knew,
nor to this day can tell;
As strange a thing as ever yet
in any age befel.

You maidens that desire to love,
and would good husbands chuse,
To him that you do vow to love,
by no means do refuse:
For God, that hears all secret oaths,
will dreadful vengeance take
On such that of a lawful vow,
do slender reckoning make.

THE CHEVALIER'S LAMENT,
After the BATTLE of CULLODEN.

THE small birds rejoice
in the green leaves returning
The murmuring streamlet
runs clear thro' the vale;

The primroses blow
 in the dew of the morning,
 And wild scatter'd cowslips
 bedeck the green dale.

But what can give pleasures,
 or what can seem fair,
 When the lingering moments
 are number'd by care?

No birds sweetly singing,
 nor flowers gaily springing,
 Can sooth the sweet bolom
 of joyless despair.

The deed that I dar'd,
 could it merit their malice;
 A King and a Father
 to place on his throne?

His rights are these hills,
 and his rights are these valleys,
 Where the wild beasts find shelter,
 but I can find none.

But 'tis not my suff'rings,
 thus wretched forlorn,
 My brave gallant friends,
 'tis your ruin I mourn!

F I N I S.