**The Ghost of the Keltic**

Henry Corson was a rich man from the Midwest

More money to his name than one could need

He sought a better life for Julia, his lover

So he took her where the air was fresh and clean

They headed for the shores of Nova Scotia

With many plans and dreams they wished could be

And when they built their home on the island of Cape Breton

They found their paradise beside the sea

For many years they lived in their mansion by the ocean

It was somewhere that they now could call their home

As she grew better, his condition worsened

And he passed away and left her on her own

She knew that she could never make it by her lonesome

So she let the homestead go and walked away

And by the time she left this world, they turned his vision

Into the modern land you see today

She walks along the road wearing her white gown

And goes to meet her lover, though she never makes a sound

The whisper in the wind tells the ever-living tale

Of the haunted land beyond the Cabot Trail

They say if you go out and glance upon the courtyard

You’ll see her walking down the road alone

As she searches high and low to find her lover

Who passed away and left her on her own

The years go on but still her spirit lingers

And haunts the halls of what was once their home

So if you plan to visit that old courtyard

You may catch a glimpse of Julie as she roams

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And goes to meet her lover, though she never makes a sound

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