

THE

Poor Nevoy Pres'd

AT THE

Desire of the Deceitful Uncle:

OR,

Young GRIGOR's Ghost.

TO WHICH IS ADDED.

Green Grows the Rashes.



A 30 T

Young Grigor's Ghost.

P A R T I

Come all ye young lovers in Scotland draw near,
Unto this sad story which now ye shall hear,
Concerning two lovers that liv'd in the North,
Amongst the high mountains that stand beyond North
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 is wanting we oftentimes see,
Few men are esteem'd for their pedigree;
His father was forced when he was a child,
'To leave this realm, and when exil'd
His lands they were forfeit, 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 perfect.
In Latin and French he had him 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 Katy was oft in the way;
One day in love's passion, she to him did say,
Dear cousin Grigor, I've something to tell,

Which now from my bosom this day I reveal.
 You know that with contentment I'm pleas'd to be;
 But you are the subject that makes me to smart;
 If you can but love me, dear cousin! said she,
 I'm happy for ever, and therefore be free.
 Then said he dear Katy, I'm all in a fun,
 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 rue.

A! said she dear Grigor, 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 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 his arms,
 And said my dear Katy I'm kill'd with your charms,
 But if your parents this fond love should know,
 They would soon carve out my last overthrow,
 Of that my dear Grigor, 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.

P A R T II.

HER mother next morning by a blink of her eye,
 Betwixt her and Grigor great love did spy:
 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 he still did 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 matter
 If r father did follow, and heard them also, (po
 He stepped in softly, stood over the cave,
 Hearing their discourse, how they should behave.
 At last he advanced, cry'd 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 Katy took courage and took speech 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 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;
 Do not think I'm horse, or a hog to be sold
 Away to some num-skull that has sought but gold
 The father in a rage to the mother did go,
 And told the proceeding with sorrow and woe,
 Yet seem'd that night as his anger had been gone
 Left that young Grigor the place should abandon.

But he sent a message into 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
 When being deny'd the old man with a frown,
 Said Soldiers can have sweethearts in ev'ry town
 At this the young Lady cry'd bitterly,
 May the Heav'ns requite you for your cruelty!

Young Grigor took courage and marched away
 When his Captain view'd him, this to him did say
 For the Lady that lov'd you Sir, I pity her case,
 Wh'rs lost such a beauty and sweet blooming face

And cry'd out, What a wretch can he be,
 To press this young man for no injury!
 Long yellow hair, his tresses hang down,
 On his broad shoulders, from ear to ear round.
 Now Gligor considering his pitiful case,
 Gave the bounty and, swore to the peace,
 Captain unto him a forlough he gave,
 For his dear Katy once more he did crave.
 In lines, then he sent her by a solid hand,
 That he under the oak at midnight should stand,
 To wait upon her and hear her complaint,
 Where there for to meet him she was well content.
 Her vows she renew'd, with tears not a few,
 And a gold ring on's finger as a token she threw,
 Which was not to move come death or come life,
 At that happy moment he made her his wife.
 His fair would go with him but he answer'd no,
 For ever parents will follow and cause us more wo;
 Maker be witness, and this green Oak, said he,
 That I ne'er shall enjoy a woman but thee.
 And here where he left her a weeping full sore,
 For creature, she never got sight of him more,
 In a short time thereafter he went to sea
 And left the flight of Britain with the tear in his eye,
 And went to America their orders were so
 Where prov'd a gallant soldier, and valour did show,
 That from his behaviour they ne'er could him blame,
 In a corporal, at last to a sergeant 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 breathe out his sorrows his mind to solace
 Along the savage Indian, alas! here he fell.

But how he was murdered we cannot well tell
 For on the next morning they found him there
 Two Indians lay by him wanting their 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 pistol, of all made a prey
 And one of his fingers from his hand they had
 On which the gold ring, from his lover he had
 In that very moment, tho' in Scotland we had
 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
 Which wanted a finger, and blood droping
 Whereat the young Lady was struck with amaze
 And rose to run after, and on him 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 always she esteemed that place as we heard
 as on it she got 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 star'd in her face
 Then said, O dear Katy, do not me embrace
 For I'm but a spirit though shining in blood,
 My body lies murdered in a foreign wood
 There's two wounds in my body and three in my hand
 With hatchets and arrows that's both dead and
 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: a mark of true

's stronger than death, for it does not remove,
 by earnest desire, it is for you my dear,
 till you are with me, I'll still wander here:
 his worl'd's but vanity, all- but a vain show.
 ought to the pleasures, where we are to go:
 went to embrace him, being void of all fright,
 he in a moment went out of her sight.
 en home in great horror to her father did run,
 's, Oh! cruel Father, now what have you done!
 or! lov'd Grigo! came to me in blood!
 his body lies murdered in an American wood.
 hew'd me his wounds, and each bloody sore,
 therefore my pleasures on earth are no more:
 Father look'd at her as one being amaz'd,
 said my dear Katy your brains they are craz'd.
 bt still she maintain'd it and cry'd-like a child;
 r was seen for to laugh nor yet for to smile,
 ight to her all doctors whole skill was in vain
 o still give opinion she was found in the brain.
 body decay'd, and her face wan and pale,
 fear'd to her true love beyond death's dark vale;
 st she, then her mother in one night expir'd,
 pe she enjoys the bless'd the desir'd.
 ow the old Father he cries, bereft of all joys,
 ay'd he has plenty of gold, no girls nor boys:
 all cruel parents to this take great heed,
 pre ty young daughter is now with the dead.

GREEN GROWS THE RASHES

HERE's nought but care on ev'ry han'
 In ev'ry hour that pass's O:
 at signifies the life o' man,
 n' 'twere not for the lassies, O;

Green grow the rashes, O
 Green grow the rashes, O,
 The sweetest hour that e'er I spent,
 Was spent among the lasses, O.

The wark-y race may riches chase,
 And riches still may see them O
 An' tho' at last they catch them fast
 Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them O
 Green grow, &c.

Eut gie me a canny hour at e'en,
 My arms about my dearie, O :
 An' wark-y cares, an' wark-y men
 May a' gae tapla liekie O.
 Green grow, &c.

For you fae douse ye sneer at this,
 Ye're nought but senseless asses O
 The wisest man the wark-y law,
 He dearly lov'd the lasses O.
 Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears the love'y dears
 Her wisest work she classis, O,
 Her mercice ban't she try'd on man,
 And then she made the lasses O.
 Green grow, &c.

F I N I S.