

THE

Pretty Green-Coat Boy's  
GARLAND.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I. *Shewing how a rich Lord's Son in France fell in Love with a poor Farmer's Daughter.*

PART II. *How they were discovered near a Groveside, and how they were overheard by his Father.*

PART III. *How his Father banished him, and thought to transport her, but she got herself a Green Livery and went with him as a Page.*

PART IV. *After seven Years Travel, they returned home, and how his Father and Mother received them with joy and gladness and had them married.*

To which is added,

THE SON'S OF CARE.



Entered according to Order.



## The pretty Green Coat Boy's Garland

**Y**OU pretty young maids and batchelors sweet,  
Draw near unto me while I shall relate,

'Tis a true story as e'er you did hear,

Therefore good people I pray you give ear,

Near Dunance in France lived near the town,  
A noble rich lord of fame and renown,  
Who wed a young lady, and by her we hear,  
He had a young son whom he lov'd most dear.

There was an old farmer that lived hard by,  
That had a young daughter both gallant and gay,  
So that in the country there ne'er had been bred,  
A fairer young creature for both white and red.

Which made all the country both far and near,  
Dukes-lords and 'squires thither to repair,  
To court this great beauty; but all was in vain,  
For none of them could her favour obtain.

At length this lord's son, among all the rest,  
Came a courting to her, and he did protest,  
O pretty sweet Jenny, pray grant me your love,  
Or else you will my destruction prove.

She said noble lord I am both poor and low,  
My father he is a poor farmer you know,  
And he is not able to give a portion to me,  
Therefore to consent I'm unwilling said she.

If I yeild unto you, perhaps they will say,  
This young lord has thrown himself quite away,  
Therefore noble lord we shall never agree,  
A labouring man is far better for me,

That earns his bread with the sweat of his brow,  
And still takes delight to follow the plow,  
He has better delight I'll make it appear,  
Than a noble lord with ten thousand a-year.

That has wealth and riches, houses and land,  
Both men and maid servants at his command,  
If thou can but love me, sweet Jenny, said he,  
A lady of honour thou quickly shalt be.

She said noble lord I'll be your sweet bride,  
But what will become of us both she reply'd,  
If your honour'd father should chance for to know,  
That you loved a poor farmer's daughter so low.

If my father should chance to be angry with me,  
Or mother should frown, then my jewel, said he;  
I'll work while I'm able to stand to the plow,  
And earn my bread with the sweat of my brow.

I hope my dear Jenny shall never complain,  
We shall have pleasure tho' never so mean,  
I'll surely perform my jewel said he,  
Then Jenny consent my bride for to be.

## P A R T II.

AS they were discoursing by a grove as we hear,  
His father was walking for to take the air,  
He drew near unto them by the ditch side,  
Then these loyal lovers were quickly betray'd.

And having heard all between them did pass,  
He came to his son and said to him, alas!  
Are you going to degrade my family,  
One farthing I'll never give unto thee?

But straight I will banish you out of this place,  
Thou shalt not be to me a shame and disgrace,  
By wedding a husbandman's daughter so poor,  
Therefore my son never come near me more.

The son on his knees to his father did cry,  
O do not part me from my jewel I pray,  
And if I was forced to beg for my dear,  
I'd travel the world both far and near.

The father in rage to his mother did go,  
And told her this with his heart full of woe,  
Dear wife, our son will be married indeed,  
To a farmer's daughter which makes my heart bleed.

To whom dear husband? the wife did reply,  
 To one of our tenants that liveth hard by,  
 With that the mother in a passion did run,  
 Go call my son to me or else I'm undone.

He came in her presence; when she saw his face,  
 O son thou hast brought us to shame and disgrace,  
 By wedding of one not fitting for thee,  
 O I am not married dear mother said he.

The son on his knees to his father did cry,  
 O do not part me from my jewel I pray,  
 If I were a lord of ten thousand a year,  
 I'd part with it all for the sake of my dear.

The father in a passion to his son did say,  
 I'll lock you up in my closet straightway,  
 And for your dear jewel that you lov'd so dear,  
 I'll have her transported, you never shall hear,

What way she's gone or what way shall go,  
 Or where for to find her thou shalt never know.  
 With that the young lord fell on his bare knees,  
 Dear father and mother pray do as you please.

Now I'll leave the young lord in tears to mourn,  
 And unto the poor farmer's daughter return,  
 She knowing his father would send her away,  
 She went to the taylor that very same day.

And bargain'd with him for a livery of green,  
 For coat, vest and britches so neat and so trim,  
 She got a black bag, and she ty'd up her hair,  
 And then for her journey she straight did prepare.

She went to the town where the lord did dwell,  
 Good people pray mind, and I quickly shall tell,  
 This lord sent his servant to bring her with speed,  
 In order to have her transported indeed.

They came to her father and thus they did say,  
 We come for your daughter to send her away,  
 You may go look for her the father did cry,  
 If I lose my child, I'll certainly die!

Away they did run to their master with speed,  
 And said noble lord she is gone indeed:  
 Well if it be so I am well satisfy'd,  
 With that the young lord most bitterly cried.

The very next morning when day light did peep,  
 His mother rose and left his father asleep,  
 She came to her son where lamenting he lay,  
 Straight opening the door, and to him did say.

She said, dear child here is five hundred pound,  
 And take thy horse straight and get out of the town,  
 Before that thy father get out of his sleep,  
 My blessing gae with thee, with that she did weep.

I thank you dear mother the son did reply,  
 At parting they kiss'd and each other did cry,  
 Saying now I'll wander the world both far and near,  
 To search for my jewel whom I love so dear.

P A R T III.

SO taking his horse then away he did go,  
 Leaving his parents in sorrow and woe,  
 But as he was riding along the high way,  
 He met with his lover in pages array.

She bow'd to the lord with cap in her hand,  
 And said noble lord I do understand,  
 That you are going a journey said she,  
 Are you willing to have such a servant as me?

He said, my pretty boy, what is your name?  
 O where was thou born, pray tell me the same,  
 I was born near Dunance in France sir, said she,  
 Adonia is the name that my father gave me.

He said thou art a pretty boy as I live,  
 And as for thy wages thou surely shalt have,  
 If I were to travel the world, said he,  
 A prettier boy sure I could never see.

He bought her a horse and away he did ride,  
 Both sword, case of pistols and all by her side,  
 At length they did travel for many a long day,  
 Until they were tired almost I hear say.

Now I will leave them in grief for a while,  
 And turn to the father to grieve for his child,  
 The old man arising and missing his son,  
 He stamp'd like a mad man, and said I'm undone.

His wife she said to him O cruel you are,  
 To banish from thee thy son and only heir,  
 Thou art very cruel to cross thy son in love,  
 Perhaps it may to him his destruction prove.

The father he said I'm griev'd to the heart,  
 To think my dear from me e'er should part,  
 For now he is gone the wide world to range,  
 And what have I now? for my son in exchange.

I wish I had given my consent to wed,  
 But now he is gone all joys from me fled,  
 If he and his love were with me here now,  
 With all that I have, I would 'em endue.

Now we will leave them in sorrow to mourn,  
 And back to the son again we'll return,  
 Who spent many a day in search of his dear,  
 And how he did find her you quickly shall hear.

Tho' he was a searching for her night and day,  
 She wand'ring with him in pages array,  
 And every night with him in bed did lie,  
 And was a partaker of his calamity.

When he did lament, it did cause her to weep,  
 That very few nights they ever could sleep,  
 So for want of rest, and thro' great poverty,  
 They both in strange countries had like for to die.

Along they did travel with sorrow and grief,  
 From door to door begging for relief,  
 At which this young lord shed many a tear,  
 And cry'd O had I one sight of my dear?

Then would I freely resign up my breath,  
 For here I am weary to live on the earth,  
 Therefore sweet heavens pray pity me,  
 And grant me one sight of my jewel to see.

Then spake his lover in pages array,  
 Come let us go home dear sir I pray,  
 And there your dear lover you surely shall find,  
 Your father and mother both loving and kind.

My dear pretty boy I do pity thy case,  
 For here I'm resolv'd to die in this place,  
 My father and mother I never shall see,  
 Because in my love they were cruel to me.

O! do not say so, sir, then answered the lad,  
 Your father to see you would be very glad,  
 And likewise your love who for you doth wait,  
 Will be glad to see you and lie at your feet.

If it be so I will take your advice,  
 So taking of shipping they sail'd in a trice,  
 To fair Dunance city; when landed they were,  
 Straight to his father and mother did repair.

P A R T IV.

**S**O going toward home with tears in his eyes,  
 At last his dear father and mother espies,  
 For as they were both standing at the door,  
 They spy'd their son coming distressed and poor.

His father said wife, look yonder your son,  
 His mother with joy away she did run,  
 As soon as she saw him she fell in a sound,  
 And with perfect joy fell to the ground.

So in they went with joy overspread,  
 The father to see his son was over glad  
 And for joy of his coming great feasting did make,  
 But yet for his lover his poor heart did ake.

The father said son what makes you so sad?  
 I am sure to see you my heart is full glad,  
 Were you and your lover here with me now,  
 With all that I have I would you endue.

His love standing by in pages array,  
 With tears in her eyes to her lover did say,  
 I am the creature who should be your bride,  
 Altho' seven years I have lyne by your side.

With that the young lord was struck with amaz,  
 And for a long time he on her did gaze,  
 Art thou the poor farmer's daughter said he,  
 These seven long years that has begged for me?

Then said the father that cannot be,  
 That she whom he sought was in his company,  
 Now I am content you shall be his bride,  
 That word has reviv'd me the son he reply'd.

They sent for her parents who came with all speed,  
 To hear of her coming they were glad indeed,  
 Come play up a jig the old woman did cry,  
 Since my daughters a lady I'll dance till I die.

They sent for the gentry both far and near,  
 To view this young couple thither did repair,  
 A fairer young creature there never was seen,  
 The poor farmer's daughter as fine as a queen.

Let all loyal lovers take warning by this,  
 And do as this couple they'll ne'er do amiss,  
 If you were to travel the world all round,  
 Two loyalèr lovers could never be found.

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## The SON'S of CARE.

**B**Y the gayly circling glass,  
 We can see how minutes pass:  
 By the hollow cask are told,  
 How the waining night grows old.  
 Soon, too soon, the busy day,  
 Drives us from our sports away:  
 What have we with day to do?  
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you!  
 Come, then, fill the chearful glass,  
 truth is only found in wine:  
 Tales of love are all a farce,  
 but true friendship is divine.

F I N I S.