

THE

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20

Factor's Garland,

AND

Princess' Happy Marriage.

IN FOUR PARTS



GLASGOW:

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THE FACTOR'S GARLAND.

BEHOLD here's a ditty, the truth and no jest,
Concerning a young gentleman in the east,
Who by his great gaming, came to poverty,
And afterwards went many a voyage to sea.
Being well educate, and one of great wit,
Three merchants in London they all thought it fit,
To make him their Captain and Factor also,
And for them to Turkey a voyage he did go.

And walking along the streets there he found,
A poor man's dead carcase lying on the ground:
He asked the reason, why he there did lie?
Then one of the natives did make this reply,
That man was a christian, Sir, while he drew breath,
The duty's unpaid, he lies above the earth,
Why, what are the duties? the Factor he cried,
It is fifty pounds, Sir, the Turk he replied.

That is a great sum, quoth the Factor indeed;
To see him lie there, makes my heart for to bleed:
So then by the Factor the money was paid,
And then under earth the dead carcase was laid.
When having gone further, by chance he did spy
A beautiful creature just going to die,
A young waiting maid who strangled must be,
For nothing but striking a Turkish Lady.

To think of her dying, with oread he was fill'd,
Then rivers of rears like waters distill'd,
Like streams of a fountain, from her eyes ran down
Her red rosy cheeks, and from thence to the ground.
Hearing what her crime was, he, to end the strife,
Said, What must I give for this poor creature's life?
The answer returned, was an hundred pound;
The which for her pardon he freely paid down!

He said, Fairest creature, thy weeping refrain,
As a be. of good comfort, thou shalt not be slain;

Behold, I have purchas'd thy pardon, will ye
 Be willing to go to fair England with me;
 She said, Sir, I thank you who freed me from death,
 I'm bound to obey you so long's I have breath,
 And if you are willing, to fair England I'll go,
 And due respect to you till death I will show.

PART II.

He brought her to London, whereas it is said,
 He set up house-keeping, and made her his maid,
 For to wait upon him, and finding her just,
 With the keys of his riches he did her intrust.
 At last this young Factor was hired once more,
 To cross the proud waves and billows that roar;
 And into that country his course was to steer,
 Which by his maid's father was govern'd we hear.

Being a hot country, this maid did prepare,
 To get light robes in that country to wear;
 He bought a silk waistcoat, the which it is told,
 His servant-maid flow'red with silver and gold.
 She said to him, Master, I do understand,
 You are going Factor unto such a land,
 And if you that Prince's court enter in,
 Be sure that this flow'red garment be seen.

He said, To that Prince's court I must go,
 The meaning of your words I long for to know;
 Sir, I will not tell you, some reason you'll find,
 With that he replied, I'll fulfil thy mind,
 Then away he sailed and came to the shore,
 This Factor he came to the Emperor's door,
 For, it was the usual custom of that place,
 To present some noble gift unto his Grace.

His gift was accepted, and as he stood by,
 On this flow'red garment, the Prince cast an eye;

Which made him to colour, and this he did say,
 Who flow'rd that garment? now tell me, I pray.
 If it please your Grace, my last voyage was to Turkey,
 Where I saw a creature that strangied must be,
 And to save her life, gave an hundred pound,
 And carried her with me to fair London town;
 There she's my house keeper, while I'm in this land,
 And when of my coming she did understand,
 She flow'rd this robe, and gave strict charge to me,
 To let it be seen by your great Majesty.

The Prince cried, Behold friend, this robe which I
 Is of the same flower and spot I do swear! (Dear,
 Thy maid wrought them both, she's my daughter dear,
 I have not heard from her till now these three years.

To pay a visit to some neighbouring Prince,
 I sent her in a ship, and have ne'er seen her since;
 And I was afraid the sea had prov'd her grave,
 But I heard to Turkey she was taken a slave.
 For the loss of my child who I thought had been kill'd,
 A well full of tears in my court has been spill'd;
 My Princess, her mother, could for her not rest;
 Her loss drew millions of sighs from her breast.

Thy ship shall be richly loaded with speed,
 And I'll send a ship for her convoy indeed;
 Because of thy love; thou sav'd my child's life,
 Bring her alive to me, I'll make her thy wife.
 And if thou should'st not live to bring her to me,
 Whoe'er brings her home, his bride she shall be,
 And twenty thousand a year you shall have,
 That ventur'd my dear child's life for to save.

The ship being loaded, their anchor was weighing,
 And he with his convoy came oyer the main,
 To fair London city, and home he did go,
 And gave this young Princess these tidings to know.

PART III.

He said, Noble Lady, I have good news to tell,
 The old Prince your father and Mother's both well;
 And your royal parents this thing have desig'd,
 In the bond of wedlock we both shall be join'd.
 Perhaps, noble Lady, you would not agree
 To marry a poor man especially me.
 Sir, were you a beggar, I would be your wife,
 Because, when just dying, you saved me life!
 I ne'er shall forget th't great token of love!
 Of all men now breathing, I prize thee above,
 Since it is so order'd I'm well pleas'd I vow,
 And glad my dear father these things do allow.
 Pray sell off your goods that you have in store,
 And give all your money to those that are poor;
 And let us be jogging with speed o'er the main,
 For I long for to see my dear parents again.

This thing was soon done, and they sail'd away,
 In the ship that her father sent for her convoy;
 But mark what was acted on the ocean wide,
 To deprive the Factor of his Royal Bride.
 The Captain who convey'd him over the deep,
 One night as the Factor was laid in his sleep,
 Being under sail, over board did him throw,
 Saying, Now I shall have this young creature I know.
 There happ'ned to be a small island at hand,
 To which this Factor swam as I understand,
 And there I will leave him a while for to mourn,
 And unto the ship now again will return.
 Next morning then, soon as day-light did peep,
 He wak'd the young Princess out of her sleep;
 And said, Noble Lady, the Factor's not here,
 He's fall'n over board and drowned I fear,

To hear her sad news, then her eyes they did flow
 He said, Noble Lady, since now it is so,
 There's none here can help it, do not troubled be,
 For you in short space your dear parents shall see.
 And when that they came to the desired port,
 The Princess came weeping to her father's court;
 Who gladly receiv'd her with joy and great mirth,
 Saying, Where is the man that freed you from death?

The Captain replied, As he lay asleep,
 He fell overboard, and was drown'd in the deep;
 Your Grace said, he that your child home did bring,
 Should have her; I hope you'll perform this thing.
 Yes, that was my promise, the Monarch replied;
 What say'st thou, my daughter? wilt thou be his bride?
 She said, Yes, dear father, but first if you please,
 For him that sav'd my life, I'll mourn forty day's.

Then into close mourning this Lady she went,
 For the loss of her good friend, in tears to lament;
 And there I will leave her in tears for a while,
 And turn to the Factor who was left on the Isle.

P A R T IV.

In this desert Island the Factor he lay,
 In floods of tears weeping two nights and a day;
 At length the ocean appear'd to his view,
 A little old man paddling in a canoe.
 The Factor call'd to him, who caus'd him to stay,
 And drawing near to him, the old man he did say,
 How cam'st thou hither? With eyes that did flow,
 He told him the secret, and where he would go.

The old man said to him, If here thou dost lie,
 With grief and great hunger in short thou wilt die.
 What wilt thou give me, to that court I'll thee guide?
 I have nothing to give you, the Factor replied.

If thou wilt promise and be true to me,
 To give the first babe that is born to thee,
 When 30 months old, to that court I'll thee bring,
 I will not release thee, without that very thing.

The Factor consider'd that this would cause grief,
 And without it, for him there was no relief;
 He cried, Life is sweet, and my life for to save,
 Carry me to that place, and your will you shall have.
 So soon's he was carried to the court, and when
 He came to the gates, he saw his Lady then
 Looking out of his window, who seeing him there,
 From grief transported to joy they were.

He into the court then, with joy was receiv'd,
 Where his Lady met him, who for him had griev'd,
 And said, My-dear jewel, my joy, and my dear,
 O! where have you tarried? I pray let me hear.
 Where so long he tarried, he then did relate,
 And by what means he came to her father's gate;
 He said, I was thrown overboard in my sleep,
 I think 'twas the Captain threw me in the deep.

With that the Captain was sent for with speed,
 And hearing the Factor was come there indzed,
 To show himself guilty, like a cruel knave,
 Leap into the ocean, which proved his grave.
 Next with great triumph and joy we do find,
 His Factor and Lady in marriage were join'd;
 And within the compass and space of three year,
 They had a fine son and daughter we here.

The son was the first-born, a perfect beauty,
 And was well belov'd of the whole family,
 When 30 months old, came the man for his child,
 Who releas'd the Factor from the desert Isle.
 When the Factor saw him, his eyes they did glow;
 Then he gave his Lady and her parents to know,

He was forc'd to make that promise only,
In the desert I le. lest his wife hunger should die.

With a grim look the old man did appear,
Which made the court tremble & fill'd them with fear
Crying, What hath we do; sure he is not a man,
He will have our darling do all that we can.
He said, It was promis'd and I'll have my due,
There's one babe for me and another for you,
I will have your first born, come give him to me,
At which all the family wept bitterly.

The babe's mother cried I'm griev'd to the heart
To think that I wou'd such a dear infant must part,
To one that should eat y^e him, Lord knows whither,
And perhaps in pieces my darling will tear.
With that she embrac'd him and down the tears fell
And then having kiss'd him, she bid him farewell
Saying, It is for the sake of my husband that I
Do part with my first-born, tho' for him I died.

So then this grim Ghost to her husband did say
Sir, do you remember in Turkey one day,
You saw a dead man's corpse lying on the ground,
And to have it buried you gave fifty pound:
Sir, I am the spirit of that dead body,
I saved your life for that great love to me;
You may keep your babe, so God bless you all,
Then away it vanished out of the hall!

Being gone, the old Prince & his Princess like wi
The babe's tender parents with tears in th^eir eyes
With joy they embrac'd their darling th^eir Son,
Saying, Child, had'st thou left us we had been undone
Now I'll leave the court full of joy and mirth,
To love one another while fortune gives them breath
And now by this Veil of night we may be assur'd,
No mortal can prevent what Fate has decreed.