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THE
Factor's
Garland,

AND
Princess' Happy Marriage.

IN FOUR PARTS.



GLASGOW:

Published and Sold Wholesale and Retail,
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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 carcass lying on the ground:
He asked the reason, why he there did ly?
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 cry'd,
It is fifty pounds sir, the Turk he reply'd.

That is a great sum, quoth the Factor indeed,
To see him ly there, makes my heart for to bleed:
So then by the Factor the money was paid,
And then under earth the dead carcass 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 dread he was fill'd,
Then rivers of tears like waters distill'd,
Like streams of a fountain, from her eyes ran down?
Her red rosy cheeks, & 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 retrain,
And be of good comfort, thou shalt not be slain,

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;
 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 cry'd, 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 her 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,
 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;
 she said, I was thrown overboard in my sleep,
 think 'twas the Captain throw me in the deep.

With that the Captain was sent for with speed,
 and hearing the Factor was come there indeed,
 to show himself guilty, like a cruel knave,
 cast into the ocean, which proved his grave.

Next with great triumph and joy we 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.

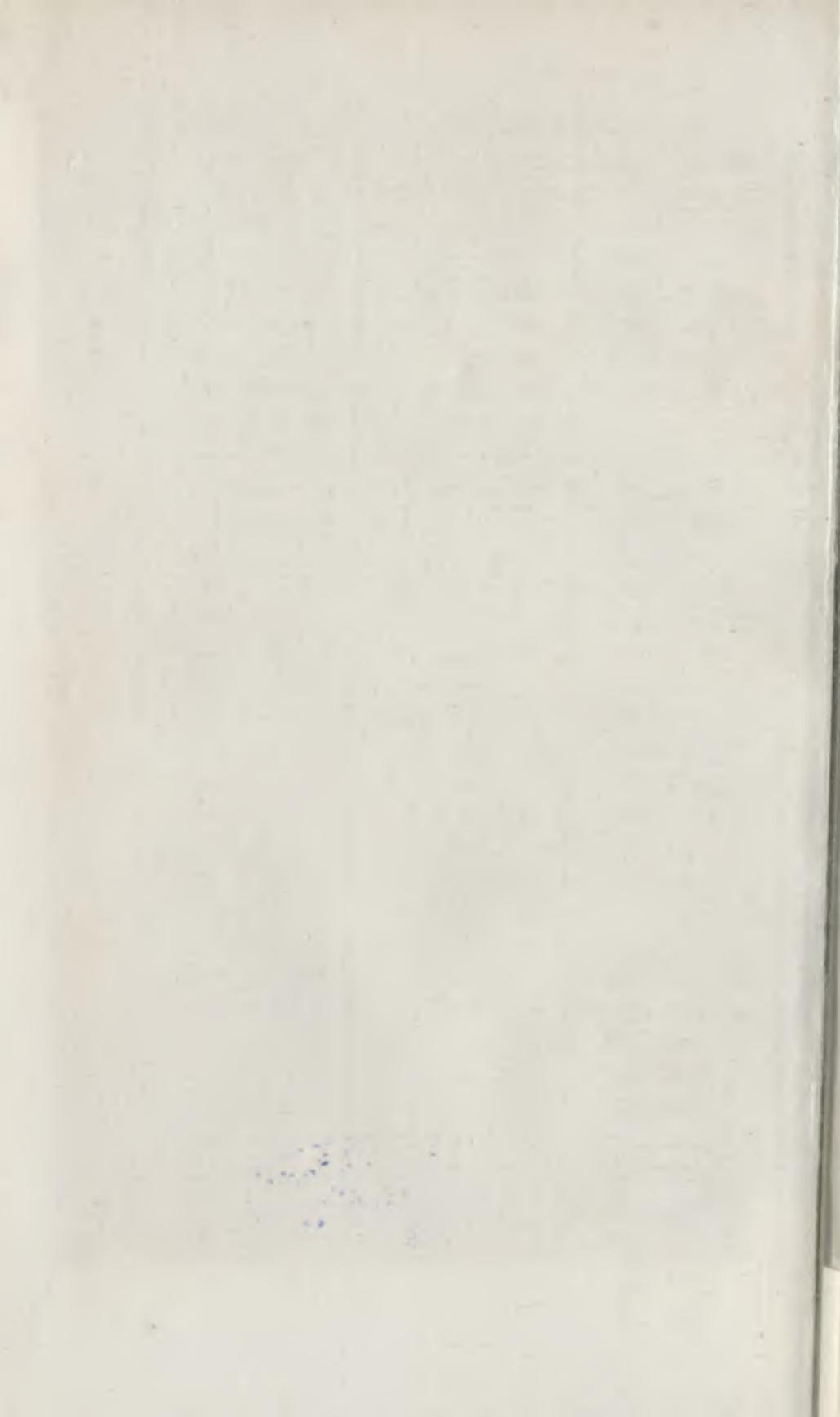
The son was the first-born, a perfect beauty,
 and was well belov'd of the whole family,
 when 30 months old, came the man for his child,
 who releas'd the Factor from the desert Isle;
 when the Factor saw him, his eyes they did flow,
 when he gave his Lady and her parents to know.

He was forc'd to make that promise only,
 In the desert Isle, lest he with hunger should die.
 With a grim look the old man did appear,
 Which made the court tremble and fill'd them with feare.
 Crying, What shall 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 cry'd, I'm griev'd to the heart
 To think that I with such a dear infant must part
 To one that should carry him, Lord knows where
 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 bade him farewell
 Saying, It is for the sake of my husband that I
 Do part with my first-born, tho' for him I die.

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 likewise
 The babes tender parents with tears in their eyes,
 With joy they embrac'd their darling their 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 God gives them breath,
 And now by this Factor, we may see indeed;
 No mortal can prevent what Fate has decreed.



Sir James the Rose. 22

To which is added,

The fourteenth of April,

AND,

The SHANNON,

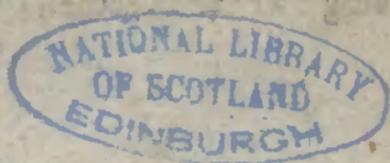
AND

CHESAPEAKE.



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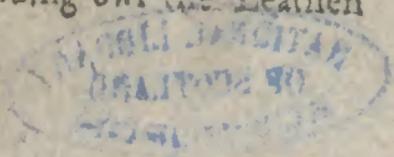
SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

O heard you of Sir James the Rose,
the young heir o' Buleighan?
For he has kill'd a gallant 'Squire,
whase friends are out to tak him.
Now he has gane to the house o' Mar,
whare nane might seik to find him;
To see his dear he did repair,
Weining she would befriend him.

Whar are you gaing Sir James? she said,
(O whar awa' are ye riding?
I maun be bound to a foreign land,
and now I'm under hiding.
Whar sall I gae, whar sall I rin,
whar sall I rin to lay me?
For I hae kill'd a gallant 'Squire,
and his friends seek to slay me.

O gae ye down to yon laigh house,
I sall pay there your lawing;
And as I am your leman trew,
I'll meet you at the dawing.
He turn'd him right and round about,
and row'd him in his brechan;
And laid him down to tak a sleep,
in the lowlands o' Buleighan.

He was nae well gane out o' sight,
nor was he past Milstrethen,
Whan four-and-twenty belted Knights
came riding ovr the Leathen



Hae ye seen Sir James the Rose,
 He young heir o' Buleighan?
 He has kill'd a gallant 'Squire,
 and we are sent to tak him.

O, I hae seen Sir James the Rose,
 He past by here on Monday;
 In the steed be swift that he rides on,
 He's past the heights of Lundie.
 But as wi' speid they rade awa,
 she loudly cry'd behind them,
 Gin ye'll gie me a worthy meid,
 I'll tell ye whar to find him.

O tell, fair maid, and, on our band,
 ye'se get his purse and brechan,
 He's in the bank aboon the mill,
 in the lawlands o' Buleighan.
 Then out and spak Sir John the Graham,
 wha had the charge a-keiping,
 It's ne'er be said, my stalwart feres,
 we kill'd him when a-sleiping.

They seiz'd his broad-sword and his targe,
 and closely him surrounded:
 O pardon!—mercy! gentlemen,
 he then fu' loudly sounded,
 Sic as ye gae, sic ye sall hae,
 nae grace we shaw to thee can.

Donald, my man, wait till I fa,
 and ye sall hae my brechan;
 Ye'll get my purse, tho' fu' o' gowd,
 to tak me to Loch-Lagan.

4

Syne they tuke out his bleeding heart,
and set it on a spear;
Then tuke it to the house o' Mar,
and snaw'd it to his dear.

We could nae gie Sir James's purse,
we can nae gie his brechan,
But ye sall hae his bleeding heart,
bot and his bleeding tartan,
Sir James the Rose, O for thy sake,
my heart is now a-breaking!
Curs'd be the day, I wrought thy wae,
thou brave heir of Balaighan!

Then up she raise, and forth she gaes;
and, in that hour o' tein,
She wandered to the dowie glen,
and never mair was seen.

The fourteenth of April.

On the fourteenth day of April,
as you might hear them say,
Our goodly ship was launched,
upon that very day.
Bound for the stormy ocean,
where thundering canons roar,
We left our parents weeping,
all on our native shore.

Like lions bold undaunted
we bore away to sea,
Nothing we could espy, brave boys,
till early the next day;