

Factors Garland

IN FOUR PARTS.

- I. Being a true account how a young man (after having rioted away a great part of his estate) became Factor to several Merchants in London. How he found the corpse of a dead Christian, lying on the ground, in Turkey, and gave fifty pounds for its burial.
- II. How he freed a young woman from being straggled, and brought her to London.
- III. And how, by a Vest of her flowing, the Prince her father, came to hear of his lost daughter.
- IV. How the Factor was betrayed and thrown overboard, with the way and manner how he was preserved, and brought to the Prince's place, and married to her.



Edinburgh: Printed by J. Morren.

The Factor's Garland.

P A R T I.

BHOLD here's a ditty the truth and no jest,
 Concerning a young gentleman that liv'd in the east
 Who by his great gaming came to poverty,
 And afterwards went many voyages to sea.

Being well educated 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 a voyage to Turkey did go.

And walking along the streets, there he found,
 A poor man's dead corpse lying on the ground;
 He asked the reason, why it there did lye?
 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 is the duty the Factor he cry'd,
 It is fifty pounds, sir, the Turk he replied.

That is a great sum, quoth the Factor, indeed,
 But to see him lie there, it makes my heart bleed;
 So then by the Factor the money was paid,
 And under the 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 grief he was fill'd,
 Ten rivers of tears like waters distill'd,
 Like streams of a fountain, from her eyes ran down
 Down her cheeks, and from that to the ground.

But what the crime was, he to end the strife,
 Said what I will I give for this poor creature's life?

The answer was return'd, an hundred pound,
The which for her ransom he freely paid down,

He said, fairest creature, they weeping refrain,
And be of good-comfort, thou shalt not be slain.
Behold I have purchas'd your pardon, will ye
Be willing to go to fair England with me.

She said, sir, I thank you, who has 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 respects to you till death I will show.

P A R T II.

HE brought her to London, where 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 the 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 this maid's father was govern'd, we hear.

Being a hot conatry, this maid did prepare
To get him light robes in that country to wear;
He bought a silk waistcoat, the which it is told,
His servant-maid flowered with silver and gold.

She said to him, Master, I do understand,
You are going a Factor into such a land,
And if you that Prince's court enter is,
Be sure you let this fine flowered garment be seen.

He said, to that Prince's court I must go,
The meaning of your words I wish for to know;
With that he replied, I'll fulfil thy mind.

Away then he sailed and came to the shore,
The Factor he came to the Emperor's door;
For it was the usual custom of this place,
To present some noble gifts unto his grace.

His gift was accepted of, and as he stood by,
 On his flowered garment the Prince cast an eye,
 Which made him to colour, and thus he did say,
 Who flowered this garment, now tell me I pray?

If it please your grace, in my last voyage to Turkey,
 I there saw a young lady that strangled must be,
 And to save her life gave an hundred pound,
 And carried her with me to fair London town.

There she's my housekeeper, while I'm in this land,
 When of my coming here she did understand,
 She flowered this robe and gave strick charge to me,
 To let it be seen to your great Majesty.

The Prince cried, behold friend, the robe which I wear
 Is of the same spot and flower I do swear:
 Your maid wrought them both, she's my daughter dear,
 I have not heard from her, till now, these three year.

To pay a visit to some neighbouring prince,
 I sent her in a ship and have not 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, whom I thought had been kill'd
 A well full of tears in my court have been spill'd,
 My princess, her mother, could for her get no rest,
 Her loss drew millions of sighs from her breast.

The ship shall be richly loaded with speed,
 And I'll send a ship for her convey indeed;
 Because of thy love, having sav'd my child's life,
 Bring her alive to me, and 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 ye shall have,
 That ventur'd my dear child's life for to save.

The ship being loaded their anchor did weigh,
 And over the main he came with his convey,
 To fair London city, and home he did go,
 And gave the young princess these tidings to know,

P A R T III.

He said noble lady, I have good news to tell,
 The noble Prince your father and mother's both well,
 And your royal parents the thing have design'd
 In the bond of wedlock we both should 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 my life.

I never shall forget that token of love,
 Of all men now breathing I prize the above;
 Since it is so ordred, I'm well pleas'd I vow,
 And ga'd my dear father this thing doth allow.

Pray sell off your goods which you have in store,
 And give all your money to those that are poor,
 And let us be juggling away o'er the the main,
 For I long 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 a'ded on the ocean wide,
 To deprive the Factor of his Royal bride.

The Captain who convoyed 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 happened to be a small island at hand,
 To which the Factor swam as I understand;
 And there we will leave him a while for to mourn,
 And now unto the ship again we'll return.

Next morning then as soon as day-light did peep,
 He wak'd the young Princess out her sleep,
 And said noble lady the Factor's not here,
 He's fallen over board and drowned I fear.

To hear the sad news her eyes they did flow,
 He said, noble lady, since now it so,

There's none here that can help it, do not troubled be,
For you in short space your parents shall see.

And when that they came to the desired port,
This Princess came weeping to her father's court,
Who gladly received 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 over board, and was drowned in the deep;
Your Grace, said the man, that your child home did bring
Would 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, honoured father, but first if you please,
For him that saved my life I'll mourn forty days.

Then into close mourning this lady she went,
For the loss of her good friend in tears to lament,
And there we leave her in sorrow a while,
And return to the Factor who was left on the isle.

P A R T IV,

ON this desert island the Factor he lay,
In floods of tears, weeping two nights and a day,
At length on the ocean appeared in his view
A little old man, paddling in a canoe

The Factor call'd to him, which caus'd him to stay,
And drawing near to him, the old man did say,
Friend, 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 hunger in a short time thou wilt die,
What wilt thou give if to that court I thee guide,
I have nothing to give you the Factor replied.

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

The Factor considered that thing 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 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 sorrow to joy they both transported were.

He into the court then with joy was receiv'd,
 Where the lady did meet him, who for him had griev'd.
 And said, my dear jewel, my joy and my dear,
 Where have you tarried? Oh! 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 it was the Captain threw 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,
 Leap'd into the ocean, which proved his grave.

Next day with great joy and triumph we find,
 The Factor and lady in marriage were join'd,
 And within the compass and space of three years,
 They had a fine son and a daughter we hear.

The son was the first born, a perfect beauty,
 And was well beloved by the whole family.
 When thirty months old came the man for the child,
 Who released the Factor from his desert isle.

When the Factor saw him his eyes they did flow,
 Then gave his lady and parents to know
 He was forced 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 fear,
 Crying, What shall we do? sure he is not a man,
 He will have have our darling, do all that we can.

He said it it was promis'd, and I'll have my due,
 There is one babe for me and another for you;
 I will have your first-born, come give him to me,
 At which all the family w-pt bitterly.

The babe's mother cried, I am griev'd to the heart,
 To think that I with such a dear infant must part,
 To one should carry him, the 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 farwell
 Saying, it is for the sake of husband that I
 Do part with my first-born: though for him I die.

So then then the 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, and God bless you all
 With that it vanished out of the hall.

Being gone, the old Prince and the princess likewise
 The babes tender parents with tears in their eyes,
 With joy they embrac'd their darling young son,
 Saying, child had thou left us, we had been undone.

Now we'll leave the court with joy and great 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,

F I N I S.