

FACTOR'S GARLAND,

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I. Being a true Account how a young man (after having rioted away 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.

PART II. How he freed a young woman from being strangled, and brought her to London.

PART III. And how by a yelt of her flowering, the Prince came to hear of his daughter.

PART IV. How he was betrayed, cast over board, and what way and manner he was preserved, and brought to the Prince's palace, and married to the damsel, &c.

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THE FACTOR'S GARLAND.

P A R T I,

BEHOLD here's a ditty the truth and no jest,
Concerning a young gentleman 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 merchant in London they all thought it fit,
To make him their Captain and Factor also,
And for them a Voyage to Surke he 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 lie

Then one of the natives did make this reply

That man was a Christian fir, 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 poun's, fir, the Turk he replied.

That is a great sum quoth the Factor indeed,
To see him lie there, makes my heart to bleed;
So then by the Factor the money was paid,
And under the earth the dead carcase was laid.

When havi'g gone further by chance he did spy,
A beautiful crea ure just going to die,
A young waiting maid who strangled must be,
For nothing but striking Turkish lady.

To think of her lying with grief he was fill'd,
When rivers of tears like water distill'd,
Like streams of a fountain from her eyes ran down
Her red rosy cheeks, and from that to the ground.

Hearing what the crime was he to end the strife,
Said what must 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 thy weeping refrain,
 And 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 respects to you till death I will shew.

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 country this maid did prepare,
 So get 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 factor into such a land,
 And if you that Prince's court enter in,
 Be sure 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,
 Sir, I will not tell you, some reason you'll find,
 With that he reply'd I'll fulfil thy mind.

Then away he sailed and came to the shore,
 The Factor he came to the Emperor's door,
 For it is 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 my lost voyage to Turkey,
Where I saw a lady that strangled must be,
And to save her life gave a hundred pound,
And carried her with me to fair London town.

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

The Prince cry'd, behold friend, the robe which I wear
Is of the same spot and flower I do sweat,
Thy 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 had been spill'd,
My Princess, her mother, could for her not rest,
Her loss drew millions of sighs from her breast.

The ship shall be richly load'd 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,
Who e'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 was weigh'd,
And he with his convoy came over the main,
To fair London city, and home he did go,
And gave the young Princess these tidings to know.

HE said, noble lady, I have good news to tell,
The noble Prince your father & 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 wou'd 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 ne'er shall forget that great token of love,
Of all men now breathing I prize thee above,
Since it is so ordered I'm well pleas'd I vow,
And glad my dear father these things doth allo

Pray sell of your goods that you have in store,
And give all your money to those that are poor;
And let us be jogging with me o'er 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 wa. 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 t' row,
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 leave him a while for to mourn,
And unto the ship now again we'll return.

Next morning then as 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 fallen o'er board and drown'd I fear.

To hear the sad news her eyes did flow,
He said, Noble lady, since now it is 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 receiv'd her with joy and great mirth,
Saying, where is the man that freed you from death?

The captain reply'd, as he lay asleep,
He fell over board and was drown'd 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 reply'd
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 days.

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 then to the Factor who was left in the isle.

PART IV.

IN 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.

That old man said to him if here thou dost lie,
With grief and hunger in short time thou wilt die,
What wilt thou give if to that court I thee guide,
I have nothing to give you the Factor reply'd.

If thou wilt 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,
I 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 cry'd, 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 then,

He came to the gates, he saw his lady there,
 Looking out of her window, who seeing him there,
 From sorrow to joy transported they were.

He into the court then with joy was received,
 Whese the lady met him, who for him had grieved,
 And said my dear jewel, my joy and my dear,
 O! where have you tarry'd? I pray let me hear.
 Where so long he tarry'd he then did relate,
 And by what means he came to her father's gate,
 He said I was thrown over board in my sleep,
 I think 'twas the Captain threw me into the deep.

With that the Captain was sent for, with speed,
 And hearing the Factor was come there indeed,
 To shew himself guilty like a cruel knave,
 Leapt 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 of the whole family,
 When thirty months old came the man for his 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 hun, or 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's not a man,
 He will have our darling, do all that we can.

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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 fare well,
Saying, it is for the sake of my husband, that I
Do part with my first born, though for him I die.

So 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.
Then away it vanished out of the hall.

Being gone, the old Prince and the Princess likewise
The babe's 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, I'll leave the court full of 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.

FINIS.