

THE
FISHERMAN'S
GARLAND;

OR, THE
CRUEL KNIGHT.

IN FOUR PARTS.

- PART I. The FARMER'S DAUGHTER to be the KNIGHT'S BRIDE.
- PART II. Striving to alter what Fortune had decreed.
- PART III. How the secret was discovered.
- PART IV. Concerning with their happy Marriage.



Edinburgh: printed by J. Morres, Cowgate.

THE FISHERMAN'S GARLAND.

P A R T I.

IN famous York city, a farmer did dwell,
 Who was beloved of all his neighbours full well,
 He had a good wife that was virtuous and fair,
 And by her he had a child every year.

In seven years time, six children they had,
 Which made both the father and mothers heart glad
 But in a little time, as I can here say
 The Farmer in wealth and in stock did decay,

Although that once he had riches great store,
 In a little time after he quickly grew poor;
 He strove all he could, but alas! could not thrive,
 He hardly could keep his poor children alive.

For children came faster than silver or gold,
 His wife she conceived again as I'm told,
 And when her time came on to hard labour she fell;
 Now if you'll mind a strange wonder I'll tell.

A noble rich Knight did chauce to ride by,
 And hearing this woman shrieking to cry,
 He being well learned in planets and signs,
 Looked on a book that perplexed his mind,

The more he look'd on it the more he did read,
 And found that fate the young child had decreed,
 That was born in that house the same hour and tide,
 He found it was she that most needs be his bride.

But judge how the knight was perplex'd in mind,
 When in that book his own fortune did find.
 Then homeward he rode, being sorely oppress'd,
 From that very moment he could not take rest,

All night he did tumble and toss in his bed,
 And a very strange project did run in his head,
 Resolved he was very quickly indeed,
 To alter the fortune the found was decreed.

With a murdering heart next morning he rose
 And unto the house of the farmer he goes
 And asked the man with a heart full of spite
 If the child was alive that was born last night.

Worthy Sir, says the farmer, although I am poor,
 I had one born last night and six long before:
 Four sons and three daughters I have now alive,
 Which are in good health and are likely to thrive.

The Knight he replied of the seven you have,
 Let me have the youngest, I'll keep her must brave;
 For you very well with one daughter may spare,
 Which if you will grant, I will make her my heir.

For I am a Knight of a noble degree,
 And if you will part with your child unto me,
 Full three hundred pounds unto you I will give,
 When I from your hands your daughter receive.

The father and mother with tears in their eyes,
 Hearing this kind offer they were in surprise,
 But seeing him a knight both gallant and gay,
 They presented the infant without more delay.

Then they spoke unto him with words very mild,
 We beseech you good sir to be kind to our child,
 You need not fear it the Knight he did say,
 For I will maintain her both gallant and gay.

So with the sweet babe away he did ride,
 Until that he came to a broad river side,
 Being cruelly bent he resolved indeed,
 To draw the young infant that moment with speed.

Said he, if you live, you must needs be my wife,
 But I am resolv'd to deprive you of life;
 For till you are dead no other can have,
 Therefore you shall lie in a wat'ry grave.

When he had spoke those words, that moment they
 And threw the sweet babe into the river straight way.

And being well pleased with what he had done,
He leap'd on his horse and quickly went home.

But mark how kind Fortens did further provide,
The child she was driven on her back by the tides,
There was a man fishing as Fortune would have,
Which saw the child floating upon the salt waves,

He soon took her out and was in amaze
He kiss'd her and blest her and on her did gaze,
And seeing he ne'er had a child in his life,
He presently carry'd her home to his wife,

His wife was well pleased the child for to see,
And said, my dear husband, be ruled by me,
Since we've ne'er had a child if you'll let me alone,
We'll keep the sweet babe and call it our own.

The goodman consented as I have been told,
And cared for neither bright silver nor gold,
Until she was aged eleven full years,
And then her sweet beauty began to appear,

P. A. R. T. III.

THE Fisherman was one time at an inn,
And several gentlemen drinking with him,
His wife sent the girl to call her man home,
But when she did into the drinking room come,

The gentlemen all were amazed to see,
The Fisherman's Daughter so full of Beauty,
They asked him quickly if she was his own:
Who told the whole story before he went home:

As I was a fishing within my own bound,
On a monday morning this sweet Babe I found;
'Tis eleven years past since her life I did save,
Or else she had lain in a watery grave

The cruel knight was in the same company,
And seeing the fisherman tell the story,
He was vex'd to the heart to see her alive,
And how to destroy her again did contrive:

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He spoke to the Goodman, and trusts him said,
If you will part with this pretty young maid,
I'll give you whatsoever your heart can desire,
For she'll do good time to, great riches will rise.

The Fisherman answer'd with a modest grace,
I cannot unless my dear wife was in place,
Get first her consent, and you'll have it of me;
And then to go with you, good Sir, she is free.

He got his Wife's leave, & the girl with him went,
But little they thought of his cruel intent;
He kept her a month very bravely they say,
And then he contriv'd to make her away.

For he had a brother in fair Lancashire,
A noble rich man of two thousand a year;
He sent this young Damsel into him with speed,
Hoping he would act a most barbarous deed.

He sent a man with her, likewise as they say,
But as they did lodge at an Inn by the way,
A thief in the house with an evil intent;
To rob the portmanteau immediately went.

But the thief was amazed when he could not find
Neither clothes, gold nor silver, nor ought to his mind
But only a letter and which he e'd read,
And he put an end to this barbarous deed.

But he wrote to his brother the very same day,
To put the young innocent maiden away,
With sword, or with poison, that very same night,
And not let her live till the next morning light.

When the thief read the letter he had so much grace
To tear it and write in the very same place,

- " Dear brother, Receive this young maiden of me,
- " And bring her well up as a maiden should be;
- " Let her be cherish'd, dear Brother, I pray,
- " Let servants attend her by night and by day,
- " For she is a lady of noble great worth,
- " No nobler lady e'er liv'd in the North,

" Let her have good learning, dear-Brother, I pray;
 " And you for the same I'll sufficiently pay,
 " So loving Brother, my letter I end,
 " Subscribing myself your dear Brother and Friend,
 The Maid and her servant were both in good luck;

So on their Journey away then they went;
 Before the sunset, to the house they did come,
 Where the servant did leave her and returned home,

Then she was received very bravely indeed,
 Both a man and maid servants to serve her indeed,
 There she continu'd for a whole twelve months space
 Till the cruel knight came to the same place.

As he and his brother together did talk,
 Seeing this maiden in the garden to walk,
 She looked most beautiful pleasant and gay,
 Like to fair Aurora the Goddess of May,

When that he saw her hein a passion did fly,
 And said very angry, " O Brother, O fy!
 Why did thou not do as the letter I wrote?
 The Brother reply'd it is done every bit,

Then so, said the Knight, it is not as I see,
 Therefore she shall back with me then with me go,
 But the Brother show'd him the letter that day,
 Then the Knight was amazed and nothing did say,

P A R T IV.

A LITTLE time after he took her away,
 And with her he rode till he came to the sea,
 Then he looked on her with anger and spite,
 And spoke to the Virgin, and bade her alight,

The maid from her horse she immediately went,
 And trembled to think what was his intent;
 Tremble not, says he, for this hour is year last,
 Then pull off your clothes I command you with haste.

This Maiden with tears on her knees she did cry
 " What have I done, Sir, that now I must die,"

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© let me but know how I did thee offend,
As I'll study each day for to make you amends.

O spare but my life and I'll wander the earth,
And never come neer you while that I have breath,
He hearing the pitifull moan she did make,
Then from his finger a ring he did take:

He spoke to the maiden, and thus to her did say,
The ring in the water I'll now throw away,
Pray look on it well for the posse is plain,
That when once you see it you may know it again.

I charge you for it, never come in my sight,
For if that you do I will owe you a spite,
Unless that you bring the same ring unto me,
With that he let the ring drop into the sea,

Then from the young woman away he did go,
And left her to wander in sorrow and woe;
She travell'd till night and at last did espy,
A homely poor cotage and to it did hie,

Being hungry and cold with a heart full of grief,
She went to the cotage and asked relief,
The people reliev'd her as I do hear say,
And got her to service the very next day,

In a gentleman's house not far from the place,
Where she did behav. herself with a modest grace,
She was a cook maid and forgot all things past;
But here a strange story now comes out at the last.

As she a fish dinner was dressing one day;
And opening the head of a cod as they say,
She found a rich ring, and was struck with amaze,
And then she with wonder upon it did gaze.

She view'd it well and found it to be,
The very same ring that he threw in the sea;
She smil'd when she saw it and blest her kind fate,
But she did to no creature the secret relate,

The Maid in her service did all others excel,
Her Lady took notice, and lik'd her so well

She said, she was born of some noble degree;
And too her, her own chief companion to be.

The cruel knight to the same place he came,
A little time after with persons of fame,
But was struck to the heart when he there did behold
This charming y^{ng} Virgin, for repeates of gold;

Then he asked the lady to grant him a fee,
He said, 'Twas to talk with this virgin alone

The lady consented and told the young Maid,
Who quickly consented but sorely afraid.

As soon as they saw her, then Strampet, says he,
O did I not charge thee ne'er more to see me!

This hour is your last to the world bid good night,
For being so bold as appear in my fight,

Said he, In the sea Sir, you threw your own ring,
And bid me ne'er see you, unless I could bring,

That ring unto you, I have it, said she,
Behold it's the same you did throw in the sea.

When the Knight saw the ring he flew to her arms
He kiss'd her and swore she had millions of charms;

Said he, My dear creature, I pray pardon me,
Who have often contrived thy ruin to be.

'Tis vain for to alter what fate has decreed,
For I find thou was born to be my sweet bride,

They fastly were married, as I do hear say,
And now she's a Lady both gallant and gay.

Then they with haste to her parents did come,
When he told the whole story before he had done;

And asked their pardon upon his bare knee,
Which they gave, & rejoiced their daughter to see,

Then for the fisherman and his Wife feat,
And for their past trouble did give them content

Then there was great joy by all those that did see,
The Farmer's young Daughter a Lady to be.