

Pretty Green-Coat Boy's

G A R L A N D.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I. Shewing how a rich Lord's Son in France
fell in love with a poor Farmer's Daughter;

PART II. How they were discovered near a
Grove-side, and how they were overheard by
his Father.

PART III. How his Father banished him, and
thought to transport, her, but she got herself
a green Livery, and went with him as a Page.

PART IV. After seven year's travel they re-
turned home and how his Father and Mother
received them with joy and gladness, and had
them married.



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(7)
O then would I freely resign up my breath,
For here I am weary of living on earth,
Then the sweet heaven doth pity me
And grant me a sigh; of my jewel to see

Then spoke his love in paces array,
Come let us go home, dear sir, I pray,
And there your true love you surely will find,
Your father and mother both loving and kind.

My sweet lovely child I pity thy case,
But I am resolv'd to die in this place,
My father and mother I never will see,
Because in my love they prov'd cruel to me.

O do not say so then answer'd the lad,
Your father to see you would surely be glad;
And also your mother who long you doth wait,
Would be glad to see you and fly to your feet.

He heard what she said and took her advice,
Then taking of shipping they sail'd in a trice,
Unto fair Durameer city; when landed they were,
He unto his parents did straight repair.

P A R T IV.

Then going towards home with tears in his eyes
At last his father and mother he spies;
For as they were standing both at the door,
They spied their son come distressed and poor.

His father said, yonder cometh your son,
His mother with joy away did run;
As soon as she saw him she fell in a swoon,
and with perfect joy she fell to the ground.

Then in they went with joys ever spread,
The father to see his son was over glad;
Nor joy of his coming great fasting was made,
But yet for his love his heart was sad.

The father said, son what makes you so sad,
I'm sure to see you my heart it is glad;

Who has wealth and riches or houses and land,
 as men and maid-servants now at his command,
 thou canst but love me sweet Jenny said he,
 lady of Honour you quickly shall be.
 She said noble lord I would be your bride
 at what will become of us both she reply'd?
 your honour'd father should chance to know,
 how you love a poor farmer's daughter so.
 If my father chance to be angry with me,
 my mother frown when my jewel she does see,
 I work while I'm able to follow the plow,
 and get my bread by the sweat of my brow,
 I hope my Jenny will never complain,
 whatever I promise while life doth remain,
 faithfully perform my jewel said he,
 Jenny content my bride for to be,

P A R T II.

As they were discoursing by a grove we hear,
 His father was walking to take the air,
 drew near to them by a ditch side,
 here these lovers met this debate to decide.
 And having heard what between them did pass,
 came to his son and said to him alas!
 are you going to disgrace our family,
 the farthing I never will give unto thee,
 but straight will banish you from this place,
 thou shalt not be to me a scorn and disgrace,
 wedding a husbandman's daughter so poor,
 and so son do not come nigh me any more.
 The son on his knees to his father did say,
 do not take from me my jewel I pray,
 and if I'm oblig'd to beg for my dear,
 travel the world around far and near.
 The father in a rage to the mother did go.
 and told her the news with a heart full of woe,

Sweet wife your son will be wedd'd indeed
To a farmer's daughter. it makes my heart bleed

Unto whom sweet husband the wife did reply
To one of our tenants that lived hard by,
With that his mother in a passion did run,
Go fetch me my son or I am undone.

He came in her presence when she saw his face,
O son thou hast brought me to shame & disgrace.
By joining to one that's not fitting for thee,
I am not wedd'd sweet mother said he.

The son on his knees to his mother did cry,
If you part me from my jewel I surely will die,
Was I a lord of ten thousand a year,
I'd part with it all for the sake of my dear.

The father in a passion replies to his son,
I will take heed you shall not be undone,
And for the jewel thou dost love so dear,
I'll have her transported, for you shall not hear

Which way she is gone or where she does go,
And how to find her you never shall know,
With that the son fell on his knees;

Dear father do with me just as you please,
Now I'll leave the son in tears to complain,
And unto the farmer's daughter return.

She knowing his father would lend her away,
She went to the tailor the very next day,

And bargain'd with him for a liv'ry of green,
Coat, waistcoat and breeches so neat and so trim,
She got a black bag and tied up her hair
And then for her journey she did prepare.

She goes to the town where she did dwell,
Good people now mind but what shall tell,
The lord sent his servants to bring her with speed,
In hopes to have her transported indeed.

They came to her father and this they did do
We come for your daughter to lend her away

You may look for her the farmer did cry,
 I lose my daughter I surely shall die,
 Away they did ride tot her master with speed,
 And said she's gone noble lord indeed,
 Well if it is so, I am glad he replies,
 With that the young lord most bitterly cries.
 The very next morning when day light did peep,
 The mother rose and left the father asleep,
 He went to her son and to him did say
 Having open'd the door where lamenting he lay.
 She said sweet son here's five hundred pounds,
 And take thy horse and go out of town,
 Before thy father gets out of his sleep,
 My blessing go with thee then they did weep,
 I thank you dear mother the son did reply,
 At parting both kiss'd and did bitterly cry;
 Cries he I'll travel the world far and near,
 In search of my jewel whom I love so dear.

P A R T III.

THEN taking his horse away he did go,
 Leaving his parents in sorrow and woe,
 But as he was riding along the high way,
 He met with his lover in page's array.
 She bowed to him with cap in hand,
 And said noble lord I do understand,
 That you are going a journey, said she,
 Are you willing to have such a servant as me?
 He said my pretty lad what is your name?
 And where was you born tell me the same,
 I was born in Durance, kind sir, said she,
 Adonis is the name my parents gave me.
 He said you're a pretty lad as I do live,
 And as for thy wages I surely will give;
 Were I to travel the world round said he,
 A comlier child I could never see.

He bought her a horse and away they did ride,
 With swords, case and pistols, and all by her side;
 At length they did travel many a long day,
 Until they were weary almost we hear say,

Now we will leave them in grief for a while,
 And turn to the lord to grieve for his child,
 The old man arising and missing his son
 He stamp like a madman and said I'm undone.

His wife said to him cruel you were,
 To banish from me my son and my heir,
 Thou wast cruel thus to spoil my son in love,
 Perhaps it may to him his destruction prove,
 The father cries I'm griev'd to the heart,
 With thinking my son should so from me part;
 For now he is gone the wide world to range,
 But had he been here in my mind I would change.

I wish I had given him my consent to wed,
 But now he is gone, my joys are all fled;
 If he and his love were with me here now,
 With all that I have I would her endow.

Now we will leave them to sorrow and moan,
 And back again to the son return,
 Who spent all his days in search for his dear,
 And how he did find her you soon shall hear.

Altho, he was teaching for her night and day,
 She wander'd with him in pages array,
 And each night with him in bed did lie,
 And was partaker in his calamity.

When he did lament it made her to weep,
 That very few nights they could ever sleep,
 Thus for want of rest, and thro' great poverty,
 They in strange countries were like to die.

Along they did travel in sorrow and grief,
 From door to door begging for relief
 Which made the young lord shed many a tear,
 And cry, had I once but a sight of my dear.

THE PRETTY GREEN-COAT BOY.

P A R T I.

YOU pretty maids and bachelors sweet
 Come draw near to me while I do relate,
 A true story as ever you did hear,
 Before good people I pray now draw near.
 Near Durance in France there liv'd in a town,
 A noble lord of great name and renown.
 He had a fine lady and by her we hear,
 And a fine son whom he loved dear.
 There was an old farmer who lived just by
 He had a fine daughter as e'er you did spy,
 In the country there never was bred,
 A sweet creature for both white and red,
 Which made the nobility both far and near,
 Des lords and knights thither to repair,
 To couple this beauty but all was in vain
 For none of them could her favour obtain.
 At length this lord's son among all the rest,
 He in courtship to her as I do protest,
 Pretty sweet jenny now grant me thy love,
 Else you my destruction will prove,
 He said noble lord. I am poor and low,
 My father is a poor farmer you know,
 He is not able to portion me,
 So to content I'm not willing said she,
 I yield unto you perhaps they will say,
 The lord has thrown himself quite away,
 To noble lord we shall never agree,
 A pooring man is much sifter for me.
 Who getteth his bread by the sweat of his brow,
 He still takes delight to follow the plow,
 As more delight I'll make it appear,
 Than a noble knight of ten thousand a year,

If that your lover was but here now,
With all that I have I would you endow.

His lover standing by in pages array,
With tears in her eyes she to him did say,
I'm the young creature that should be your bride,
Altho seven years long I have lain by your side.

With that the young lover was in amaze,
and for a long time upon her did gaze,
art thou the poor farmer's daughter, said he,
Who seven years have begg'd with me?

Then said his father sure that cannot be,
that you whom he sought was in his company;
Now I consent you shall be his bride,
that word has revived me, the son he reply'd.

They sent for the father and mother with speed
to hear of her coming they were glad indeed;
Come play us a jig the old woman did cry,
Since my daughter's a lady let dance till I die.

They sent to the gentry both far and near,
to view this couple they did thither repair,
For a finer couple there never was seen,
The old farmer's daughter as fine as a queen,

Let all loyal lovers take warning by this,
Do as they did and you'll never do amiss,
If you were to travel the world all round,
two loyaler lovers could never be found.

F I N I S