

The Garland of TRIALS.

THIS noble relation which I am to write.
Behold, 'tis concerning a great baronet;
Five years he was marry'd, as I do protest,
This noble baron with a child was not blest.
At length this fair lady conceived with child,
At which this said knight and his lady smil'd.
When time was expired, a daughter was born,
At whose birth the father and mother did mourn.
Her nativity he did calculate,
And found she was born to suffer by fate,
The knight by her ruling planet did see,
A whore, thief, and murderer she was born to be.
Said he, When she's up to maturity got,
For the sake of her portion, some villainous sot,
Perhaps my defile her before-hand, and so
This may be the first step to her overthrow.
To prevent all danger this step I will take,
Some farmer, a tenant of mine, shall her take;
As a child of his own she shall be confin'd,
In which state perhaps no one will her mind.
To this wise invention the lady agreed,
To one of the tenants she was plac'd with speed,
Who had for her boarding thirty pound a-year.
And good education they gave her, we hear.
Dutiful bedience unto them she paid.
Thinking them her parents, their will she obey'd,
When this knight came thither his rent to receive
A guinea to the child he always would give.
Fourteen years and upwards this child stay'd there,
The farmer and his wife went to a fair.
And left this young lady at home to stay.
But now see what happen'd while they were away.
As she was standing that day at the door.
An old man begg'd of her who was very poor.
My parents are not at home, she to him reply'd,
And to give their substance I dare not, she cry'd.
With that the old beggar-man, said with a smile,
You are kept in ignorance surely my child.
They are not your parents who you honour here,
You father's a knight of six thousand a-year.
Such a man is your father, such a lady your mother,
Besides any children they never had other.
For this news, she said, here's five shillings to thee,
And into this matter I further will see.
When the farmer came home at night he smil'd,
And said, What's for supper, my dearest child?
Her answer was to him, What's makes you say so?
I'm none of your child you very well know
Such a man is my father, and I tell you plain,
I'll be satisfy'd ere I sleep again:
She took horse, and rid to the nobleman's gate,
Where he and his lady stood very great.
He said Girl, how do thy parents do?
And said, Sir, that is best known to you.

The girl talks madly, said he; let me know
Upon what account you answer me so?

She said, Sir, a beggar-man came to the door,
And he told me you was my father before;
If this thing be true, sir, he tells unto me,
Why was I put off in my infancy?

This I must allow, when I was born first,
I then was incapable to give disgust,
So far as to be banish'd for fifteen years;
The truth of this matter, good sir, let me hear.

Then he shew'd a reason for what he had done.
At this news the tears from off her cheeks run.
She said, If it be so, then hard is my lot,
And in your 'scutcheon it may cast a blot.

For fear your own honour I bring to disgrace,
Give me a child's part, and I'll quit the place:
With tears he embrac'd her, and for her did play,
So with riches on horse-back she rode away.

To the North of England this lady went,
Where in a lone cottage she lived with content.
Her provisions was brought her by a woman, who
Brought it once a week, and away did go.

And for a diversion this lady bright
Play'd on the spinnet, herself to delight.
And as she was playing most sweetly one day,
A young 'squire chanced to come that way.

Who hearing the musick, vow'd ne would see,
Who in the cottage play'd so sweetly.
The 'squire knock'd, and call'd o'er and o'er,
Saying, Open to me, or I'll break the door.

For to break it open, he then did begin,
At which the young lady strait let him in;
She said, Now be civil, I am a young maid,
And am, of all females, of men most afraid.

He said, I'll not hurt thee; then did her embrace.
Having sat awhile, he quitted the place.
This sweet lady's beauty so charm'd him, we find,
That this noble 'squire could not rest in mind.

From seeing her daily he could not refrain,
And by often coming her love did obtain.
She promis'd him faithfully to be his bride,
For which solemnizing they both did provide.

The night before-hand with his lady he lay,
And went, protesting to come the next day.
Next morning she look'd for the 'squire to come,
But he was confin'd to stay at home.

A fever that night the young 'squire had seiz'd,
And because he came not, she was displeas'd;
Crying. This will make my father's words true.
My honour is stained, and what shall I do?

Because he has disappointed me now,
If he come to-morrow I'll not have him, I vow.
When able to fit up, the young 'squire came.
The cause of his tarrying he told her the same.

