

The Royal Courtly GARLAND;

OR, JOY AFTER SORROW



PART I.

A Tragical story I have to relate,
A king of Bohemia of splendor most great,
This royal king wedded a virtuous Queen,
The greatest of beauties that ever was seen.

And outlandish Prince of vast honour and fame,
Unto this King's court he a visiting came;
Who then was attended with honour and state,
For the King sent his Nobles upon him to wait.

And likewise to welcome this Prince to the court
Great feasting was made with pastime and sport:
Now give your attention, and I'll shew in brief
How this sport was turned to sorrow and grief.

The King saw the Queen in the garden one day,
Walking with the Prince, which made him to say,
I fear the Prince is too great with the Queen,
And therefore I ever shall owe him a spleen.

She proved with child, made his jealousy more,
Because she had never conceived before:

The King was enraged with great violence
And swore he would destroy the young Prince.

He call'd his cup-bearer then with speed,

Sa when the Prince is at my table indeed:
Before give him poison to end his life,
For he has been free with my lawful wife.

To humour the King, the cup-bearer said,
Your Majesty's orders shall be obey'd,
Not willing to do it, the cup-bearer went,
And gave the young Prince to know his intent.

As soon as he had the King's treachery told,
The Prince gave him fifty bright guineas in gold,
Saying, I will escape his blood-thirsty hand,
By steering away to my native land.

For fear of the King the Prince dare not stay,
The wind being fair he sailed away;
And in a short time to his father's court came,
Where he was received with honour and fame.

Soon after this royal Prince wedded a wife,
Who was his comfort and joy of his life:
His old father died in a short space,
And then the young Prince reigned in his Place.

PART II.

NOW when the King saw the Prince gone clear
Unto his Queen he was sharp and severe;
Close lock'd in a castle he did her confine;
For to have her burnt the King did design.

At length in short time deliver'd she were,
Of a beautiful daughter most charming fair;
A babe of such beauty as scarce ever beheld,
Then with great passion the King was fill'd.

And taking the babe with great violence,
Said, I'll kill it, because it was got by a Prince;
'Tis like, and therefore her blood shall run down,
Nobastard shall ever inherit the crown.

His beautiful Queen then in sorrow did say
No man but yourself I e'er knew in that way.
I will not believe it, base harlot, said he
For this offence you burned shall be.

If to me and my infant no mercy you'll shew,
On the throne above there's a just God, you know,
Who surely will judge you for your cruelty,
So with a clear conscience I freely can die.

Whith what you tax me, God knows I am clear
If you burn my body I do not much fear
But my soul with angels in heaven may dwell,
While you with the devils are scorched in hell.

Soon after this the King took a way
The life of this innocent babe to betray,
And told the Queen with abundance of spite,
He'd set her a swimming because she was light.

Then a little boat, he did straitway provide,
Resolving to send her away with the tide,
I'll send her a voyage, the wind fair doth blow,
She may come to a fortune for ought I do know.

A purse of rare jewels she plac'd next her skin,
And fastened it likewise securely within;
A chain round her neck, and a mantle of gold,
Because she her infant no more should behold.

Ah! how it did the King's fancy please,
To see this babe floating on the salt seas.
Where I will leave this young infant, and shew
The goodness of God, who all secrets doth know.

PART III.

THE King in his sleep was disturbed in mind,
Three times it was called, O King most unkind
That now has contriv'd to destroy the child's life,
Through jealousy. There is no fault in thy wife.

Then waking from sleep he was heartily vext,
With a troubled conscience his mind was perplext;
He went to the castle when day did appear,
For to ask her pardon, and set her clear.

O worst of wretches I certain have been,
I ne'er can expect to find comfort again;
My dear wife and infant so basely to serve,
Sure the worst of deaths I now do deserve.

The babe of my bowels is sunk in the main,
I ne'er can expect to find comfort again.
For to think of my actions my panting heart bleeds,
O how shall I answer for these unjust deeds?

The Queen for her infant some time did lament,
O there was a court full of sad discontent:
She took to her bed, and heart soon was broke,
O this to the King was a terrible stroke.

This court was in mourning for several years,
And also the King had many salt tears,
Where now I will leave them in sorrow to weep,
And turn to the babe who was left in the deep,