

PART IV.

**B**UT now let us shew how providence smil'd  
Upon this beautiful innocent child.  
By tempestuous waves it was drove on shore,  
Where the Prince reigned King we spoke of before  
A shepherd by chance came by the sea side,  
For to view some sheep, when a boat he espy'd,  
And seeing the infant, he strangely did grze,  
And made the poor shepherd to stand in amaze.

Yet nevertheless he took up the child,  
Seeing what's about it the old shepherd smil'd ;  
And never being bless'd with a child in his life,  
He carry'd this infant strait home to his wife.

His wife said, when she did this infant behold,  
What bastard is this? and began to scold.  
The shepherd said she was drove on there.  
But seeing the riches, she scolded no more.

The shepherd said, Wife, we'll call it our own,  
But keep it awhile that it may not be known,  
I need not keep any more sheep on the plain,  
I'll build me a farm, and so flourish amain.

The wife said husband hear me if you please,  
It is the best way to begin by degrees ;  
They'll say we have robb'd upon the highway,  
Therefore take my counsel, dear husband I pray.  
He took his wife's counsel, as I understand,  
And in a short time got a small piece of land,  
So in decent manner they went on 'tis true  
And all his good neighbours commended him too.

PART V.

**T**HIS child grew up endu'd with grace,  
A modest behaviour and sweet comely face ;  
And being arrived at the age of fifteen,  
For beauty and wisdom few like him were seen.

Both Knights and Squires of high renown,  
Unto the shepherd's house come slacking down,  
Striving to seduce her with proffers so kind,  
But still to love she would not incline.

By chance the King's son rid a hunting one day,  
And seeing this beauty in homely array,  
Her charming sweet features did torture him so,  
The young Prince was wounded by Cupid's bow.

Oh how this young Prince was inflamed with love  
Studying how he might his passion remove,  
From a shepherd's daughter so mean and poor,  
Yet nevertheless he was vexed the more.

The Prince went out and meet her in the field,  
Among the lambs where he quickly reveal'd  
His passionate story, saying, Charmer so sweet,  
Grant me now thy love, or I die at thy feet.

She answer'd him strait, Noble Prince of renown  
Would you be disinherited quite from the crown?  
Wherefore noble Prince it can never be done,  
I'm a shepherd's daughter, and you a King's son.

My kingdom and crown love I value not.  
But would make you my bride upon this same spot.  
Was you a shepherd dear Prince she reply'd,  
I could love you dearly, and be your sweet bride.

So the Prince put on shepherd's array,  
And came to this beauty a courting next day,  
Said he, Charming creature, if you'll be my wife,  
I ever will love you as long as I've life.

He kiss'd and embrac'd her oftentimes in arms,  
Crying I'm the Prince must yield to her charms,  
Unto some foreign nation love let us go,  
And she will be married where none do us know.

He got a ship loaded as we understand,  
With rich golden treasure for another land ;  
He takes a page with him whom he could trust,  
Who always remained faithful and just.

PART VI.

**T**HE old sheperd hearing said she'll be spoil'd,  
I fear the Prince will ruin our child,  
O how shall we get her wife from the King's son,  
I'll tell the King of it, or she'll be undone,  
So with the gold mantle he posted away.

The Prince's page met him, saying friend this day  
The King for some pleasure is gone to the seas:  
I'll bring you on board to the King, if you please.

But when the shepherd came on board, we find,  
Instead of the King the young Prince he did find,  
And likewise this beauty drest in rich array,  
Then straitway the shepherd for pardon did pray.

The Prince said, Father, rise from your knees :  
The shepherd said put me on shore, if you please,  
Or else my wife will be grieved full sore,  
No, no, said the Prince, I'll not trust him on shore.  
Now while the shepherd his grief did bewail,  
They had a fair wind, so they hoisted up sail :  
The ship as we hear was to Italy bound,  
But great grief and sorrow did compass him round.

A violent storm on the seas did arise,  
Drove them to Bohemia, they are took for spies.  
Their ship was seiz'd, and they to prison sent,  
To confine them awhile, the King's fully bent.

Hearing of this beautiful creature was brought,  
The King to defile her immediately thought,  
Yet still with the King for her honour she strove,  
Saying, let be die to ransom my love.

But finding that she would not yield, I protest,  
He sent her to prison, lock'd up with the rest.  
His hot lustful love to hatred was turn'd,  
He vow'd she should be hang'd or burn'd.

At last they were brought to trial, we hear ;  
O how the shepheard trembl'd for fear :  
May it please your grace, this child is not my own,  
So how he came by her to all he made known.

He likewise produced the mantle of gold ;  
The King was amazed the sight to behold ;  
Tho' long time the shepherd had used to same,  
The King knew it mark'd with his own name.

He swooned away, but recovered again,  
Crying this is my child I threw into the main :  
My child is alive, whom I thought to destroy.  
The Prince was known, which encreas'd their joy.

With honour and triumph they married were :  
Her father was sent for, who quickly came there  
And likewise Dame Mopsy, the old shepherd's wife  
Who dancing pleas'd the court to the life.

The shepherd and wife made pastime and sport,  
The King made the shepherd a Lord of the court:  
Now by what was acted, we plainly may see,  
How nothing can hinder what the heavens decree.