

THE

FACTOR'S GARLAND.

PART I.

BENOLD here's a ditty, the truth and no jest,
 Concerning a young gentleman in the east,
 Who, by his great gaming, came to poverty,
 And afterwards went many a voyage to sea.
 Being well educate, and one of great wit,
 Three merchants in London they all thought it fit
 To make him their Captain and Factor also,
 And for them to Turkey a voyage he did go.

And walking along the streets there he found,
 A poor dead man's carcase lying on the ground,
 He asked the reason why he there did lie,
 Then one of the natives did make this reply :—
 That man was a Christian while he drew breath,
 The duty's unpaid; he lies above the earth.
 Why, what are the duties? the Factor he cried,
 It is fifty pounds, sir, the Turk he replied.
 That is a great sum, quoth the Factor, indeed!
 But to see him lie there makes my heart for to bleed;
 So then by the Factor the money was paid,
 And under the earth the dead carcase was laid.

When having gone further, by chance he did spy,
 A beautiful creature just going to die,
 A young waiting-maid, who strangled must be,
 For nothing but striking a Turkish lady.

To think of her dying, with dread he was fill'd,
 Then rivers of tears, like waters distill'd,
 Like streams of a fountain, from her eyes ran down
 Her red rosy cheeks, and from thence to the ground.
 Hearing what her crime was, he, to end the strife,
 Said, What must I give for this poor creature's life?
 The answer was turned, an hundred pound,
 Tho which for her pardon he freely paid down.

He said, Fairest creature, thy weeping refrain,
 And be of good comfort, thou shalt not be slain;
 Behold, I have purchas'd thy pardon, will ye
 Be willing to go to fair England with me?
 She said, Sir, I thank you, who freed me from death,
 I'm bound to obey you so long's I have breath,
 And if you are willing, to fair England I'll go,
 And due respect to you till death I will show.

PART II.

HE brought her to London, and there it is said,
 He set up housekeeping, and made her his maid
 For to wait upon him, and finding her just,
 With the keys of his riches he did her entrust.
 At last this young Factor was hired once more,
 To cross the proud waves and billows that roar;
 And into that country his course was to steer,
 Which by this maid's father was govern'd we hear.

Being a hot country, this maid did prepare
 To get fine light robes in that country to wear,
 He bought a silk waist-coat, the which it is told
 His servant maid flowered with silver and gold.
 She said to him, Master, I do understand,
 You are going Factor unto such a land ;
 And if you that Prince's court enter in,
 Be sure let this fine flowered garment be seen.

He said, to that Prince's court I must go,
 The meaning of your words I long for to know,
 Sir I will not tell you, some reason you'll find,
 With that he replied, I'll fulfill thy mind.
 Then away he sailed, and came to the shore,
 This Factor he came to the Emperor's door ;
 For it was the usual custom of that place,
 To present some noble gifts unto his grace.

His gift was accepted, and as he stood by,
 On his flowered garment the Prince cast an eye,
 Which made him colour, and thus he did say,
 Who flowered that garment ? Now tell me I pray.
 If it please your Grace my last voyage was to Turkey
 Where I saw a creature that strangled must be
 And to save her life, gave an hundred pounds,
 And carried her with me to fair London town.

There she's my housekeeper while I'm in this land :
 And when of my coming she did understand,
 She flowered this robe, and gave strict charge to me
 To let it be seen by your Majesty.
 The prince cried, Behold ! friends, this robe which I
 Is of the same flower and spot I do swear, [wear

Thy maid wrought them both, she's my daughter dear,
I have not heard from her till now these three year.

To pay a visit to some neighbouring prince
I sent her in ship, and have ne'er seen her since ;
And I was afraid the sea had proved her grave,
But I heard to Turkey she was taken a slave.
For the loss of my child, who I thought was kill'd,
A well full of tears in my court has been spill'd ;
My princess, her mother, could for her not rest,
Her loss drew millions of sighs from her breast.

Thy ship shall be richly loaded with speed,
And I'll send a ship for her convoy indeed ;
Because of thy love, thou sav'd my child's life,
Bring her alive to me, I'll make her thy wife :
And if thou should'st not live to bring her to me,
Whoe'er brings her home his bride she shall be ;
And twenty thousand a year you shall have,
That ventur'd my dear child's life for to save.

The ship being loaded, their anchor was weighing,
And he with his convoy came over the main,
To fair London city, and home he did go,
And gave this young princess these tidings to know.

PART III.

HE said, Noble lady, I have good news to tell,
The old prince, your father, and mother's both well,
And your royal parents this thing have design'd,
In the bond of wedlock we both should be join'd ;
Perhaps, noble lady, you would not agree,
To marry a poor man, especially me.

Sir, were you a beggar, I would be your wife,
 Because, when just dying, you saved my life.

I ne'er shall forget that token of love,
 Of all men living I prize thee above ;
 Since it is so ordered, I'm well pleased I vow,
 And glad my dear father these things do allow ;
 Pray sell off your goods that you have on store,
 And give all your money to those that are poor,
 And let us be jogging with speed o'er the main,
 For I long to see my dear parents again.

This thing was soon done, and they sailed away
 In the ship that her father sent for her convoy :
 But mark what was acted on the ocean wide,
 To deprive the Factor of his royal bride.
 The Captain who conveyed them over the deep
 One night as the Factor was laid in his sleep,
 Being under sail, over-board did him throw,
 Saying, now I shall have this young creature I know.

There happ'ned to be a small island at hand,
 To which the Factor swam as I understand ;
 And thero I shall leave him a while for to mourn,
 And unto the ship again will return.
 Next morning, as soon as daylight did peep,
 He wak'd the young princess out of her sleep,
 And said, Noble lady, the Factor's not here,
 He's fall'n overboard and drowned I fear.

To hear the sad news, then her eyes they did flow :
 He said, Noble lady, since now it is so,
 There's none here can help it, do not troubled be,
 For thou in short space your dear parents shall see.

And when that they came to the desired port,
 This princess came weeping to her father's court,
 Who gladly received her with joy and great mirth,
 Saying, where is the man that freed you from death ?

The captain replied, As he lay asleep,
 He fell overboard, and was drowned in the deep ;
 Your Grace said, the man your child home should bring
 Would have her, I hope you'll perform this thing.
 Yes, that was my promise, the Monarch replied ;
 What say'st thou, daughter, wilt thou be his bride ?
 She said, Yes, dear father, but first, if you please,
 For him that sav'd my life I'll mourn forty days.

Then into close mourning this Lady she went,
 For the loss of her good friend, in tears to lament,
 And there I will leave her in tears for a while,
 And turn to the Factor who was left on the Isle.

PART IV.

In this desert Island the Factor he lay,
 In floods of tears weeping two nights and a day !
 At length on the ocean appear'd to his view,
 A little old man paddling in a canoe.
 The Factor call'd to him, which caus'd him to stay,
 And drawing near to him, the old man he did say,
 Friend how can'st thou hither ? with eyes that did flow,
 He told him the secret and where he would go.

The old man said to him, If there thou dost lie,
 With grief and great hunger in short thou wilt die.
 What wilt thou give me, to that court I'll thee guide,
 I have nothing to give you, the Factor replied.

thou wilt promise, and be true to me,
 to give me the first babe that is born to thee,
 When thirty months old, to that court I'll thee bring,
 will not release thee without that very thing.

The Factor consider'd that thing would cause grief,
 and without it for him there was no relief,
 he cried, Life is sweet, and my life for to save,
 carry me to that place, and your will you shall have.
 So soon's he was carried to the court, and when
 he came to the gates, he saw his lady then,
 looking out of her window, who seeing him there,
 from sorrow transported to joy they were.

He unto the court then with joy was receiv'd,
 where his lady met him, who for him had griev'd,
 and said, My dear jewel, my joy, and my dear,
 where have you tarried? I pray let me hear?
 where so long he tarried he then did relate,
 and by what means he came to her father's gate;
 he said, I was thrown overboard in my sleep,
 think 'twas the captain threw me into the deep.

With that the captain was sent for with speed,
 and hearing the Factor was come there indeed,
 to show himself guilty, like a cruel knave,
 leapt into the ocean, which proved his grave.
 Next with great triumph and joy we find,
 this Factor and the lady in marriage were join'd;
 and within the compass and spaco of three year,
 they had a fine son and daughter, we hear.

The son was the first-born, a perfect beauty,
 and was well belov'd of the whole family:

When thirty months old, came the man for his child,
 Who released the Factor from the desert isle.
 When the Factor saw him his eyes they did flow,
 Then he gave his lady and her parents to know,
 He was forc'd to make that promise only,
 In the desert isle, lest he with hunger should die.

With a grim look the man did appear, [fear
 Which made the court tremble, and fill'd them with
 Crying, What shall we do? sure he's not a man,
 He will have our first-born do all that we can.

He said, It was promis'd, and I'll have my due,
 There's one babe for me, and another for you;
 I will have your first-born, come give him to me;
 At which all the family wept bitterly.
 The babe's mother cried, I'm griev'd to the heart,
 To think that I with such a dear infant must part,
 To one that should carry him, Lord knows where,
 And perhaps in pieces my darling will tear.

With that she embrac'd him, and down the tears fell,
 And then, having kissed him, she bade him farewell,
 Saying, It is for the sake of my husband that I
 Do part with my first-born, though for him I die.
 So then this grim ghost to her husband did say,
 I'm the dead corpse you ransom'd in Turkey one day,
 You may keep your babe, so God bless you all,
 Then away it vanished out of the hall.