

Factor's Garland,


IN FOUR PARTS,

ART I. Being a true Account how a young man (after having rioted away part of his estate) became factor to several merchants in London & how he found the corpse of a dead Christian lying on the ground in Turkey, and gave fifty pounds for its burial.

ART II. How he freed a young woman from being strangled, and brought her to London.

ART III. And how by a vest of her flowering the Prince came to hear of his daughter.

ART IV. How he was betrayed and cast over board, and what way and manner he was preserved, and brought to the Prince's palace, and married to the damsel, &c,



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THE FACTOR'S GHIRLAND.

P A R T I.

BEHOLD here's a ditty the truth and no jest
 concerning a young gentleman liv'd in the east
 Who by his great gaming came to poverty,
 And afterward, went many voyages to sea

Being well-educat and one of ot great wit
 Three merchants in London they all thought it
 To make him their Cap.ain and Factor also.
 And for them to Tu key a voyage he did go

And walking along the streets there he found
 A poor man's dead corpse lying on the ground
 He asked the reason why it there did ly?
 Then one of the natives did make this reply

That man was a Christian, sir, whole he drew breath
 The duty's unpaid, he lies above the earth
 Why what is the duty the Factor he cry'd?
 It is fifty pounds, sir the Turk he reply'd

That is a great sum quoth the Factor, inde.
 To see him lie there, makes my heart for to beat
 So then by the Factor the money was paid,
 And under the earth the dead carcass was laid

When having gone further, by chance he did see
 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 grief he was fill'd
 Then rivers of tears like waters distil'd,
 Like streams of a fountain, from her eyes ran
 Her red rosy cheeks and from thence to the ground

Hearing what the crime was he to end the
 Said, what must I give for this poor creature's
 The answer was return'd an hundred pound,
 The which for her pardon he freely laid down

He said, fairest creature thy weeping refrain,
 'd be of good comfort, thou shalt not be slain,
 bold, I have purchas'd thy pardon will ye
 willing to go to fair England with me.
 She said sir, I think you who freed me from death,
 'd bound to obey you so long's I have breath ;
 'd if you are willing to fair England I'll go,
 'd due respect to you till death I will shew.

P A R T II.

HE brought her to London where as it is said,
 He set up house-keeping, and mad' her his maid,
 or to wait upon him, and finding her just,
 with the keys of his riches he did her intrust.
 At last this young Factor was hired once more.
 To cross the proud waves and billows that roar
 'd 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 light robes in that country to wear,
 She bought a silk waistcoat, the which it is told,
 Her servant maid flowered with silver and gold
 She said to him Master, I do understand
 You are going Factor unto such a land,
 'd if you that Princes 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,
 Or I will not tell you, some reason you'll find,
 With that he reply'd I'll fulfill thy mind.
 Then away he sailed and came to the shore,
 His feet where 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 of and as he stood by,
 On this flowered garment the Prince cast an eye.

Which made him to colour, and thus he did say,
Who flowered this garment now tell me I pray?

If it please your Grace my last voyage to Turkey,
Where I saw a lady that strangled must be,
And to save her life gave an hundred pound,
And carried her with me to fair London town.

There she's my house-keeper 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 to your great Majesty.

The Prince cry'd, behold friend, the robe which I

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 a ship and have not 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 whom I thought had
been kill'd

A well-full of tears in my court had been spil'd,
My Princess, her mother, could for her not rest,
Her lols drew millions of sighs from her breast.

The 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 shouldst not live to bring her to me,
Whoe'er brings her home, his bride she shall be,
And twenty thousand a year ye 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 the young Princess these tidings to know.

P A R T III:

HE said noble lady, I have good news to tell,
 The noble prince your father & mother's both well
 And your royal parent the 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 great token of love,
 Of all men now breathing I prize thee above,
 Since it is so ordered I'm well pleas'd I vow
 And glad my dear father these things doth allow.

Pray sell off your goods that you have in store,
 And give all your money to those that are poor;
 And let us be juggling with glee o'er the main,
 For I long to see my dear parents again.

This thing was soon done, and they sail'd away,
 In the ship that her father sent for her convoy,
 But mark what was set on the ocean wide,
 To deprive the Factor of his royal bride.

The Captain who convey'd him 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 happened to be a small island at hand,
 To which this Factor swam as I understand,
 And there we leave him a while for to mourn.
 And unto the ship now again we'll return

Next morning then as soon as day-light deed peep,
 He wak'd the young Princes out of her sleep,
 And said, noble lady the Factor's not here,
 He's fallen o'er board and drowned I fear

To hear the sad news her eyes they did flow,
 He said, Noble lady, since now it is so,

There's none here that can help it, do not troubled be
 For you in short space your parent's 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 reply'd, as he lay asleep.
 He fell overboard and was drowned in the deep:
 Your Grace said the man that your child home did bring
 Would have her, I hope you'll perform this thing
 Yes that was my promise, the monarch reply'd,
 What say'st thou my 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 in the ill.

P A R T 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 in his view,
 A little old man paddling in a canoe.

The factor call'd to him which caused him to stay,
 and drawing near to him the old man did say, (flow
 friend, how can'st thou hinder? with eyes that did
 he told him the secret, and where he would go.

That old man said to him, if here thou dost lie,
 With grief and hunger in short time thou wilt die:
 What wilt thou give if to that court I thee guide?
 I have nothing to give you the factor reply'd.

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

The Factor considered that thing would cause grief,
 and without it for him there was no relief;
 He cry'd: life is sweet, and my life for to save
 Carry me to that place and your will you shall have,

So soon 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 to joy transported they were.

He into the court then with joy was received,
 Where the lady met him, who for him had griev'd,
 And said, My dear jewel, my joy and my dear.
 O! where have you tarry'd? I pray let me hear.

Where so long he tarry'd he then did relate,
 And by what means he came to her father's gate,
 He said I was thrown overboard in my sleep,
 I think 'twas the Captain threw me into the dee

With that the Captain was sent for with speed,
 And hearing the Factor was come there indeed,
 To shew himself guilty like a cruel knave,
 Leapt into the ocean which proved his grave.

Next day with great joy and triumph we find,
 This Factor and lady in marriage were join'd,
 And within the compass and space of three year
 They had a fine son and daughter we hear.

The son was the first born, a perfect beauty,
 And was well beloved of the whole family,
 When thirty months old came the man for his child,
 Who related the Factor from the desert isle.

When the Factor saw him his eyes they did flow,
 Then gave his lady and parents to know,
 He was forced to make that promise only
 In the desert isle, lest he with hunger I should die.

With a grim look the old 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 darling, do all that we can.

He said it was promised 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 betterly.

The babe's mother cry'd, 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 know's where,
 And perhaps in pieces my darling will tear.

With that she embrac'd him, & down the tears fell,
 And then having kiss'd 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 the grim ghost to her husband did say,
 Sir, do you remember in Turkey one day?

You saw a dead man's corpse lying on the ground,
 And to have it buried you gave fifty pound.

Sir I am the spirit of that dead body,
 I saved your life for that great love to me
 You may keep your babe, and God bless you all;
 Then away it vanish'd out of the ball.

Being gone the old Prince and the Prince's likewise
 The dad's tender parents with tears in their eyes,
 With joy they embrac'd their darling young son,
 Saying, Child hadst thou left us, we had been undone.

Now I leave the court full of joy and great mirth,
 To love out another while God gives them breath
 And now by this method we may see indeed,
 No mortal can prevent what fate has decreed.

F I N I S