

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Factor's Garland

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Tune of, The Wand'ring Lady.

Behold here's a ditty, 'tis true and no jest,
Concerning a young Gentleman in the East,
Who by his great gaming came to poverty,
And afterwards went many Voyages to Sea.

Being well educated and one of great Wit,
Three Merchants of 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 in the Streets there he found,
A poor Man's dead Carcass lying on the ground.
He asked the reason what made him there lye;
When one of the natives made him this reply,

That man was a Christian, Sir, when he drew Breath,
The Duties not being paid he lies above Earth.
Why, what is your Duty, the Factor he cry'd?
It is fifty pound, Sir, the Turk he reply'd.

That is a great Sum, said the Factor, indeed;
To see him here makes my Heart for to bleed;
So then by this Factor the Money was paid,
And then by this Factor his dead Carcass was laid.

When having gone further he chanc'd to espy
A beautiful Creature just going to die,
A young Waiting-Maiden who strangled must be,
For nothing but striking a Turkish Lady.

To think of her dying with dread she was fill'd;
And Rivers of Tears then like Water distill'd,
Like a Stream or Fountain from her Eyes flow'd down
Her red Rosy Cheeks and from thence to the Ground.

Hearing what the crime was, he to end the Srife,
Said, What must I give for this young Creature's Life?
The answer returned was a Hundred pound,
The which for her Pardon he freely laid down.

He said come fair Creature, thy weeping refrain,
And be of good comfort thou shalt not be slain;
Behold I have purchas'd thy Pardon, Wilt thee
Be willing to go into England with me?

She cry'd Sir, I thank you who freed me from Death,
I am bound to pray for you as long as I've Breath,
And if you are willing to England I'll go,
And due respects to you until Death I will show.

He brought her to London where, as it was said,
He set up House-keeping, and she was his Maid,
For to wait upon him; and finding her just,
With the Keys of his Riches he did her intrust.

At length this young Factor was hired once more
To cross the proud Waves and Billows which roar,
And into that Country his course was to steer,
Which by his Maid's Father was govern'd we hear.

Being a hot County this Man did prepare,
To get fine light Robes for that Country-wear.
He bought a Silk-Wast-coat which, as it is told,
His Servant flourished with Silver and Gold.

She said unto him, Master, I do understand,
You are going Factor unto such a Land,
And if you that Prince's Court do enter in,
Be sure that you let this flourish'd Garment be seen.

He said unto that Prince's Court I must go,
The meaning of thy Words I long to know.
Sir, I'll not tell you, there's some reason you'll find
With that he reply'd, I will fulfill thy Mind.

Then away he sailed and came to Port,
The Factor he went to the Emperor's Court;
For it was the usual custom of that Place,
For to present some noble Thing to his Grace.

His Gift was accepted, and as he stood by,
On his flower'd Garment the Prince cast an Eye,
Which caused him to colour, and thus he did say,
Friend, who flower'd that Robe, tell me now I pray.

If please your Grace my last Voyage was to Turkey,
Where I saw a Creature that strangled must be,
And to save her Life, I gave an Hundred pound,
And carry'd her home with me to London Town.

There she is my House-keeper while I'm in this Land,
And when of my coming she did understand,
She flower'd this Robe, and gave charge unto me,
To let it be seen by your great majesty.

The Prince cry'd behold Friend, this Robe that I wear
Is of the same Flower and Spot I dare swear,
Thy Maid wrought them both, and 'tis my darling dear
I have not heard of her till now this three Year.

To pay a visit to some young neighbouring Prince,
I sent her into a Ship, and ne'er see her since,
And I was afraid the Sea had proved her Grave,
But I hear to Turkey she was taken a Slave.

For loss of my Child who I thought had been dead,
A Well full of Tears in my Court has been shed;
My Princess her Mother for her could not rest,
And her groans drew Millions of sighs from my Breast.

Thy Ship shall be richly laden with speed
An I'll send a Ship for thy convoy indeed,
And because thou savest my Child's Life,
Bring her alive home, I'll make her thy Wife.

An if you should not live to bring her to me,
That Man that brings her home his Bride she shall be,
And a Hundred thousand a Year he shall have,
Therefore take care my dear Child's Life to save.

The Ship being laden their Anchor was weighing,
And he and his Convoy came over the Main,
To fair London City and home he did go,
And gave this young Princess these tydings to know.

He said noble Lady I have good news to tell,
The old Prince your father and Mother are well,
And your noble Parents this thing have design'd,
In the Bands of Wedlock we both shall be join'd.

Perhaps noble Lady you will not be free,
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 you above,
And since it is so order'd I am pleas'd I vow

And glad my Father this thing doth allow.

Pray sell off your Goods that you have now in store,
And give all the Money to those that are poor,
And let us be jogging with speed o'er the Main,
For I long to see my Parents again.

This thing was soon done and she sailed away,
In that Ship her Father sent for his Convoy.
But mark what was acted on the Ocean wide,
To deprive this Factor of his Royal Bride.

That Captain that convoy'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 happen'd to be a small Island to hand,
To which this Factor swam as I understand
And there I will leave him some time for to mourn,
And unto his Ship now again I will turn.

Next morning as soon as Day light did peep,
He waked this young Princess out of her Sleep,
And said noble Lady the Factor's not here,
He's fallen over-board and drown'd I fear.

To hear this sad News then her Eyes they did flow,
He said noble Lady now since it is so,
There's none here can help it, don't troubled be;
In two or three Days you your Parents shall see.

And when that she came to the desired Port,
This Princess went weeping to her Father's Court,
Who gladly receiv'd her with Joy and great Mirth;
Saying, Where is the Man that freed thee from Death.

The Captain reply'd as we lay fast asleep,
He fell over-board, and was drown'd in the deep.
Your Grace said the Man that home did her bring,
Shou'd have her, and I hope you'll perform the thing.

Yes, that was the promise the Prince he 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 loss of this good Friend in Tears to lament;

And there I will leave her to mourn for a while,
And turn to the Factor who is left on the Isle.

In this desert Island the Factor he lay,
In flood of Tears weeping a Night and a Day,
At length on the Ocean appear'd to his view,
A little Old Man padding in a Canoe.

The Factor call'd to him, which caus'd him to stay,
And drawing near to him the Old Man did say,
Friend, how cam'st thou here? Then with Eyes that did flow,
He told him his Secrets, and where he would go.

The Old Man said to him if here thou dost lye,
With Grief and great Sorrow in short time thou wilt dye,
What wilt thou give, and to Court I'll be thy Guide?
I have nothing to give you this Factor reply'd.

If thou wilt but promise and be true to me,
To give me the first Babe that's born unto thee.
When Thirty Months old, to that Court I'll thee bring,
I'll not release you without that very thing.

The Factor consider'd that thing wou'd cause grief,
And without it for him there was no relief;
He cry'd Life is sweet, and my Life to save,
Carry me to the Palace, your Will you shall have.

So then he was carry'd to that Court, and when
Come under the Gate he saw his Lady then
Looking out at her Window, who seeing him there
From Sorrow to great Joy transported she were.

He unto the Court was with great Joy received,
Where this Lady met him, who for him had greiv'd
And said, my dear Jewel, my Joy and my Dear,
Oh! Where have you tarry'd, pray let me hear?

Where he so long tarry'd he then did relate,
And by what means he came to her Father's Gate.
He said, I was cast over-board in my Sleep,
I think 'twas the Captain threw me in 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,
Leap'd into the Ocean, which proved his Grave.

Next day with great triumph and joy as we find,

This Factor and Lady in Marriage was join'd:
And within he compass and space of two Years,
They had a Son and a Daughter we hear.

The Son was first born a perfect Beauty,
And was belov'd of the whole Family,
When 30 Months old, came that Man for his Child,
Who released the Father from that Desart Isle.

When the Factor see him his Eyes they did flow,
Then he gave this Lady and her Parent to know,
He was forced to make him promise, or lye,
In the Desart, till he with Hunger did die.

With a grimly look then this Old Man appears,
Which made the Court tremble, and fill'd 'em with fears,
Crying, What shall we do for this is no Man,
He will have our Darling, do all that we can?

He said 'twas my promise, and I'll have my due,
There is one Babe for me, and another for you:
I will have your first born, come give it to me:
With that all the Family wept bitterly.

The Babe's Mother cry'd, I am griev'd to the Heart,
To think I with such a dear Infant must part,
To one that will carry it the Lord knows where,
And perhaps in pieces my darling will tear.

With that she embrac'd it, and down the Tears fell,
An when having kissed it she bid it farewell;
Saying, 'tis for the sake of my Husband and I,
We part with our first born, tho' for it we die.

So then this grim Ghost to her Husband did say,
Sir, do you remember in Turkey one Day,
You saw a dead Body lying on the ground,
And to have it buried gave Fifty Pound.

Sir, I am the Spirit of that dead Body,
I saved your Life for that great Love shown to me,
You may keep your Child, so the Lord bless you all;
Then away he vanished out of the Hall.

Being gone the Old Prince and his Princess likewise,
The Babe's tender Parents with Tears in their Eyes,
With Joy they embrac'd that darling their Son,
Crying Child hadst thou left us we had been undone.

Now I will leave the Court full of Joy and much Mirth,
To love one another while God gives them Breath,
And now on the Factor we may see indeed,
No Mortal can prevent what the Fates have decreed.

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