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The Honour of a London Prentice

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The Honour of a LONDON PRENTICE,
Wherein is declared his matchless Manhood, and brave Adventures done by him in *Turkey,*
and by what Means he married the King's Daughter of the same Country.

The First P A R T.

OF a LONDON Prentice,
my Purpose is to speak,
And tell his brave Adventures,
done for his Country's sake:
Seek all the World round,
and you shall hardly find,
A Man in Valour to exceed,
a Prentice gallant Mind.

He was born in *Cb shire,*
the chief of Men was he,
From thence brought up to *London,*
a Prentice for to be:
A Merchant on the Bridge,
did like his Service so,
That for three Years his Factor,
to *Turkey* he should go.

And in that famous Country,
one Year he had not been,
E'er he by Tilting did maintain,
the Honour of the *QUEEN,*
ELIZABETH his Princels,
he nobly did make known,
To be the Pheenix of the World,
and none but she alone.

In *Armour* richly gilded,
well mounted on a Steed,
One Score of Knights most hardly,
one Day he made to bleed;
And brought them all to Ground,
who proudly did deny,
ELIZABETH to be the Pearl,
Of Princely Majesty,

The King of the same Country,
thereat began to frown,
And will'd his Son there present,
to pull this Youngster down:
Who, at his Father's Words,
these boasting Speeches said.
Thou art a Traytor, *Englisk Boy,*
and hast the Traytor play'd.

I am no Boy, nor Traytor,
Thy Speeches I defy,
For which I'll be revenged,
upon thee by and by:
A LONDON Prentice still,
shall prove as good a Man,
As any of your *Turkish* Knights,
do all the best you can.

The Second P A R T

AN D therewithal he gave him,
a Box upon the Ear,
Which broke his Neck asunder,
as plainly doth appear:
Now know, proud *Turk!* quoth he,
I am an *Englisk Boy,*
That can, with one small Box o'th Ear,
the Prince of *Turks* destroy.

When as the King perceived,
his Son so strangely slain,
His Soul was more afflicted,
with more than mortal Pain,
And in Revenge thereof,
he swore that he should die,
The cruell'st Death that ever Man,
beheld with mortal Eyes.

Two Lions were prepared,
this Prentice to devour,
Near famish'd up with Hunger,
Ten Days within a Tower:
To make them far more fierce,
and eager of their Prey,
To glut themselves with Humane Gore,
upon this dreadful Day.

The appointed Time of Torment,
at length grew near at Hand,
When all the nobles Ladie,
and Barrons of the Land,
Attended on the King,
to see this Prentice slain,
And buried in the hungry Maws,
of these fierce Lions twain.

Then in his Shirt of Cambrick,
with silk most richly wrought,
This worthy *London* Prentice,
was from his Prison brought:
And to the Lions given,
to stanch their Hunger great,
Which had not eat, in ten Days space,
one smallest bit of Meat.

But *GOD,* who knows all secrets,
the Matter so contriv'd,
That, by this young Man's Valour,
they were of Life depriv'd;
But being faint for Food,
they scarcely could withstand,
The noble Force and Fortitude,
and Courage of his Hand.

For when the hungry Lions,
had cast on him their Eyes,
The Elements did thunder,
with the Eccho of their Cries:
And running all amain,
his Body to devour,
Into their Throats he thrust his Arms,
with all his Might and Power.

From thence, by Manly Valour,
their Hearts he tore asunder,
And at the King he threw them,
to all the Peoples Wonder:
This have I done, quoth he,
for lovely *ENGLAND's* sake,
And for my Country Maiden *QUEEN,*
much more will undertake.

But when the King perceived,
his wrathful Lions Hearts,
Afflicted with great Terror,
his Rigour soon reverts:
And turned all his Hate,
into Remorse and Love,
And said, it was some Angel,
sent down from Heaven above.

No, no I am no Angel,
the courteous young Man said,
But born in famous *ENGLAND,*
where *GOD's* Word is obey'd,
Assisted by the Heavens,
which did me thus befriend,
Or else they had most cruelly,
brought here my Life to end.

The King, in Heart amazed,
lift up his Hands to Heaven,
And for his soul Offences,
did crave to be forgiven:
Believing that no Land,
like *ENGLAND* might be seen,
No People better govern'd,
by Virtue of a *QUEEN.*

So taking up this young Man,
he pardon'd him his Life,
And gave his Daughter to him,
to be his wedded Wife:
Where then they did remain,
and l'ive in quite Peace,
In spending of their happy Days,
in Joy and Love's Increase.

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