

The Golden Glove

Mr Barrow

Collected by Marian Arkwright, Otham, 18 May 1916

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Roud 141

It's of a young Squire near Tam-worth we hear, He
court-ed a nob-le-man's daught-er so fair And
for to mar-ry her It was his in-tent, Their
friends and re-la-tions they gave their con-sent

1. It's of a young Squire near Tamworth we hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair
And for to marry her it was his intent,
Their friends and relations they gave their consent.
2. The time was appointed for their wedding-day.
A young farmer was appointed to give her away,
As soon as the lady this farmer did spy
It inflamed her heart, her heart, she did cry.
3. She turned from the Squire but nothing she said,
Instead of being married she took to her bed;
For the thought of her farmer so ran in her mind,
A way for to have him she quickly did find.

4. Coat, waistcoat and trousers she then did put on,
And to hunting she went with her dog and her gun:
She hunted around, where the farmer did dwell,
Because in her heart, oh! she loved him so well.
5. She oftentimes fired but nothing she killed,
Till at length the young farmer came into the field,
And for to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun then to meet him she went.
6. "I thought you would'd been at the wedding" she cried
"For to wait on the Squire and give him his bride."
"Oh no! sir, I would rather take a sword in my hand;
By honour I would gain her whenever she command."
7. The Lady was pleased when she heard him so bold,
And gave him a glove that was covered with gold.
And told him she found it when slue was coming along
A-going a-hunting with her dog and her gun.
8. The Lady went home with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove.
[And said "Who has found it and brings it to me
Whoever he is, he my husband shall be."]
9. The farmer was pleased when he heard of the news;
With a heart full of love to the lady he goes,
Saying: "Dear honoured Lady, I've picked up your glove.
And I hope you'll be pleased to grant me your love."
10. "It's already granted, I will be your bride,
For I love the sweet breath of the farmer," she cried.
"I'll be mistress of the dairy and in milking of the cow.
While my jolly farmer goes whistling at plough."

And when they got married, she told of the fun
How she went a-hunting with her dog and her gun.