

The Golden Glove

Mrs Ford

Collected by Anne Geddes Gilchrist, Withyham, Sussex, May 1905

Anne Geddes Gilchrist Collection AGG/8/28, AGG/3/6/15, AGG/3/6/2c

Roud 141

Allegretto

'Twas of a young la- dy at Pem-with did dwell, Who
court- ed a squi- er who lov'd her full well And
for to be mar- ried it was their in- tent, For
friends and re- lat- ions had giv'n their con- sent

1. 'Twas of a young lady at Pemwith did dwell
Who courted a squire who loved her full well,
And for to be married it was their intent,
For friends and relations had given their consent.
2. The time was appointed for the wedding day,
The young farmer was appointed to give her away,
But soon as the lady the farmer espied
He enflamed "oh my heart, oh my heart" she did cry.
3. She turned from the squire, and nothing she said,
Instead of getting married, she took to her bed;
The thought of the 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 she went a-hunting with her dog and her gun;
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
Because from her heart she loved him full well.
5. 'Twas of time she fired and nothing she killed –
At length the young farmer came into the field;
"I thought you'd been at the wedding!" she cried,
"To wait on the squire and give him his bride!"
6. "Oh no", says the farmer, "I'll take sword in hand,
And I will have her whenever she commands"
It pleased the lady to think him so bold;
She gave him a glove all flowered with gold.
7. She said she had found it in coming along
While she was a-hunting with her dog and her gun,
The lady went home with her head full of love,
And gave out a notice that she had lost a glove.
8. "And the man that finds it shall bring it to me
The man that finds it my husband shall be"
9. The farmer was pleased to hear the news
He went to the lady with a heart full of love,
Saying "Dear honoured lady, I have picked up a glove
And I hope from my heart you will grant me your love"
10. It's already granted, and I'll be your bride
For I love the sweet breath of a farmer", she cried
"To be mistress of my dairy and milking my cow,
While my jolly farmer goes whistling to plough"
11. And when they got married they told of the fun,
How she went a-hunting with her dog and her gun.

And now she has got him so fast in her snare,
She'll keep him for ever, she'll vow and declare.