

The Golden Glove.

A wealthy old Squire, from Dublin he came, He courted a nobleman's daughter  
 so fair, All for to get married, it was his intent, When friends and relations  
 had given their consent.

~~A farmer was chosen to give him his bride, but soon as the lady the farmer es-~~  
~~But soon as the lady the the farmer did spy,~~ ~~espied,~~  
 Instead of getting married she took to her bed,  
 With thoughts of the handsome young farmer in her head,

~~While thoughts of the farmer were running thru her mind,~~  
~~And a way for to win him, she tried hard to find,~~  
 Coat waistcoat and breeches, she quickly did don,  
 And went out a-hunting, with her dog and gun,

~~she hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,~~  
~~And the she shot often, nothing did she kill,~~  
 At last the young farmer come over the lea,  
 And came up to the lady as sad as he could be.

~~Why aren't you at the wedding the lady cried,~~  
~~To wait on the Squire, and give him his bride,~~  
 Oh no said the farmer, the truth I will tell,  
 I'll not give her to him for I love her too well,

~~It pleased the fair lady to hear him so bold,~~  
~~That she gave him her glove all embroidered in gold,~~  
 She told him she found it while she walked along,  
 As she was a-hunting, with her dog and gun,

~~Back home she did fly, like the wings of a dove,~~  
~~And told everyone that she had lost her glove,~~  
 The man who does find it and bring it to me,  
 That man I will marry, his bride I will be,

~~The farmer came running, with his heart full of love,~~  
~~Saying beautiful lady, 'tis I found your glove,~~  
 And if I can only be blessed with your love,  
 I will love and adore you while stars shine above,

~~'Tis already granted the lady replied,~~  
~~For I love the sweet breath of a farmer she cried,~~  
 So the lady and farmer were married that day,  
 And the wealthy old Squire, was told to go away,

*Raise*

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And so back to Dublin, the old Squire ~~let~~ go,  
A-weepin, and a-wailin and heart full of woe,  
Bad cess to that lady, for being so coy,  
May the Devil take her and her handsome farmer boy,

Soon arter they were married she told him of her fun,  
How she hunted him out with her dog and her gun,  
And now that I have you so fast in my snare,  
I won't let you go love, I vow and declare,

I'll be mistress of my dairy, I'll miik my own cows,  
While my jolly young farmer goes whistling at his plow,  
I'll try hard to be a very good wife,  
And I'll love and I'll cherish you, the rest of my life.

