

The Golden Glove



1. All for an old squ-ire in Lon-don did dwell, He had but one daugh-ter a farm-er loved well,
All for to get mar - ried it was her in - - tent And her
friends and her re - la - - tions soon give her con - - sent.

2. For the day that the wedding was 'pointed to be
The farmer wasn't there for to give her away,
So as the young lady the farmer couldn't spy
She began to lament and then for to cry.
3. This lady went home with her heart filled with woe,
A waistcoat and trousers this lady put on,
All for to course with him it was her intent,
With a dog and a gun away Molly went.
4. She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
[And for to talk with him it was her intent]
She oftentimes fir'ed but nothing could kill,
Till the jolly young farmer came out in the field.
5. "Good morning, kind sir," this lady did say,
"What perhaps that you ain't at the wedding today?
What perhaps that you ain't at the wedding today
For to wait on the lady and give her away?"
6. "Oh no, kind sir, that never could be true.
I loved her too well for to give her away,"
She give him a glove that was lin'ed with gold,
She told him as she found it as she came along.
7. This lady went home with her heart filled with joy,
Giving out a great notice she had lost her glove,
"And the man that will find it and bring it to me
Twenty guineas I'll give him or his bride I'll be."
8. Soon as the young farmer he heard of the news
Straight away to the lady the farmer did go,
"It's my honour, my mistress, I have found your glove,
And I hope that you'll own it and grant me your love."

9. "The love's ready granted," the lady implied
"I love the sweet breath of a farmer quite well,
I'll be mistress of my dearie, [maid?] milking my cows
While my jolly young farmer goes whistling to plough."

10. But after they got married she told of the fun
That she'd been a-hunting with a dog and a gun,
But since I have gained him so fast in a snare
I will keep him for ever - he's my joy and my dear.

Source: Danny Brazil, Staverton, 5th May 1978, collected by Gwilym Davies

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