



A NEW SONG

CALL'D THE GOLDEN GLOVE

A wealthy young Squire liv'd in Thomastown, elee  
He courted a noble mans daughter so fair,  
And for to wed her it was his intent,  
Their friends and relations they all gave consent,

The time was apointed the wedding to be,  
A young farmer was chosen the bridesman to be,  
As soon as the farmer the lady espied,  
Yonr my charmer my love & my darling he cried

She turn'd from the Squire but nothing had said,  
But instead of being married she went to her bed,  
The thoughts of the farmer so run in her mind  
& plan for to gain him she quickly did find,

A vest coat & small cloaths this lady put on,  
And a hunting she went with her dog & her gun,  
She kept cou'sing all day where the farmer did dwell,  
Because in her heart she had love'd him right well

She oft times did fire but nothing had kill'd,  
At length the young farmer came in o the field,,  
And for to discourse him it was her intent  
With her dog & her gun strait to meet him she went

Why not at the wedding the lady she cried  
For to wait on the Squire & give him his bride  
O no said the farmer the time is must tell,  
I cant give her away while I love her so well,

Supposing this lady would grant you her love,  
You know the Squire your ruin would prove  
I would take sword in hand & fight under her banner  
And altho' he's a Squire I'll gain her by honour

The lady was pleas'd he was so noble & bold,  
She gave him her glove all embroider'd with gold,  
She told him she found it as she came along,  
As she was a hunting with her dog & her gun,

The lady went home with her heart full of love,  
And she had it advertis'd that she lost her glove  
Whoever will find it & bring it to me,  
If it should be a mankin'd his bride I will be,

The farmer was glad when he heard of the news,  
With his heart full of love to the lady he goes  
Saying noble lady I've pick'd up your glove  
And I hope you yll deign for to grant me your love,

Its already granted this lady replied,  
I have the sweet breath of the farmer she cried,  
I'll be mistress of my dairy & I'll milk my own cow,  
While my jolly young farmer whistles after his plough

When she was married she told all the fun,  
How she went hunting with her dog & her gun,  
And now that I have him quite fast in a snare  
I will love him forever I vow and declare,