

# The Golden Glove

## John Wesley Harding

Oh it's of a young squire in tamworth we hear  
And he courted a nobleman's daughter so fair  
For to marry her it was his intent  
And the friends and relations had given their consentNow a date was appointed for their wedding day  
And the farmer he was appointed to give her away  
But as soon as the lady this farmer did spy  
Her heart was inflamed and bitterly she did cryAnd she turned from the squire but nothing she said  
But instead of getting married she took to her bed  
And the thoughts of the farmer so ran in her mind  
A way for to have him she quickly did findCoat waistcoat and trousers the young girl put on  
And away she went a-hunting with her dog and her gun  
And she hunted around where the farmer he did dwell  
Because in her heart oh she loved him so wellAnd she oftentimes fired but nothing she killed  
Until this young farmer came into the field  
And to talk with him it was her intent  
With her dog and her gun then to meet him she wentOh I thought you would be at the wedding she cried  
To wait on the squire and to give him his bride  
Oh no said the farmer I'll take a sword in my hand  
By honor I'd gain her whenever she commandAnd the lady was pleased when she heard him so bold  
And she gave him a glove that was made out of gold  
And she told him that she found it (as? ) she was coming along  
As she went out a-hunting with her dog and her gunAnd this lady went home with a heart full of love  
And she gave out a notice that she'd lost her glove  
And whoever found it and he brings it to me  
Whoever he is then my husband shall beThe farmer he was pleased when he heard of the news  
And with a heart full of love to the lady he goes  
Oh lady oh lady I've picked up your glove  
And I hope that you'll be pleased for to grant me some loveOh it's already granted (and? ) I will be your bride  
For I love the sweet breath of the farmer she cried  
I'll be mistress of your dairy and I'll milk all your cows  
While me jolly old farmer goes whistling on his plowAnd it's when they got married and they told of the fun  
How she'd gone out a-hunting with her dog and her gun

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