

August 2019

The Golden Glove

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk



Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Golden Glove" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 881.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/881

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

THE
GOLDEN GLOVE.

A wealthy young squire of Tamworth we hear,
He courted a nobleman's daughter so fair ;
And for to marry her it was his intent,
All friends and relations gave their consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding day,
A young farmer was appointed to give her away ;
As soon as the farmer the young lady did spy,
He inflamed her heart, O my heart she did cry.

She turn'd from the squire but nothing she said,
Instead of being married she took to her bed ;
The thoughts of the farmer so run in her mind,
A way for to have him she quickly did find.

Coat, waistcoat, and trousers she then did put on,
And a hunting she went with her dog and her gun ;
She hunted all round where the farmer did dwell,
Because in heart she did love him full well.

She oftentimes fired, but nothing she kill'd,
At length the young farmer came into the field ;
And to discourse with him it was her intent,
With her dog and her gun to meet him she went.

I thought you had been at the wedding she cry'd,
To wait on the squire, and give him his bride ;
Oh, no sir, says the farmer, if the truth I must tell,
I'll not give her away, I love her too well.

Suppose that this lady should grant you her love,
You know that the squire your rival would prove ;
No sir, said the Farmer I'll take sword in hand,
By honor I'll gain her whenever she commands.

It pleased the lady to find him so bold,
She gave him a glove that was flower'd with gold ;
And told him she found it when coming along,
As she was hunting with her dog and her gun.

The young lady went home with a heart full of love,
And gave out a notice that she'd lost a glove ;
And the man that found it and brought it to me,
The man that did bring it her husband should be.

The farmer was pleased when he heard of the news,
With a heart full of love to the lady he goes ;
Dear honoured lady I have picked up a glove,
And hope that you will be pleased to grant me your love.

It is already granted I will be your bride,
I love the sweet breath of a farmer she cried,
I'll be mistress of my dairy and milking of my cow,
While my jolly young farmer goes whistling to his plough.

And when she was married she told all her fun
How she went a hunting with her dog and her gun,
But now I have got him fast in a snare,
I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare.



ROSIN, THE BEAU.

I have travelled this wide world over,
And now to another I'll go ;
I know that good quarters are waiting,
To welcome old Rosin, the beau.

To welcome old Rosin, the beau,
To welcome old Rosin, the beau,
I know that good quarters are waiting,
To welcome old Rosin, the beau.

When I'm dead and laid out on the counter,
A voice you will hear from below,
Singing out whiskey and water
To drink to old Rosin, the beau.

To drink, &c.

And when I am dead, I reckon
The ladies will all want to know—
Just lift the lid off the coffin,
And look at old Rosin, the beau.

And look, &c.

You must get some dozen good fellows,
And stand them all round in a row,
And drink out of half gallon bottles,
To the name of old Rosin, the beau.

To the name, &c.

Get four or five jovial young fellows,
And let them all staggering go
And dig a deep hole in the meadow,
And in it toss Rosin, the beau.

And in it, &c.

Then get you a couple of tombstones,
Place one at my head and my toe ;
And do not fail to scratch on it
The name of old Rosin, the beau.

The name, &c.

I feel the grim tyrant approaching,
That cruel implacable foe,
Who spares neither age nor condition,
Nor even old Rosin, the beau.

Nor even, &c.

WALKER, PRINTER, DURHAM.