

THE

34
Golden Glove;

WITH THE

A N S W E R.

To which are added,

The Lincolnshire FARMER.

The DRUNKEN WIFE of
GALLOWAY.

The Famous GREY MARE.



Entered according to Order.



THE GOLDEN GLOVE.

A Wealthy young 'Squire in Tadworth we hear,
 He courted a nobleman's daughter so dear;
 And for to marry her it was his intent,
 All friends and relations had given consent.

The time was appointed for the wedding day,
 A young Farmer was chosen to give her away:
 As soon as the Lady the Farmer did spy,
 It inflamed her mind, O my heart! she did cry.

She turn'd from the 'Squire, and nothing she said,
 Instead of being married, she went to her bed:
 The thoughts of the Farmer still ran in her mind,
 The way for to have him, she soon then did find.

Coat, waistcoat and breeches, 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 her heart she lov'd him so well.

She often had fired, but nothing had kill'd,
 At length the young Farmer came into the field:
 Then 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 to give him his Bride,
 No Sir, said the Farmer, if the truth I may tell,
 I'll not give her away, I love her too well.

Suppose that the Lady should grant you her love,
 You know that the 'Squire your rival will prove;
 O, then said the Farmer, I'll take sword in hand,
 By honour I'll gain her, or my life's at demand.

The Lady was pleas'd to hear him so bold,
 She gave him a glove that was flow'ring with gold;
 She told him she found it while coming along,
 As she was a hunting with her dog and her gun.

The Lady went home with her heart full of love,
 And gave out a speech that she had lost a glove;
 And he who doth find it, and brings it to me,
 That man that doth find it, his Bride I will be.

The Farmer was pleas'd when he heard the news,
 With a heart full of joy, to the Lady he goes;
 Dear honoured Lady, I've pick'd up a glove,
 If you will be pleas'd to grant me your love.

It is already granted, I will be your Bride,
 I love the sweet breath of a Farmer she cry'd;
 I'll be Mistress of the dairy, and milking the cow,
 Whilst my jolly brisk Farmer's whistling at the plow.

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T H E A N S W E R.

THE 'Squire he returned in a furious mood,
 Swearing to be reveng'd on the Farmer's blood,
 But fortune to the Farmer has proved most kind,
 Disappointed the 'Squire of his cruel design.

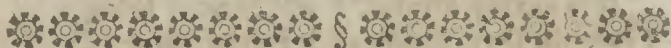
The 'Squire & the Farmer by chance they did meet,
 Says the 'Squire to the Farmer, you are indiscreet,
 For taking from me my lovely sweet bride,
 You shall either fight me, or die by my side.

With all my whole heart, the Farmer did cry,
 To fight for my jewel, I'll never deny;
 So to work with vigour they instantly went,
 But the 'Squire yielding, gave the Farmer content.

And now they're marry'd in great splendor we hear,
 Now he possesses nine thousand by year,
 With his beautiful Lady, and likewise his hall,
 He has men and maid servants, and all at a call.

Here's a health to the Plough boys, my Lady did cry,
 I'm wedded to a Plough man, I'll never deny;
 Because they're men of honour, and that we are sure,
 Because they do labour for both rich and poor.

And when they were marry'd, she told him the fun,
 How she hunted the Farmer with her dog and her gun;
 But now I have him so fast in the snare,
 I'll enjoy him for ever, I vow and declare.



The LINCOLNSHIRE FARMER.

THE Lincolnshire Farmer he had a fair wife,
 The Clerk of the parish lov'd her as his life;
 In pleasures of love they would frolic and play,
 Till her kind loving husband grew jealous they say.

Then straight to a cunning man away he did go,
 To know whether he was a cuckold or no;
 Says the cunning man if my council you'll take,
 To-morrow night pleasant good sport I will make.

There's an old hollow oak half a mile out of town,
 To keep yourself warm, take your cloak & your gown,
 And in that same oak you shall lodge all the night,
 To-morrow I'll show you a delicate sight.

The Farmer resolv'd the project to try,
 With the Conjuror's humour he then did comply;
 He then told his wife he must ride out of town,
 With a sorrowful sigh she began to look down.

His back being turn'd, for her gallant she sent,
That they might revel all night in joy and content;
Before the next morning there came a sad rout,
The Conjuror by his charms had brought about.

The Conjuror's Scholar got in by his skill,
Where he lay as snug as a thief in a mill,
He fix'd such a charm o'er the pisspot at last,
Whoe'er should touch it, there they should stick fast.

In the morning to make water, the Clerk did arise,
The pisspot was found lock'd between both his thighs;
The Farmer's fair wife she run up in her shift,
To help her kind lover out of his dead list.

His delicate dill in her right hand she took,
With her left hand she seiz'd on the side of the pot,
She lugg'd and she pull'd till her arms they did ach,
But they both stuck as fast as two bears to a stake.

So in this sad case with her foot she did knock,
Her daughter immediately ran up in her smock,
It's come girl and help us, and make no excuse,
For the pisspot's bewitch'd and we cannot get loose.

Pretty Nancy endeavouring to set them all free,
As soon as she touch'd it, they stuck fast all three;
The Conjuror open'd the door, it being day,
And his conjuring pipes he began for to play.

Stript naked to their shifts thro' the town they did dance,
When they met with a lusty bold taylor by chance,
Who would break the pisspot, being lusty and strong,
But as soon as he touch'd it, he went dancing along.

Thus piping, he led them along the highway,
'Till they came to the place where the husband lay;
He hearing such a noise, peep'd out of the oak,
Like a man sore affrighted, these words then he spoke.

Is this my friend Richard, our good parish Clerk;
 Is it you that has tickled my wife in the dark?
 It is for the offence I'll be now satisfy'd;
 Or I'll immediately whip off his nutmegs, he cry'd.

The Clerk he offer'd to give him ten pound,
 It was but a trespass, he said, on the ground,
 The Farmer no less than a hundred would have,
 The other would give it his Nutmegs to save.

They sent for apparel, and when they were dress'd,
 They went to the ale-house to laugh at the jest;
 The Farmer no less than one hundred would have,
 And the other he gave it his Nutmegs to save.

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The Drunken WIFE of GALLOWAY.

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarry,
 The wife she drank naething but wine and canary,
 To her friends he complain'd of her right early,
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

She's drunken her stockings, sae has she her shoon,
 And she has drunken her bonny new gown;
 She's drunken her sark that cover'd her early,
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank crummy, and then she drank gatie,
 Syne she has drunken my bonny grey marie,
 That carried me through the dub and the larie,
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

Wad she drink but her ain things, I wadna much care,
 But when she drinks my claiths that I canna well spare,
 When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me fairly,
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a wad,
 The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;
 At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely,
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

The very grey mittons that gaed on my hands,
 To her neighbour wife she has laid them in pawns,
 My bane-headed staff that I lo'ed so dearly,
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

When there's ony siller, she maun keep the purse,
 Gin I seek but ae bawbie she'll scauld and she'll curse,
 She lives like a Queen, I scrimpet and sparely,
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

I ne'er was inclin'd to wrangling and strife,
 Nor wad I refuse what's needfu' for life;
 E'er we come to war, I'm ay for a parly,
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

A pint with her kimmers I wad her allow,
 But when she sits down, she drinks till she's fow,
 And when she is fow she's unco camstrarie,
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

When she gaes to the caufy she roars and she rants,
 Has no dread of her neighbours, nor minds the house wants
 Roars some foolish lilt, like up thy heart Charlie,
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

And when she comes hame she iays on the lads,
 She ca's the lasses baith limmers and jades:
 And me my fell nought but an auld cuckold Carlie,
 Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

THE FAMOUS GREY MARE,

COME gentlemen, sportsmen, I pray listen all,
 And I'll sing you a song in praise of Sewball,
 And how he came over, you shall understand,
 It was by Lord Melvin the peer of the land.

And of his late actions which he's done before,
 He's been lately challenged by Sir Ralph Gore,
 For five hundred guineas on the plains of Kildare,
 To run with Miss Portly that famous Grey Mare.

Sewball then hearing the money was laid,
 Said to his kind Master, pray don't be afraid,
 If hundreds and thousands on my side you hold,
 I will cover your castle with red massy gold.

The day being come, 'Squire Melvin did say,
 Come gentlemen, sportsmen, to-morrow's the day,
 Your horses, saddles and bridles prepare,
 For we must away to the plains of Kildare.

The hour being come, 'Squire Melvin did say,
 Come gentlemen that has got money to lay,
 And you that has thousands, I will lay you all,
 For I'll venture thousands on famous Sewball.

The minute being come, away they did fly,
 Sewball like an arrow Miss Portly past by,
 The people went up to see them pass round, (ground.
 They swore in their hearts that they ne'er touch'd the

And when they came to the middle of the course,
 Sewball to his Master began to discourse,
 O loving kind Master, pray tell unto me,
 How far is Miss Portly this minute from me?

O loving kind Master, you run with great skill,
 The grey Mare's behind you a full English mile,
 If your saddle maintain you, you need not to fear,
 You ne'er shall be beat by the bonny grey mare.

Now gentlemen, sportsmen, I bid you farewell,
 And I'll home to England, the news for to tell,
 That Sewball has left you with hearts full sore,
 For he's beat Miss Portly and broke Sir Ralph Gore.