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A wealthy young squire of Falmouth<sup>ii</sup> we hear  
He courted a nobleman's daughter so dear.  
And for to be married it was their intent,  
All friends and relations, they gave their consent.

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

She turned herself round, though nothing she said,  
But instead of being married, she took to her bed:  
The thoughts of the farmer still run in her mind,  
And a way for to have him she quickly did find.

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Coat, waistcoat and small clothes<sup>iii</sup> this lady 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 did love him so well.

Full many times she firèd, but nought she did kill,  
Till at length this young farmer came into the field;  
Then for to discourse she quickly begun  
As she was a hunting with her dog and gun.

"I thought you had been at the wedding" she cried  
"For to wait on the squire and give him his bride."  
"Oh no" says the farmer, "if the truth I may tell,  
I'll not give her away, for I love her too well."

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This lady was pleased to see him so bold.  
She gave him a glove that was bordered with gold.  
She told him she found it when coming along,  
As she was a-hunting with her dog and gun.

And then she gave out word that she'd lost a glove,  
And the man that would find it she'd grant him her love.  
"The man that will find it and bring it to me,  
"The man that will find it, his bride I will be."

The farmer was pleased to hear of the news,  
Then straitway to the lady he instantly goes  
Saying "Honored lady, I have picked up your glove,  
"And now will you be pleased to grant me your love!"

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"'Tis already granted" the lady replied.  
"I love the sweet breath of the farmer" she cried,  
"I'll be mistress of my dairy, go milking my cows,  
"Whilst my jolly young farmer goes whistling to plow."

Then after she was married, she told of the fun,  
How she hunted the farmer with her dog and gun,  
Saying "Now I have got him so safe in my snare

“I’ll enjoy him forever, I vow and declare.”

*Finis.*



***Notes***

- i. Traditional English ballad. Also known as The Squire of Tamworth or The Golden Glove.
- ii. Norfolk, England. In other versions of the ballad, the squire is from Tamworth, England.
- iii. In another version of this ballad, she put on "trousers" as well, i.e., she disguised herself as a man.