

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 trowsers 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 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 the bride ;
No sir, said the farmer, I'll take sword in hand,
By honour 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 lady went home with her 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 honour'd lady I have pick'd up a glove,
And hope 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 my cows,
While my jolly farmer is whistling at plough.

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

Walker, Printer, Durham.

THE ARETHUSA.

Come all you jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold,
Huzza to the Arethusa !
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave :
Her men are staunch,
To their favourite launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruize about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The fam'd Belle Poole straight a-head did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,
Nor a sheet or a tack,
Or a brace did she slack :
Though the Frenchmen laugh'd and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men how tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France,
We, with two hundred did advance,
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchmen ho ;
The Frenchmen they cried out, hallo :
Bear down, d'ye see,
To our admiral's lee ;
No, no, says the Frenchmen, that can't be ;
Then I must lug you along with me,
Says the saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchmen's land,
We forc'd them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick would stand,
Of the Gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more ;
Let each fill a glass,
To his favourite lass :
A health to our captain, and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
On board of the Arethusa.

