

## Wagoner's Lad

Tim O'Brien

The heart is the fortune of all women kind  
They're always controlled, they're always confined  
Controlled by their parents until they are wives  
Then slaves to their husbands the rest of their lives

I am a poor girl, my fortune is sad  
I've always been courted by the wagoner's lad  
He courted my dailey, by night and by day  
Now his wagon is loaded and he's going away

Your parents don't like me because I am poor  
They say I'm not worthy of entering your door  
I work for my living, my money's my own  
If they don't like me they can leave me alone

Your horses are hungry go feed them some hay  
Come sit down here by me as long as you stay  
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay  
So fair thee well darlin. I'll feed on my way

Your wagon needs greasin', you whip is to mend  
Come sit down here by me as long as you can  
My wagon is greasy, my whip's in my hand  
So fair thee well darlin' no longer to stand

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