

Dudley Saunders, The Wagoner'S Lad

oh I'm just a poor boy
my fortune is sad
I've always been courted
by the wagoner's lad
he's courted me nightly
and never by day
and now he is loading
and going away

oh your horses are hungry
go and feed them some hay
and sit down here by me
as long as you may
my horses ain't hungry
they won't eat your hay
so fair thee well darling
I'll be on my way

oh your wagon needs greasing
your whip is to mend
so sit down here by me
as long as you can
my wagon is greasy
my whip's in my hand
so fair thee well darling
no longer to stand

oh hard is the fortune
of all of our kind
we're always controlled
we're always confined
controlled by our people
unless we take wife
or a slave to the highway
for the rest of our lives
and he's a slave to highway
for the rest of his life