

Tim O'Brien, Wagoner's Lad

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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