

Andy M. Stewart, Matt Hyland

There was a lord, lived in this town
Who had a handsome, lovely daughter.
She was courted by a fair young man
Who was a servant to her father.
But when her parents they came to know
They swore theyd send him from the island.
The maid she knew her heart would break
Had she to part with young Matt Hyland.

Then straightway unto her love she goes,
Into his room him to awaken.
Saying, arise my love, and go away,
This very night you will be taken.
I overheard my parents say
In spite of me he will transport you.
So arise, my love, and go away,
I wish to God Id gone before you.

Oh must I go, to her he said,
Oh must I go without my wages.
Without one penny allin my purse
Just like some poor, forlorn stranger
Heres fifty guineas all in bright gold
And thats far more than father owes you.
So take it now and go away,
I wish to God Id gone before you.

They both sat down upon the bed
Just for the side of one half hour,
Not a word did either speak,
But down their cheeks the tears did shower.
She rests her head upon his breast
And round his neck her arms entwined.
Not duke nor lord, nor earl Ill wed
Ill wait for thee my own Matt Hyland.
Ill wait for thee my own Matt Hyland.
Ill wait for thee my own Matt Hyland.