

Joan Baez, Wagoner's Lad

Oh, hard is the fortune of all woman kind
She's always controlled, she's always confined
Controlled by her parents untill she's a wife
A slave to her husband the rest of her life

Oh, i'm just a poor girl my fortune is sad
i've always been courted by the wagoner's lad
He's courted me daily, by night and by day
But now he is packing and moving away

My parents don't like him because he is poor
They say he's not worthy of entering my door
He works for a living, his money's his own
And if they don't like it they can leave him alone

Your horses are hungry, go feed them some hay
Then sit down beside me as long as you may
My horses aint hungry, they won't eat your hay
Then fare thee well darlin i'll be on my way

Your wagon needs greasing your whip is to mend
Then sit down beside me as long as you can
My wagon is greasy, my whip's in my hand
Then fare thee well darlin, no longer to stand