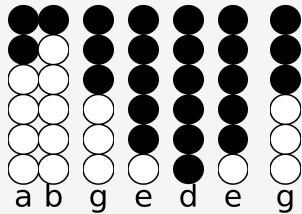
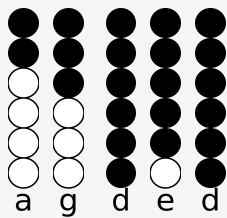


Tin whistle tabs for: Wagoner's Lad

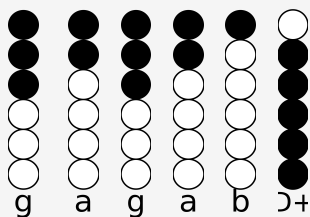
Categories: Folk



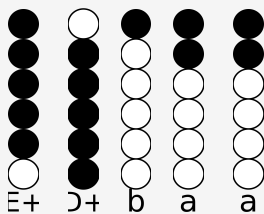
Oh, hard is the for-tune



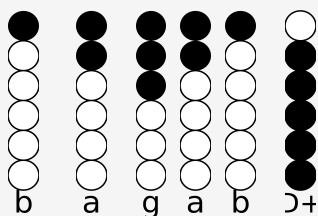
of all wom-an kind



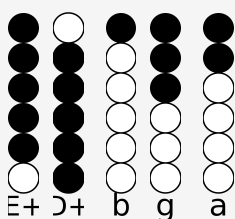
She's al-ways con-trol-led,



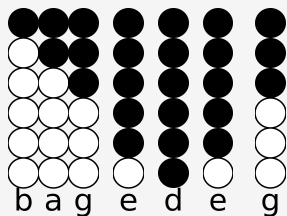
she's al-ways con-fined



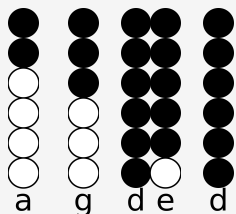
Con-trolled by her par-ents



Un-til she's a wife



A slave to her hus-band



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