

Wagoner's Lad

[Joan Baez](#)

Oh, hard is the fortune of all womankind
She's always controlled, she's always confined
Controlled by her parents until 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
And now he is loading and going away Oh, 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 Oh, your horses are hungry, go feed them some hay
Then sit down here by me as long as you may
My horses ain't hungry, they won't eat your hay
So fare thee well, darling, I'll be on my way

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