

## **Andy M. Stewart**

### **"Matt Hyland"**

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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.

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