

Traditional Irish Music

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Matt Hyland Paddy Reilly

A7 D
There lived a D] lord wiG]thin this land
G D A7
Who had a fair and lovely daughter
D G D
She was courted by a nice young man
G D A D
Who was a servant to her father
Bm A A7
But when her parents came to know,,
D G A D
They swore they'd drive him from the island
D G D
But this maid she knew that her heart would break
G D A D
If she should part from young Matt Hyland

Straightway into his room she goes
Into his room him to awaken
Saying, "Arise and go, my own true love
This very night you will be taken
For I have heard my father say
In spite of me he will transport you
So arise and go, my own true love
I wish to God I'd gone before you"

"Ah, must I go," the young man said
"Ah, must I go without my wages
With ne'er a penny in my purse
Just like some poor forlorn stranger?"
"Here's fifty guineas in bright gold
And that's far more than father owes you
So arise and go, my own true love
I wish to God I'd gone before you"

They both sat down upon the bed
Just side by side for one half hour
And ne'er a word did either say
Yet down their cheeks the tears did shower
She's laid her head all on his breast
Round his waist her arms entwined
"No lord or duke or earl I'll wed
I'll wait for you my Young Matt Hyland"

The lord discussed with his daughter dear
One night alone in her bedchamber
Saying, "I'll give you leave to bring him back
Since there are none you style above him"
She wrote a letter then in haste
Still for him her heart entwined
She's brought him back, to the church they went
She's made a lord of young Matt Hyland