

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Matt Hyland 2

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There was a lord lived in the North
 who had a very lovely daughter
She was courted by a handsome man
 who was a servant to her father
But when her parents came to know
 they swore they'd ban him from the island
The maid she knew her heart would break
 had she to part with youg Mat Hyland

So straightaway to her love she went
 and then into her room to wake him
Saying rise my love and go away
 this very night you will be taken
I overheard my parents say
 in spite of me they would transport you
So rise my love and go away
 I wish to God I'd gone before you

They both sat down upon the bed
 all for the sight of one another
And not one word did either speak
 till down her cheeks the tears did shower
She lay her head upon his breast
 around his neck her arms entwined then
Not a duke nor lord nor earl I'll wed.
 I'll wait for you my own Mat Hyland

How can I go away my love?
 How can I leave without my wages?
Without one penny of my own
 just like some low and lonesome vagrant
Here's 20 guineas in bright gold.
 That's far much more than father owes you.
So take it love and go away.
 You know right well I do adore you

'Tis then these lovers severed were,
 That he might elude transportation;
Since he was gone, perhaps fore'er,
 Her sad heart knew no consolation;
As days passed by, she then began

To roam the groves alone and slighted;
And, in her grief, she cried aloud,
"Send back, send back my own Matt Hyland."

The lord conversed with his daughter fair
one night above in her bed chamber
I'll give you leave to bring him back
since there's no one can win your favour
She wrote a letter then in haste
for him her heart was still repining
They brought him back, to the church they went
and made a lord of young Mat Hyland

from a lovely singer from Loughrae, Co. Galway, Ireland named Tony Callanan. Fifth verse from Frank Harte.

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