

Wagoner's Lad

Trad.

As performed by Bob Dylan, Oct 19 1988

G C/g G C/g G
 Oh hard is the fortune of all womankind
 G G /b /c D Dsus4 D
 It's always controlled, it's always confined
 D G /b /c D
 Controlled by her parents until she's a wife
 Cadd2 /b /a /c /b /a /c /b /a G
 Then slave to her husband for the rest of her life

She is a poor girl, and her fortune is sad
 always been courted by the wagoner's lad
 He courted her truly both night and by day
 But now he is a-loaded and a-going away

Your parents don't like me they say I'm too poor
 They say I'm not worthy to enter your door
 But I work for a living, my money's my own
 And them that don't like it can leave me alone

My horses ain't hungry, and they don't need your hay
 Come sit down beside me for as long as you stay
 I'd go to Montana if the moon showed any light,
 But my pony can't travel this dark road tonight.

I once had a sweetheart and her age was sixteen
 She's the flower of Belton and the rose of Seline.
 But her parents was against me, now she is the same,
 If I'd writ on your book, love, you just blot out my name.

Hard is the fortune of all womankind
 It's always controlled, and it's always confined
 Controlled by her parents until she's a wife
 Then slave to her husband for the rest of her life.