

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Wexford Girl

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It was in the town of Waterford
Where I was bred and born
It was in the city of Baltimore
That I owned a flowered farm
I courted many a Wexford girl
With dark and roving eyes

I asked her for to marry me
And yes, was her reply;
I went up to here father's house
About 8 o'clock one night
I asked her for to take a walk
Our wedding day to appoint

We walked along quite easily
Til I came to a level ground
I broke a stake out of the fence
And beat this fair maid down;
Down on her bended knees she fell
And, "mercy she did cry"

Oh, Willie dear, don't murder me here
I'm not prepared to die
He heeded not the words she said
But he beat her all the more
Til all the ground for yards around
Was in a bloody gore.

I went up to my mother's house
About 12 o'clock that night
My mother, she'd been sittin' up a-waitin'
She took an awful fright
Oh son, dear son, what have you done
What bled your hands and clothes
The answer that I made to my mother
"I was bleeding at the nose;"

I asked her for a candle
To light my way to bed
Likewise, for a handkerchief, to wrap
Around my aching head
I tied it and I twisted it

But no comfort could I find
The flames of hell shown around me
My true love not far behind;

It was in about three weeks before
This fair maid was found
Floatin' down the river
That leads to Wexford town
And all that saw her said
She was fair, a handsome bride
That she was fit for any king
Or any Squire's bride;

I was taken on suspicion
And locked in the Wexford jail
For there was none to pity me
Or none to go my bail
Come ye, all you loyal true lovers
A warning take by me
And never treat your own true love
To any cruelty;

For if you do, you'll rue like me
Until the day you die
You'll hang like me, a murderer
All on the gallows high.

Recorded by Benny Barnes