My Father's Servant Boy

My Father's Servant Boy

Come all you old, both great and small, attend unto my fame;
There's none of you will pity me but those who felt the same.
I lived between Duncannon and the town of Duncalloy,
And now I'm in America with my father's servant boy.

My father he would have me wed unto a gentleman;
Next day in church we were to meet to join in wedlock band.
The night before, I stole from them unto a village nigh,
Where I did meet my own true love, my father's servant boy.

I took my love along with me, I cared for nothing more;
I bid farewell to all my friends, likewise to the Shamrock shore.
To Belfast town we both went down and soon found Captain Coy,
And in his ship I sailed away with my father's servant boy.

When we got to America our money we did spend,
And some time was supported by a true Irish friend,
Till a gentleman from Ireland he did my love employ.
Two pounds a week I do receive from my father's servant boy.

They wrote me a letter to Philadelphia town:
If I would go home again I would get five hundred pound.
This news I sent to them from Philadelphia town:
Where they are worth a shilling there, here I am worth one pound.

From Ballads and Sea Songs from Nova Scotia, Mackenzie
Collected from Richard Hines
DT #578
Laws M11
RG
oct96