Johnny Doyle

(alternate:)

Johnny Doyle

Oh, as it happened on last Saturday night,
Me and my true love was going to take a flight.
My maid stood by me, so plain I could see
She run to my mama and told her on me.

My mama she locked me in a room that was high,
Where no one could see me, no one could pass by.
She bundled up my clothes and bid me begone,
So slowly and slyly I then slipped them on.

My daddy he allowed me about a thousand pounds
A horse, bridle and saddle for me to ride on,
With six double horse-men 'fore me to ride
A-forcing to make me young Samuel Moore's bride.

We rode and we ride till we came to the town,
And there at Squire Gardner's then we got down.
And then rat Squire Gardner's then we got down,
A-forcing me by marriage to give him my hand.

As soon as the preacher slipped up to the door,
My ear-rings they busted and fell to the floor.
In fifty-five pieces my stay-laces flew,
I thought my poor heart would have broken in two.

Behind ny eldest brother they carried me home,
My mama she hid me in a room of my own.
And there on my bedside I eased myself down,
All home-sick and heart broke there I was found.

I called to my mama and this did I say,
"Don't let Sammie Moore in till about the break of day.
About the break of day my poor soul will take its flight
He shall never enjoy me nor call me his wife."

"Oh, then," says my mama, "Let's send for Johnny Doyle."
"Oh, no, no, my mama, it's not worth your while.
My last dying words is, "Young Johnny fare you well.
There is more love in my heart than my poor tongue can tell."

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