

“And must I go away?” he said,
“Just like some poor, forlorn ranger,
And leave my service in distress,
And must I go without my wages?”
“Oh, here are fifty pounds,” she says,
“’Tis more than all my father owed you,
So now away before it is day,
And I wish, my love, I had gone before you.”

Then after that came many a lord,
And many an earl to court this lady.
‘Twas all in vain, it was all no use;
No lord nor earl could gain her favor.
Her father asked the reason why,
At which his daughter plainly told him
“No lord nor earl will e’er I wed.
My heart has gone with young Matt Ilan.”

Oh, then up speaks her father dear,
Saying, “I did not know how dear you loved him.
Now, I will bring young Ilan home,
Since none there are you adore above him.”
A letter then she wrote straightway,
Her heart to him it was inclining.
So, to church away without delay,
And she made a lord of young Matt Ilan.

Note: I have never heard anyone but my father sing this song, and he said he never heard anyone sing it but the man from whom he learned it. It is so long ago that I can’t be sure, but I think the singer was a man from New Brunswick whose name was Davidson.