

Primary Source – The Trappan'd Maiden (folk ballad, c 1600s)

Source: "The Trappan'd Maiden: or, the Distressed Damsel," An American Garland: Being a Collection of Ballads Relating to America, 1563-1759, ed. C.H. Firth (Oxford University Press, 1915), pp. 251-253.

Give ear unto a maid that lately was betrayed
And sent into Virginny O.
In brief I shall declare what I have suffered there,
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O.

It's since that first I came unto this land of fame
Which is called Virginny O,
The axe and the hoe have wrought my overthrow
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O.

Five years and more served I all under Master Guy
In the land of Virginny O,
Which made me for to know sorrow, grief and woe
When that I was weary, weary, weary, weary O.

O when my dame says go, it's then I must do so
In the land of Virginny O.
When she sits at meat then I have none to eat
When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary O.

Instead of beds of ease to lie down when I please
In the land of Virginny O.
Upon a bed of straw I lie down full of woe
When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary O.

Oh I have played my part both at plough and cart
In the land of Virginny O.
Billets from the wood upon my back they load
When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary O.

And when the mill doth stand I'm ready at command
In the land of Virginny O.
The mortar for to make which makes my heart to ache
When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary O.

And when the child doth cry I must sing bye-a-bye
In the land of Virginny O.
No rest that I can have while I am here a slave
When that I am weary, weary, weary, weary O.

But if it be my chance homeward to advance
In the land of Virginny O,
If that I once more should land on England's shore
I'll no more be weary, weary, weary, weary O.