

The Old Maid

The Wolfe Tones

Chorus:

Come a landsman, a pinsman, a tinker or a tailer,
Fiddler, or a dancer, ploughboy or a sailor,
Gentleman, a poor man, a fool or a witty,
Don't let me die an old maid, but take me out of pity.
Oh, I had a sister Sally, was younger than I am, She had
so many sweethearts, she had to deny them;
As for my own part, I never had many,
If you all knew my heart, I'd be thankful for any.

Chorus:

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Fiddler, or a dancer, ploughboy or a sailor,
Gentleman, a poor man, a fool or a witty,
Don't let me die an old maid, but take me out of pity.
Oh, I had a sister Susan, was ugly and misshapen,
Before she was sixteen years old she was taken,
Before she was eighteen, a son and a daughter,
Here am I, six and forty, and nary an offer.

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Fiddler, or a dancer, ploughboy or a sailor,
Gentleman, a poor man, a fool or a witty,
Don't let me die an old maid, but take me out of pity.
Oh, I never will be scolding, I never will be jealous,
My husband shall have money to go to the alehouse,
While he's there a-spending, well, I'll be home a-
saving,
And I'll leave it to the world if I am worth having.

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