

# 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.

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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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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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