

Traditional Irish Music

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Old Maid In The Garret

D
Now I've often heard it said from me father and me mother

A G D
That the going tae a wedding is the making of another

D G D
Well, if this be true, I will go without a biddin

A
O kind providence, won't you send me tae a wedding

D G D G
And its O dear me, how would it be,

D A D
if I die an old maid in a garret

Well, there's my sister Jean, she's
not handsome or good looking
Scarcely sixteen and a fella she was courting
Now at twenty-four with a son and a daughter
Here am I at forty-five and I've never had an offer

I can cook and I can sew and I can keep the house right tidy
Rise up in the morning and get the breakfast ready
There's nothing in this whole world would make me half so cheery
As a wee fat man to call me his own deary

So come landsman or come pinsman, come tinker or come tailor
Come fiddler or come dancer, come ploughboy or come sailor
Come rich man, come poor man, come fool or come witty
Come any man at all that will marry me for pity

Well now I'm away home for nobody's heeding
Nobody's heeding and nobody's pleading
I'll go away to my own bitty garret
If I can't get a man, then I'll have to get a parrot