

The Old Maid (53)

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When I was a girl of eighteen years old
I was scornful as scornful could be
I was taught to expect wit, wisdom and gold
And nothing less would do for me.

Ah! those were the days when my eyes beam'd bright,
And my cheek was like the rose on the tree;
And the ringlets they curl'd o'er my forehead so white,
And lovers came courting to me.

The first was a youth any girl might adore,
And as ardent as lover could be;
But my mother having heard that the young man was poor,
Why! he would not do for me.

And then hobbled in, my favour to beg,
An officer in our navy;
But tho' famous in arms, he wanted a leg,
So he would not do for me.

And now came a lawyer, his claims to support,
By precedents from Chancery;
But I told him I was judge in my own little court,
And he would not do for me.

The next was a dandy, who had driven four in hand,
Reduced to a Gig--d'ye see;
In getting o'er the ground, he had run thro' his land,
So he would not do for me.

I'd a suitor from the South, and another from the West,
I think, from the state of Tennessee;
But one was rather old, the other badly drest,
So neither of them suited me.

These were nearly the last, I was then forty-four,
I am now only just fifty-three;
But I really think that some, I rejected before
Would now do very well for me.

Then all ye young ladies, by me warning take

Who scornful or cold chance to be;
Lest ye from your fond silly dreams should awake
Old Maidens of Fifty-three.

From Flashes of Merriment, Levy
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