

The Old Plaid Shawl - song lyrics

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THE OLD PLAID SHAWL.

Sung by Maggie Cline.

Oh! as I did ramble, down by a bramble,
On a bright, clear morn in the month of May,
Faith I I spied a damsel, both fair and handsome,
And I stepped aside for to bear what she did say;
Faith ! she wore no jewels, nor costly diamonds.
Oh I she'd no jewelry, she'd none at all,
But she wore a chignon, and sang a sweet song,
And to crown her beauty she wore an old piaid shawl.

Faith! we kept on walking, we kept on talking,
And the divil a one of us knew when to stop;
When she says, "Young man, what profession are you? "
Says I, "My love, I'm a clerk in a'pothecary shop."
I wasn't minding, I wasn't thinking,
Oh! I wasn't thinking a bit at all,
"When she landed me and knocked me kicking-
May the divil shoot the damsel with the old plaid shawl.