

# Don't Die An Old Maid - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

DON'T DIE AN OLD MAID.

Written and sung by Sam Devere.

When a young girl arrives at the age of sixteen,  
Sweet sixteen, so gushing and gay.  
She's happy when spinning in the bright mazy waltz.  
And flirts in a mischievous way.  
Skips round like a kitten and hangs her front hair,  
Borrows all her big sister's best clothes;  
If a young man should call at her house, she'll say:  
"Ma! who is he?" then turn up her nose.

Chorus.

Oh, girly. dear girly. just take my advice,  
And see that your plans are well laid;  
Be careful and never refuse a man twice,  
But snatch him, don't die an old maid.

But after she reaches about twenty-five,  
She begins to get calm and serene;  
She's beginning to think of the sweet bye-and-bye,  
She's not, quite so frisky and green.  
She's had quite a bath in the pleasures of life.  
Cut all her eye-teeth and got wise;  
And when a young gentleman calls at her house,  
"Oh, ma, dear, what is he?" she cries.-Chorus.

But after she reaches about thirty-five,  
She's nervous and so much afraid:  
She's beginning to think of her terrible fate,  
She'll soon be a crusty old maid.  
It's then she gets desperate, excited and rash,  
She'll nail any rooster she can;  
And now when a gentleman calls she will screech:  
"Where is he? I'm dying for a man!" -Chorus.

Little Old Red Shawl My Mother Wore  
Written by Frank Livingston, for John Walsh.

It's a relic, do you see, it was in our family.  
My mother used to wear it in the Fall;  
And the morning that she died, called me to her bedside"  
And said: "My son, now keep this old red shawl."

Chorus.

It is aged, and it's tore, yet I fondly adore  
This dear old shawl my mother wore;  
And through life it shall be, yes, a bright gem to me,  
This little old red shawl my mother wore.

I prize it far above every other thing I love.  
For it keeps my mother ever in my mind:  
And as long as life shall last, to this relic I'll hold fast,  
This memento that my mother left behind.-Chorus.