

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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### The Poor Auld Maid

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In a lonely garret an auld maid sat  
Wi' her candle burning dim;  
While stretched at her feet lay an auld tam cat  
As grey as Methusalem.

The wintry winds they ravage and roar  
The trees they crack and mourn,  
While this poor maid stretched oot on the floor  
And sang in a dolorous ton:

No gentle tap ever comes tae my door  
Nor a kindly hand to caress,  
Nor ever a footstep crosses me door  
Tae lighten me loneliness.

The time passes by with the clock's dull tick  
And the wearisome purr of the cat  
It seems I've lived since the Ark came down  
On the top of Mount Ararat.

My cheeks are growing grizzled and my hair's turning grey  
And the sight of my eyes nearly spent;  
And my chance of getting wed it's as far, far away  
As the stars in the firmament.

Come all you that cling to your true-lover's arms  
Take warning by what I have said,  
For the lone-somest life in a' this world  
Is the life of a poor auld maid.

From Folksongs of Britain and Ireland, Kennedy  
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