The Old Maid in the Garret

G D
I have often heard it said by my father and my mother
G C e D
That going to a wedding is the makings of another.
G C e D
Well, if this be so, then I'll go without a bidding.
G D
O, kind providence, won't you take me to a wedding?

G D e C G D C D G
And it's o dear me! How would it be if I died an old maid in the garret?

I've a sister named Kathaleen, and she's younger than I am -
Has so many sweethearts that she has to deny them;
But as for myself, well, you know I haven't many;
And if I spoke the truth, I'd be bloody glad for any!

Chorus

Well, now there's my sister Jean: she is ugly and misshapen;
Scarcely 16, and already she was taken.
Now she's 24 with a son and a daughter;
Here am I, 44, and I've never had an offer!

Chorus

I can cook - I can sew - 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 who would call me his own "deary".

Chorus

No, I never would be scolding - I never would be jealous -
My husband would have money for to go out to the alehouse -
He'd go out a' spending while I'd stay home a' saving,
And I leave it up to you if I am not worth having.

Chorus

So come landsman, come townsman, come tinker, or come tailor;
Come fiddler, come dancer, come soldier, or some sailor;
Come rich man, come poor man, come fool, or come witty -
Come any man at all that will marry me for pity!

Chorus

But now I'll away home, for there's nobody heeding -
There's nobody heeding a poor old nanny's bleating.
I'll away home to my own wee bit garret.
If I can't get a man, then I'll surely get a parrot!

Chorus