Auld Maid in a Garret



I have often heard it said by me father and me mother That going tae a wedding is the making of another. Well, if that be true, then I'll go without a biddin', O, it's kind Providence, won't you take me tae a wedding And it's, O dear me, fit will I dae, if I die an old maid in a garret?

Well, there's my sister Jean, she's not handsome or good looking Only sixteen and she's courting wi' a fella Now she's twenty-four with a son and a daughter -Here am I, forty-five and I've never had an offer...

I can cook and 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 fine world that would make me half so cheery As a wee fat man, who would call me his own dearie...

So come tinker, come tailor, come candlestick-maker Come fiddler, come dancer, come sodger or come sailor Come rich man, come poor man, come fool or come witty Come any man at all that will marry me for pity!...

O, I'm awa' home for there's naebody heeding Naebody heeding poor auld Annie greetin' I'm awa' hame tae my wee garret If I canny get a man, I can aye buy a parrot!...

> I'm awa' hame tae my wee garret x3 If I canny get a man, I can aye buy a parrot!...

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