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1837

# Old Maid

Old Maid

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Faint, illegible text and musical notation are visible across the page, appearing as ghostly impressions or bleed-through from the reverse side. The text is too faded to be transcribed accurately, but some words like "The" and "and" are faintly discernible. There are also several lines of musical notation with notes and stems, though they are not clearly legible.

# THE OLD MAID

*When I was a girl of Eighteen*

A POPULAR SONG

*Arranged for the*

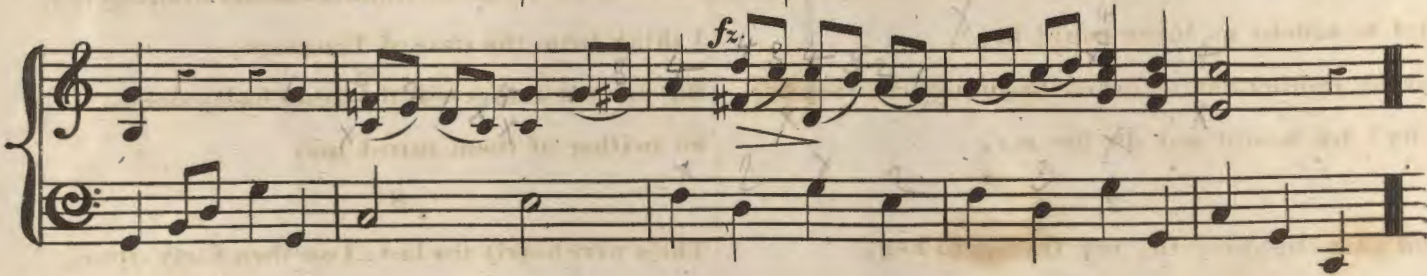
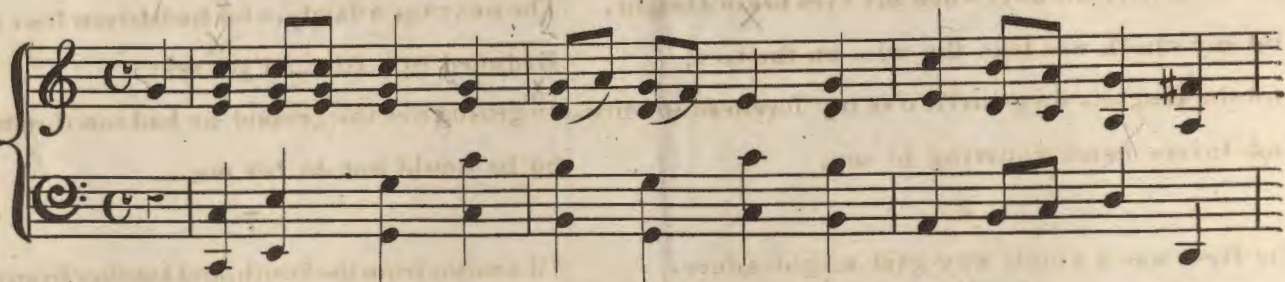
**Piano Forte**

*& Dedicated to*

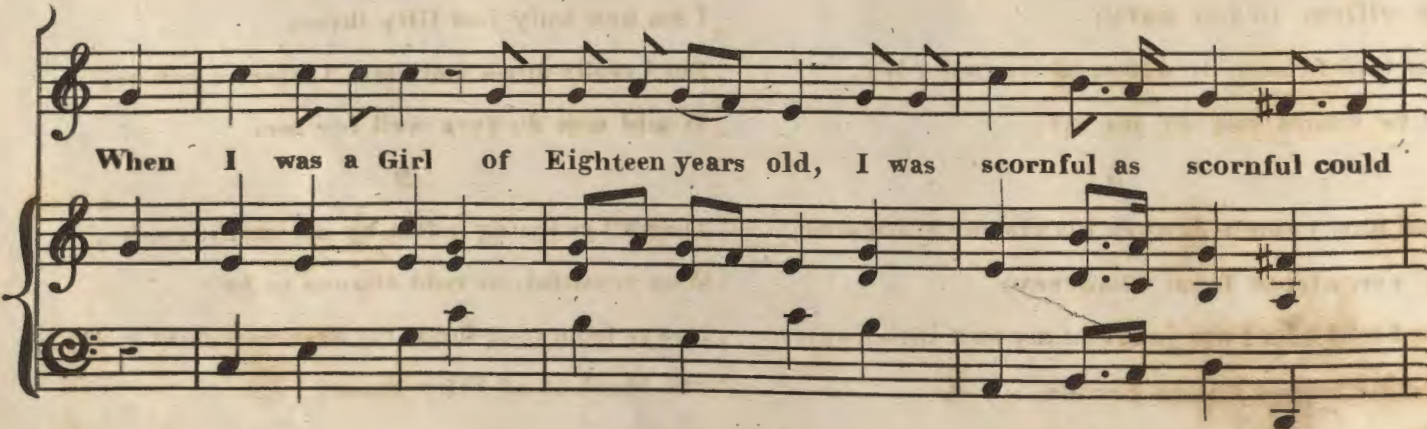
**THE OLD BACHELOR.**

BOSTON: Published by C. BRADLEE 135 Washington Street.

MODERATO.



When I was a Girl of Eighteen years old, I was scornful as scornful could



be, I was taught to expect wit wisdom and gold, And  
nothing less would do for me.

2

6

Ah! those were the days when my eyes beam'd bright,  
And my cheek was like the rose on the tree;  
And the ringlets they curl'd o'er my forehead so white,  
And lovers came courting to me.

3

The first was a youth any girl might adore,  
And as ardent as lover could be;  
But my mother having heard the young man was poor  
Why! he would not do for me.

4

And then hobbled in, my favour to beg,  
An officer in our navy;  
But tho' famous in arms, he wanted a leg,  
So he would not do for me.

5

And now came a lawyer his claims to support,  
By precedents from Chancery;  
But I told him I was judge in my own little court,  
And he would not do for me.

The next was a dandy, who had driven four in hand,  
Reduced to a Gig—d'ye see;  
In getting o'er the ground, he had run thro' his land,  
So he would not do for me.

7

I'd a suitor from the South, and another from the West,  
I think, from the state of Tennessee;  
But one was rather old, the other badly drest,  
So neither of them suited me.

8

These were nearly the last—I was then forty-four,  
I am now only just fifty three;  
But I really think that some, I rejected before,  
Would now do very well for me.

9

Then all ye young ladies, by me warning take,  
Who scornful, or cold chance to be;  
Lest ye from your fond silly dreams should awake,  
Old Maidens of Fifty three.

[Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page]