

AN OLD MAN CAME

An old man came a courting me,
An old man came a courting me,
He offered me gold, he offered me lands,
He offered to leave me his property.

He came unto my parents kind,
He came unto my parents kind,
To say if they would consent I should wed,
To me he would leave all his wealth behind.

My parents were poor he knew well,
My parents were poor he knew well,
He thought that his gold would win their consent,
And to be his bride they would me compel.

To wed they would not me persuade,
To wed they would not me persuade,
Unless that I felt I happy could be,
They said they'd rather I died an old maid.

Then I considered what I would do,
Then I considered what I would do,
And soon I resolved I would not marry him,
Because that I felt no love for him true.

He said I was hard-hearted and cold,
He said I was hard-hearted and cold,
But I soon finish'd him when I told him my love,
Was not to be bought with his trumpery gold.

The man I may love if poor his lot,
The man I may love if poor his lot,
I'll honour, adore, when he makes me his bride,
And do what I can to brighten his cot.

For sure it must be better to wed,
For sure it must be better to wed,
The man of your choice tho' humble he be,
Than one with his riches, whose look ye may dread.