





*When I was a Girl of Eighteen years old.*

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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

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 that 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.

6

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.