



THE

## Old Hag and her money

You lads of the City give ear to my ditty,  
 A few simple versse I'm going to lay  
 down,  
 How I was seduced for to marry a widow,  
 I'm sure she had more than £10,000,  
 The very first night I laid my side down  
 by her,  
 Her bones were as sharp as the edge of a  
 saw,  
 Her skin was as cold as the snow on the  
 mountain,  
 And not a whole tooth in her old under  
 jaw.

Her young waiting-maid then her name  
 it was Bessy,  
 And she in her bloom she was scarcely  
 sixteen,  
 I slipped her ten guineas to dress in the  
 fashion,  
 To go to a ball that was near Stephen's  
 Green,  
 We danced and caroused until the next  
 morning,  
 And then we came home by the first break  
 of day,  
 I took my old woman quite loose in my  
 arms,  
 And oftentimes wished she was laid in the  
 clay,

It was early one morning she called upon  
 Bessy,  
 To dress her in style to the doctor to go,  
 To swade her old frame with the best of  
 good flannel,  
 And keep up her head with a fall pound  
 of tow,  
 But what do you think was the charge of  
 the doctor,  
 A hundred bright guineas which did me  
 surprise,  
 To dress my old lady complete in the  
 fashion,  
 With a set of new teeth and a pair of glass  
 eyes.

I took my old woman quite loose in my  
 arms,  
 Come home my dear darling I quick  
 did say,  
 I think half a guinea will buy you a  
 coffin,  
 In less than a month you'll be laid in the  
 clay,  
 I spent that long night in the arms of my  
 Betsy,  
 The curtains being drew round the old  
 woman's bed,  
 And when I awoke on the very next morn-  
 ing,  
 The first thing I found was my old woman  
 dead.

When she was interred I called for the key  
 of her place,  
 Which I got likewise there was 400 guineas  
 sowed upon her bawdice,  
 Which made my dear Bessy and me to  
 surprise;  
 There was five hundred more was hid in  
 her bolster,  
 And three hundred more in the  
 of her shoes,  
 Besides her gold watches and fine  
 buckles,  
 We packed them all up in a trunk to be  
 sure.

The auctioneer's book it came to four  
 hundred, I  
 Her parents began for to growl and to  
 frown,  
 So all you young fellows that marries a  
 widow,  
 Be sure that you plant them quite quick  
 in the ground,  
 Then try her old bolster likewise her old  
 bawdice,  
 Be sure that you tear her old slippers in  
 throe,  
 In hopes by a widow you might get a  
 fortune,  
 And live in contentment like Bessy and  
 I.

