

There was a maid this o - ther day, Sigh-ed sore, God wot, And she

said that wives might sport and play, But maid-ens they might not. Full

fif - teen years have pass'd, she said, Since I, poor soul was born,

And if I chance to die a maid, A - pol - lo is forsworn, Oh! Oh!

Oh for a husband! Oh! Oh! Oh! for a husband! Still this was her

song, I will have a husband, have a husband, Be . . he old or young.