Old Maid and the Burglar

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One night last week a burglar bold
Tried to rob a house.
He crept up to the window
As quietly as a mouse.

Into the window, into the room,
And into a great big hall.
If he had known 'twas an old maid's home
He never would have paid the call.

About nine o'clock the old maid came.
"Oh, I'm so tired," she said.
Thinking that all was well that night,
She forgot to look under the bed.

She took out her teeth and a big glass eye
And the hair off the top of her head;
The burglar had about ninety-nine fits
As he looked from under the bed.

The old maid reached for her great big gun
And to the burglar said,
"young man, if you don't marry me,
I'll blow off the top of your head."

The burglar looked all around the room
And could find no place to scoot.
He looked at the teeth and the big glass eve
And said, "Woman, for the Lord's sake, shoot!"

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Collected from Mr. T. A. Bickerstaff, of Tishomingo