

Kingston Trio, The

"Take Her Out Of Pity"

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I had a sister Sally, she was younger than I am
Had so many sweethearts, she had to deny them
But as for sister Sarah, you know she hasn't many
And if you knew her heart, she'd be grateful for any

Come a landsman, a pinsman, a tinker or a tailor
Doctor, a lawyer, soldier or a sailor
A rich man, a poor man, a fool or a witty
Don't let her die an old maid but take her out of pity

We had a sister Sally, she was ugly and misshapen
By the time she was sixteen years old she was taken
By the time she was eighteen, a son and a daughter
Sarah's almost twenty-nine, never had an offer

Come a landsman, a pinsman, a tinker or a tailor
Doctor, a lawyer, soldier or a sailor
A rich man, a poor man, a fool or a witty
Don't let her die an old maid but take her out of pity

She never would be scoldin', she never would be
jealous
Her husband would have money to go to the alehouse
He was there a spendin'. she'd be home a savin'
And I leave it up to you if she is not worth havin'

Come a landsman, a pinsman, a tinker or a tailor
Doctor, a lawyer, soldier or a sailor
A rich man, a poor man, a fool or a witty
Don't let her die an old maid but take her out of pity

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