**Old Woman’s Lament**  
*lyrics/McCallion/music/Pendleton*  
  
When I was young I wore a yellow dress  
Died cotton moving with the breeze  
An August night I got it soaking wet  
See through and clinging to my knees  
  
I had myself a brown haired boy  
He would stand and look out at the sea  
My darling girl I’m off to see the world  
Won’t you come along says he  
Won’t you be my diddle-le-idle-le  
  
My husband walks with a walking stick  
See his jacket hanging by the door  
He still works when the weather’s good  
Those are his boots lying on the floor  
  
We have spent a pleasant winter’s night  
And a sticky, sticky summer’s eve  
But when I’m sleepless and when I’m tight  
He doesn’t stir my diddle-le-idle-le  
  
An August night I stood upon the pier  
Hot tears sticking to my face  
Fare thee well he’s going off to sea  
I wouldn’t go with him  
He wouldn’t stay with me  
So fare thee well my diddle-le-idle-le  
  
When I was young I wore a yellow dress  
Died cotton moving with the breeze  
An August night I got it soaking wet  
See through and clinging to my knees  
  
I’m a woman nigh on sixty-five  
You may have seen the likes of me  
My own girl she looks me in the eye  
And doesn’t see my diddle-le-idle-le=  
She doesn’t see my diddle-le-idle-le

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