Seventeen Come Sunday



'Twas there I spied a pretty maid So handsome and so clever

(With my rue, rum, ray, Fol the riddle ay Whack fol loora, lido)

Her shoes were black, her stockings white, And her buckles shone like silver; She had a dark and rolling eye And her hair hung down her shoulders. ?How old are you, my pretty fair maid, How old are you, my honey?? She answered me quite cheerfully, ?I am seventeen come Sunday?

?Will you marry me, my pretty fair maid, Will you marry me, my honey?? She answered me quite cheerfully, ?I dare not for my mammy

?If you come down to my mammy?s house When the moon is shining brightly, Then I?ll come down and let you in And my mammy will not hear me

I went to her mammy?s house When the moon was brightly shining; She came down and let me in, And I lay in her arms till morning

?Oh, soldier, will you marry me?For now?s your time or never.Oh, soldier, will you marry me?Or I?m undone for ever?

And now she is a soldier?s wife And sails across the brine, ?The drum and fife is my delight And a merry man is mine, 0?