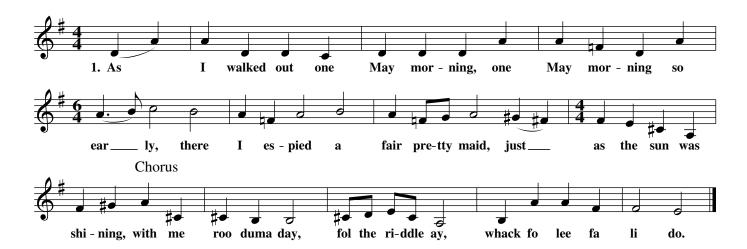
Seventeen Come Sunday

(As I Walked out one May Morning)



- 2. Her shoes were black and her stocking white And her buckles shone like silver. She had a black and a roving eye, And her hair hung round her shoulders.
- 3. 'Where are you going to, my pretty maid? Where are you a-going, my honey?' She answered me bright and cheerfully, 'With an errand for my mammy'.
- 4. 'How old are you, my sweet pretty maid? How old are you, my honey?'
 She answered me bright and cheerfully, 'I'm seventeen come a Sunday.'
- 5. 'Will you come down to my mammy's house When the moon shines bright and clearly? I will come down and let you in, And me mammy shall not hear me.'
- 6. I went unto her mammy's house When the moon shone bright and clearly She did come down and let me in And her mammy did not hear me.

Source: Sung by William Hands, Willersey, which he heard from a ballad singer in Stratford upon Avon. Collected by James Madison Carpenter between 1927 and 1935.

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