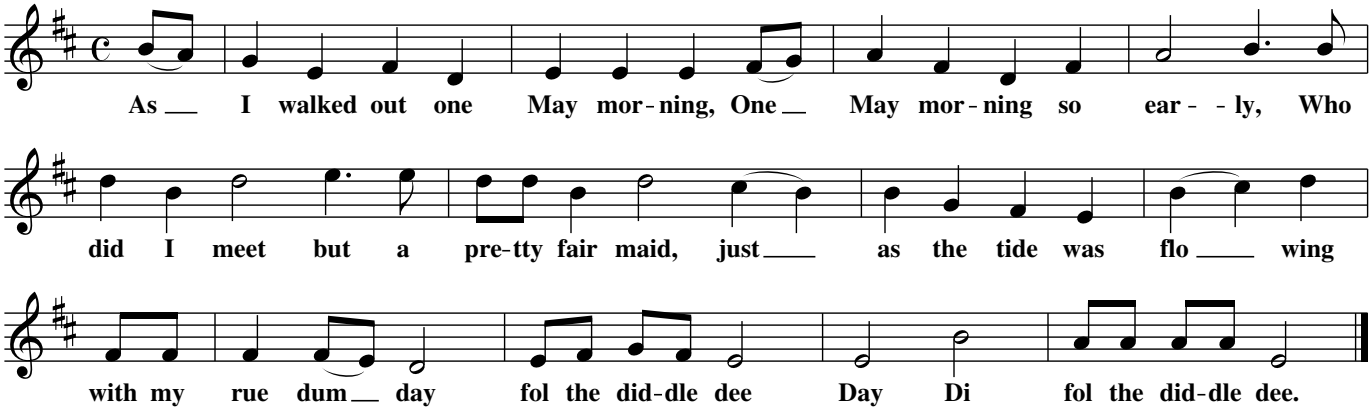
I’m Seventeen Come Sunday



2. ’Where are you going, my pretty fair maid?
   Where are you going, my honey?’
   She answered me right cheerfully,
   ’On an errand for my mammy.’

3. ’How old are you, my pretty fair maid?
   How old are you my honey?’
   She answered me right cheerfully,
   ’I’m seventeen come Sunday.’

4. ’You can come down to my mammy’s house,
   When the moon is shining clearly.
   I will come down and let you in,
   And you can sleep in my arms till morning.’

5. I did go down to her mammy’s house,
   When the moon was shining clearly.
   She did come down and let me in,
   And I slept in her arms till morning.

Source: William Bayliss (63) at Buckland, collected by Cecil Sharp 7th April 1909.

Notes: Sharp only noted the tune and the chorus. The Remainder has been supplied from a version sung by Thomas Bunting, Sherborne.

© Gloucestershire Traditions