

Seventeen Come Sunday

1. As I walked out on a May mor-ning, One — May mor-ning so ear - ly, 'Twas —
Chorus

there I spied a hand-some lass, As the sun was ri - sing clear - ly. with my

ru - dum day fol the did - dle ay, Right fol the rol the ri - - do.

2. Her shoes were bright, her stockings white,
And her buckles shone like silver,
She had a dark and rolling eye,
And her hair hung round her shoulders.
Chorus

3. "Where are you going, my pretty maid?
Where are you going my honey?"
She answered me quite cheerfully -
"On an errand for my mammie."
Chorus

4. "How old are you, my pretty maid?
How old are you, my honey?"
She answered me right cheerfully,
"I'm seventeen come Sunday."
Chorus

5. "Will you take my arm, my pretty maid,
Will you take my arm, my honey?"
She answered me right cheerfully -
"I will not for my mammie."
Chorus

6. "But if you'll come down to my mammie's house
In the evening soft and early,
She'll open the door and let you in
While the moon shines bright and clearly."
Chorus

7. Then I went down to her mammie's house
In the evening bright and early,
And there I won the pretty fair maid
I loved both true and dearly.
Chorus

Source: Tune and verse 4 collected by Cecil Sharp from Mrs Kathleen Williams, Drybrook,
September 11, 1921; Verses noted by Alfred Williams (no relative), source not stated.