

SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY.

As I walked out one May morning,
One May morning so early,
I overtook a handsome maid,
Just as the sun was rising.
With my ru, rum, ra.

Her stockings white, her shoes was bright,
Her buckles shined like silver,
She had a black and rolling,
And her hair hung o'er her shoulder.
With my ru, rum, ra,

Where are you going, my pretty maid,
Where are you going, my honey?
She answered me right cheerfully,
An errand for my mammy.
With my ru, rum, ra.

How old are you, my pretty maid,
How old are you, my honey,
She answered me right cheerfully,
I'm seventeen come Sunday.
With my ru, rum, ra.

Will you take a man, my pretty maid,
Will you take a man, my honey,
She answered me right cheerfully,
I dare not for my mammy.
With my ru, rum, ra.

If you will come to my mammy's house,
When the moon shines bright and clearly,
I'll come down and let you in,
My mammy shall not hear you.
With my ru, rum, ra.

I went to her mammy's house,
When the moon so bright was shining,
I'll come down and let you in,
My mammy shall not hear you.
With my ru, rum, ra.

I went to her mammy's house,
When the moon so bright was shining,
She came down and let me in,
And I laid in her arms till the morning.
With my ru, rum, ra.

Soldier, will you marry me?
For now is your time or never,
For if you do not marry me,
I am undone for ever.
With my ru, rum, ra.

Now I'm with my soldier lad,
Where the wars they are alarming,
A drum and fife is my delight,
And a pint of rum in the morning.
With my ru, rum, ra.



IRISH MOLLY, O.

As I walked out one morning all in the month of May,
I met a pretty Irish girl, and thus to her did say,
I put my hand into my pocket, as it happened so,
And pulled out a guinea to treat my Molly, O!

She is young, she is beautiful, she is the fairest one
I know,
The primrose of Ireland before my guinea goes,
And the only one that entices me is my Irish Molly, O.

I said, my pretty fair maid, will you go along with me,
I will show you the straightway across the country,
My parents would be angry if they should come to know
They will lay all the blame to my Scotch laddie, O.

When Molly's own father she came for to know,
That she had been courted by a Scotch laddie, O,
He sent for M'Donald, and these words to him did say,
If you will court my daughter Mary, I will send her
far away.

Since Molly has deceived me all by her father's ways,
Through some lone woods and valleys it's there I'll
spend my days,
Like some poor forlorn pilgrim, I will wander to and
fro,
It's all for the sake of my Irish Molly, O.

There is a rose in Ireland, I thought she would be
mine,
For to come to my funeral, I hope she will incline,
My body shall be ready by the dawning of the day,
It is all for the sake of my bonny Irish maid.

When that I'm buried, there is one thing more I crave,
To lay a marble tombstone at the head of my grave,
And on this marble tombstone a prayer shall be said,
That young M'Donald lies here for his bonny Irish maid.

Come all you pretty fair maids, a warning take by me,
Never build a nest at the top of any tree;
For the green leaves will wither, and the root it
will decay,
The beauty of a fair maid will soon fade away.