

Seventeen Come Sunday

Steeleye Span

As I strolled out one May morning
One May morning so early
I overtook a handsome maid
And, my goodness, she was early

Her shoes were black and her stockings were white
And her buckles they shone like silver
She had a dark and rolling eye
And her hair hung over her shoulder

"How old are you my fair pretty maid
How old are you my honey?"
She answered me so cheerfully
"Well, I'm seventeen come Sunday"

"Could you love me my fair pretty maid
Could you love me my honey?"
She answered me so tearfully
"Oh, I can't because of Mummy"

"But if you come to my Mummy's house
When the moon is shining brightly"
"Oh, I'll come down and let you in"
"And my Mummy shall not hear me"

So he went to her Mummy's house
When the moon was brightly shining
And she came down and she let him in
And she rolled in his arms till the morning

She says "Kind sir, will you marry me?"
I says "Oh no, my honey
For the fife and drum is my delight
And I'm happy in the army"