# Next Monday Morning

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As I was a-walking, one morning in spring
I heard a fair damsel, so sweetly did sing
As she was a-milking, when this she did sing
I 'm going to get married next Monday morning

O where is your dwelling, fair maid, I recall!
I dwell in yon house, I'm the fairest of all
I dwell in yon cot at the foot of yon hill
And l'm going to get married next Monday morning

O fifeen years old is to young for to marry
A year or two longer, I'll have you now tarry;
For young men are false, their vows to fulfil
So put off your wedding next Monday morning.

O you talk like a man without sense, without skill!
Three years now I've tarried against my own will,
I have made a vow that I mean to fulfil
I'm going to get married next Monday morning.

So next Sunday night, I mean to prepare
To comb out my locks and to curl up my hair
And six pretty fair maids, so neat and so trim
Shall dance at my wedding next Monday morning

So next Monday night when I go to my bed
So close to my true-love I will lay my head
If a maid I remain when I rise again
I shall wish I had never a-seen Monday morning.

So next Monday morn when I put on my rings
Now my husband he gave me two far finer things
Two precious jewels he gave my adorning
So I be his bride next Monday morning

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