Next Sunday Morning

Next Sunday Morning

As I walked out one morning in spring,
I saw a sweet damsel, so sweet she did sing.

O my darling, I've come to see,
And is this where that your dwelling should be.

My dwelling is under the willow tree,
But I'm going to get married next Sunday,

Young maids of your age are apt to give way;
Seven long years I would have you tarry.

Seven long years I would have you tarry,
So put off your wedding next Sunday.

O my kind sir, you may talk against skill,
And seven long years I'll serve against will.

The most of my promise I mean to fulfil.
I wish that tomorrow were Sunday.

My mantle and shawl lies up in the desk;
My true love will be here before I am dressed.

With a bunch of green ribbons to tie round my waist
To dress me up neat against Sunday.

Get on my horse and go down to town,
And I'll ask those ladies around
To come dine at my wedding next Sunday.

From English Folk Songs From the Southern Appalachians, Sharp
Collected from Mrs. Ollie King, TN 1917
apr96