Seventeen Come Sunday

O as I rose up one May morning,
One May morning so early,
I overtook a pretty fair maid,
Just as the day was dawning,
*With my rue dum ray, fother diddle ay,
Whack fol air diddle i-do.*

Her stockings white and her boots were bright,
And her buckles shone like silver,
She had a dark and a rolling eye,
And her hair hung round her shoulder.

Where are you going, my pretty fair maid,
Where are you going, my honey ?
She answered me right cheerfully,
“I’m an errand for my mummy.”

How old are you, my pretty fair maid,
How old are you, my honey ?
She answered me right cheerfully,
“I am seventeen come Sunday.”

Will you take a man, my pretty fair maid,
Will you take a man, my honey ?
She answered me right cheerfully,
“I dar’st not for my mummy.”

“Will you come down to my mummy’s house,
When the moon shines bright and clearly,
If you come down, I’ll let you in,
And my mummy shall not hear me.”

I went down to her mummy’s house,
When the moon shone bright and clearly,
And she came down and let me in,
And I lied in her arms till morning.

O, it’s now I’m with my soldier lad,
His ways they are so winning,
It’s drum and fife is my delight,
And a pint of rum in the morning.
*With my rue dum ray, fother diddle ay,
Whack fol air diddle i-do.*