

# When Sunday Comes Again - song lyrics

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WHEN SUNDAY COMES AGAIN.

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Written and Composed by Charles Williams.

In a neat little cabin in County Tyrone  
Dwells a gem of a girl that I'm longing to own;  
This rare little, neat little, sweet little dove,  
Has eyes that are bright and are brimful of love.  
No high pedigree can this young maiden trace;  
Her fortune's her fairy-like figure and face:  
Next Sunday at ten, boys, a bride she will be.  
The bridegroom is yours very truly, that's me.

Chorus.

And next Sunday morn when the clock strikes ten  
She'll be my wife and I the happiest of men.  
Oh! what joy! no more pain;  
She and I the knot will tie when Sunday comes again.

Both the highest and lowest that dwell in the land,  
Of have sought, but in vain, for this fair damsel's band;  
ah! little she cared for their words or their pelf,  
And vowed she'd resolved to live all by herself;  
But one day Dau Cupid at her shot his dart,  
And somehow or other it pierced her young heart;  
Well I, being handy, got quickly to "biz";  
I told her my love, and the consequence in-Chorus.

On last Saturday morning a note came to me  
From a jolly old uncle who dwells o'er the sea;  
He wished both myself And my future bride joy,  
Concluding by saying, "And now my dear boy,  
I've got far more money than I want myself,  
So knowing that you're not o'erloaded with pelf.  
From me you'll receive on your bright wedding day  
A thousand or two for a start on life's way." - Chorus.