

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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All the While

All the While
(Rudge-Dicks)

Upon a Monday morning-O, the rain it was a-raining;
My love she came to me and said,
Oh, when will you and I be wed,
For I have bought a double bed
And Mother is complaining-O.
And all the while the rain it was a raining-
O

Upon a Tuesday morning-O, the snow it was a-glist'ning;
My love still hadn't gone away
So I did ask her, Mistress, pray
What was it you said yesterday?
I really wasn't list'ning-O.
And all the while the snow it was a-glist'ning-
O

Upon a Wednesday morning-O, the hail it was a-hailing;
My love she made a quick retort,
And said, to cut the story short,
I've bought a bed, the double sort,
Your hearing must be failing-O.
And all the while the hail it was a-hailing-
O

Upon a Thursday morning-O, the day was not a hot one.
I said, you've bought a double bed?
Well, that was what I thought you said,
You must be going off your head,
For I've already got one. O.
And all the while the day was not a hot one.
O

(Spoken:) On Friday no one spoke.

Upon a Saturday morning-O, the thunder it was frightening.
I shouted so that I'd be heard,
Oh, let us marry on the third
But did she answer, not a word,
For she'd been struck by lightning-O. Oh, Oh-oh.
And after that the weather started brightening.
O

The notes on the cover say: "The song comes from England and is a masterpiece of British understatement. It is a tender ballad of love and romance fit to warm the heart of any bachelor." BP

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