

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Sunday Morning

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One morning, one morning, one morning in spring
I heard a fair damsel so gallantly sing
As she sat under her kallamaking*,
"Please God, I'll be married next Sunday!"

"Fourteen years is too young to get married.
A girl of your age is apt to get sorry.
For seven long years I'd have you tarry.
Put off your wedding next Sunday!"

"Old man, old man, you talk on a cheap scale,
That's seven long years against my will.
My mind is to marry and I mean to fulfill.
I wish that tomorrow was Sunday."

"My shawl and my gown lies under the press
My love will be here before I can dress,
With a bunch of blue ribbons tied round my waist
To make me look neat against Sunday"

"Saturday night will be all my care
To feeble my locks and curl my hair,
And two little maidens to wait on me there
To dress me up neat against Sunday."

"Saturday night to dance all around
With a bunch of blue ribbons and new fashioned gown,
Invite all the ladies from Barbersville town
To be at my wedding next Sunday."

*as sung. Singer reportedly looked up printed copy later, and
reported it as "cow a-milking"

From Folk Songs out of Wisconsin, Peters
Collected from Mrs. Ollie Jacobs, Pearson, WI, 1941