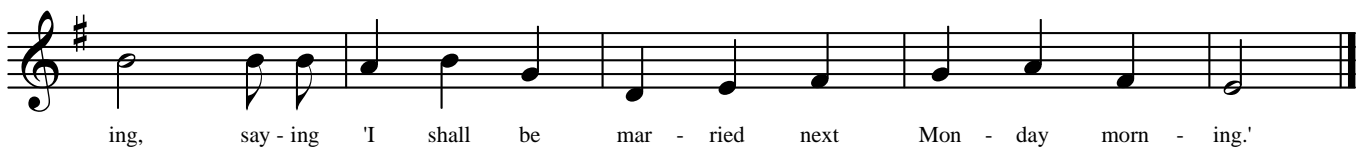
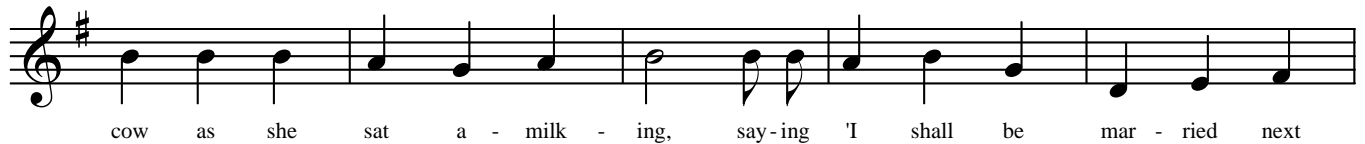
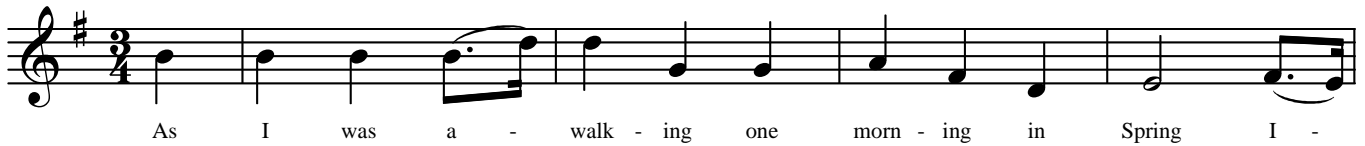


Monday Morning - Mr Jay



1
As I was a-walking one morning in spring
I heard a young maiden so charmingly sing,
all under her cow as she sat a-milking,
saying 'I shall be married next Monday Morning.'

2
You fairest of creatures, my eyes e'er beheld,
oh where do you live or where do you dwell?
'I dwell at the top of yon bonny brown hill;
I shall be fifteen years old next Monday morning.'

3
'Fifteen years old, love, is too young to marry,
the other five years, love, I'd have you to tarry,
and perhaps in the meantime, love, you may be sorry,
so put back your wedding on Monday morning.'

4
'You talk like a man without reason or skill.
Five years I have waited against my own will.
Now I'm resolv'd my mind to fulfil;
I wish that tomorrow was Monday morning.'

5
On Saturday night it is all my care
to powder my locks and to curl my hair;
and my two pretty maidens to wait on me there,
to dance at my wedding on Monday morning.

6
My husband, he'll buy me a guinea gold ring,
and at night he will give me a far better thing;
with two precious jewels he'll be me adorning
when I am his bride on Monday morning.

7
My two pretty maids shall put me to bed,
then I'll bid adieu to my maidenhead,
and over my true love my legs I will fling;
good morrow, fair maiden, on Tuesday morning.'