Monday Morning

Peter, Paul & Mary

Early one mornin', one mornin' in spring
To hear the birds whistle, the nightingales sing
I met a fair maiden who sweetly did sing
'I'm going to be married next Monday morning'How old are you my fair young maid
Here in this valley, this valley so green?
How old are you my fair young maid?
"I'm goin' to be sixteen next Monday morning"Well sixteen years old, that's too young for to marry
So take my advice, five years longer to tarry
For marriage brings troubles and sorrows begin
So put off your wedding for Monday morningYou talk like a mad man, a man with no skill
Two years I've been waiting against my own will
And now I'm determined to have my own way
And I'm going to be married next Monday morningAnd next Monday morning the bells they will ring
And my true love will buy me a gay gold ring
Also he'll buy me a new pretty gown
To wear at my wedding next Monday morningNext monday night when I go to my bed
And I turn round to the man that I've wed
Around his middle my two arms I will fling
And I wish to my soul it was Monday morning

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