Eighteen Years Old

Cara Dillon

I'm eighteen years old today, mama, and I'm longing to be wed
So buy for me a young man to comfort me, she said
You must buy for me a young man who will stay with me all night
And I'll roll him in my arms
He'll be my heart's delight.Ah, hold your tongue, dear daughter then or your folds I will pull down.
Your silks and satins I will pull down, you must wear your morning gown.
I'll send you to the meadows for to rake and mow the hay
With your pike and shaft all in your hand
You must earn your drink and take.Ah, hold your tongue, dear daughter then, I was forty before I wed,
Although it was late, I thought it no weight to carry my maidenhead.
Well that may be the way with you, mama, but it isn't the way with me,
For I'm young and airy, light and crazy and married I long to be.
Ah, hold your tongue, dear daughter then and I'll buy for you a man.
A man for me? Oh, mother, she said, you must hasten, you must you can.
The sooner the better, oh mother, she said, you must hasten a man to me
For I'm young and airy, light and contrary
And married I long to be.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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