

## **Peter, Paul & Mary "Monday Morning"**

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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 morning

You 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 morning

And 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 morning

Next 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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