

August 2019

Dearest Then I'll Love Thee More

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Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "Dearest Then I'll Love Thee More" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1204.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1204

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SEVENTEEN COME SUNDAY

AS I walked out one May morning,
One May morning so early,
I overtook a handsome maid,
Just as the sun was rising,
With my ru rum ra.

Her stockings white, her shoes were
bright,

Her buckles shone like silver,
She had a black and a rolling eye,
And her hair hung o'er her shoulders,
With my ru rum ra.

Where are you going, my pretty maid ?
Where are you going my honey, ?
She answered me right cheerfully,
An errand for my mammy,
With my ru rum ra.

How old are you my pretty maid ?
How old are you my honey ?
She answered me right cheerfully,
I am seventeen come Sunday,
With my ru rum ra.

Will you take a man, my pretty maid ?
Will you take a man my honey ?
She answered me right cheerfully,
I dare not for my mammy,
With my ru rum ra.

If you will come to my mammy's house,
When the moon shines bright and
clearly,

'll come down and I'll let you in,
And my mammy shall not hear me,
With my ru rum ra.

I went to her mammy's house,
When the moon was brightly shining,
She came down and let me in,
And I lay in her arms till morning,
With my ru rum ra.

Soldier, will you marry me ?
Now is your time or never,
For if you do not marry me
I am undone for ever,
With my ru rum ra.

Now I'm with my husband dear,
Where the wars are alarming,
Drum and fife is my delight,
And a merry man in the morning,
With my ru rum ra.

Dearest then I'll LOVE THE MORE.



London:—H. SUCH, Machine Printer & Pub-
lisher, 177 Union Street, Boro',—S. E.



YES, I'll love thee, oh, how dearly,
Words but faintly can express,
This fond heart beats too sincerely,
E'er in life to love thee less !
No, my fancy never ranges,
Hopes like mine can never soar,
If the love I cherish changes,
It will be to love thee more.

Though the world has many sorrows,
And perchance they may be ours,
Love from tears a brightness borrows,
Like the earth from summer showers.
We will share our grief and gladness,
In the future as of yore,
And in all our hours of sadness,
Dearest, then I'll love thee more.

Youth may pass, but ask not whether
When you're old you'll love as true,
Shall we not grow old together,
And time's changes mark me too ?
Life may cease, but then to heaven,
Will my pure affection soar,
Yet when freed from earthly leaven,
Dearest, then I'll love thee more.