Album: Since Time Immoral – Artist: The Kipper Family

As I walked out one June morning;
One June morning so early.
T'was there I spied a fair pretty maid,
Just as her skirt was a rising.
With me rhubarb pie,
On the fiddle I,
Right up the middle I go,

Her stockings white her skirt was tight,
Her suspenders shone like silver.
She had a dark and a rolling eye,
And another one quite similar.

How old are you my fair pretty maid,
How old are you my honey?
I know you sort was her retort,
And I'm not sixteen till Sunday.

Will you take a man my fair pretty maid,
Will you take a man my honey bright?
She answered me most cheerfully,
I dare not but my mummy might.

So I went down to her mummy's house,
Were a red light shone so clearly.
But the girl come down and she let me in,
And I laid in her arms till the morning.

Oh soldier will you marry me,
For I will have no one else.
Oh no said I that just cannot be,
For I'm not sixteen myself.