

John Denver, Upon A Monday Morning

Upon a Monday morning, oh
The rain it was a-raining
My love she came to me and said
Oh, when will you and I be wed
For I have bought a double bed
And Mother is complaining, Oh
And all the while the rain it was a raining

Upon a Tuesday morning, oh
The snow it was a-glistening
My love still hadn't gone away
So I did ask her, Mistress, pray
What was it you said yesterday
I really wasn't listening, oh
And all the while the snow it was a-glistening

Upon a Wednesday morning, oh
The hail it was a-hailing
My love she made a quick retort
And said, to cut the story short
I've bought a bed, the double sort
Your hearing must be failing, oh
And all the while the hail it was a-hailing

Upon a Thursday morning, oh
The day was not a hot one
I said, you've bought a double bed
Well, that was what I thought you said
You must be going off your head
For I've already got one, oh
And all the while the day was not a hot one

SPOKEN: On Friday nobody spoke.

Upon a Saturday morning, oh
The thunder it was frightening
I shouted so that I'd be heard
Oh, let us marry on the third
But did she answer, not a word
For she'd been struck by lightning, oh, oh, oh
And after that the weather started brightening
Oh