

Green Broom

There was an old man and he lived in the west
And his trade it was cutting of broom, green broom
He had but one son and his name it was John
And he lay a-bed till 'twas noon, bright noon
And he lay a-bed till 'twas noon

The old man arose and upstairs he went
And he swore he'd set fire to the room, the room
If Jack did not rise and go sharpen his knives
And go to the woods to cut broom, green broom
And go &c.

So Jack he arose and he put on his clothes
And he swore and he cursed in the room, the room
To think with his breeding he'd spend all his life
In the woods all a-cutting of broom, green broom
In the woods &c.

Jack went down a road that he knew very well
Till he came to a castle of gloom, grey gloom
He hulload, and called, and so loud did he bawl
Pretty maids do you want any broom, green broom?
Pretty maids, &c.

A lady sat up in her chamber so high
She heard this young man crying Broom, green broom
She called to her maidservant, go let him in
Bring in that young with his broom, green broom
Bring in &c.

Jack went in the kitchen and then up the stairs
Till he came to that fair lady's room, gay room
She said then, 'Young man, will you leave off your trade,
And marry a lady in bloom, in bloom?
And marry &c

They sent for a Parson without more delay
And married they were in the room ,gay room
There'll be eating and drinking, a kiss when you please
And that's better than cutting of broom, green broom
That's better &c.

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