The Besom Maker

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I am a besom maker, come listen to my tale,
I am a besom maker, I live in yonder vale;
Sweet pleasure I enjoy, both morning, night and noon,
Going over the hills so high a-gathering of green broom.

cho: O, come buy my besoms
Besoms fine and new,
Bonny green broom besoms
Better never grew.

One day as I was roving, over the hills so high,
I met with a rakish squire, all with a rolling eye;
He tipp'd to me the wink, I wrote to him the tune,
I eased him of his gink, a-gathering of green broom.

One day as I was turning all to my native vale,
I met Jack Sprat the miller, he asked me to turn tail;
His mill I rattled round, I ground the grists so clean,
I eased him of his gink, a-gathering broom so green.

One day I was returning all to my native cot,
I met a buxom farmer, so happy was his lot;
He ploughed his furrows deep and laid his corn so low,
He left it there to keep, just like green brooms to grow.

Now when the corn grew up, all in its native soil
A pretty sweet young baby soon on me did smile
I'mm bundle up my besoms and take them to the fair
And sell them all by wholesale, nursing's now my care.

From My Song is My Own, Henderson