

**Broomfield Wager**

(alternate:)

Broomfield Wager

A wager, a wager, a wager I'll lay you  
I'll lay you five thousands to your one  
That a maiden I will go to the merry broom field  
And a maiden I'm sure I will return

(repeat last two lines)

Hold the wheel

And then did this young maid get on a bay hobby's back  
All for to ride to that green broom, that green broom  
And when she got there, she found her own true love  
Lying in that merry green broom fast asleep

Nine times did she walk round the crown of his head  
Nine times round the soles of his feet  
Nine times did she say, awake, master  
For your own true love is standing nearby

And when she had done all that she dare do  
She stepped behind that bunch of green broom, that green broom  
All for to hear what her own true love would say  
When he awoke out of his domestic sleep

He said, If I had been awake, instead of being asleep  
My will I would have done toward thee  
Your blood, it would have been spilled, for those small birds to drink  
And your flesh it would have been for their food

You hard-hearted young man, how can you say so?  
Your heart it must be hard as any stone  
For to murder the one who loved you so well  
Far better than the ground that you stand on

Nine times of this bell did I ring, master  
Nine times of this whip did I crack  
Nine times did I say, Awake, Master  
For your own true love is standing nearby

Child #43

Recorded by Roberts & Barrand --Dark Ships etc., Frankie

Armstrong - Female Frolic

SOF