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Lish Young Buy-a-Broom

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As he was a-traveling the North Country
Near to Kirby Stephen he happened for to be
As he was a-walking up and down the street
A pretty little buy-a-broom he chanced for to meet

And she was right, he was tight Every girl shall have her way It was the lish young buy-a-broom That led him astray

She kindly then invited him to go along the way 'Yes', it was the answer to her that he did say Him and his music walking down the street And her with her tambourine beating hands and feet

He treated her to a brandy, he treated her to beer He kissed her and he cuddled her and called her his dear She treated him to whiskey, she treated him to rum And said, "My gay young fellow, you can play my little drum"

Now straightway out to Kendal they steered, her and him Over you green mountain, the weather it was grim They each had a bottle filled up to the top And whenever they were feeling dry, they took a little drop

With night a-coming on, good lodgings they did find
Eatables of all sorts and plenty of good wine
Good bed and blankets just for the two
And he rolled her in his arms, my boys, and wouldn't you do, to?

Then early the next morning they rose to go away He called to the landlord to see what was to pay He said fourteen and sixpence, just for you two And a sovereign on the table his darling she threw

And when they got to Kendal, the weather it was fine
They'd velvet caps with tassels on, fine buckles they did shine
They each had a ribbon hanging down their backs
And she had nineteen golden sovereigns, his darling, in her sack

The reason that they parted, I mean for you to hear

She wanted him to go to France for to be her dear But him not being willing to cross the stormy sea Said "Good luck to my darling, wherever she may be"

Collected and collated by Geoff Wood recorded by Tim Hart & Maddy Prior, Folk Songs of Old England SOF