

Merry Green Broom

Kate Rusby

A wager with you my pretty fair maid
Five hundred pounds to your ten
A maid you will go to the merry green broom
And a maid you'll no longer return-o

A wager, a wager with you kind sir
Five hundred pounds to my ten
A maid I will go to the merry green broom
And a maid I will boldly return-o

The maiden she sat in her bower alone
She is in torment and strife
If I don't go to the Broomfield this night
My love he won't make me his wife-o

So up and she goes on her good white steed
Away for her young man to meet
She found him lain there and all fast asleep
With a blood red rose at his feet-o

She's kissed him twice on cheek and on chin
Then over his body did lean
There she did place five rings on his chest
Just so he would know she had been-o

Then off through the woods the young maid did go
Just when her love did arise
He saw the five rings laid there on his chest
On his face was nought but surprise-o

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