

## **Kate Rusby**

# **"Merry Green Broom"**

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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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