

Danu

"Green Brooms"

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There was a man and he lived in the east
His trade, it was cutting down brooms, green brooms
He had a son and his name was John
And he stayed in bed until noon, 'til noon
He stayed in bed until noon

So the father arose and up to John goes
He swore he would burn his room, gay room
If he didn't rise and sharpen his knives
And go down to the wood to cut brooms, green brooms
And go down to the wood to cut brooms

So Johnny went on down through the green wood
'Til he came to a castle of fame, fame, fame
He spied a fair maid and he stood at the gate
Crying, "Fair maid, do you want any brooms, green
brooms?"
Fair maid, do you want any brooms?"

This lady, being up in her window so high
She spied this young man so terribly neat
She said to her maid, "Go down to the gate
And call in this young man with his brooms, green
brooms
Call in this young man with his brooms"

So Johnny went into this castle so great
And entered this lady's room, gay room
She gave him a chair and she bid him sit down
Crying, "You're welcome, young man,
with your brooms, green brooms
You're welcome, young man, with your brooms"

They sent for the priest and married they were
All in this lady's room, gay room
So boys, will we drink? Or what do you think?
There is nothing like cutting down brooms, green
brooms
There's nothing like cutting down brooms, green
brooms
There's nothing like cutting down brooms

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