



THE LISH YOUNG Buy-a-Broom.

Sec. 24.

As I was travelling in the north country,
Near Kirby Stéphen it happened to be ;
As I was a wandering just up and down the street,
A pretty lassie I chanced for to meet.

CHORUS.

She was right, I was tight,
Every one has their way ;
She was a lish young Buy-a-broom,
That led me astray.

Kindly she asked me to go with her,
Yes was the answer to her I did say !
And I with the music went playing down the street,
And she with the tambourine she beat both hands and feet.

I treat her with brandy, I treat her with beer,
I kiss'd her, I codd'd her, I called her my dear ;
She treat me with whiskey, both ale, gin and rum,
She says my bold young fellow you shall beat my little drum.

The night now coming on, good lodgings we did find,
There was eighty beds of all sorts, and plenty of good wine,
There was good beds and bedding as need to be seen,
And I rolled her in my arms that night upon the screen.

'Twas early next morning before the break of day,
We call'd upon the landlady to see what was to pay,
There is fourteen and sixpence just for you two :
A five pound note on the table my darling then she threw.

Then as we steered for Kendal, the weather it being dry,
And over yon wild mountain went over her and I ;
We had each a little bottle that was full to the top,
And when that we grew dry we took each a little drop.

When we arrived at Kendal, being all dress'd so fine,
New velvet cap and jacket, fine buckles they did shine,
We had each a long ribbon hung down from our cap,
There was nineteen bright sovereigns my darling in a slap.

The reason why we parted I mean to let you hear,
She wanted me to go to Germany for to remain her dear,
But I not being willing all for to cross the sea,
Here's good luck unto my darling wherever that she be.

Lassie's Answer.

Farewell to Glasgow,
Likewise to Lanarkshire,
And farewell my dearest parents,
For I'll never see ye mair ;
For the want of pocket money,
And for the want of cash,
Makes monny a bonnie laddie
To leave his bonnie lassie.

For I am forced to go, love,
Where no one shall me know ;
But the bonnie lassie's answer
Was aye, no, no.

For the king is wanting men,
And I for one must go ;
And its for my life, love,
I dare not answer no.
O ! stay at home my bonnie lad,
And dinna gang afar,
For little do you know
The dangers of the war.
But I am bound, &c.

It's I'll cut off my yellow hair,
And go along with you,
And be your faithful comrade
In some foreign country.
Stay at home, my bonnie lass,
And dinna gang wi' me,
For little, little do ye know
The dangers of the sea.
For I am bound, &c.

He lifted up her lilly hand,
And laid it to his heart ;
And said, my bonnie lass,
From you I canna part,
The fervent love I have for you,
Is constant, true and kind ;
You're always present to my view,
And never from my mind.
But I am forced, &c.

Farewell to Cason's canny braes,
Where oft time I have been,
And farewell to the banks of Clyde,
And bonnie Glasgow Green.
Farewell my loving comrades dear,
I own my heart is sair ;
Farewell for aye, my bonnie Jean,
For I'll ne'er see ye mair.

For I am forced, &c.

