

# MAY POLE.

J. Harkness, Printer, 121, Church Street;  
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Come lasses and lads, get leave of your dads,  
And away to the May-pole hie,  
For every lad he has got his she,  
And the fiddler's standing by,  
There's willie has got his Jane,  
And Jerry has got his Joan,  
And here to jig, jig, jig it, jig it,  
Jig it up and down Tol lol, tol lol

Begin says Harry, I, I, says Mary,  
We'll lead to Taddington Pound,  
Do says Jess, Oh no says Bess,  
We'll have Saint Leger's round.  
Then every lad took off his hat,  
And bowed to his lass,  
And the women they did curtsy, curtsy,  
Curtsy on the grass. Tol lol, tol lol,

Your out says Dick—you lie says Nick,  
For the fiddler play'd it wrong  
Yes, yes, says Sue, Oh yes says, Hugh,  
And yes says every one,  
The fiddler then began,  
To play the tune again,  
And every lass did foot it, foot it,  
Foot it unto the men. Tol lol, tol lol,

Lets kiss says Fan—I I, says Nan,  
And so says every she,  
How many says Nat, why three says pat,  
For that's a maiden's fee,  
But instead of kisses three,  
They gave them half a score  
And the men in kindness, kindness,  
Gave them as many more. Tol lol, tol lol.

Then after an hour, they went to a bower,  
To play for wine and cake,  
And kisses, too, what they could do,  
For the lasses held the stake,  
The women then began,  
To quarrel with the men,  
And bid them give the kisses back,  
And take their own again. Tol lol, tol lol.

Now they did stay there all the day,  
And tir'd the fiddler quite,  
With dancing and play without any pay,  
From morning until night.  
They told the fiddler then  
They'd pay him for his play,  
So each paid two-pence, two-pence,  
Two-pence, and toddled away. Tol lol, tol lol.

Good night, says Harry, good night says Mary,  
Good night says Dolly to John,  
Good night says Sue, good night says Hugh,  
Good night says every one,  
Some walk'd and some did run,  
Some loitered on the way,  
And bound themselves with kisses three,  
To meet the next holiday. Tol lol, tol lol,



## THE BESOM MAKER.

I am a besom maker, listen to my tale,  
I am a besom maker, lives in yonder vale,  
Sweet pleasures I enjoy both morning night & noon,  
Going over the hills so high a gathering of green  
broom,

### CHORUS.

Come buy my besoms, besoms fine and new,  
Bouny green broom besoms, better never grew  
One day as I was roving, over the hills so high,  
I met with a rakish squire, all with a rolling eye,  
He tipt to me the wink, I wrote to him the tune,  
I eas'd him of his jink, a gathering of green broom.  
One day as I was turning, to my native vale,  
I met Jack Sprat, the miller, he asked me to turn tale  
His mill I rattled round, I ground the girts so clean,  
I eas'd him of his jink in gathering broom so green.  
One day as I was turning to my native cot,  
I met a buxom farmer, happy was his lot,  
He plough'd his furrows deep and laid his corn so low,  
He left it there to keep like green broom to grow,  
When the corn grew up to its native soil,  
A pretty sweet young baby soon on me did smile.  
I bundled up my besoms and took them in the fair,  
And sold them all by wholesale, nursing now's my care