



## THE BESOM MAKER.

*Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse,  
6, Great St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.*

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, and noon,  
Going over the hills so high a gathering of green broom.

### CHORUS.

Come buy my besoms, besoms fine and new,  
Bonny green broom besoms, better never grew.

One day as I was reving, 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,  
Heas'd him of his gink, a gathering of green broom.

One day as I was turning, to my native vale,  
I met Jack Sprat, the miller, he asked me turn tale,  
His mill I rattled round, I ground the grits so clean,  
I eas'd him of his gink, in gathering brooms so green.

One day as I was turning to my native cot,  
I met a baxom farmer, happy was his lot,  
He plough'd his furrows deep, and laid his corn so low,  
He left it there to keep her, like green broom to grow.

When the corn grew up to its native toil,  
A pretty sweet young baby soon on me did smile,  
I bundled up my besoms and took them to the fair,  
And sold them all by wholesale, nursing now's my care.

## THE WANDERING GIRL, OR THE BUD OF ROSE.

ONCE I loved a young man as dear as my life,  
He oftentimes told me he'd make me his wife,  
But now to some other fair girl he is gone,  
Left me and my baby in sorrow to mourn.

### CHORUS.

My father despises me because I done so,  
And now I am despised by all the girls that I know,  
My father and mother turns me from the door,  
And now I must wander like one that is poor.

Once I was as fair as the bud of a rose,  
And now I'm as pale as the lily that grows,  
Like a flower in the garden my beauty is gone,  
You see what I am come to by loving a man.

### CHORUS.

Come all pretty maidens where ever you be,  
Never trust a young man in any degree,  
They'll kiss you and court you, and swear they will be  
true,

And the very next moment they'll bid you adieu.



## THE MAY POLE.

*Pitts, Printer, wholesale Toy and Marble warehouse,  
6, Gt. St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials.*

Come Lasses and lads, get leave of your dads,  
And away to the May-pole hie,  
For every 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 there to jig it, jig it, jig it,  
Jig it, up and down. Tol lol, tol lol.

Begin says Harry, I, I, says Mary,  
We'll lead the Paddington Pound,  
Do says Jess, Oh no says Bess,  
We'll have Saint Ledger'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, 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 that 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 twelve,  
To meet the next holiday. Tol lol,

