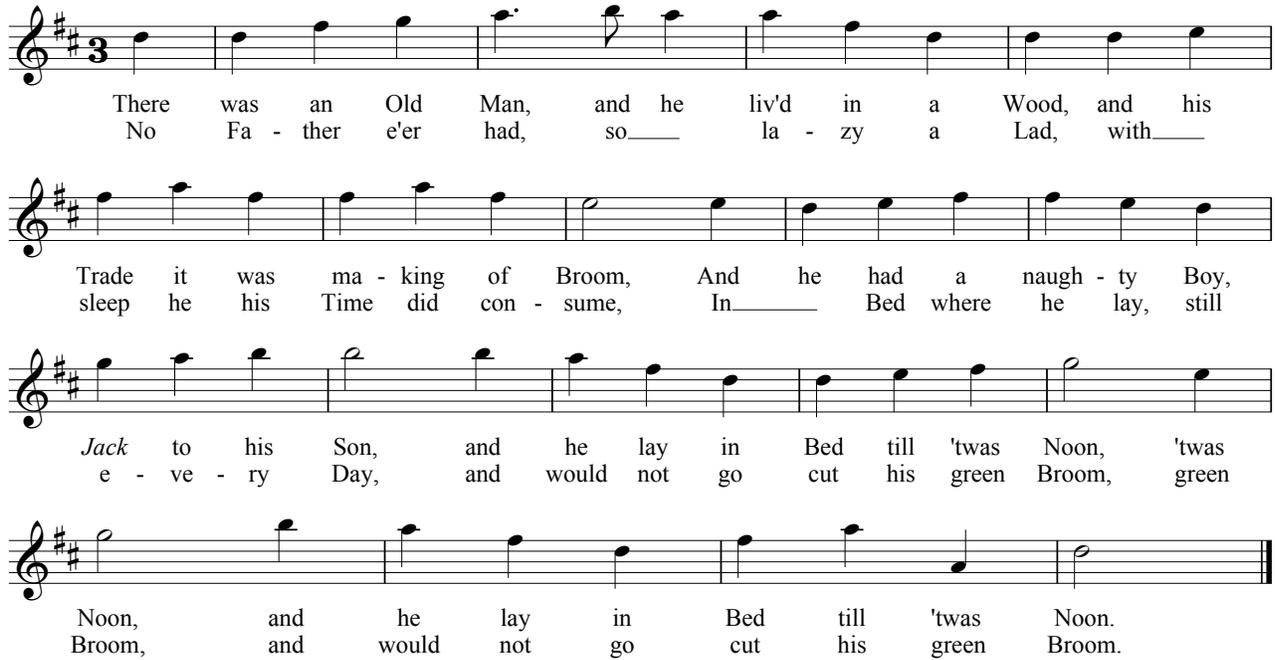


The Jolly Broom-man: Or, the unhappy BOY turn'd Thrifty.



There was an Old Man, and he liv'd in a Wood, and his
No Fa - ther e'er had, so la - zy a Lad, with

Trade it was ma - king of Broom, And he had a naugh - ty Boy,
sleep he his Time did con - sume, In Bed where he lay, still

Jack to his Son, and he lay in Bed till 'twas Noon, 'twas
e - ve - ry Day, and would not go cut his green Broom, green

Noon, and he lay in Bed till 'twas Noon.
Broom, and would not go cut his green Broom.

The Father was vext, and sorely perplext,
with Passion he entered the Room;
Come Sirrah, he cry'd, I'll liquor your Hide,
if you will not go gather green Broom, green Broom,
if you will not go gather green Broom.

Jack lay in his Nest, still taking his rest,
and valu'd not what was his Doom,
But now you shall hear, his Mother drew near,
and made him go gather green Broom, green Broom,
and made him go gather green Broom.

Jack's Mother got up, and fell in a Rage,
and swore she would fire the Room,
If *Jack* did not rise, and go to the Wood,
and fetch home a bundle of Broom, green Broom,
and fetch home a bundle of Broom.

This wakened him straight, before it was late,
as fearing the terrible Doom,
Dear Mother, quoth he, have pity on me,
I'll fetch home a Bundle of Broom, green Broom,
I'll fetch home a bundle of Broom.

Then *Jack* he arose, and he slipt on his Cloaths,
and away to the Wood very soon;
To please the Old Wife, he took a sharp Knife,
and fell to the cutting of Broom, green Broom,
and fell to the cutting of Broom.

Jack follow'd his Trade and readily made,
his Goods up for Country Grooms:
This done, honest *Jack* took them at his Back,
and cry'd, will you buy any Brooms, green Brooms,
and cry'd, will you buy any Brooms.

Then *Jack* he came by a Gentleman's House,
in which was abundance of Rooms;
He stood at the Door, and began for to roar,
crying, Maids will you buy any Brooms, green Brooms,
crying, Maids will you buy any Brooms.

I tell you they're good, just fetch'd from the Wood,
and fitted for sweeping of Rooms;
Come handle my Ware, for Girls I declare,
you never had better green Brooms, green Brooms,
you never had better green Brooms.

The Maiden did call, the Steward of the Hall,
who came in his Silks and Perfumes,
He gave *Jack* his Price, and thus in a trice,
he sold all his Bundle of Brooms, green Brooms,
he sold all his Bundle of Brooms.

Likewise to conclude, they gave him rich Food,
with Liquor of Spicy Perfumes;
The hot Boyl'd and Roast, did cause *Jack* to boast,
no Trade was like making of Brooms, green Brooms,
no Trade was like making of Brooms.

For first I am Paid, and then I am made,
right Welcome by Stewards and Grooms,
Here's Money, Meat and Drink, what Trade do you think
compares with the making of Brooms, green Brooms,
compares with the making of Brooms.

I have a good Trade, more Goods must be made,
to furnish young Lasses and Grooms,
Wherefore I shall lack a Prentice, quoth *Jack*,
I'll teach him the making of Brooms, green Brooms,
I'll teach him the making of Brooms.