Old Woman Tossed up



There was an old woman tossed up in a blanket '99 times as high as the moon. I asked her where she was a going Because in her hand she carried a broom.

Old woman, old woman, old woman, says I, Where are you going so high, so high? I'm a'going to sweep cobwebs out of the sky And I shall be with you again by and bye.

Source: Richard Bond, sung, Idbury, 10 September 1923, coll. Cecil Sharp no. 4965

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