

## The Broomfield Hill

$\text{♩} = 96$



1. My mas - - ter an I \_\_\_\_\_ a wa \_\_\_\_\_ ger did lay. Five  
hun - - dred pounds \_\_\_\_\_ down to one, that a mai - den she'd go down to the  
bon - nie bloo - ming fields, and a maid she should ne - ver home re - - turn.

2. This maid she went down to the bonnie blooming fields  
An found her true lover lying fast asleep,  
With his horse and his hound and his noble saddle bound,  
An his whipstick lay under his feet.
3. Three times she did walk to the crown of his head  
Three times to the soles of his feet.  
Three times she did kiss of his sweet and rosy lips  
As her true love lay there fast asleep.
4. Then when she had done all that she could do,  
Softly she walked away.  
And hid herself in a bonnie bunch of broom  
To hear what her true love would say.
5. An when he awoke right out of his sleep  
And found that his true love had been there,  
He stamped and he swore and his own hair he tore  
Saying, 'My true love has been here but she's gone.'
6. Then loudly he called to his little footman  
Who was covered all over in green.  
Saying, 'Where were you now that you did not waken me  
When my true love had been here to be seen?'
7. 'Oh master', he said, 'You should sleep more by night  
An then you'd want to sleep less by day.  
For if you'd been awake an your true love had been here,  
A maid she'd have never gone away.'
8. 'If I'd been awake an my true love had been here,  
An I could have had my own way,  
All the pretty little birds in the bonnie blooming fields  
Should have feasted on her body for their prey.'

Source: Sung by Sarah Phelps, 7 Council Houses, Avening.  
Collected by James Madison Carpenter between 1927 and 1935.