Low Down in the Broom

It was last Monday morning

The day appointed was

That I should go down to the broom

To meet my own true love

So fine and pleasant was the day

She bore my company

For she’s low low down in the broom

Waiting in the broom for me

I looked over my left shoulder

To see whom I might see

And there I spied my own true love

Come dancing down to me

Her heart so brisk and bonny

To bear my company

For she’s low low down in the broom

Waiting in the broom for me

I took hold of her hand

And I gaily sang my heart

For now we are together

I hope we never shall part

Oh no my love not never

Such a thing could never be

For she’s low low down in the broom

Waiting in the broom for me