Eliza Carthy, Sheath And Knife

It's whispered in parlour it's whispered in hall Oh the broom blooms bonny the broom blooms fair Lady Anne's with child among the ladies all And she dare not go down to the broom no more

One king's daughter said to another Oh the broom blooms bonny the broom blooms fair We'll go ride like sister and brother And we'll never go down to the broom no more

We'll go ride in yonder valley Oh the broom blooms bonny the broom blooms fair Where the green green trees are budding so rarely And we'll never go down to the broom no more

With hawk and hound we'll hunt so rarely
Oh the broom blooms bonny the broom blooms fair
And we'll come back all in the morning early
And we'll never go down to the broom no more

So they rode out like sister and brother Oh the broom blooms bonny the broom blooms fair And they hunted and hawked in the valley together And they'll never go down to the broom no more

'Lady hold my horse and my hawk
Oh the broom blooms bonny the broom blooms fair
For I cannot ride and I dare not walk'
And we'll never go down to the broom no more

'But set me down by the root o' this tree Oh the broom blooms bonny the broom blooms fair For there have I dreamt that my last bed shall be' And we'll never go down to the broom no more

The one king's daughter did lift down the other Oh the broom blooms bonny the broom blooms fair She was light in her arms like any feather And she'll never go down to the broom no more

Bonnie Lady Anne sat down by the tree Oh the broom blooms bonny the broom blooms fair And there a grave was made where none should be And she'll never go down to the broom no more

The hawk had no lure the horse had no master Oh the broom blooms bonny the broom blooms fair And the faithless hounds through the woods they ran faster And they'll never go down to the broom no more

Oh when that you hear my loud loud cry Oh the broom blooms bonny the broom blooms fair Then bend your bow and let your arrow fly Cause we'll never go down to the broom no more