Broomfield Wager (3)

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There was a knight and lady bright
Set trysts amo the broom,
The one to come at morning ear,
The other at afternoon.

"I'll wager a wager wi' you," he said,
An hundred merks and ten,
That ye shall not go to Broomfield Hills
Return a maiden again."

"I'll wager a wager wi' you," she said,
"A hundred pounds and ten,
That I will gang to Broomfield Hills
A maiden return again."

The lady stands in her bower door,
And thus she made her mane:
"O shall I gang to Broomfield Hills,
Or shall I stay at hame?

"If I do gang to Broomfield Hills,
A maid I'll not return;
But if I stay from Broomfield Hills.
I'll be a maid mis-sworn."

Then out it speaks an auld witch-wife,
Sat in the bower aboon:
"O, ye shall gang to the Broomfield Hills,
Ye shall not stay at hame.

"When ye gang to Broomfield Hills,
Walk nine times round and round;
Down below a bonny burn bank
Ye'll find your love sleeping sound.

Ye'll pu the bloom frae aff the broom,
Strew't at his head and feet,
And aye the thicker that ye do strew
The sounder he will sleep

"The broach that is on your napkin,
Put it on his breast bane,

To let him know, when he does wake,
That's true love's come and gane.

"The rings that are on your fingers,
Lay them down on a stane,
To let him know, when he does wake,
That's true love's'come and gane.

"And when ye hae your work all done,
Ye'll gang to a bush o' broom,
And then you'll hear what he will say,
When he sees ye are gane."

When she came to Broomfield Hills,
She walkd it nine times round,
And down below yon burn bank,
She found him sleeping sound.

She pu'd the bloom frae aff the broom,
Streu-'d it at's head and feet.
And aye the thicker that she strewd,
The sounder he did sleep.

The broach that was on her napkin
She put on his breast bane,
To let him know, when he did wake,
His love was come and gane.

The rings that were on her fingers,
She laid upon a stane,
To let him know when he did wake,
His love was come and gane.

Now when she had her work all dune,
She went to a bush o' broom,
That she might hear what he did say,
When he saw she was gane.

"O where were ye, my guid grey hound,
That I paid for sae dear,
Ye didna waken me frae my sleep
When my true love was sae near?"

"I scraped wi my foot, master,
Till a' my collars rang,
But still the mair that I did scrape,
Waken woud ye nane."

"Where were ye, my berry-brown steed,

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That I paid for sae dear,
That ye woudna waken me out o' my sleep
When my love was sae near?"

"I patted wi my foot, master,
Till a' my bridles rang,
But still the mair that I did pat,
Waken woud ye nane."

"O where were ye, my gay goss-hawk,
That I paid for sae dear,
That ye woudna waken me out o' my sleep
When ye saw my love near?"

"I flapped wi' my wings, master,
Till a' my bells they rang,
But still the mair that I did flap,
Waken woud ye nane."

"O where were ye, my merry young men
That I pay meat and fee,
Ye woudna waken me out o' my sleep
When my love ye did see?"

"Ye'll sleep mair on the night, master,
And wake mair on the day;
Gae sooner down to Broomfield Hills
When ye've sic pranks to play.

"If I had seen any armed men
Come riding over the hill
But I saw but a fair lady
Come quietly you until."

"O wae mat worth you, my young men
That I pay meat and fee,
That ye woudna waken me frae sleep
When ye my love did see.

"O had I waked when she was nigh,
And o her got my will,
I shoudna cared upon the morn
Tho sma birds o her were fill."

When she went out, right bitter wept,
But singing came she hame;
Says, I hae been at Broomfield Hills,
And maid returnd again.

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Child #43
Child's version C, from Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland
SOF

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