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I'm Off to Charlestown in de Morning

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I'M OFF TO CHARLESTOWN EARLY IN DE MORNING.

.....*.....*.....*.....*.....*.....*.....
London:—Printed at Such's Song Mart,
123, Union Street, Borough.
Hawkers Supplied.
.....*.....*.....*.....

MY massa and my misses have both gone
away,
Gone to the sulphur springs, the summer
months to say ;
And while they're off togedder on a little kind
of spree,
I'll go down to Charlestown de pretty girls
to see.

I'm off to Charlestown early in de morning,
I'm off to Charlestown and little time to stay,
So give my respects to all the pretty yaller gals
I'm off to Charlestown before the break of day

My Nell she waved her handkerchief afore
she let me go,
Floating down de ribber wid my ole banjo ;
I stood & gazed upon her, & wiped away a tear
De last words she said to me, was, 'Fare you
well my dear.'

It begin to rain a little, de night was berry
dark,

De niggars they got frightened, and the dogs
begin to bark ;

De coon he scared de buzzard, de buzzard
scared de coon,

And dey all kept up a running, 'till to mor-
row afternoon.

Charlestown is a pretty place, de gals dey
dress so neat,

Dey am so slender round de waist and pretty
in de feet ;

I'd rader kiss my Nell dan all the girls I
eber see.

Kaus her breath is like an orange blossom
hanging on a tree.

I'm off to Charlestown early in the morning,
I'm off to Charlestown and little time to stay,
And while they're off togedder, on a little
kind ob spree,

I'll go down to Charlestown de pretty girls
to see.



GREEN BROOMS.

THERE was an old man, and he lived
in the West,
And his trade was making of brooms,
He had a son, naughty boy Jack was
his name,
And he would lie in bed until it was noon

The old man arose & put on his clothes,
And swore he would fire the room,
If Jack would not rise, and open his eyes
And away to the wood & get brooms.

Then Jack he arose, and put on his
clothes,
And away to the wood & got brooms ;
To markets and fairs, I vow and declare,
Singing, "Maidens, do you want any
brooms?"

A lady she sat at her window so high,
And hearing of Jack crying, "Brooms,
green brooms ;"
She rang at her bell & to her maid call'd,
"Go fetch me the lad crying, 'Brooms
green brooms.'"

Then Jack he comes back, and up stairs
he goes,
And enters the lady's room' room, room,
You are a clever young blade Jack leave
off your trade.
And marry the lady in bloom.

Then Jack he consents, & to the church
went,
And married the lady in bloom ;
There's none in the world I vow & protest
Compared to the lad that sold brooms,
green brooms.