

The Broom Maker

Words and Music: Gary McGath, Copyright 2012

I am a poor broom maker.
I always must be on guard
Against the wolf who's knocking,
And feeing the family's hard.
When people don't have money,
They don't want my latest art;
They'll use the same old sweeper
Until it just falls apart.

Chorus:

Buy my brooms, buy my brooms,
Come and buy!

I met a strange old woman
Who had such an ugly face.
Her house seemed made of pastry;
It was a disturbing place.
She told me that she wanted
The best broom that I could make.
It must be done the right way
And there could be no mistake.

Chorus

She gave me straw from graveyards
And wood from a gallows tree.
She brought me brass for binding
And paid me a handsome fee.
I went back to my workbench
And gave it my finest craft.
I brought it back the next day;
She paid me again and laughed.

Chorus

I am a poor broom maker,
And I'm not about to ask
When someone wants to pay me
Just why she needs such a task.
I'm coming home with money,
And there will be food anon,
So everyone is happy — *[pause]*
[Slowly and softly] But where have my children gone?

[NO chorus!]