

The Joviall Broome Man

from the Roxburghe collection of ballads

Richard Climsell, c.1640

C F C F C G C C

Room for a Lad that's come from seas, Hey Jol - ly Broome - man, That glad - ly now would
 Yet in those Coun - tries liv - èd I, And see many a val - iant
 In Ger - ma - ny I tooke a towne; I threw the walls there
 And when the peo - ple all were gone, I held the towne my -

F C F C G C C G F C

take his ease, And there - fore make me roome, man. To France, the Ne - ther - lands, Den - mark, Spaine
 soul - dier dye up - side downe. selfe a - lone. An hun - dred gal - lants there I kill'd,
 And when that I the same had done, When va - liant A - jax fought with Hector,

F G F C C G F C F C G C

Hey Jol - ly Broome - man, I crost the seas, and backe a - gaine, And there - fore make me roome, man.
 And be - side, a world of blood I spild.
 I made the peo - ple all to run.
 I made them friends with a bowle of Nectar.