

The Broom of Cowdenknowes

Traditional lyrics and tune

How blythe each morn was I to see
My lass come o'er the hill
She tripped the burn and ran to me
I met her with good will

*Oh the broom, the bonnie bonnie broom
The Broom of the Cowdenknowes
Fain would I be in my ain country
Herding his father's yowes*

We neither herded ewes nor lamb
While the flock near us lay
She gathered in the sheep at night
And cheered me all the day

*Oh the broom, the bonnie bonnie broom
The Broom of the Cowdenknowes
Fain would I be in my ain country
Herding his father's yowes*

Hard fate that I should banished be
Gone way o'er hill and moor.
Because I loved the fairest lass
That ever yet was born.

*Oh the broom, the bonnie bonnie broom
The Broom of the Cowdenknowes
Fain would I be in my ain country
Herding his father's yowes*

Farewell, ye Cowdenknowes, farewell,
Farewell all pleasures there
To wander by her side again
Is all I crave or care