

## Broom Of The Cowdenknowes

Heather Alexander

How blithe, was I, each morn tae see  
My lassie come o'er yon hill  
She leapt the burn and she ran tae me  
I met her wi' good will.

O the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom  
The broom o' the Cowdenknowes  
Fain would I be in my ain country  
Guardin' her father's yowes (ewes)

Hard, the fate, that I should banished be  
Gang wearily and mourn  
Because I lou'd the fairest lass  
That ever yet was born

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