

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