

The Broom of the Cowdenknowes

Scottish Folk

B G#m

How blithe was I each morn. to see my lass come. o-ver the hill

B C#m F#

She skipped the burn and ran to me, I met her with good will

B F# E B

Oh the broom, the bon-ny, bon-ny broom. The broom of the

G#m B

Cow - den - knowes; fain would I lie in my own coun - try,

C#m F#

herd - ing my dad - dy's cows

*She would oblige me every hour
Could I but faithful be?
She won my heart, could I refuse
Whate'er she asked of me?*

*Hard fate that I should banished be,
Say early in the morn
Because I loved the fairest lass
That ever yet was born.*

*Fareweill, ye Cowdenknows, fareweill
Fareweill all pleasure there
To roam again with my lass by my side
Is all I want or care.*