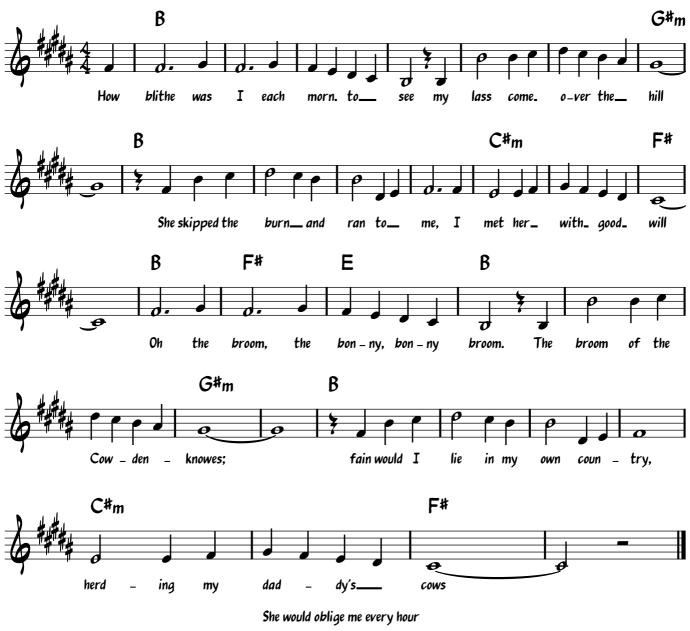
The Broom of the Cowdenknowes

Scottish Folk



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.