

The Broom of the Cowdenknowes

Scottish Folk

G Em




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

G Am D



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

G D C G



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

Em G



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

Am D



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.*