

## Silly

### "Broom O' The Cowdenknowes"

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How blithe each morn was I tae see  
My lass came o'er the hill  
She tripped the burn and ran tae me  
I met her wi' good will

CHORUS:

Oh the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom  
The broom o' the cowdenknowes  
Fain would I be in my own country  
Herding my father's ewes  
Hard fate that I should banished be  
Gone way o'er hill and moor  
Because I loved the fairest lass  
That ever yet was born

CHORUS

Farewell, ye cowdenknowes, farewell  
Farewell all pleasures there  
To wonder by her side again  
Is all I crave or care

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