

Silly Wizard, Broom O' The Cowdenknowes

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