

# Broom, broom, the bonny, bonny broom

The Broom of Cowdenknows

Music from The English Dancing Master, 1651

Lyrics from The Scots Musical Museum, 1787

A A D D A D

How blyth was I each morn to see My swain come o'er the hill! He leap'd the burn, and  
I nei - ther want - ed ewe nor lamb, While his flock near me lay; He ga - ther'd in my  
While thus we spent our time, by turns Be - twixt our flocks and play, I en - vy'd not the  
A - dieu, ye Cow - den knows, a - dieu, Fare - wel a' plea - sures there: Ye gods, re - store me

D A A D

flew to me, I met him wi' good will. O the broom, the bon-ny, bon-ny broom, The  
sheep at night, And chear'd me a' the day. gay.  
fair - est dame, Tho' ne'er so rich and care.  
to my swain, Is a' I crave, or care.

D G A D D A

broom of Cow - den - knows! I wish I were wi' my dear swain, Wi his pipe and my ewes.