

How oft in youth I've wander'd where  
 The broom and heather grows,  
 But saw not aught that might compare  
 With broom o' the Cowdenknowes.  
 O, days that come, &c.

On Blainslie braes the sun at eve  
 A bonny blink bestows,  
 But fondly kisses ere it leave  
 The broom o' the Cowdenknowes.  
 O, days that come, &c.

Say "Scotland," and my bosom still  
 With fev'rish pleasure glows,  
 But more a word can make it thrill  
 That sounds like "Cowdenknowes."  
 O, days that come, &c.

Tho' beautiful the Mayflowers bloom  
 Amid the winter snows,  
 They have no charm to me like broom—  
 The broom o' the Cowdenknowes.  
 O, days that come, &c.

Away far hence, by fancy led,  
 Where lovers breathe their vows,  
 E'en now among the broom we tread.—  
 The broom o' the Cowdenknowes.  
 O, days that come, &c.