





I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb,
When his Flocks round me lay;
He gather'd in my Sheep at Night,
And cheer'd me all the Day.
O the Broom,&c:

He tund his Pipe and Reed to fweet,

The Birds ftood liftning by;

The fleecy Sheep ftood ftill and gaz'd,

Charm'd with his Melody.

O the Broom, &c:

4

While thus we spent our time by turns,

Betwixt our Flocks and Play;
I envyd not the fairest Dame,

Tho eer so rich and Gay.

O the Broom, &c:

5

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but faithfull be;
He stole my Heart cou'd I refuse,
What e'er he ask'd of me.
O the Broom,&c:

6

Hard fate that I must banished be, Gang heavily and mourn; Because Hovd the kindest Swain, That ever yet was born. O the Broom,&c: