

# Yellow On the Broom

words: Adam McNaughton  
music: traditional

G D C

I ken ye din-na like it lass tae win - ter here in toon,

G D

For the scal - dies aye mis - cry us and they try tae bring us doon;

D C G

And it's hard tae raise three bair - ns in a sing - le flea - box room

C G D G

But I'll tak ye on the road a - gain, when the yel - low's on the broom.

*Chorus* D G Em

When the yel-low's on the broom, when the yel-low's on the broom,

C G D G

I'll tak ye on the road a - gain, when the yel - low's on the broom.

# Yellow On the Broom

I ken ye dinna like it lass tae winter here in toon  
For the scaldies aye miscry us and they try tae bring us doon  
And it's hard tae raise three bairns in a single flea box room  
But I'll tak ye on the road again when yellow's on the broom  
    When the yellow's on the broom, when the yellow's on the broom  
    I'll tak ye on the road again when yellow's on the broom

The scaldies ca us tinker dirt and they sconce oor bairns at school  
But who cares whit a scaldie thinks for a scaldie's but a fool  
They never hear the yorlan's sang nor see the flax in bloom  
For they're aye cooped up in hooses when yellow's on the broom  
    When the yellow's on the broom, when the yellow's on the broom  
    For they're aye cooped up in hooses when yellow's on the broom

Nae sale for pegs nor baskets noo, sae just tae stay alive  
We had tae work at scaldie jobs frae nine o'clock tae five  
But we call nae man oor maister for we own the world's room  
And we'll bid fareweel tae Brechin when yellow's on the broom  
    When the yellow's on the broom, when the yellow's on the broom  
    And we'll bid fareweel tae Brechin when yellow's on the broom

I'm weary for the springtime when we tak the road yince mair  
Tae the plantin' and the pearlin' and the berryfields o' Blair  
When we meet up wi' oor kinfolk frae a' the country roon'  
And the gan-aboot folk tak the road when yellow's on the broom  
    When the yellow's on the broom, when the yellow's on the broom  
    The gan-aboot folk tak the road when yellow's on the broom

*Written by Adam McNaughton in 1979. The title comes from the autobiography of singer Betty Whyte of Montrose (1919-1988), which celebrates her traveller childhood. It is set to a traditional English tune, "The Female Drummer." A much loved song.*