

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Doon the Moor (2)

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As I rode out one morn in May
It being fine and sunny weather,
Some miles frae home I chanced to roam
Among the bonny, blooming heather
Doon the moor.

Doon the moor and 'mang the heather

Doon the moor and 'mang the heather
Some miles frae home I chanced to roam
Among the bonny, blooming heather
Doon the moor.

I rode along to the huntsman's song
My heart bein' light as any feather,
Until I met with tha wee lass
A-brushin' the dew from off the heather
Doon the moor etc.

She barefoot was and homely clad
And she wore neither hat nor feather
But her plaid hung neatly 'round her waist
As she tripped o'er the blooming heather.

We tiggled and toyled frae morn to night
It bein' the langest day in summer
Until the beams o' the red, settin' sun
Came sparklin' doon along the heather.

Says she, "My laddie, I maun gang
My ewes are strayin' frae each ither
And I'm as loth to part wi' you
As the wee lambs to part their mither."

Then up she got and off she went
Her name nor place I ne'er could gather
But if I were king, I'd make her queen
The lass I met amang the heather.

From More Irish Street Songs, O Lochlainn