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Heather on the Moor

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Oh, as I roved out of a bright May morning, calm and clear was the weather
I chanced to roam some miles from home among the beautiful blooming heather,

And it's heather on the moor, over the heather,
Over the moor and among the heather
I chanced to roam some miles from home among the beautiful blooming heather,.
And it's heather on the moor.

As I roved along with my hunting song my heart as light as any feather.
I met a pretty maid upon the way, she was tripping the dew down from the heather

"Where are you going to my pretty fair maid, by hill or dale come tell me
whether."
Right modestly she answered me, "to the feeding of my lambs together."

We both shook hands and down we sat, it being the longest day of summer,
We sat till the red setting beams of the sun came sparklin' down
among the heather.

"Now," she says. "I must away; my lambs and sheep have strayed from other,
For I am loth to part from you as those fond lambs are to part from their
mother."

Up she rose and away she goes, her name or place I know not either,
But if I was king, I'd make her queen, the lass I met among the heather.

From Bonny Bunch of Roses, Milner and Kaplan