

Nathan Evans, Heather On The Hill

Oh my love, said to me
"Will you meet me by the sea?"
You can kiss me
underneath the misty moon
She is stunning, she is pretty
She's as warm as amber Whiskey
And as bonny as a heather on the hill

When I was a young boy my mother said to me
Fend yourself for petty lies, don't take a love for free
From fields of Aberfeldy to the shores of Loch Marree
I noticed she's the only one for me

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She was dancing by the fire as a piper played a tune
She wrapped her arms around me and she asked "Are you my groom"
A dram of amber whiskey and a twinkle in her eye
We danced beneath the Caledonian sky

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