

Andy M. Stewart, Queen Amangst The Heather

As I roved out one fine summer's morn
'Mang lofty hills, moorlands and mountains
Wha should I spy but a fair young maid
As I wi' others was out a hunting

No shoes nor stockings did she wear
And neither had she cap nor feather
But her golden hair hung in ringlets fair
The gentle breeze blew 'round her shoulders

I said, "Braw lass why roam your lane?
Why roam your lane amang the heather?"
She said, "My father's awa' frae hame
And I'm herding a' his yowes thegither"

I said, "Braw lass gin ye'll be mine
And care tae lie in a bed o' feather
In silks and satins you shall shine
Ye'll be my queen amang the heather"

She said, "Kind sir your offer's fine
But I'm afraid 'twas meant for laughter
For I see you are some rich squire's son
And I am but a poor shepherd's daughter"

"But had ye been a shepherd loon
Herding yowes in yonder valley
Or had ye been the plooman's son
Wi' a' my heart I could a' loo'd thee"

I've been tae balls and I've been tae halls
I've been tae London and Balquidder
But the bonniest lass that e'er I saw
Was herding yowes amang the heather