

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

I said, &quot;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&quot;

She said, &quot;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&quot;

&quot;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&quot;

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