

Heather Alexander, Heather On The Moor

I roved out on a bright May morn,
So calm and clear was the weather
I chanced to roam some miles from home,
Among the beautiful blooming heather,

CHORUS:

And it's heather on the moor, over the heather,
Over the moor and among the heather
"(repeat last two lines of previous verse)"
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,
Come hill or dale now tell me whether."
Right modestly she answered me,
"To the feeding of my lambs together."

"I come from far beyond the hill,
To fetch a lamb that's strayed from t'other.
But I think I'll stay awhile this day
And take me time among the heather"

Well, we both shook hands and there we sat,
For it being the finest day in summer,
We sat 'til the red setting beams of the sun
Came a-sparklin' down upon the heather.

"Now, I must be gone before night's dawn,
And take the little one with the others
But I am loathe to part from you
As loathe are lambs to depart their mothers"

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