Lass Amonst the Heather

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It was up yon dark and lonely glen
That stands by many a lofty mountain
Far frae the busy haunts o' man
Ae day as I gaed oot a huntin'.

A happy dae it was tae be
That day I stole my loving fancy
She was herding sheep on yonder hill
It was there I spied my lovely Nancy.

Her coat was white, her goon was green
Her waiste it was so tall and slender
With her rosy cheeks and her downcast eyes
It made my hert nae mair tae wander.

Says I, "Ma lassie, will ye gang
An' sleep upon my bed o' feathers
For it's silks an' satins ye'll gang in
Gin ye leave your sheep among the heather."

"Oh, I thank you, sir, your offers fair
But I'm afraid it's meant in laughter
For ye maun be some rich squire's son
And I am only a poor shepherd's daughter."

I hae been tae balls an' masquerades
I hae been tae London an' Balquhidder
But the bonniest lass that e'er I saw
It was her I met amonst the heather.

It's her I've got, it's her I've sought
An' wi' her I mean tae live contented
It's her I've got, it's her I've sought
Sae farewell, farewell, my song is ended.

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