

Queen Among The Heather

June Tabor

Oh, as I rode out one morning fair
Over lofty hill, moorland and mountain,
It was there I met with a fine young girl,
While I with others was hunting.

No shoes nor stockings did she wear;
Neither had she hat nor had she feather,
But her golden curls, aye, and ringlets rare
In the gentle breeze played round her shoulders.

I said, "Fair lassie, why roam your lane?
Why roam your lane among the heather?"
She said, "My father's away from home
And I'm herding of his ewes together."

I said, "Fair lassie, if you'll be mine
And you lie on a bed o' feathers,
In silks and satin it's you will shine,
And you'll be my queen among the heather."

She said, "Kind sir, your offer is good,
But I'm afraid it's meant for laughter,
For I know you are some rich squire's son
And I'm a poor lame shepherd's daughter."

"Oh, but had you been some shepherd lad
A-herding ewes among the heather,
Or had you been some ploughman's son,
It's with all my heart I would have loved you."

Now, I've been to balls and I have been to halls;
I have been to London and Balquhiddy,
But the bonniest lassie that ever I did see
She was herding of her ewes together.

So we both sat down upon the plain.
We sat awhile and we talked together,
And we left the ewes for to stray their lane,
Till I won my queen among the heather.