

The Heather on the Hill

Andy Williams

Can't we two go walkin' together out beyond the valley of trees
?

Out where there's a hillside of heather curtseyin' gently in the breeze

That's what I'd like to do; see the heather but with you.

The mist of May is in the gloamin', and all the clouds are holdin' still

So take my hand and let's go roamin' through the heather on the hill.

The mornin' dew is blinkin' yonder, there's lazy music in the rill,

And all I want to do is wander through the heather on the hill.

There may be other days as rich and rare,

There may be other springs as full and fare,

But they won't be the same, they'll come and go

For this I know;

That when the mist is in gloamin'

And all the clouds are holdin' still,

If you're not there I won't go roamin' through the heather on the hill,

The heather on the hill.

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