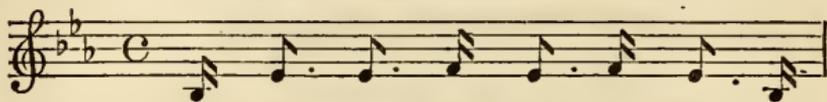


## OWER THE MUIR AMANG THE HEATHER.



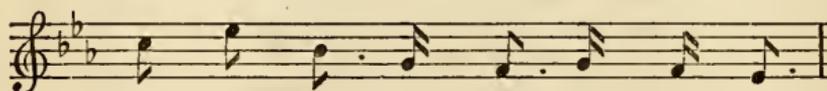
Com - in' through the Craigs o' Kyle, A-



mang the bon - nie bloom - ing heath - er,

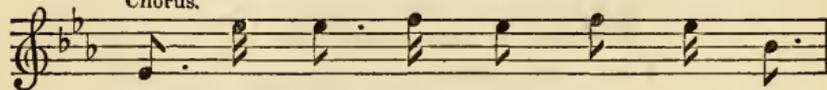


There I met a bon - nie lass - ie,

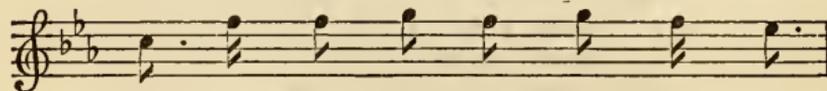


Keep - in' a' her ewes the - gith - er.

Chorus.



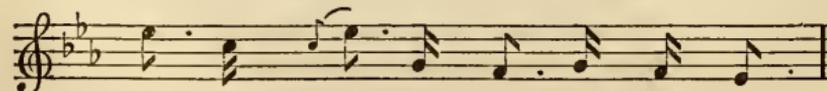
Ower the muir a - mang the heath - er,



Ower the muir a - mang the heath - er,



There I met a bon - nie lass - ie,



Keep - in' a' her ewes the - gith - er.

Comin' through the Craigs o' Kyle,  
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather,  
 There I met a bonnie lassie,  
 Keepin' a' her ewes thegither.

Ower the muir amang the heather,  
 Ower the muir amang the heather,  
 There I met a bonnie lassie,  
 Keepin' a' her ewes thegither.

Says I, My dear, where is thy hame,  
 In muir or dale, pray tell me whether?  
 She said, I tent the fleecy flocks,  
 That feed amang the blooming heather.

We sat us down upon a bank,  
 Sae warm and sunny was the weather;  
 She left her flocks at large to rove,  
 Amang the bonnie blooming heather.

While thus we sat, she sang a sang,  
 Till Echo rang a mile and further,  
 And aye the burden o' the sang,  
 Was, Ower the muir amang the heather.

She charmed my heart, and aye sin' syne,  
 I couldna think on ony ither:  
 By sea and sky she shall be mine,  
 The bonnie lass amang the heather!

The above song is said to have been the composition of a woman named Jean Glover, who, strange to say, had deserted respectable, humble Scotch life, to accompany a very poor band of strolling-players. Burns tells us, 'I took the song down from her singing, as she was wandering through the country with a sleight-of-hand blackguard.'