

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Skippin' Barfit Through the Heather

Skippin' Barfit Through the Heather

As I was walkin' doon yon hill  
It was in a summer evenin',  
It was there I spied a bonny lass  
Skippin' barfit through the heather.

Eh but she was neatly dressed,  
She neither needed hat nor feather;  
She was the queen among them a',  
Skippin' barfit through the heather.

"Will ye come wi' me, my bonny lass,  
Will ye come wi' me and leave the heather?  
It's silks an' satins ye will wear  
If ye come wi' me and leave the heather."

She wore a goon o' bonnie blue,  
Her petticoats were a pheasant colour,  
And in between the stripes were seen  
Shinin' bells o' bloomin' heather.

"Oh young man your offer's good,  
But sae weel I ken ye will deceive me:  
But gin ye tak my hert awa'  
Better if I had never seen ye."

Oh but she was neatly dressed,  
She neither needed hat nor feather;  
She was the queen among them a',  
Skippin' barfit through the heather.

Other versions and related songs on the database:

Amongst the Heather  
Heather on the Moor  
Doon the Moor (two versions)

Alison McMorland learnt her version from Jessie Murray of Buckie, who sang it at the first Edinburgh People's Festival in 1951. Here it is (taken from Ailie Munro's The Folk Music Revival in Scotland):

apr00