

## **Alan Jay Lerner**

# **"The Heather On The Hill"**

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Tommy

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

Out where there's a hillside of heather, curtsyin' 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 fair.

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

For this I know:

That when the mist is in the 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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