

Gorse and Heather

Jeremy Dale



When the nights draw in, and bon-fires burn, And damp mist fills the air Then I



met a girl by the gold-en gorse, and coal black was her hair



And now let us all re-joice and sing - - - and this is the rea-son For the



gold-en gorse it is in bloom - - - and kiss-ing's now in sea - son



So come rain or shine wind or weath-er We'll go



roam - ing you and I Through the gorse and heath - er