

The Lea Rig
Robert Burns

The Lea Rig

(Robert Burns)

1. When o'er the hill the evening star, tells bughtin time is near, my jo,
And owsen frae the furrow'd field, Return sae dowf and weary O;
Down by the burn, where birken buds, Wi' dew are hangin' clear, my jo,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, My ain kind Dearie O.

2. At midnight hour, in mirkest glen, I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie, O,
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee, my ain kind Dearie O;
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild, And I were ne'er sae weary O,
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig, My ain kind Dearie O.

3. The hunter lo'es the morning sun, To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
At noon the fisher takes the glen, Adown the burn to steer, my jo:
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray, It maks my heart sae cheery O,
To meet thee on the lea-rig, My ain kind Dearie O.