

# Andy M. Stewart, The Lea-Rig

When o'er the hill the eastern 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.

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.

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