

## The Lea Rig

Andy M. Stewart

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  
Adown 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.