

How Long And Dreary Is The Night

How long and dreary is the night,
When I am frae my dearie!
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er so weary:
I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
Tho' I were ne'er sae weary!

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you my dearie:
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It wasna sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie!
It wasna sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my dearie!