

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## The Lea Rig

The Lea Rig  
(Robert Burns)

As o'er the hill the eastern star tells bughtin' time is near, my Jo,  
And owsen frae the furrowed field return sae dowf and weary o,  
Doon by the burn where scented birks wi' dew are hangin' clear, my Jo,  
I'll meet ye on the lea rig, my ain kind dearie o.

At midnight hoor in mirkest glen I'd rove and ne'er be eerie o,  
If thro' that glen I gaed tae thee, my ain kind dearie o,  
And tho' the nicht 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 tae rouse the mountain deer, my Jo,  
At noon the fisher taks the glen, a-doon the burn tae steer, my Jo,  
But gie tae me the gloamin' grey - it maks my heart sae cheery o,  
Tae meet ye on the lea rig, my ain kind dearie-o'

I've been singing this for years - it's a really beautiful love song. AC  
AC  
OCT98