

How lang and dreary is the night
Robert Burns, 1794

How lang and dreary is the night
When I am frae my Dearie;
I restless lie frae e'en to morn
Though I were ne'er sae weary.
Chorus:
For oh, her lanely nights are lang!
And oh, her dreams are eerie;
And oh, her window'd heart is sair,
That's absent frae her Dearie!

2. When I think on the lightsome days
I spent wi' thee, my Dearie;
And now what seas between us roar,
How can I be but eerie?
Chorus:

3. How slow ye move, ye heavy hours;
The joyless day how dreary:
It was na sae ye glinted by,
When I was wi' my Dearie!
Chorus: