

Karine Polwart

"The Learig"

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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 ye gaed to me,
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 takes 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.

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