

THE LEE-RIG.

There was an old rustic song, of which the first verse only has been preserved :

I'll rowe thee o'er the lee-rig,

My ain kind dearie, O ;

I'll rowe thee o'er the lee-rig,

My ain kind dearie, O.

Although the night were ne'er sae wet,

And I were ne'er sae weary, O,

I'll rowe thee o'er the lee-rig,

My ain kind dearie, O.

While the verses were homely and unfit for the polite, the air had liveliness and character sufficient to recommend it for preservation in Oswald's Collection. Robert Fergusson afterwards composed to it the song here presented. At a subsequent period, Burns composed a song to the same air.

Will ye gang o'er the lee - rig, My
 ain kind dear - ie, O, And
 cud - dle there sae kind - ly Wi'
 me, my kind dear - ie, O? At
 thorn - y dike and birk - en tree, We'll
 daff and ne'er be wear - y, O, They'll
 seug ill een frae you and me, My
 ain kind dear - ie, O.

Will ye gang o'er the lee-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O,
And cuddle there sae kindly
Wi' me, my kind dearie, O ?

At thorny dike and birken-tree,
We'll daff and ne'er be weary, O,
They'll scug ill een frae you and me,
My ain kind dearie, O.

Nae herds wi' kent and colly there
Shall ever come to fear ye, O ;
But laverocks whistling in the air
Shall woo, like me, their dearie, O.

While others herd their lambs and ewes,
And toil for warld's gear, my jo,
Upon the lee my pleasure grows,
Wi' you, my kind dearie, O.
