5a. Cauld kail in Aberdeen

How lang and drea - ry is the night, When I am frae my Dea - ric; I...
rest less lie frae e'en_ tae_ mom, Tho' I were ne'er, sae_ wea _ry. For

oh! her lan_ ely nights are lang; And oh! her dreams are ee _ric_e; And

oh! her wi _dow'd heart is sair, That's_ ab _sent frae_ her_ Dea _rie.
HOW LANG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THIS WORK

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

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

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.
For oh, &c.

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.
For oh, &c.

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