

Mirk, mirk is this midnight hour or Lord Gregory

Robert Burns version of lyrics

Oh mirk, mirk is this midnight hour
And loud the tempest's roar
A waefu' wanderer seeks thy tower
Lord Gregory, ope' thy door
An exile from her father's hall'
And all for loving thee
At least some pity on me show
If love it may not be

**Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove
By Bonnie Irwine side
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I long, long had denied
How often didst thou pledge and vow
Thou would for all be mine
And my fond heart, itself so true
It ne'er mistrusted thine**

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory
And flinty is thy breast
Thou bolt of heaven that flashest by
Oh wilt thou bring me rest
Ye mustering thunders from above
Thy willing victim see
But spare and pardon my false love
His wrongs to heaven and me

Janene Millen