

Are ye sleeping Maggie



Mirk and rainy is the nicht,
there`s no a staum in a` the carry.
Lichtnig`s gleam athwart the lift,
and cauld wind drive wi` winters fury.

Chorus: Oh, are ye sleeping Maggie :/
Let me in, for loud the linn is howling over the warlock Craigie.

Fearfu` soughs the boortree bank,
the rifted wood roars wild and dreary.
Loud the iron yett does clank,
the cry of hoolits mak`s me eerie.

Chorus....

Abune ma breath, I daurnae speak,
for fear I rouse your waukrife Daddy.
Cauld`s the blast upon my cheek,
O rise, o rise my bonnie lady.

Chorus...

She`s ope`d the door, she`s let him in,
She`s cuist aside his dreepin plaidie.
Blaw yer warst ye rain and wind,
for Maggie noo I`m aside ye.

Chorus: Noo since your waukin` Maggie :/
What car I for hoolits cry,
for boortree bank or warlock craigie

- Robert Tannahill -