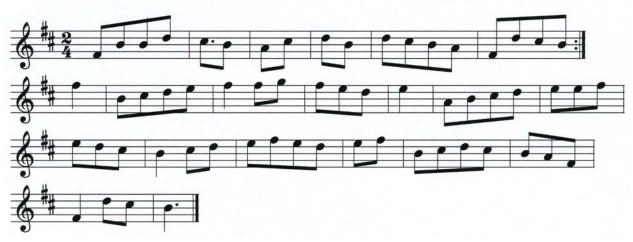
Are ye sleeping Maggie



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 -