

Are Ye Sleeping Maggie

(traditional)

Mirk and rainy is the night
There's no' a star in a' the carry
Lightening gleams across the sky
And winds they blow with winter fury

O are you sleeping Maggie
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Let me in , for loud the linn
Is roaring o'er the warlocks craigie

Fearfu' flows the boortree bank
The rifted wood roars wild and dreary
Loud the iron yet does clank
And cry of howlets make me eerie

Aboon my breath I daurna speak
For fear I'll rouse your wakeful daddie
Cauld's the blast upon my check
O rise, O rise, my bonnie lassie

She's op'ed the door, she's let him in
He's cruist aside his dreeping plaidie
Ye can blow ye worst, ye winds and rain
Since Maggie noo I'm in aside thee

O noo that you're wakin, Maggie
O noo that you're wakin, Maggie
What care I for howlets cry
For roaring linn or warlock's craigie