

Paddy Schmidt
"ARE YE SLEEPING MAGGIE"

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Mirk and rainy is the nicht
There's no a star in a' the carry
Lightening gleams across the sky
And winds they blaw wi winter fury
O are you sleeping Maggie
O are you sleeping Maggie
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 yett does clank
And cry of howlets mak 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

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