

## Are Ye Sleepin' Maggie

Mirk and rain- y is the nict. There's no a star in a' the car- ry. Light- ning  
gleams a- cross the sky, and winds they blaw wi' win ter fu- ry. And its  
oh, are you sleep- in' Mag- gie? Oh, are you sleep- in' Mag- gie?  
Let me in, for loud the linn is roar- in' ow- er the war- locks crai- gie.

## Are Ye Sleepin' Maggie

### Robert Tannahill (1774 - 1810)

Mirk [dark] and rainy is the nict [night],  
There's no a star in a' the carry;  
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,  
And the cauld winds drive wi' winter's fury.

#### *Chorus:*

O! are ye sleepin', Maggie?  
O! are ye sleepin', Maggie?  
Let me in, for loud the linn  
Is roarin' o'er the warlock craigie!

Fearfu' soughs the boortree bank,  
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie,  
Loud the iron yett does clank,  
And the cry o' howlets makes me eerie.

Chorus

Aboon my breath I daurna speak  
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie;  
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek, -  
Arise, arise, my bonnie lady!

Chorus

She op'd the door, she let him in;  
He coost aside his dreepin' plaidie;  
Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',  
Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.

Final Chorus:

Now since ye're waukin', Maggie,  
Now since ye're waukin', Maggie,  
What care I for howlet's cry,  
For boortree bank, or warlock craigie?