

Are Ye Sleeping, Maggie [Am]

Maggie, Are Ye Sleeping?

Robert Tannahill (1744–1810) (Scotland)

1. Mirk and rai - ny is the night, there's _ no a star in a' the car - ry.
 Light - nins gleam a - thwart the lift, and _ cauld winds drive wi' win - ter's fu - ry.
 Oh, are ye sleep - ing, Mag - gie, oh, and are _ ye _ sleep - ing Mag - gie,
 let me in for loud the linn is how - ling o'er _ the _ war - lock crai - gie.

2. 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.
 Oh, are ye sleeping Maggie ...
3. 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.
 Oh, are ye sleeping Maggie ...
4. 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 in aside ye.
 Noo since your waukin' Maggie, noo since your waukin' Maggie,
 what care I for hoolits cry, for boortree bank or warlock Craigie.

1. Are Ye Sleeping Maggie

Play AAAA BB