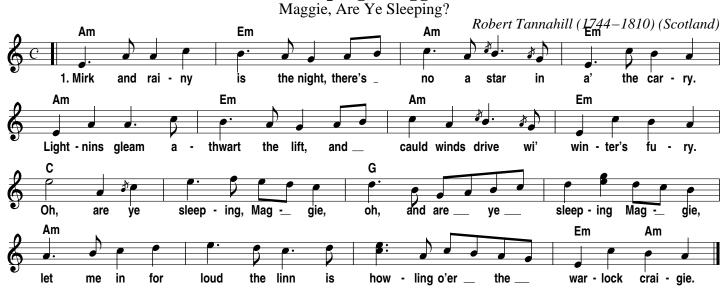
## Are Ye Sleeping, Maggie [Am]



- 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.

