

# Robert Tannahill

## ARE YE SLEEPIN, MAGGIE?

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Mirk and rainy is the nicht,  
There's no a starn in aw the carry,  
Lightnings gleam athwart the lift,  
And winds drive on wi winter's fury.

**mirk** dark  
**starn** star, **carry** heavens  
**lift** sky

O, are ye sleepin Maggie?  
O, are ye sleepin Maggie?  
Let me in for loud the linn  
Is roarin ower the warlock craigie.

**linn** waterfall  
**warlock craigie** wizard's rock

Fearfu soughs the boortree bank,  
The rifted wood roars wild and dreary,  
Loud the iron yett does clank,  
And cry o hoolets maks me eerie.

**soughs** groans, **boortree** the elder  
**yett** gate  
**hoolets** owls

O, are ye sleepin Maggie?  
O, are ye sleepin Maggie?  
Let me in for loud the linn  
Is roarin ower the warlock craigie.

Abune my breath I daurna speak,  
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie,  
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek –  
Arise, arise my bonnie lady.

**waukrife** restless

O, are ye sleepin Maggie?  
O, are ye sleepin Maggie?  
Let me in for loud the linn  
Is roarin ower the warlock craigie

She's opened the door, she's let him in,  
He's cast aside his dreepin plaidie,  
“Blaw yer warst, ye rain and wind  
Since Maggie noo I'm in aside ye.

**plaidie** cloak

Noo since ye're waukened Maggie,  
Noo since ye're waukened Maggie,  
What care I for hoolets' cry  
For boortree bank or warlock craigie?”