

# Are Ye Sleeping, Maggie?

Scotland

Robert Tannahill (1774-1810)

Source: Tannahill Weavers Recording

adaptation, arrangement and typesetting by Klaus Stezenbach ©2006 www.kstez.de

1. Mirk and rai - ny is the night, there's\_\_\_ no a star\_\_\_ in\_\_\_ a' the car - ry.

Licht - nins gleam ath - wart the lift, and\_\_\_ could 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\_\_\_ ver 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.*