O, Are Ye Sleepin’, Maggie?

Mirk and rainy is the nicht,
There’s no’ a star in a’ the carry,
Lightning gleams across the sky,
And winds they blaw wi’ winter fury.

O, are you sleepin’, Maggie,
O, are ye sleepin’, Maggie?
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roarin’ o’er the warlock’s craigie.

Fearful soughs the boortree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and dreary;
Loud the iron yett does clank,
And cry o’ howlets mak me eerie.

Chorus

Above my breath I daurna speak
For fear I’ll rouse your wakeful daddy.
Cauld’s the blast upon my cheek,
O rise, O rise, my bonnie lassie.

Chorus

She’s op’ed the door, she’s let him in,
He’s cast aside his dripping plaidie.
“Blaw your worst, ye winds and rain,
Since, Maggie, now I’m in beside ye!”

Final chorus:

Noo that ye’re waukin’, Maggie,
Noo that ye’re waukin’, Maggie,
What care I for howlets’ cry,
For roarin’ linn or warlock’s craigie?

Notes:
carry – the heavens                          yett – gate
linn – waterfall                           howlets – owls
boortree – shrub, elder tree               waukin’ – waking