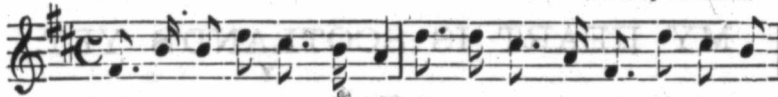
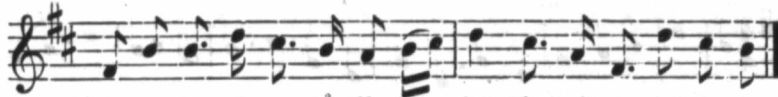


O! ARE YE SLEEPING, MAGGIE?

Words by Tannahill.



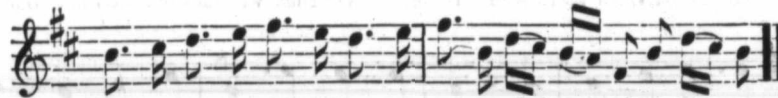
Mirk and rai - ny is the night, No a starn in a' the car - ry;



Lightnings gleam athwart the 'lift, And winds drive wi' win - ter's fu - ry.



O! are ye sleep-ing, Mag - gie? O! are ye sleep-ing, Mag - gie?



Let me in, for loud the linn Is roar - ing o'er the war-lock crai - gies

Fearfu' soughs the boor-tree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild and drearie;
Loud the iron yett does clank,
And cry o' howlets makes me eerie.

She opt the door, she let him in;
He coost aside his dreeping plaidie;
Blaw your warst, ye rain and win',
Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.

Aboon my breath I daurna speak
For fear I rouse your waukrife daddie;
Cauld's the blast upon my cheek,
O! rise, rise, my bonnie lady!

Now since ye're waukin', Maggie!
Now since ye're waukin', Maggie!
What care I for howlet's cry,
For boor-tree bank or warlock craigie.

SCOTS WHA WI' WALLACE BLED.



Scots, wha ha'e wi' Wal - lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has af - ten led!



Wel - come to your go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ry!



Now's the day, and now's the hour; See the front of bat - tle lour;



See ap - proach proud Ed - ward's pow'r. Chains and sla - ve - ry!

Wha wad be
Wha wad fil
Wha sae bas
Let him

Wha, for Se
Freedom's s
Freeman sta
Let him

Allegretto.



bid



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The first
She led
An' wi' a
She let
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Said n
She thoo'
Before

Then be
"Gud
Maybe t
An' di