

O Lassie Art Ye Sleepin' Yet?

O lassie art ye sleepin' yet,
Or are ye waukin'; I wad wit? (waking; I'd like to know)
For love has bound me hand an' fit, (and foot)
And I would fain be in, Jo. (love to be)

Chorus:
O let me in this ae night, (one)
This ae night, this ae night,
For pity's sake this ae night,
O rise and let me in, Jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind an' weet; (rain)
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet; (no)
Take pity on my weary feet,
And shield me frae the rain, jo (from).
Chorus

The bitter blast that round me blaws, (blows)
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's' (falls)
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause (cold)
Of a' my care and pine, jo.
Chorus

O tell na me o' wind an' rain, (no)
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain, (no me with cold)
Gae back the gate ye cam again, (go)
I winna let ye in jo. (will not)

New chorus:
I tell you now this ae night,
This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
I winna let ye in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours, (most severe)
That round the pathless wand'rer pours
Is nocht to what poor she endures, (nothing)
That's trusted faithless man, jo,

New Chorus
The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed-
Let simple maid the lesson read
The weird may be her ain, jo, (own)

New chorus.
The bird that charm'd his summer day,
And now the cruel fowler's prey;
Let that to witless woman say
The greatefu' heart of man, Jo!
New chorus