

## Wandering Willie

Here awa' there awa', Wandering willie, (away)  
Here awa' there awa', haud awa' hame; (hold, home)  
Come to my bosome, my ain only dearie, (one)  
O tell me thou brings't me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our partin, (cold)  
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e: (eye)  
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my Willie, (summer)  
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,  
How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently ye billows, (waken)  
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms. (once more)

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie, (not)  
Flow still between us thou wide-roaring main:  
May I never see it, may I never trou it, (pledge)  
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain. (own)