62b. Let me in this ae night

Andantino

Violin

Voice

Piano

Violoncello

5

O lass - ie, art thou

10

sleep - ing yet, Or art thou wak - in, I would wit, For Love has bound me

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hand and foot, And I would fain be in, jo. O let me in this ae night, This

ae night, this ae night; For pity's sake, this ae night, O rise and let me

in, jo.
O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

AIR. - LET ME IN THIS AE NIGHT.

O lassie, art thou sleeping yet,
Or art thou wakin, I would wit,
For Love has bound me, hand and foot,
   And I would fain be in, jo.
O let me in this ae night,
   This ae, ae, ae night;
For pity's sake this ae night,
   O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet;
Take pity on my weary feet,
   And shield me frae the rain, jo.
O let me in &c.

The bitter blast that round me blaws
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's;
The cauldness of my heart's the cause
   Of a' my grief and pine, jo.
O let me in &c:

Her Answer

O tell na me of wind and rain,
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
   I winna let you in, jo.
I tell you now this ae night,
   This ae, ae, ae night;
And ance for a' this ae night,
   I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
That round the pathless wanderer pours,
Is nocht to what poor She endures
   That's trusted faithless Man, jo.
I tell you now &c:

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
Now trodden like the vilest weed,
Let simple maid the lesson read,
   The wierd may be her ain, jo.
I tell you now &c:

The bird that charm's his summer day,
And now the cruel Fowler's prey;
Let that to witless woman say
   The grateful' heart o' man, jo.
I tell you now &c.