

Wee Willie Winkie

Wee Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,

Upstairs and downstairs
In his nightgown.

Rapping at the windows,
Crying through the lock,

"Are the children all in bed?
For it's now eight o'clock."The Scottish Poetry Version

Wee Willie Winkie rins through the toun,
Up stairs and doon stairs in his nicht-goun,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
'Are the weans in their bed, for it's noo ten o'clock?'

'Hey, Willie Winkie, are ye comin' ben?
The cat's singin' grey thrums to the sleepin' hen,
The dog's spelder'd on the floor, and disna gi'e a cheep,
But here's a waukrife laddie that winna fa' asleep!'

Onything but sleep, you rogue! glow'ring like the mune,
Rattlin' in an airn jug wi' an airn spune,
Rumblin', tumblin' round about, crawin' like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what, wauk'nin' sleepin' fock.

'Hey, Willie Winkie - the wean's in a creel!
Wambling aff a bodie's knee like a verra eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug, and ravelin' a' her thrums
Hey, Willie Winkie - see, there he comes!'

Wearit is the mither that has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumple stoussie, that canna rin his lane,
That has a battle aye wi' sleep before he'll close an ee
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips gies strength anew to me.

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.