

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie
 Wandering Willie
 Robert Burns, 1793, both versions

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Now tired with wandering, haud awa hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ae only dearie,
 And tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
 Loud blew the cauld winter winds at our parting;
 It was na the blast brought the tear in my e'e:
 Now welcome the Simmer, and welcome my Willie,
 The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

2. Ye hurricanes rest in the cave o'your slumbers,
 O how your wild horrors a lover alarms!
 Awaken ye breezes, row gently ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
 But if he's forgotten his faithfulest Nannie,
 O still flow between us, thou wide roaring main;
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

or

Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie,
 Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame;
 Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
 Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.
 Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
 Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e,
 Welcome nowhSimmer, and welcome, my Willie,
 The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me!

2. Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
 How your dread howling a lover alarms!
 Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,
 And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.
 But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
 Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!
 May I never see it, may I never trow it,
 But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!