

Rattling Roaring Willie

O, rattlin, roarin Willie,
O, he held to the fair,
An for to sell his fiddle
An buy some other ware;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blin't his e'e-
And rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O, sell your fiddle sae fine!
O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o wine!
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' would think I was mad;
For monie a rantin day
My fiddle an I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannilie keekit ben;
Rattlin, roaring Willie,
Was sittin at yon boord-en';
Sitting at yon boord-en',
And amang guid companie;
Rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me.