

### A Waukrife Minnie

Whare are you gaun, my bonie lass,  
Whare are you gaun, my hinnie?  
She answered me right saucilie,  
"An errand for my minnie."

O whare live ye, my bonie lass,  
O whare live ye, my hinnie?  
"By yon burnside, gin ye maun ken,  
In a wee house wi' my minnie."

But I foor up the glen at e'en.  
To see my bonie lassie;  
And lang before the grey morn cam,  
She was na hauf sae saucie.

O weary fa' the waukrife cock,  
And the founart lay his crawin!  
He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep,  
A wee blink or the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raise,  
And o'er the bed she brocht her;  
And wi' a meikle hazel rung  
She made her a weel-pay'd dochter.

O fare thee weel, my bonie lass,  
O fare thee well, my hinnie!  
Thou art a gay an' a bonnie lass,  
But thou has a waukrife minnie.