

Lyke Wake Dirge

Buffly Sainte-Marie

This ae night, this ae night
Every night and a'
Fire and sleet and candle lighte,
And Christ receive thy saule

When from hence away art past
Every ...
To whinny moor thou com'st at last
And ...

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon
Sit thee down and put them on.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane
The whinnies shall prick thee to the bare bane.

From whinny moor when thou may'st pass
To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink
The fire shall never make thee shrink.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane.

This ae night, this ae nighte
Fire and sleet and candle lighte.