

Rattlin Roarin Willie

Burns Original

1. Verse

O, rattlin, roarin Willie,
O, he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle
And to 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!

2. Verse

' 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 warld would think I was mad;
For monie a rantin day
My fiddle and I hae had.'

3. Verse

As I cam to Crochallan,
I cannily keekit ben,
Rattlin, roarin Willie
Was sitting at yon boord-en':
Sitting at yon boord-en',
And amang guid companie!
Rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me.

Translation

1. Verse

O, rattling, roaring Willie,
O, he held (went) to the fair,
And for to sell his fiddle
And to buy some other ware;
But parting with his fiddle,
The salt tear blinded his eye -
And, rattling, roaring Willie,
You are welcome home to me!

2. Verse

' O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O, sell your fiddle so fine!
O Willie come sell your fiddle
And buy a pint o' wine!
' If I should sell my fiddle,
The world would think I was mad;
For many a ranting day
My fiddle and I have had.'

3. Verse

As I came to Crochallan,
I quietly looked in,
Rattling, roaring Willie
Was sitting at yonder board-end:
Sitting at yonder board-end,
And among good company!
Rattling, roaring Willie,
You are welcome home to me.

