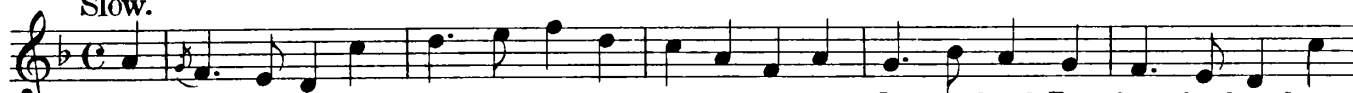


7. O, let me in.

Slow.



O Las - sie, art thou sleep - ing yet, or are you wak - ing, I would wit? For love has bound me
The night it is baith cauld and weet, the morn it will be snaw and sleet, my shoon are fro - zen



hand and foot, and I would fain be in, Jo! } 1-2.0 let me in this ae — night, this
to my feet, wi' stand - ing on the plain, Jo! }



ae, — ae, — ae — night, o let me in this ae — night, I'll ne'er come back a - gain, Jo!