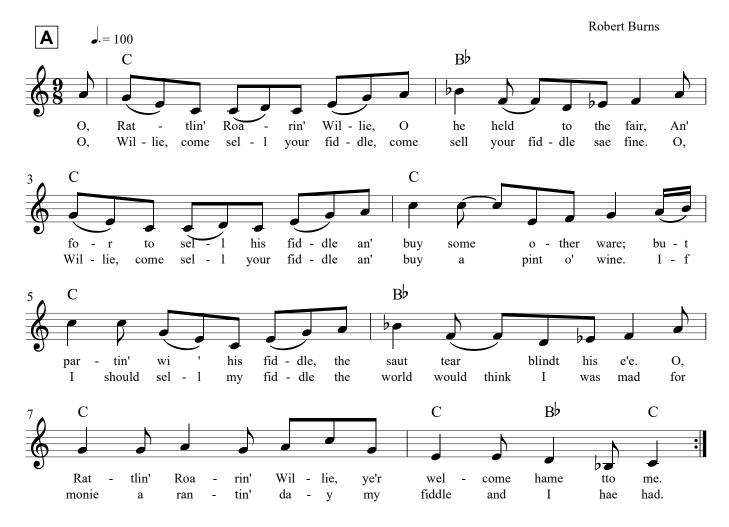
Rattlin' Roarin' Willie



 O Rattlin' Roarin' Willie, o, he held to the fair An' for to sell his fiddle and buy some other ware; But partin' wi' his fiddle, the saut tear blind't his e'e, O, Rattlin', Roarin' Willie, ye're welcome hame tae me.

O, Willie come sell your fiddle, come sell your fiddle sae fine! O, Willie, come sell you fiddle and buy a pint o' wine! If I should sell my fiddle, the world would think I was mad For monie a rantin' day my fiddle and I hae had.

 As I cam by Crochallan, I cannilie keeket ben; Rattlin' Roarin' Willie was sittin' at yon board-end. Sitting' at yon board-end amang gude company; O, Rattlin' Roarin' Willie, ye're welcome hame tae me.