

# RATTLIN ROARIN WILLIE

Song by Robert Burns  
Scottish

Whistle

O, rat - ti - lin, roar-in Wil - lie, O, he held to\_\_ the fair \_\_ An for \_\_ to sell\_\_

4  
his fid - dle an buy some ot - ther ware But - par-ting with his\_\_ fid - dle

7  
The saut tear blin t' his-eye And rat-tlin', roar-in' Wil-lie Ye're wel-come hame to\_\_ me.

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 war! would think I was mad;  
For monie a rantin day  
My fiddle an I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan,  
I cannilie keekit ben;  
Rattlin, roaring Willie,  
Was sittin at yon boord-en';  
Sitting at yon boord-en',  
And amang guid companie;  
Rattlin, roarin Willie,  
Ye're welcome hame to me.