

Whit ails thee, James McFail?

Robin Gordon

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$\text{♩} = 88$

(8) I hear the ca - per - cai-lzie wail - ing in the kale, "Whit

5
(8) ails thee, James Mc - Fail? Ye sup yer ale, ye're hale, ye're

8
(8) no in jail. Whit ails thee, James Mc - Fail?" I bide here by the

12

fire, the kine are in their byre, the wrens are in their nest, but

16

I can get nae rest. Like chick - ens that go

19

pick - en un-bid - den in the mid - den ma wan - ton thought, the whore, goes

22

stirr - ing up the stour, and though be - hind the byre the

25

(8) pad - docks in the mire are croak - ing through the gloom, I

28

(8) hear the voice of doom. It weeps a-mong the

31

(8) heaps of neeps, and sad-ly keeps its ev-er-last - ing tryst. I start and

34

(8) say, "What is't?" The kine are in their byre. I

38

bide here by the fire. I'm hale, I sup my ale, and I am no in

42

jail, but yet I fret and hear the ca-per-cai - lzie

45

wail - ing in the kale: "Whit ails thee, James Mc - Fail?"

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