Buffy Sainte-Marie, Lyke Wake Dirge

This ae night, this ae night Every night and a' Fire and sleet and candle lighte, And Christ receive thy saule

When from hence away art past Every ...
To whinny moor thou com'st at last And ...

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon Sit thee down and put them on.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gav'st nane The whinnies shall prick thee to the bare bane.

From whinny moor when thou may'st pass To Brig o' Dread thou com'st at last.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink The fire shall never make thee shrink.

If meat or drink thou ne'er gav'st nane The fire will burn thee to the bare bane.

This ae night, this ae nighte Fire and sleet and candle lighte.