

The Baron of Brackley (203A)

- 1 Inverey cam doun Deeside, whistlin and playin,
He was at brave Braikley's yett ere it was dawin.
- 2 He rappit fu loudly and wi a great roar,
Cried, Cum doun, cum doun, Braikley, and open the door.
- 3 'Are ye sleeping, Baronne, or are ye wakin?' 5
Ther 's sharpe swords at your yett, will gar your blood spin.
- 4 'Open the yett, Braikley, and lat us within,
Till we on the green turf gar your bluid rin.'
- 5 Out spak the brave baronne, owre the castell-wa:
'Are ye cum to spulyie and plunder mi ha?' 10
- 6 'But gin ye be gentlemen, licht and cum in:
Gin ye drink o my wine, ye 'll nae gar my bluid spin.
- 7 'Gin ye be hir'd widifus, ye may gang by,
Ye may gang to the lawlands and steal their fat ky.
- 8 'Ther spulyie like rievvers o wyld kettrin clan, 15
Who plunder unsparing baith houses and lan.
- 9 'Gin ye be gentlemen, licht an cum [in],
Ther 's meat an drink i my ha for every man.
- 10 'Gin ye be hir'd widifus, ye may gang by,
Gang doun to the lawlands, and steal horse and ky.' 20
- 11 Up spak his ladie, at his bak where she lay,
'Get up, get up, Braikley, and be not afraid;
The 'r but young hir'd widifus wi belted plaids.'

- 12 'Cum kiss me, mi Peggy, I 'le nae langer stay,
For I will go out and meet Inverey. 25
- 13 'But haud your tongue, Peggy, and mak nae sic din,
For yon same hir'd widifus will prove themselves men.'
- 14 She called on her marys, they cam to her hand;
Cries, Bring me your rocks, lassies, we will them command.
- 15 'Get up, get up, Braikley, and turn bak your ky, 30
Or me an mi women will them defy.
- 16 'Cum forth then, mi maidens, and show them some play;
We 'll ficht them, and shortly the cowards will fly.
- 17 'Gin I had a husband, whereas I hae nane,
He woud nae ly i his bed and see his ky taen. 35
- 18 'Ther 's four-and-twenty milk-whit calves, twal o them ky,
In the woods o Glentanner, it 's ther thei a' ly.
- 19 'Ther 's goat i the Etnach, and sheep o the brae,
An a' will be plunderd by young Inverey.'
- 20 'Now haud your tongue, Peggy, and gie me a gun, 40
Ye 'll see me gae furth, but I 'll never cum in.
- 21 'Call mi brother William, mi unkl also,
Mi cousin James Gordon; we 'll mount and we 'll go.'
- 22 When Braikley was ready and stood i the closs,
He was the bravest baronne that eer mounted horse. 45
- 23 Whan all wer assembld o the castell green,
No man like brave Braikley was ther to be seen.

- 24
‘Turn bak, brother William, ye are a bridegroom:
- 25 ‘Wi bonnie Jean Gordon, the maid o the mill;
O sichin and sobbin she ’ll soon get her fill.’ 50
- 26 ‘I ’m no coward, brother, ’t is kend I ’m a man;
I ’ll ficht i your quarral as lang ’s I can stand.
- 27 ‘I ’ll ficht, my dear brother, wi heart and gude will,
And so will young Harry that lives at the mill.
- 28 ‘But turn, mi dear brother, and nae langer stay: 55
What ’ll cum o your ladie, gin Braikley thei slay?
- 29 ‘What ’ll cum o your ladie and bonnie young son?
O what ’ll cum o them when Braikley is gone?’
- 30 ‘I never will turn: do you think I will fly?
But here I will ficht, and here I will die.’ 60
- 31 ‘Strik dogs,’ crys Inverey, and ficht till ye ’re slayn,
For we are four hundered, ye are but four men.
- 32 ‘Strik, strik, ye proud boaster, your honour is gone,
Your lands we will plunder, your castell we ’ll burn.’
- 33 At the head o the Etnach the battel began, 65
At Little Auchoilzie thei killd the first man.
- 34 First thei killd ane, and soon they killd twa,
Thei killd gallant Braikley, the flour o them a’.
- 35 Thei killd William Gordon, and James o the Knox,
And brave Alexander, the flour o Glenmuick. 70

- 36 What sichin and moaning was heard i the glen,
For the Baronne o Braikley, who basely was slayn!
- 37 ‘Cam ye bi the castell, and was ye in there?
Saw ye pretty Peggy tearing her hair?’
- 38 ‘Yes, I cam by Braikley, and I gaed in there, 75
And there [saw] his ladie braiding her hair.
- 39 ‘She was rantin, and dancin, and singin for joy,
And vowin that nicht she woud feest Inverey.
- 40 ‘She eat wi him, drank wi him, welcomd him in, 80
Was kind to the man that had slayn her baronne.’
- 41 Up spake the son on the nourice’s knee,
‘Gin I live to be a man, revenged I ’ll be.’
- 42 Ther ’s dool i the kitchin, and mirth i the ha,
The Baronne o Braikley is dead and awa.