

411**"The Baron Of Brackley"**

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Down Deeside rode Inverey a-whistlin' and playin'
He alit at brave Brackley's gates ere it was dawn
Cries Baron of Brackley it's are you within
There are sharp swords at your gates would make your
Blood spin

Up spoke the proud Baron from the castle wall
Have you come Inverey for to plunder my hall
Or if ye be gentlemen alight and come in
If you drink of my wine you'll no make my blood spin

Up spake his lady at his back where she lay
She heard the the cows lowing o'er hill and o'er brae
Oh rise up oh Brackley and turn back your kye
The lads of Drumwarren are driving them by

How can I rise up and go out again
For if I have one man he surely has ten
Rise up oh Brackley and be not afraid
They're but hired young brigands with belted up plaids

She called on her ladies to come to her hand
Saying bring your rocks, lassies, we will them
command
If I had a husband as what I hae nane
He'd no lie in his bed and see his kye ta'en

Arise Peggy Gordon and bring me my gun
Oh I will go out but I'll never come in
Then kiss me my Peggy I'll no longer stay
Oh I will go out and meet young Inverey

When Brackley was ready and stood in the close

A bonnier gallant ne'er mounted a horse
What'll come of your lady and your bonny young son
What'll come of them all when Brackley is gone?

Strike dogs, cries Inverey, and fight till you're slain
For we are four-hundred, ye are but four men
Strike you proud boaster, your honor is gone

Your lands we will plunder, your castle we'll burn

I'll stand here, cries Brackley, do you think I would
Fly

But here I will fight and here I will die
First they killed ane and then they killed twa
And then they killed Brackley, the flower of them all.

Came ye by the castle and was ye in there
Saw ye Peggy Gordon a-tearing her hair
As I came by Brackley, as I came by there
I saw pretty Peggy a-braiding her hair

She was ranting and dancing and singing for joy
She swore that ere night she would feast Inverey
She ate with drank with him, welcomed him in
Was kind to the man that had slain her Baron

Oh fie on ye lady why did ye deceive
Ye opened the gates to the false Inverey
There's grief in the kitchen, there's mirth in the hall
For the Baron of Brackley is dead and awa'

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