

## Connie Dover "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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