

LAIRD O' COCKPEN.



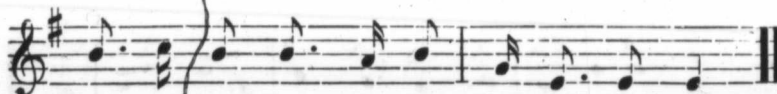
1. The Laird o' Cock - pen he's proud an' he's great. His



mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the state: He



want - ed /a wife his braw house to keep, But



fa - your wi' woo - in' was fash - ious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thocht she'd look well:
McCleish's ae dochter a Clavers'-ha' Lee,
A pennyles lass, wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel-pouthered, as gude as when
new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was
blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat;
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a that!

He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie;
An' rapp'd at the yett o' Clavers'-ha' Lee.
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily
ben;
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o'
Cockpen."

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower
wine—
"What the deil brings the Laird here at sic
a like time?"
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa'
doun.

An' when she came ben, he bobbit fu' lew;
An' what was his errand he soon let her
know.

Amazed was the Laird when the lady said—
"Na,"

An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'.

Dumbfounder'd was he—but nae sigh did he
gi'e;

He mounted his mare, and he rade cannilie;
An' aften he thocht, as he gaed through the
glen,

"She was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had
said;

"Oh! for aye I'll get better, it's waur I'll
getten—

I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Neist time that the Laird and the Lady were
seen,

They were gaun arm and arm to the kirk on
the green

Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But as yet there's nae chickens appear'd at
Cockpen.