The Laird o' Cockpen

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(Trad.; additional verses by Caroline, Lady Nairn)

The Laird O' Cockpen, he's proud and he's great,
His mind's ta'en up wi' affairs o' the state.
He wanted a wife, his braw hoose tae keep
But favour wi' wooin' was fa'tious tae seek.

Doon by the dykeside a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he tho't she'd look well.
McLeish's ane dochter o' Clavers Ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was well-powdered, as good as when new
His waistcoat was white and his waistcoat was blue;
He put on a sword, a ring and cocked hat
And wha' could resist a laird wi' a' that.

He mounted his mare and he rade cannily
Till he came tae the yet o' Clavers Ha' Lee'
"Go tell mistress Jean tae come speedily ben,
She is wanted to speak tae the Laird O' Cockpen!"

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elderflow'r wine,
"What the De'il brings the Laird here at such a like time?"
But she offed wi' her apron, put on her silk goon
Her much wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' doon.

And when she came ben she bobbit' fu' low
And what was his errand, he soon let her know.
Dumfoundered was he when the lady said, "Na'"
And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumfoundered was he, but nae sigh did he gie
He mounted his mare and he rade cannily.
But he aft-times remarked as he rade through the glen
"She was daft tae refuse the Laird O' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird, his exit has made
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said,
"O for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,
I was daft tae refuse the Laird O' Cockpen."

The last that the Laird and his Lady were seen
They had gaed arm in arm tae the kirk i' the green.
Now she sits i' the ha' like a weel-tappit' hen
But as yet there's nae chicks ha' appeared in Cockpen.

Recorded by Dyer-Bennett

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