

THE LAIRD O' DRUM

AND

THE BARON O' LEYS,

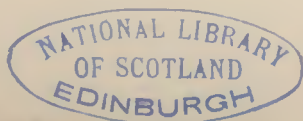
TWO DEESIDE BALLADS,

CORRECTLY RENDERED.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

ABERDEEN: LEWIS SMITH & SON,

1883.



NOTE.

THE LAIRD O' DRUM, and THE BARON O' LEYS, are, next to Mill o' Tiftie's Annie, the best known ballads of Aberdeenshire. As No. I. of this series, we have already issued the waeiful tale of Andrew Lammie. We have pleasure now, in giving, as No. II., these two Deeside Ballads, each, in its unique individuality, indicative of the character of two families whose estates border with each other, who have each had not a little to do in moulding the history of their district, and where still the lineal descendents of both families occupy the quaint old castled towers of their ancestors.

The tombstone, in the churchyard of Peterculter, over the resting-place of Maggie Coutts, tells, pretty accurately, about the date of the action of the homely natural ballad of the Laird o' Drum, while, the name given by the base-born brother of our Martyr-Queen to George Burnett, sufficiently indicates when the Baron o' Leys to France had gane.

THE LAIRD O' DRUM.

THE LAIRD O' DRUM is a-huntin gane,
All in a morning early,
An he did spy a weel-faur'd May,
Was shearin at her barley.

“My bonny May, my weel-faur'd May,
O will ye fancy me, O ;
An gae and be the Leddy o' Drum,
An let your shearin a-be, O ?”

“It's I winna fancy you, kind sir,
Nor let my shearin a-be, O ;
For I'm ower low to be Leddy o' Drum,
And your miss I'd scorn to be, O.”

“But cast ye aff that gown o' grey,
Put on the silk and scarlet ;
I'll make a vow, and keep it true,
Ye'll be neither miss nor harlot.”

“My father he is a shepherd mean,
Keeps sheep on yonder hill, O,
And ye may gae and speer at him,
For I am at his will, O.”

Drum is to her father gane,
Keepin his sheep on yon hill, O—
“I am come to marry your ae dochter,
If ye'll gie me your good-will, O.”

Drum Castle.



“My dochter can naether read nor write,
 She ne’er was brought up at scheel, O ;
 But weel can she milk baith cow and ewe,
 An mak a kebbuck weel, O.

“She’ll shake your barn and win your corn,
 An gang to kiln and mill, O ;
 She’ll saddle your steed in time o’ need,
 An draw aff your beets hersell, O.”

“I’ll learn your lassie to read and write,
 An I’ll put her to the scheel, O ;
 She sall niver need to saddle my steed,
 Nor draw aff my beets hersell, O.

“But wha will bake my bridal bread,
 Or brew my bridal ale, O ;
 And wha will welcome my bonnie bride,
 Is mair than I can tell, O.”

Four-and-twenty gentlemen
 Gaed in at the yetts of Drum, O ;
 But no a man has lifted his hat,
 When the Leddy o’ Drum came in, O.

“Meggy Coutts is a very bonnie bride,
 And Drum is big and gawsy ;
 But he may hae chosen a higher match
 Than ony shepherd’s lassie !”

Then up bespak his brither John,
 Says, “ Ye’ve done us meikle wrang, O ;
 Ye’ve marriet ane far below our degree,
 A mock to a’ our kin, O.”

Parish Church,
Peter Custer



“Now haud your tongue, my brither John,
 What needs it thee offend, O?
 I’ve marriet a wife to work and win,
 Ye’ve marriet ane to spend, O.

“The first time that I marriet a wife,
 She was far abune my degree, O ;
 She wadna hae walked to the yetts o’ Drum,
 But the pearlin’ abune her bree, O,
 And I durstna’ gang in the room where she was
 But my hat below my knee, O !”

He has taen her by the milk-white hand
 And led her in himsell, O ;
 In through ha’s, and in through bowers,—
 “And ye’re welcome, Leddy Drum, O.”

When they had eaten an well drunken,
 And a’ men bound for bed, O,
 The Laird of Drum, and his Leddy fair,
 In ae bed they were laid, O.

“Gin ye had been o’ high renown,
 As ye’re o’ low degree, O ;
 We micht hae baith gane down the street,
 Among gude companie, O.”

“I tauld ye weel ere we were wed,
 Ye were far abune my degree, O ;
 But now I’m marriet, an in your bed laid,
 I’m just as gude as ye, O.

“For an I wir deed, and ye wir deed,
 And baith in ae grave had lain, O ;
 Ere seven years were come and gane,
 They’d no ken your dust fae mine, O.”

THE BARON O' LEYS.

The Baron o' Leys to France has gane,
The fashion and tongue to learn;
But hadna been there a month or twa
Till he got a lady wi' bairn.

But it fell ance upon a day,
The lady mourn'd fu' sairlye;
Says, "Who's the man has me betrayed?
It gars me wonder and fairlie."

Then to the fields to him she went,
Saying, "Tell me what they ca' thee?
Or else I'll mourn and rue the day,
Crying, Alas! that ever I saw thee!"

"Some ca' me this some ca' me that,
I carena fat befa' me!
For when I'm at the schools o' France,
An awkward fellow they ca' me."

"Waes me now, ye awkward fellow,
And, alas! that ever I saw thee:
Wi' you I'm in love, sick, sick in love
And I kenna weel fat they ca' thee."

Crathes Castle



“Some ca’ me this, some ca’ me that,
 What name does best befa’ me;
 But when I walk in Edinburgh streets,
 The Curling Buckle they ca’ me.”

“O waes me now, O Curling Buckle,
 And, alas! that ever I saw thee;
 For I’m in love, sick, sick in love,
 And I kenna weel fat they ca’ thee.”

“Some ca’ me this, some ca’ me that,
 Whatever name best befa’s me;
 But when I’m in Scotland’s King’s high court,
 Clatter the Speens they ca’ me.”

“O waes me now, O Clatter the Speens,
 And alas! that ever I saw thee;
 For I’m in love, sick, sick in love,
 I kenna weel fat they ca’ thee.”

“Some ca’ me this, some ca’ me that,
 I carena what they ca’ me;
 But when wi’ the Earl o’ Moray I ride,
 It’s Scour the Braes they ca’ me.”

“O waes me now, O Scour the Braes,
 And alas! that ever I saw thee;
 For I’m in love, sick, sick in love,
 And kenna weel fat they ca’ thee.”

“Some ca’ me this, some ca’ me that,
 Whatever name best befa’s me;
 But when I walk through St. Johnson’s town,
 George Burnett there they ca’ me.”

“O waes me, O waes me, George Burnett,
 And alas ! that ever I saw thee ;
 For I’m in love, sick, sick in love,
 And I kenna weel fat to ca’ thee.”

“Some ca’ me this, some ca’ me that,
 Whatever name best befa’s me ;
 But when I am on bonny Deeside,
 The Baron o’ Leys they ca’ me.”

“O well is me now, O Baron o’ Leys,
 This day that ever I saw thee ;
 There’s gentle blood within my sides,
 And now I ken fat to ca’ thee.”

“But ye’ll pay down ten thousand crowns
 Or marry me the morn ;
 Else I’ll cause you to be headed or hanged,
 For geein me the scorn.”

“My head is a thing I canna well want,
 My lady loves me dearly ;
 So I’ll deal thee gold right liberallie,
 For lying ae night sae near thee.

When word had gane to the Lady o’ Leys,
 The Baron had gotten a bairn ;
 She clappit her hands and thus did say,
 “I wish he were in my arms !

“O well is me now, O Baron o’ Leys,
 For ye hae pleased me sairly ;
 For frae oor house is banished the reproach,
 That disturbed me late and early.”

When she lookit o'er the castle wa'
To view the woods so rarely,
'There she spied the Baron o' Leys,
Ride on his steed sae rarely.

Then forth she went her Baron to meet,
Says, "Ye're welcome to me fairly;
Ye'se hae spice cakes and seed cakes sweet,
And claret to drink sae rarely."

