

The Lammas Tide

The Corries

Now it fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him ride
Into England, to drive a prey

He chose the Gordons and the Graemes,
The Lindesays, light and gay
But the Jardines wald nor with him ride,
And they rue it to this day

He has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire
Three tall towers on Reidswire fells,
He left them all on fire

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about

Sayin wha's the lord of this castle?
And wha's the lady o't?

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spake hie
I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gaye

If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me
For, 'er I cross the Border fells,
The tane of us sall dee

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rade right furiously