Baron O Leys

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1 THE Laird of Leys is on to Edinbrugh,
To shaw a fit o his follie;
He drest himsel in the crimson-brown,
An he provd a rantin laddie.

2 Ben came a weel-faird lass,
Says, Laddie, how do they ca ye?
"They ca me this, an they ca me that,
Ye wudna ken fat they ca me;
But when I'm at home on bonnie Deeside
They ca me The Rantin Laddie."

3 They sought her up, they sought her down,
They sought her in the parlour;
She coudna be got but whar she was,
In the bed wi The Rantin Laddie.

4 "Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys,
Ye tell me how they ca ye!
Your gentle blood moves in my side,
An I dinna ken how they ca ye"

5 "They ca me this, an they ca me that,
Ye couldna ken how they ca me;
But whom I'm at home on bonnie Deeside
They ca me The Rantin Laddie."

6 "Tell me, tell me, Baron of Leys,
Ye tell me how they ca ye!
Your gentle blood moves in my side,
An I dinna ken how to ca ye"

7 "Baron of Leys, it is my stile,
Alexander Burnett they ca me;
Whan I'm at hame on bonnie Deeside
My name is The Rantin Laddie."

8 "Gin your name be Alexander Burnett,
Alas that ever I saw ye!
For ye hae a wife and bairns at hame,
An alas for lyin sae near ye!"

9 "But I'se gar ye be headit or hangt,
Or marry me the morn,
Or else pay down ten thousand crowns
For giein o me the scorn."

10 "For my head, I canna want;
I love my lady dearly;
But some o my lands I maun lose in the case
Alas for lyin sae near ye!"

11 Word has gane to the Lady of Leys
That the laird he had a bairn;
The warst word she said to that was,
"I wish I had it in my arms."

12 "For I will sell my jointure-lands
I am broken an I'm sorry
An I'll sell a', to my silk gowns,
An get hame my rantin laddie."

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