

# The LAIRD of COCKPEN

by SORCHE NIC LEODHAS

illustrated by ADRIENNE ADAMS





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Holt, Rinehart and Winston NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO



## Glossary

*Braw*: Brave. A braw thing is splendid, showy, or grand.

*Cannily*: Jauntily. Smartly.

*Daft*: Crazy. Foolish. Silly.

*Dyke-side*: A dyke is a raised road or causeway built above marshy ground; to dwell by the dyke-side, would be to live by such a road.

*Fashious*: Troublesome. Vexatious.

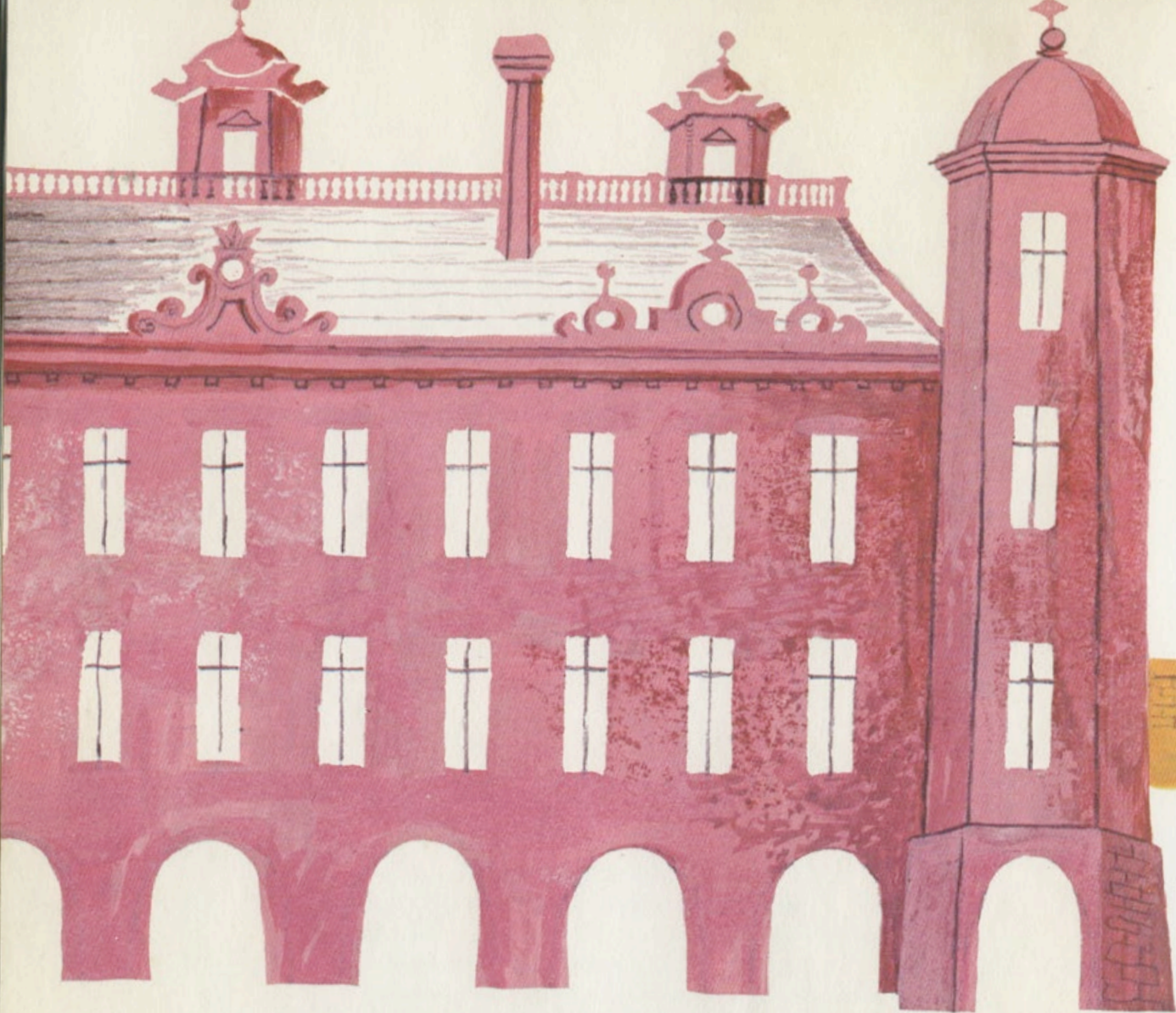
*Kirk*: Church.

*Laird*: A Laird is a lord, the owner of a landed estate or a manor, and his title is granted by the Crown.

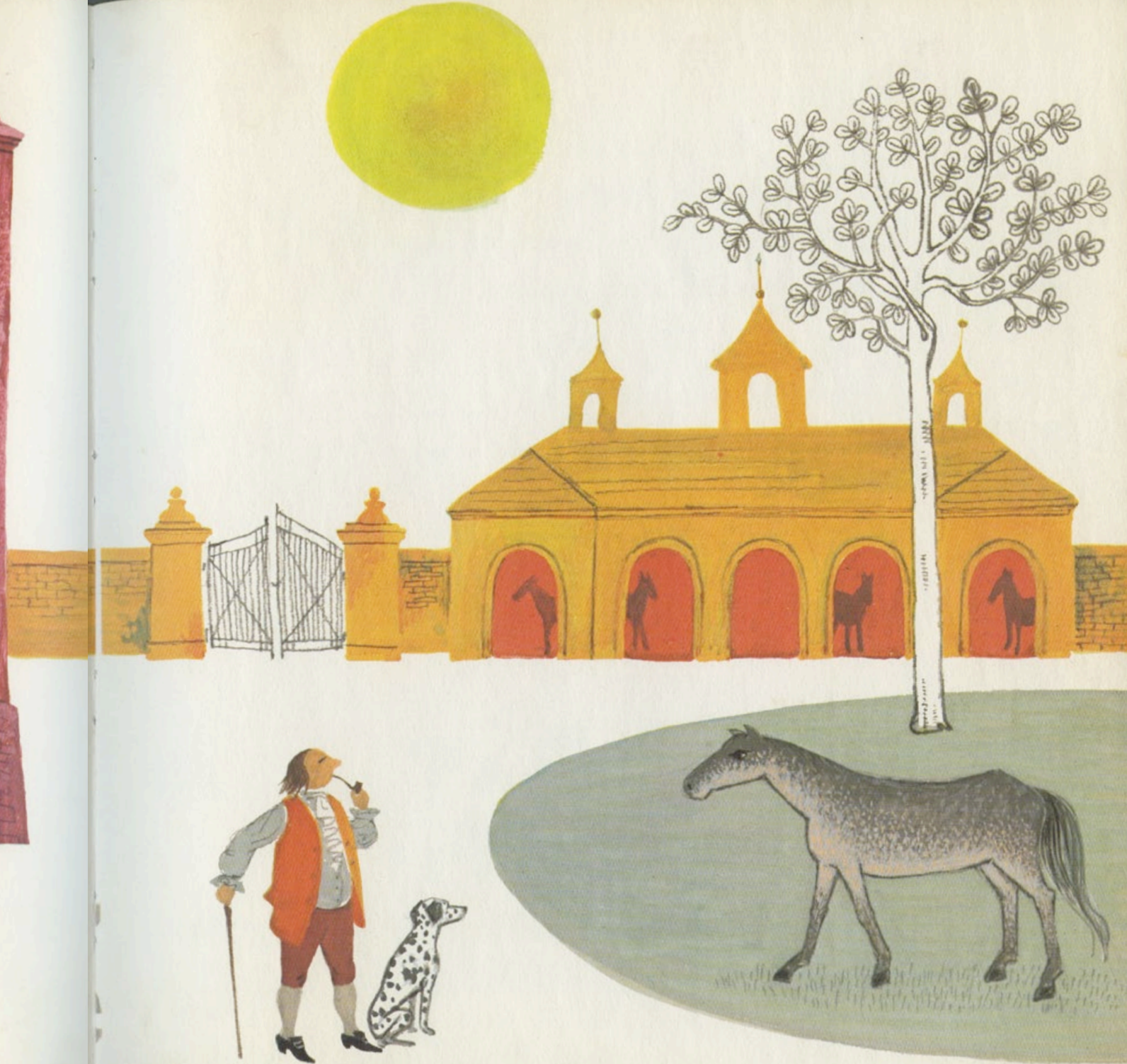
*Mutch*: A mutch is a bonnet, usually white, with a high crown, a band, usually decorated with bright ribbons if the wearer was young, and with black ribbons, if worn by an older woman. A mutch often had a fluted frill attached to the band close about the face.

*Weel-tappit hen*: A weel-tappit hen is one that is plump and well-cared for. Tappit actually means "cockaded" and implies a jaunty pride, in one's life and surroundings.





The Laird of Cockpen, he's proud and he's great;  
His mind's taken up with the things of the state;  
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,  
But favor with wooing was fashious to seek.



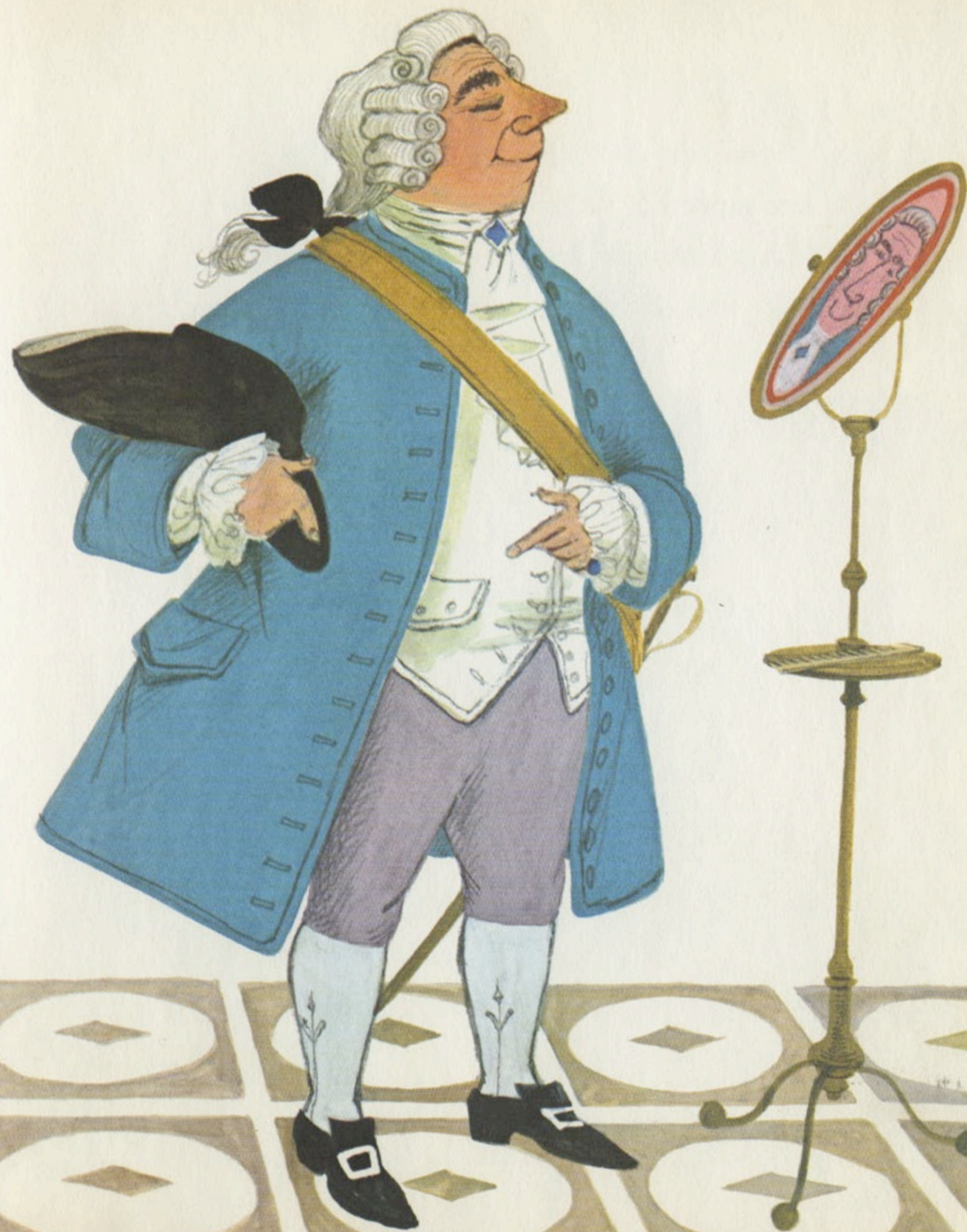


Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,  
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;  
M'Clish's sole daughter of Claversehall Lea—  
A penniless lass with a long pedigree.





His wig was well-powdered as good as when new,  
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue.  
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked hat—  
And who could refuse the Laird with all that?





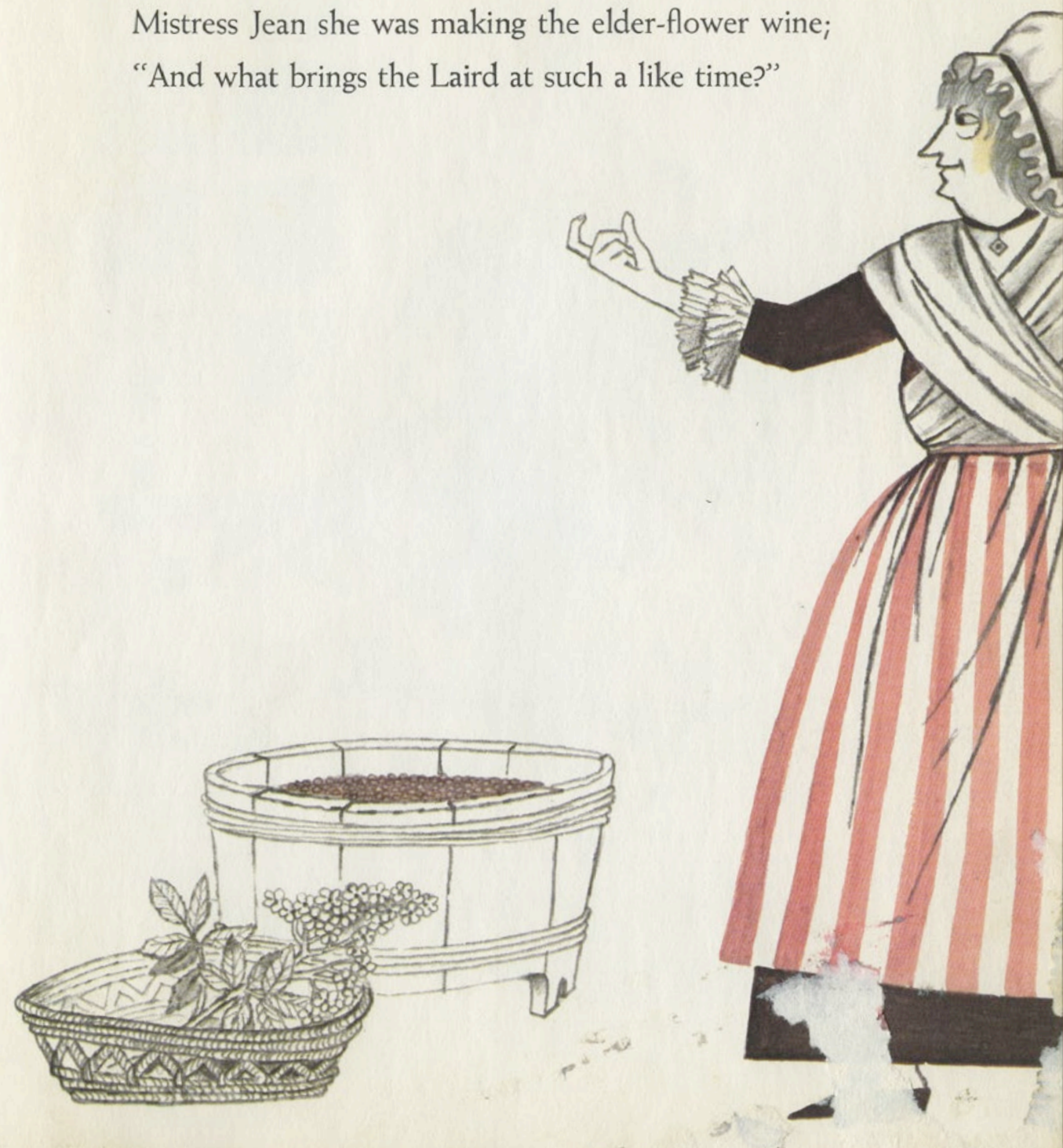
47  
He took the gray mare and rode cannily,  
And rapped at the gate of Claversehall Lea;  
“Go tell Mistress Jean to come speedily in,  
She’s wanted to speak to the Laird of Cockpen.”







Mistress Jean she was making the elder-flower wine;  
“And what brings the Laird at such a like time?”







She put off her apron and on her silk gown,  
Her mutch with red ribbons, and went away down.






And when she came in, she bowed full low;  
And what was his errand he soon let her know.  
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Nay!"  
And with a low curtsy she then turned away.







Dumbfounded he was, but no sign did she see;  
He mounted his mare and rode off cannily;  
And often he thought as he rode through the glen,  
“She’s daft to refuse the Laird of Cockpen.”

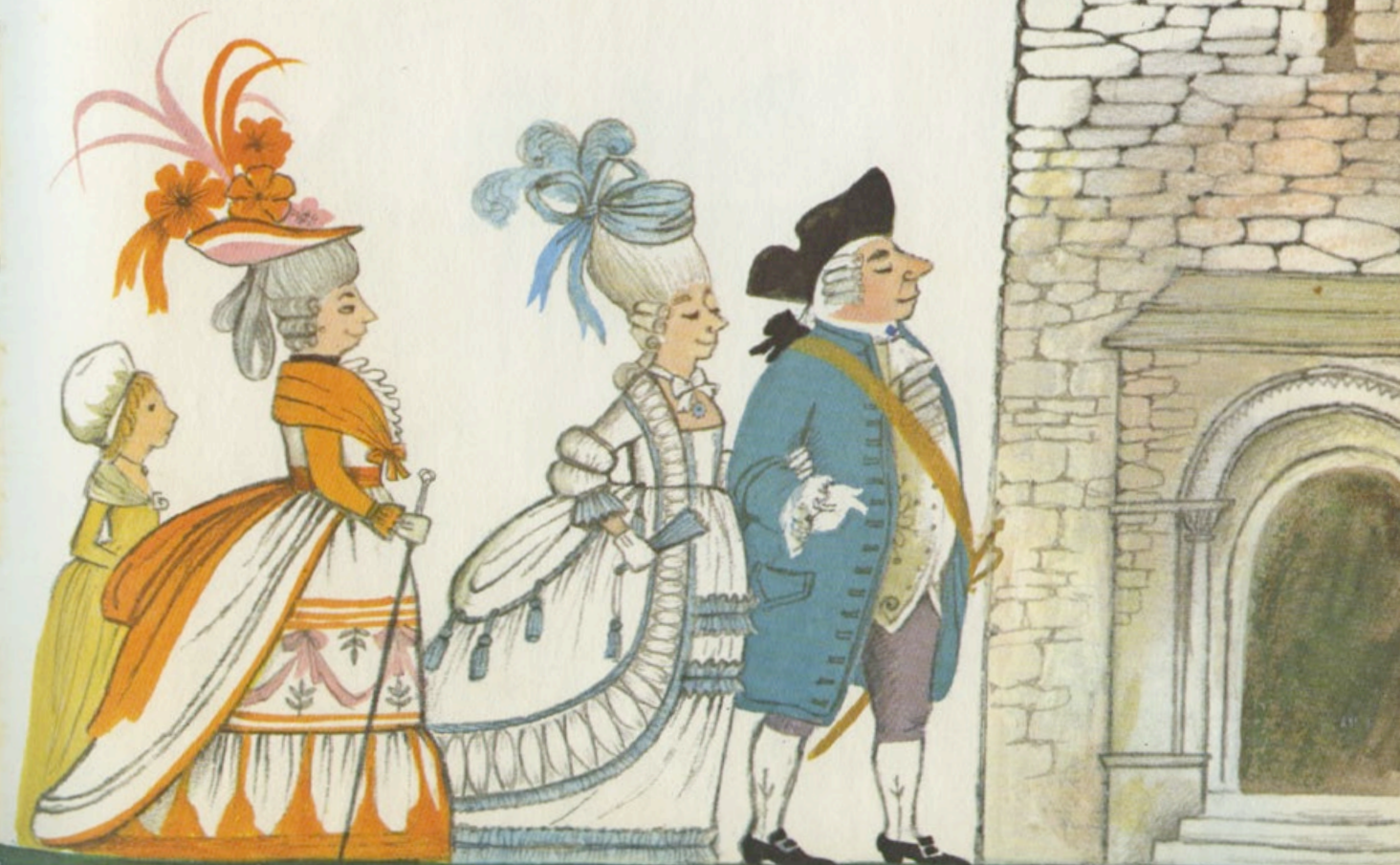


And now that the Laird his exit had made,  
Mistress Jean reflected on what she had said;  
“Oh, for one I’ll get better, it’s worse I’d get ten—  
I was daft to refuse the Laird of Cockpen!”





Next time that the Laird and the Lady were seen,  
They were going arm and arm to the kirk on the green;





Now she sits in his hall like a weel-tappit hen,  
For now she is wed to the Laird of Cockpen.

