

# The Corries, Lock The Door Lariston

Lock the door Lariston  
Lion O' Liddesdale  
Lock the door Lariston  
Lowther comes on  
The Armstrongs are flyin'  
The widows are cryin'  
Castletown is burnin' and Oliver is gone

Lock the door Lariston  
High on the weather gleams  
See how the Saxon plumes  
They bon on the sky  
Yeoman and carbinere (cavalryman and rifleman)  
Billman and halberdiere (axeman and spearman)  
Fierce is the battle and far is the cry

Bewcastle brandishes his broad scimitar  
Ridley is riding his fleet-footed grey  
Hidley and Howard there  
Wandel O' Windermere  
Lock the door Lariston  
Hold them at bay

Why dae ye smile noble Elliot O'Lariston (do you)  
Why does the joy candle gleem in your eye?  
You hold border ranger  
Beware o' your danger  
Your foes are relentless  
Determined and nigh

I hae Mangerton and Ogilvie (have) Raeburn and Netherby  
Old Sym O'Whitram and a' his array (a)

See how they wane the proud file 'o the Windermere (wind)  
Howard a woe tae yer hopes o' the day (to your hopes of)  
Hear the rude welkin' rend (withering)  
While the Scots' shouts ascend  
Elliot O'Lasriston! Elliot for aye!  
(always/ever)