

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)