

THE OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD
OF
ANDREW LAMMIE;
OR
Mill of Tifty's Annie.

O mother dear, make me my bed,
And lay my face to Fyvie;
Thus will I lie, and thus will die,
For n y dear Andrew Lammie.

GLASGOW:

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ANDREW LAMMIE.

At Mill of Tifty lived a man,
In the neighbourhood of Fyvie—
He had a lovely daughter fair,
Was called bonny Annie.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That hails the rosy morn—
With innocence and graceful mien,
Her beauteous face adorning.

Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter,
Whose name was Andrew Lammie—
He had the art to gain the heart
Of Mill of Tifty's Annie.

Proper he was, both young and gay,
His like was not in Fyvie—
Nor was there ane there that could compare
With this same Andrew Lammie.

And Fyvie he rode by the door,
Where lived Tifty's Annie—
His trumpeter rode him before.
Even this same Andrew Lammie.

Her mother called her to the door,
Come here to me my Annie—
Did e'er you see a prettier man
Than the trumpeter of Fyvie.

Nothing she said, but sighing sore,
 Alas for bonny Annie ;
 She durst not own her heart was won
 By the trumpeter of Fyvie.

At night when all went to their bed,
 All slept full soon but Annie ;
 Love so oppressed her tender breast,
 And love will waste her body.

Love comes in at my bed side,
 And love lies down beyond me—
 Love so oppressed my tender breast,
 And love will waste my body.

The first time me and my love
 Was in the woods of Fyvie,
 His lovely form, and speech so soft,
 Soon gained the heart of Annie.

He called me mistress, I said no,
 I'm Tifty's bonny Annie ;
 With apples sweet he did me treat,
 And kisses soft and many.

It's up and down in Tifty's glen,
 Where the burn runs clear and bonnie—
 I've often gane to meet my love,
 My bonnie Andrew Lammie.

But now alas ! her father herd,
 That the trumpeter of Fyvie
 Had had the art to gain the heart
 Of Mill of Tifty's Annie.

Her father soon a letter wrote,

And sent it on to Fyvie—
To tell his daughter was bewitched
By his servant, Andrew Lammie.

Then up the stair his trumpeter
He called soon and shortly,
Pray tell me soon what's this you've done,
To Tifty's bonny Annie.

Woe be to the Mill of Tifty's pride,
For it has ruined many—
They'll not have't said that she shou'd wed
The trumpeter of Fyvie.

In wicked art I had no part,
Nor therein am I canny—
True love alove the heart has won
Of Tifty's bonny Annie.

Where will I find a boy so kind,
That will carry a letter canny—
Who will run to Tifty's town—
Give it to my love Annie.

Tifty he has daughters three,
Who all are wondrous bonny—
But ye'll ken her o'er a' the rest,
Give that to bonny Annie.

It's up and down in Tifty's glen,
Where the burn runs clear and bonny—
There wilt thou come and I'll attend,
My love I long to see thee.

Thou mayest come to the Brig of Shigh,
And there I'll come and meet thee—

It's there we will renew our love,
 Before I go and leave you.

My love I go to Edinburgh town,
 And for a while must leave thee ;
 She sighed sore, and said no more,
 But I wish that I were with you.

I will be true and constant too,
 To thee, my Andrew Lammie—
 But my bridal bed or tnen'll be made,
 In the green church-yard of Fyvie.

The time is gone and now comes on,
 My dear, that I must leave thee—
 If longer here I should appear,
 Mill of Tifty he would see me.

I'll buy to thee a bridal gown,
 My love, I'll buy it bonny—
 But I'll be dead ere ye come back,
 To see your bonny Annie.

If ye'll be true and constant too,
 As I am Andrew Lammie—
 I shall ye wed when I come back
 To see the lands of Fyvie.

I now for ever bid adieu
 To thee, my Andrew Lammie ;
 Ere ye come back I will be laid
 In the green church-yard of Fyvie.

He hied him to the head of the house,

To the House top of Fyvie—
 He blew his trumpet loud and shrill,
 It was heard at Mill of Tifty.

Her father locked the door at night,
 Laid by the keys fu' canny—
 And when he heard the trumpet sound,
 Said, your cow is lowing, Annie.

My father dear I pray forbear,
 And reproach not your Annie—
 I'd rather hear that cow low,
 Than all the kye in Fyvie.

I would not for my braw new gown,
 And all your gifts so many,
 That it was told in Fyvie land,
 How cruel you are to Annie.

But if you strike me I will cry,
 And gentlemen will hear me—
 Lord Fyvie will be riding by,
 And he'll come in and see me.

At the same time the lord came in,
 He said, what ails thee, Annie?
 It's all for love now I must die,
 For bonny Andrew Lammie.

Pray Mill of Tifty give consent,
 And let your daughter marry ;
 It will be with some higher match,
 Than the trumpeter of Fyvie
 If she was come of as high a kind

As she's advanced in beauty,
I would take her unto myself,
And make her my own lady.

Fyvie lands are far and wide,
And they are wonderous bonny.
But I would not leave my own true lov
For all the lands in Fyvie.

Her father struck her wondarous sore,
As also did her mother ;
Her sisters also did her scorn,
But woe be to her brother.

Her brother struck her wonderous sore.
With cruel strokes and many,
He broke her back on the hall door,
For killing Andrew Lammie.

Alas, my father and my mother dear,
Why so cruel to your Annie ;
My heart was broken first by love,
My brother has broke my body.

O my mother dear make me my bed,
And lay my face to Fyvie,
Thus will I lie, and thus will die,
For my dear Andrew Lammie.

Ye neighbours hear bастh far and nea .
And pity Tifty's Annie,
Who dies for love of one poor lad,
For bonny Andrew Lammie.

No kind of vice e'er stained my life,
 Or hurt my virgin honour :
 My youthful heart was won by love,
 But death will me exoner.

Her mother then she made her bed,
 And laid her face to Fyvie
 Her tender heart it soon did break,
 And never saw Andrew Lammie.

Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands,
 said, alas! for Tifty's Annie ;
 The fairest flower cut down by him,
 That ever sprung in Fyvie.

Woe be to Mill of Tifty's pride,
 He might have let them marry,
 I should have given both to live,
 Into the lands of Fyvie

Her father sorely now laments,
 The loss of his dear Annie,
 And wishes he had given consent,
 To wed with Andrew Lammie.

Whe Andrew home from Edinburgh came,
 With muckle grief and sorrow ;
 My love is dead for me to-day,
 I'll die for her to-morrow.

Now I will run 'o Tifey's den,
 Where the burn runs clear and honny.
 With tears I'll view the brig of Shigh,
 Where I parted with my Annie.