

THE OLD SCOTTISH BALLAD  
OF  
**Andrew Lammie,**  
OR,  
**Bill of Tifty's Annie.**

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



GLASGOW  
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## ANDREW LAMMIE.

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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 morning,  
With innocence and graceful mien,  
Her beauteous form 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 aye there that could compare  
With this same Andrew Lammie.

Lord Fyvie he rode by the door,  
Where lived Tifty's Annie,  
His trumpeter rode him before,  
Even the handsome trumpeter, ead Lammie.

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

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

When night came all went to their bed,  
 They all slept soon beside her  
 Love so oppressed her tender breast,  
 Pure love will waste her body.

Love comes in at my bed side,  
 Sweet love lies down beyond me,  
 Love so disturbs my nightly rest,  
 Wi' the thoughts of bonnie Lammie.

The first time me and my love,  
 Was in the woods of Fyvie,  
 His lovely form, and speech so soft,  
 Soon gain'd my heart entirely.

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

It's up and down in Tiftie's den,  
 Where the burn rins clear and bonnie,  
 I've often gone to meet my love,  
 By the bonnie banks of Fyvie.

But now, alas her father heard,  
 That the trumpeter of Fyvie,  
 Had had the art to gain the heart  
 Of Mill of Tifties Daughter.

Her father soon a letter wrote,  
 He sent it on to Fyvie,  
 To tell his daughter was bewitched  
 By the trumpeter of Fyvie.

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

Woe be to Mill of Tiftie's pride,  
 For it has ruined many,  
 They'll not hav't said that she should wed  
 The trumpeter of Fyvie.

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

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

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

It's up and down in Tiftie's den,  
 Where the burn rins clear and bonnie,  
 There wilt thou come, and I'll attend;  
 My love I long to see thee.

Thou may'st come to the brig of Sligh,  
 It's there I'll come and meet thee,  
 For there we will renew our love,  
 Before I go and leave you.

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

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

If ye'll be true and constant too,  
 As I am true to you love ;  
 But my bridal bed, or then'll be made,  
 In the green church-yard of Fyvie.

I will be true and constant too,  
 To thee, my handsome Lammie ;  
 But my bridal bed, or then will 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 wou d see me.

I now for ever bid adieu,  
 To thee, my bonnie 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,  
 But when he heard the trumpet sound,  
 Said your cow is lowing Annie.

My father dear, I pray forbear,  
 Reproach me not so angry,  
 I'd rather hear that cow to low,  
 Than all the kye in Fyvie.

I would not for my braw new gown,  
 For all the gifts you gave me,  
 That it was told in Fyvie land,  
 How cruel you are to Fyvie.

But if you strike me I will cry,  
 Wha's passing by will hear me,  
 Lord Fyvie will be coming by,  
 So he'll come in and see me.

Just at that time the lord come in,  
 He said, what ails thee honey?  
 It's all for love now I must die,  
 For the trumpeter of Fyvie.

Pray Mill of Tifty give consent,  
 So let your daughter marry;  
 It will be with some higher match,  
 Than the trampeter 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 love,  
 For all the lands in Fyvie.

Her father struck her wonderous 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 liking her dear Lammie.

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

O 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 baith far and near,  
 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 love,  
 That ever sprung in Fyvie.

Woe be to Mill of Tifty's pride.  
 He might have let them marry,  
 I should have given them 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.

When 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 to Tifty's den,  
 Where the burn runs clear and bonny,  
 With tears I'll view the Brig of Shigh,  
 Where I parted with my Annie.