

ANDREW LAMMIE,

O R,

Mill of

This Tragedy

Yc



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ANDREW LAMMIE

AT Mill o' Tifric liv'd a man,
 in the neighbourhood of Fyvie
 He had a lovely daughter fair
 was call'd a bonny Annie
 Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
 that salutes the rosy morning
 With innocence a 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 o' Tifric's Annie
 Proper he was both young and gay,
 his like was not in Fyvie.
 No one was there that could compare
 with this same Andrew Lammie.

Lord Fyvie he rode by the door,
 where lived Tifric's Annie,
 His trumpeter rode him before,
 even this same Andrew Lammie.
 Her mother call'd her to the door,
 come here to me my Annie,
 Did ever you see a prettier man,
 then this trumpeter of Fyvie.

Nothing she said but sigh'd sore,
 alas! for bonny Annie,
 She durst not own her heart was won
 by the trumpeter of Fyvie.

night when they went to their beds,
 I slept full sound but Annie
 ve to oppress her tender breast,
 thinking on Andrew Lammie.
 ve comes in at my bed-side,
 and loves her down beyond measure
 ve has possess'd my tender breast,
 and love will waste my body.
 e first time I and my love met,
 was in the wood of Fyvie,
 's comely frame, his speech so soft,
 soon gain'd the heart of Annie.
 e call'd me mistress I said no,
 'till little's bonny Annie,
 ith apples sweet he did me treat,
 and kisses soft and many
 a up and down Tiffie's den,
 where the burn runs clear and bonny.
 ve often gone to meet my love,
 my bonny Andrew Lammie.
 ut now alas ! her father heard,
 that the trumpeter of Fyvie,
 ad the art to gain the heart,
 of Tiffie's bonny Annie.
 er father soon a letter wrote,
 and sent it on to Fyvie,
 o tell his daughter was bewitch'd,
 by his servant Andrew Lammie.
 When Lord Fyvie had this letter read,
 O dear ! but he was sorry ;
 The bonniest lass in Fyvie's land,
 is bewitch'd by Andrew Lammie.

Then up the stair this trumpeter,
he call'd soon and shortly
Pray tell me soon what's this you've done,
to Tiftie's bonny annie.

Woe betide Mill of Tiftie's pride,
for it has ruin'd many,
He'd not have it 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 on to Tiftie's town,
give it to my love annie,

Here ye shall find a boy so kind,
who will carry a letter canny,
That will run on to Tiftie's town,
and give it to thy love annie.

Tiftie he has daughters three,
who all are wond'rous bonny,
But ye'll ken her o'er a' the lave,
give that to bonny annie

It's up and down in Tiftie's den,
where the burn runs clear and bonny,
There wilt thou come and meet thy love,
thy bonny Andrew Lammie

When wilt thou come and I'll attend,
my love I long to see thee,
Thou may'st come to the bridge of Sheugh,
and there I'll come and meet thee.

My love I go to Edinburgh,
 and for a while must leave thee,
 he sigh'd fore, and said no more,
 but I wish I were with thee.

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 you'll be true and constant too,
 as I am Andrew Lammie,
 shall thee wed when I come back
 to see the lands of Fyvie.

will be true and constant too,
 to thee my Andrew Lammie,
 but my bridal bed ere then'll be made,
 in the green church yard of Fyvie.
 Our time is gone, and now comes on,
 my dear that I must leave thee,
 longer here I should appear,
 mill o' Fiftie he would see me.

now forever 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 the house
 to the houfe-top of Fyvie,
 he blew his trumpet loud and shrill,
 'twas heard at Mill o' Fiftie;

er father lock'd the door at night,
 laid up the keys fu' canny,
 and when he heard the trumpet sound,
 said your cow is lowing Annie.

My father dear I pray for bear,
 and reproach no more your Annie,
 For I'd rather hear that cow to low,
 then have all the kine of Fyvie.

I would not for my braw new gown,
 a d'ial your gift to many
 That it were told in Fyvie's land,
 how cruel you're to Annie.
 But if ye strike me, I will cry,
 and gentlemen will hear me,
 Lord Fyvie sul 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,
 'Tis all for love, now I must die,
 for bonny Andrew Lammie,
 Pray Mill o' Tiffie give consent,
 and let your daughter marry,
 "It shall be with some higher match,
 " than the trumpeter of Fyvie."

If she were come of as high kind,
 as she's adorn'd with beauty,
 I would take her unto myself,
 and make her my own lady.
 Fyvie's lands are fair and wide,
 and they are rich and bonny,
 I would not leave my own true love,
 for all the lands of Fyvie,

Her father struck her wonderous sore,
 as also did her mother,

Her sisters always did her scorn,
 but woe be to her brother,
 Her brother struck her wonderous sore,
 with cruel strokes and many,
 He brake her back in the hall door,
 for liking Andrew Lammie
 Alas! my father and mother dear,
 why so cruel to your Annie,
 My heart was broken first by love,
 my brother has broken my body,
 Mother dear make ye my bed,
 and lay my face to Fyvie
 Thus will I ly and thus will die,
 for my love Andrew Lammie,
 Ye neighbours here both far and near,
 Ye pity Fittie's Annie,
 Who dies for love of one poor lad,
 for bouny Andrew Lammie
 No kind of vice e'er stain'd my life,
 nor hurt my virgin honour,
 My youthful heart was won by love,
 but death will me exhonour.
 Her mother then she made her bed,
 and laid her face to Fyvie
 Her lovely heart it soon did break,
 and ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.
 But the word soon went up and down,
 through all the lands of Fyvie,
 That she was dead and buried,
 even Fittie's bonny Annie,
 Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands,
 said alas! for Fittie's Annie,

The fairest flower's cut down by love,
 that ever sprung in Fyvie
 Woe be to Mill o' Tiffie's pride,
 he might have let them marry,
 I should have given both to live,
 into the lands of Fyvie.

Her father surely now laments
 the loss of his dear Annie,
 And wishes he had given consent
 to wed with Andrew Laumie.
 But now alas it was too late,
 for he cannot recal her,
 Thro' life unhappy is his fate,
 because he did controul her.

When Andrew home from Edinburgh came
 with meikle grief and sorrow,
 My love is dead for me to day,
 I'll die for her the morrow,
 Now I will on to Fyvie's den,
 where the burn runs clear and bonny,
 With tears I'll view the briggs of Sheugh
 where I parted last with Annie;

Then will I speed to the church-yary,
 to the green church yard of Fyvie,
 With tears I'll water my love's grave,
 till I follow Tiffie's Annie.
 Ye parents grave, who children have,
 in crushin' them be canny,
 Lest when too late ye do repent,
 remember Tiffie's Annie.

F I N I S.