

Andrew Lammie [Mill o' Tifty's Annie]

At the Mill o' Tif - - ty's lived a
man, In the neigh-bour-hood o' Fy - vie,
For he had a love - - - ly
daught-er fair, An' they ca'ed her bon - ny An - nie

At Mill o' Tifty's lived a man,
In the neighbourhood of Fyvie:
For he had a lovely daughter fair
An' they ca'ed her bonny Annie.

Her bloom was like the springin' flower
That hails the rosy mornin',
And her innocence and graceful mein
Her beauteous face adornin'.

Noo her hair was fair and her eyes were blue,
And her cheeks as red as roses;
And her countenance was fair tae view,
An' they ca'ed her bonny Annie.

Noo Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter
Wha's name was Andra lammie,
And he had the airt for tae gain the hairt
O' the Mill of Tifty's Annie.

Noo her mother cried her tae the door,
Sayin', "Come her to me, my Annie.
Did e'er ye see a prettier man
Than the trumpeter o' Fyvie?"

Oh but naethin' she said, but sighin' sair,
'Twas alas for bonny Annie,
For she durstnae own that her hairt was won
By the trumpeter o' Fyvie.

And at nicht when all went tae their beds,
A' slept fu' soond but Annie;
Love so oppressed her tender breast
And love will waste her body.

"Oh love come in to my bedside,
And love will lie beyond me;
Love so oppressed my tender breast,
And love will waste my body."

"My love I go tae Edinburgh town,
An' for a while main leave thee."
"Oh but I'll be deid afore ye come back
In the green kirkyard o' Fyvie."

So her faither struck her wondrous sore,
An' also did her mother;
And her sisters also took their score,
But woe be tae her brother.

Her brother struck her wondrous sore
Wi' cruel strokes and many,
And he broke her back owre the temple-stane,
Aye, the temple-stane o' Fyvie.

"Oh mother dear, please make my bed,
And lay my face tae Fyvie,
For I will lie and I will die
For my dear Andra Lammie."

Noo when Andra hame fae Edinburgh came
Wi' muckle grief and sorrow:
"My love she died for me last night,
So I'll die for her tomorrow."