

## **John Wesley Harding "Annachie Gordon"**

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Buchan, it's bonny, oh and there lives my love  
My heart it lies on him, it will not remove  
It will not remove for all that I have done  
Oh never will I forget my love annachie  
For annachie gordon, oh he's bonny and he's braw  
He'd entice any woman that ever him saw  
He'd entice any woman and so he has done me  
Oh never will I forget my love annachie

Down came her father, standing on the floor  
Saying jeanie you're trying the tricks of a whore  
You care nothing for a man who cares so very much for  
thee  
You must marry with lord salton and leave young  
annachie  
For annachie gordon he's only but a man  
Although he may be pretty but where are all his lands  
Salton's lands are broad and his towers they stand  
high  
You must marry with lord salton and forget young  
annachie

With annachie gordon oh I'd beg for my bread  
Before that I'd marry salton with gold to my head  
With gold to my head and with gowns fringed to the  
knee  
Oh I'll die if I don't get my love annachie  
And you that are my parents oh to church you may me  
bring

Ah but unto lord salton oh I'll never bear a son  
A son or a daughter oh I'll never bow my knee  
Oh, I'll die if I don't get my love annachie  
[Annachie Gordon lyrics on ]  
When jeanie was married and from church she was  
brought home  
And she and her maidens so merry should have been  
When she and her maidens so merry should have been  
Oh she's gone to a chamber and she's crying all alone

Come to bed now jeanie, oh my honey and my sweet  
For to style you my mistress it would not be meet  
Oh it's mistress or jeanie it's all the same to me

For it's in your bed lord salton I never shall be  
And up and spoke her father and he's spoken with  
renown  
All you who are her maidens won't you loosen off her  
gown  
But she fell down in a swoon, so low down by their  
knees  
Saying look on for I'm dying for my love annachie

The day that jeanie married was the day that jeanie  
died  
That's the day that young annachie come rolling from  
the tide  
And down came her maidens and they're wringing of  
their hands  
Saying woe to you annachie for staying from the sands  
So long from the land and so long upon the flood  
Oh they've married your jeanie and now she is dead

All you that are her maidens won't you take me by the  
hand  
Won't you lead me to the chamber that my love lies in  
And he's kissed her cold lips until his heart turned to  
stone  
And he's died in the chamber where his true love lay in

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