

## **Craig Herbertson** **"Andrew Lammie"**

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By Mill o Tifty there lived a man  
In the neighbourhood o' Fyvie  
He had a lovely daughter fair  
And they called her bonnie Annie

Lord Fyvie had a trumpeter  
Whose name was Andrew Lammie  
And he had the art to gain the heart  
O' Mill o' Tyfty's Annie

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

Her mother cried her to the door  
Come here to me my Annie  
Did ye ever see a prettier man  
Than the trumpeter o' Fyvie

Ah nothing she said but sighed fu sore  
'Twas alas for bonnie Annie  
For she durst not own her heart was won  
By the trumpeter o' Fyvie

But at night when a' goes to beds  
All sleep true sound but Annie  
Love so oppressed her tender breast  
And love will wast her body

The first time me and my love met  
Was in the woods o' Fyvie  
He called me mistress I said no  
I'm Mill o' Tyfty's Annie

My love I go to Edinburgh toon  
And for a while mon leave ye  
O' but I'll be dede afore your return  
In the green kirkyard o' Fyvie

Her father struck her wondrous sore  
And likewise did her mother

Her sisters all so did her scorn  
But woe be to her brother

Her brother struck her wondrous sore  
With cruel strokes and many  
For he broke her back under the temple stein  
The temple stein o' Fyvie

O' mother dear now make my bed  
And lay my face to'erd Fyvie  
For I will lie and I will die  
For love o Andrew Lammie

Her mother she gang make her bed  
And laid her face to'erd Fyvie  
And its there she lay and its there she died  
For Love o Andrew Lammie

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