

Sinead Oconnor

"Anachie Gordon"

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(traditional Scottish song)

[Performed sometimes live at concerts]

Harking is bonny and there lives my love
My heart lies on him and will not remove
It will not remove ohh for all that I have done
Ohh I never will forget me love Anachie
For Anachie Gordon he's bonny and he's rough
He'd entice any woman that ever he saw
He'd entice any woman and so he has done me
O I never will forget me love Anachie

Down came her father and he's standing by the door
Saying Jeannie your trying the tricks of a whore
You care nothing for a man who cares so very much for
thee
You must marry Lord Sultan and leave Anachie
For Anachie Gordon he's barely but a man
Although he may be pretty but where are his lands
O the Sultan's lands are broad and his towers they are
high
You must marry Lord Sultan and leave Anachie

With Anachie Gordon I'd beg for my bread
And before I'll marry Sultan it's gold to my head
With gold to my head and gowns fringed to the knee
And I'll die if I don't get me love Anachie
And you that are my parents to church you may me
bring
But unto Lord Sultan I'll never bear a son
To a son or a daughter I'll never bow my knee
And I'll die if I don't get me love Anachie
Jeannie was married and from church she was brought
home
And when she and her maidens so merry should have
been
When she and her maidens so merry should have been
She went into her chamber, she cried all alone

Come to bed now Jeannie me honey and my sweet
For the style you my mistress it would be so sweet

Being mistress or Jeannie it's all the same to me
But in your bed Lord Sultan I never will lie
And down came her father and he's spoken with
reknown
Saying you that are her maidens go loosen off her
gowns
But she fell down to the floor so close down by his knee
Saying father look I'm dying for me love Anachie

The day Jeannie married was the day that Jeannie died
And the day that young Anachie came home on the tide
And down came her maidens all wringing of their
hands
Saying Lord it's been so long you've spent so long on
the sands
Ohh so long on the sands, o so long upon the flood
They have married your Jeannie and now she lies dead.

You that are her maidens come take me by the hand
And take me to the chamber that me love she lies in
And he's kissed her cold lips 'til his heart has turned to
stone
And he's died in the chamber that his love she lies in.

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