

## **Mckennitt Loreena**

### **"Annachie Gordon"**

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Music and Lyrics Traditional, arr. Loreena McKennitt

Harking is bonny and there lives my love  
My heart lies on him and cannot remove  
It cannot remove for all that I have done  
And I never will forget my love Annachie  
For Annachie Gordon he's bonny and he's bright  
He'd entice any woman that e'er he saw  
He'd entice any woman and so he has done me  
And I never will forget my love Annachie.

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

With Annachie Gordon I beg for my bread  
And before I marry Sultan his gold to my head  
With gold to my head and straight down to my knee  
And I'll die if I don't get my love Annachie  
And you who 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 my love Annachie.

Jeannie was married and from church was brought  
home  
When she and her maidens so merry should have been  
When she and her maidens so merry should have been  
She goes into her chamber and cries all alone.

Come to bed my Jeannie my honey and my sweet  
To stile you my mistress it would be so sweet  
Be it 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 who are her maidens  
Go loosen up her gowns  
And she fell down to the floor  
And straight down to his knee saying  
Father look I'm dying for my love Annachie.

The day that Jeannie married was the day that Jeannie  
died  
And the day that young Annachie came home on the  
tide  
And down came her maidens all wringing of their  
hands  
Saying oh it's been so long? You've been so long on the  
sands  
So long on the sands so long on the flood  
They have married your Jeannie and now she lies dead

You who are her maidens come take me by the hand  
And lead me to the chamber where my love she lies in  
And he kissed her cold lips till his heart it turned to  
stone  
And he died in the chamber where his love she lies in.

L.M.: Vocals, Harp, Keyboards

Mixed by John Whynot at Metal Works, Toronto [sic!]

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