

MILL O' TIFTIE'S ANNIE :

OR,

ANDREW LAMMIE,

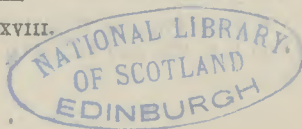
The Trumpeter of Fybie.



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Mill o' Tiftie's Annie.

THE ill-starred loves of *Tiftie's bonnie Annie*, and the *Trumpeter of Fyvie*, have already been made familiar to the reader of Ballad poetry by Mr. Jamieson, who has published in his collection two different sets of this simple but not unpathetic ditty.* Neither of these sets, however, is so complete as the present version, which is a reprint from a stall copy published at Glasgow several years ago, collated with a recited copy, which has furnished one or two verbal improvements.

"The beauty, gallantry, and aimiable qualities of 'Bonny Andrew Lammie,' seem," says Mr. Jamieson, "to have been proverbial wherever he went, and the good old *cummer* in Allan Ramsay, as the best evidence of the power of her own youthful charms, and the best apology for her having *cast a leggen girth hersel*, says,

'I'se warrant ye have a' heard tell
Of bonny Andrew Lammie?
Stiffly in love wi' me he fell,
As soon as e'er he saw me—
That was a day!

"In this instance, as in most others in the same piece, it seems most probable that Allan Ramsay forgot that he was writing of the days of the original author of 'Christis kirk on the Green,' and copied only the manners and traditions of his own times. If a woman, who could boast of having had an intrigue with the *Trumpeter of Fyvie*, was hale and hearty at the time when Allan wrote, we may reasonably suppose poor *Tiftie's Nanny*, to have died sometime about the year 1670." This conjecture, as to the period when

"The fairest Flower was cut down by love,
That e'er sprung up in Fyvie,"

is very near the truth, if the notice contained in the title of the stall copy referred to can be admitted as evidence on the point. It is this:—"Andrew Lammie : or Mill o' Tiftie's Annie. This Tragedy was acted in the year 1674."

* Vide Popular Ballads and Songs. Edinburgh, 1806. Vol. I, p. 129, and vol. II. p. 382.

It has been remarked by Mr. Jamieson that "this ballad is almost entirely without rhymes, as cadence in the measure is all that seems aimed at; and the few instances of rhyme that occur, appear to be rather casual than intentional." Though the present set is not so faulty in this respect as in the copies which came under Mr. Jamieson's observation, it, as well as the others, has another peculiarity deserving attention, namely, the studied recurrence of rhyme in the middle of 1st and 3rd lines of a great many of the stanzas.

It may be stated, that the present set of the ballad agrees with any recited copy which the Editor has hitherto met with in the West Country.

At Mill o' Tiftie liv'd a man,
 In the neighbourhood of Fyvie;
 He had a lovely daughter fair,
 Was called bonnie Annie.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
 That salutes the rosy morning;
 With innocence, and graceful mein,
 Her beauteous form adorning.

Lord Fyvie had a Trumpeter,
 Whose name was Andrew Lammie;
 Who had the art to gain the heart
 Of Mill o' Tiftie's Annie.

Proper he was, both young and gay,
 His like was not in Fyvie;
 No one was there that could compare
 With this same Andrew Lammie.

Lord Fyvie he rode by the door,
 Where lived Tiftie's Annie;
 His Trumpeter rode him before,
 Even this same Andrew Lammie.

Her mother called her to the door,
 "Come here to me my Annie;
 Did you ever see a prettier man
 Than this Trumpeter of Fyvie?"

She sighed sore but said no more,
 Alas ! for bonnie Annie ;
 She durst not own her heart was won
 By the Trumpeter of Fyvie.

At night, when they went to their beds.
 All slept full sound but Annie ;
 Love so opprest her tender breast,
 Thinking on Andrew Lammie.

“ Love comes in at my bed-side,
 And love lies down beyond me :
 Love has possessed my tender breast,
 And love will waste my body.

“ The first time I and my love met,
 Was in the woods of Fyvie ;
 His lovely form and speech so sweet,
 Soon gain'd the heart of Annie.

“ He call'd me mistress, I said, No,
 I'm Tiftie's bonny Annie ;
 With apples sweet he did me treat,
 And kisses soft and many.

“ Its up and down in Tiftie's den,
 Where the burn runs clear and bonny,
 I've often gone to meet my love,
 My bonny Andrew Lammie.”

But now, alas ! her father heard,
 That the Trumpeter of Fyvie,
 Had had the art to gain the heart
 Of Tiftie's bonny Annie.

Her father soon a letter wrote,
 And sent it on to Fyvie,
 To tell his daughter was bewitch'd
 By his servant Andrew Lammie.

When Lord Fyvie had this letter read,
 O dear ! but he was sorry ;
 The bonniest lass in Fyvie's land
 Is bewitched by Andrew Lammie.

Then up the stair his Trumpeter
 He called soon and shortly ;

“ Pray tell me soon, What's this you've done
 To Tiftie's bonny Annie ?”

- “ In wicked art I had no part,
 Nor therein am I canny ;
 True love alone the heart has won,
 Of Tiftie’s bonny Annie.
- “ Woe betide Mill o’ Tiftie’s pride,
 For it has ruin’d many ;
 He’ll no ha’et said that she should wed
 The Trumpeter of Fyvie,
- “ Where will I find a boy so kind,
 That’ll carry a letter canny,
 Who will run on to Tiftie’s town,
 Give it to my love Annie ?”
- “ Here you shall find a boy so kind,
 Who’ll carry a letter canny ;
 Who will run on to Tiftie’s town,
 And gi’e’t to thy love Annie.”
- “ Its Tiftie he has daughters three,
 Who all are wondrous bonny ;
 But ye’ll ken her o’er a’ the lave,
 Gi’e that to bonny Annie.”
- “ Its up and down in Tiftie’s den,
 Where the burn runs clear and bonny ;
 There wilt thou come and meet thy love,
 Thy bonny Andrew Lammie.
- “ When wilt thou come and I’ll attend,
 My love I long to see thee ?”
- “ Thou may’st come to the Bridge of Sleugh,
 And there I’ll come and meet thee.
- “ My love, I go to Edinbro,
 And for a while must leave thee ;”
 She sighed sore, and said no more,
 “ But I wish that I were wi’ thee.”
- “ I’ll buy to thee a bridal gown,
 My love I’ll buy it bonny ;”
- “ But I’ll be dead ere you come back
 To see your bonny Annie.”
- “ If you’ll be true and constant too
 As my name’s Andrew Lammie,
 I shall thee wed when I come back
 To see the lands of Fyvie ”

- " I will be true and constant too,
 To thee my Andrew Lammie,
 But my bridal bed will ere then be made
 In the green churchyard of Fyvie."
- " Our time is gone and now comes on,
 My dear that I must leave thee ;
 If longer here I should appear,
 Mill o' Tiftie he would see me."
- " I now for ever bid adieu,
 To thee my Andrew Lammie ;
 Ere ye come back, I will be laid,
 In the green churchyard of Fyvie."
- He hied him to the head of the house,
 To the eastle top of Fyvie ;
 He blew his trumpet loud and schill,
 'Twas heard at Mill o' Tiftie.
- Her father loek'd the door at night,
 Laid by the keys fu' canny ;
 And when he heard the trumpet sound,
 Said, " Your cow is lowing, Annie."
- " My father dear, I pray forbear,
 And reproach no more your Annie ;
 For I'd rather hear that cow to lowe,
 Than ha'e a' the kine in Fyvie.
- " I would not for my braw new gown,
 And a' your gifts so many ;
 That it were told in Fyvie's land,
 How cruel you are to Annie.
- " But if ye strike me I will cry,
 And gentlemen will hear me ;
 Lord Fyvie will be riding by,
 And he'll come in and see me."
- At the same time, tho Lord came in,
 He said, " What ails thee, Annie ?"
- " 'Tis all for love now I must die,
 For bonny Andrew Lammie."
- " Pray Mill o' Tiftie, gi'e consent,
 And let your daughter marry."
- " It will be with some higher match
 Than the Trumpeter of of Fyvie."

“ If she were come of as high a kind,
 As she's adorned with beauty ;
 I would take her unto myself,
 And make her mine own lady.”

“ Its Fyvie's lands are fair and wide.
 And they are rich and bonny ;
 I would not leave my own true love
 For all the lands of Fyvie.”

Her father struck her wondrous sore,
 As also did her mother ;
 Her sisters always did her scorn ;
 But woe be to her brother.

Her brother struck her wondrous sore,
 With eruel strokes and many ;
 He brake her back in the hall door,
 For liking Andrew Lammie

“ Alas ! my father and mother dear,
 Why so eruel to your Annie ?
 My heart was broken first by love,
 My brother bas broken my body.”

“ O mother dear, make ye my bed,
 And lay my faee to Fyvie ;
 Thus will I lie, and thus will die,
 For my love Andrew Lammie !

“ Ye neighbours hear, both far and near,
 Ye pity Tiftie's Annie,
 Who dies for love of one poor lad,
 For bonny Andrew Lammie.

“ No kind of vice e'er stain'd my life,
 Nor hurt my virgin honour ;
 My youthful heart was won by love,
 But death will me exoner.”

Her mother then she made her bed,
 And laid her face to Fyvie ;
 Her tender heart it soon did break,
 And ne'er saw Andrew Lammie.

But the word soon went up and down,
 Through all the lands of Fyvie,
 That she was dead and buried,
 Even Tiftie,s bonny Annie.

Lord Fyvie he did wring his hands,
 Said, " Alas! for Tiftie's Annie;
 The fairest Flower's cut down by love,
 That e'er sprung up in Fyvie

" O woe betide Mill o' Tiftie's pride,
 He might have let them marry;
 I should have given them both to live
 Into the lands of Fyvie "

Her father sorely now laments
 The loss of his dear Annie;
 And wishes he had gi'en consent
 To wed with Andrew Lammie.

Her mother grieves both air and late,
 Her sisters 'cause they scorn'd her;
 Surely her brother doth mourn and grieve
 For the cruel usage he'd giv'n her.

But now, alas! it was too late,
 For they could not recall her;
 Through life, unhappy is their fate,
 Because they did controul her.

When Andrew hame from Edinburgh came,
 With meikle grief and sorrow;
 " My love has died for me to-day,
 I'll die for her to-morrow.

" Now I will on to Tiftie's den,
 Where the burn runs clear and bonny;
 With tears I'll view the bridge of Sleugh,*
 Where I parted last with Annie.

" Then will I speed to the churchyard,
 To the green churchyard of Fyvie:
 With tears I'll water my love's grave,
 Till I follow Tiftie's Annie."

Ye parents grave, who children have,
 In crushing them be canny;
 Least when too late you do repent—
 Remember Tiftie's Annie.

* In one printed copy, this is "Sheugh," and in a recited copy, it was called "Skew;" which is the right reading, the editor, from his ignorance of the topography of the lands of Fyvie, is unable to say. It is a received superstition in Scotland that, when friends or lovers part at a bridge, they shall never meet again.