

Tifty's Annie

Child 233 / Greig-Duncan 1018

A very popular ballad in North East Scotland where it comes from. It tells of an ill-fated love affair between Agnes Smith (Annie) and Andrew Lambe (Lammie). Tom has distilled his version from the much longer ballad.

At Mill o Tifty lived a man
In the neighbourhood o Fyvie
He hid a lovely dauchter fair
And they ca'ed her bonny Annie

Lord Fyvie he rade by the door
Faar dwelt sweet Tifty's Annie
His trumpeter rode him afore
And his name Andrew Lammie

Her mither ca'ed her tae the door
Come here tae me, my Annie
Did ye iver see a bonnier man
Than the trumpeter o Fyvie?

That nicht fan they gaed tae their beds
They aa slept soond but Annie
For love sair oppresst her tender breast
Wi her thoughts o Andrew Lammie

The first time that this couple met
It was in the wids o Fyvie
And his handsome face and flatterin tongue
Seen won the hairt o Annie

Then It's up and doon in Tifty's den
Faar the burn rins clear and bonny
She his often gane tae meet her love
Her handsome Andrew Lammie

But faan her faither got tae ken
That the trumpeter o Fyvie
Had used his airt tae win the hairt
Oh his dauchter bonny Annie

A letter he did quickly write
And sent it tae Lord Fyvie
It said that Annie wis bewitched
By his servant, Andrew Lammie

Faan Fyvie hid the letter read
He ca'ed for Andrew Lammie
Pray tell me fit is this ye've daen
Tae Tifty's bonny Annie

O waes be tae auld Tifty's pride
For it his ruined muny
He'll nae hae't said that she wid wed
Wi a trumpeter fae Fyvie

In wicked airt I've played nae pairt
Nor thought tae injure ony
It's honest love that won the hairt
Of Tifty's bonnie Annie

But tae Edinburgh he wis sent
Tae brak his tie wi Annie
For they thought that she wid seen forget
Her love for Andrew Lammie

The next time that Lord Fyvie passed
He caught a sicht o Annie
An said "If ye came o higher kin
I wid maak ye my ain lady"

Say's she, "yer lands are far and wide
And they are wonderous bonny
But I wildnae leave my ain true-love
For aa the lands o Fyvie"

Then her faither struck her wonderous sair
And also did her mither
Her sisters baith they did her scorn
But waes be tae her brither

For he his struck her wonderous sair
Wi cruel strokes and muny
And he's broke her back across a stane
Jist for lovin Andrew Lammie

O mither will ye maak my bed
And lay my face tae Fyvie
For it's there I'll lie until I die
For the love o Andrew Lammie

Faan Lord Fyvie heard he cried aloud
Alas for Tifty's Annie
The fairest flower's cut doon by love
That iver grew in Fyvie

aa = all
ain = own
airt = art (in this context, the art of witchcraft)
ca'ed = called
dauchter = daughter
faan = when
faar = where
fit = what
hairt = heart
he'll nae hae't said = he will not have it said
hid = had
ken = know
maak = make
muny = many
seen = soon
sicht = sight
stane = stone
wid = would
wids = woods
wis = was