

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Annachie Gordon

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Buchan is bonnie and there lives my love
My heart it lies on him, it will not remove
It will not remove for all that I have done
O never will I forget my love, Annachie
For Annachie Gordon, he's Bonnie and he's braw
He'd entice any woman that ever him saw
He'd entice any woman, and so he has done me
O never will I forget my love, Annachie

Down came her father and he's standing on the floor
Saying, Jeannie, you're trying the tricks of a whore
You care nothing for a man who cares so very much for thee
You must marry with Lord Saltoun and leave young Annachie
For Annachie Gordon, he's only but a man
And although he may be pretty, but where are all his lands
Saltoun's lands are broad and his towers they stand high
You must marry with Lord Saltoun and forget young Annachie

With Annachie Gordon, I'd beg for my bread
Before that I'd marry Saltoun with gold to my head
With gold to my head and gowns fringed to the knee
O I'll die if I don't get my love, Annachie
And you who are my parents to the church you may me bring
But unto Lord Saltoun, I'll never bear a son
O a son or a daughter, I'll never bow my knee
I'll die if I don't get my love, Annachie

When Jeannie was married and from the church she was brought home
And she and her maidens so merry should have been
When she and her maidens so merry should have been
O she's gone to her chamber and she's crying all alone
Come to bed now Jeannie, my honey and my sweet
For to style you my mistress, it would not be meet
O, it's Mistress or Jeannie, it's all the same to me
For it's in your bed, Lord Saltoun, I never shall be

And up and spoke her father and he's spoken with renowned
All you who are her maidens, won't you loosen off her gown
But she fell down in a swoon, o so low down by their knees
Saying, Look on, for I'm dying for my love, Annachie
The day that Jeannie married was the day that Jeannie died
That's the day that young Annachie came rolling home from the tide
And down came her maidens and they're wringing of their hands
Saying, woe to you Annachie, for staying from the sands

So long from the land and so long upon the flood
O they've married your Jeannie and now she is dead
All you that were her maidens, won't you take me by the hand
And won't you lead me to the chamber that my love lies in
And he kissed her cold lips until his heart turned to stone
And he's died in the chamber where his true love lay in

Child #239

recorded by Cindy Mangsen and Nic Jones on Noah's Arc Trap
SOF