

Trumpeter of Fyvie

(alternate:)

(alternate:)

(alternate:)

Trumpeter of Fyvie

At Fyvie's gates, there grows a flower
It grows both broad and bonnie
A daisy in the midst of it
It's name is Andrew Lammie

O gin that flower were in my breast
For the love I bear the laddie
So blithe and merry I would be
And kiss my Andrew Lammie

Love, I must go to Edinburgh
Love, I must go and leave thee
She sighed full sore and said no more
But o gin I were with ye

I shall be true and trusty too
As I am Tiftie's Annie
That I'll kiss neither lad nor loon
Till you return to Fyvie

I will buy you a wedding gown
My love, I'll buy it bonnie
But I'll be dead ere you come back
My bonny Andrew Lammie

I will buy you brave bridal shoes
My love, I'll buy them bonny:
But my bridal bed ere then will be made
In the green churchyard of Fyvie

Love dwine away, love pines away
And love decays my body
And love crept in at my bed-foot
And took possession of me

Her father beat her cruelly

So also did her mother
Her sister sore did scoff at her
But woe be to her brother

Her brother struck her wondrous sore
Till his strokes they were not canny
And he broke her back in yon hall-door
For liking Andrew Lammie

O make my bed and lay me down
And turn my face to Fyvie
It's there I'll lie until I die
For loving Andrew Lammie

Syne he's come back from Edinburgh
To the bonny house of Fyvie
And aye his face to the north-east
To look for Tiftie's Annie

I have a love in Edinburgh
So have I into Leith, man
I have a love into Montrose
So have I in Dalkeith, man

And east and west where'er I go
My love she's always with me
For east and west where'er I go
My love she dwells in Fyvie

O Andrew's gone to the house-top
Of the bonny house of Fyvie
He's blown his horn both loud and shrill
O'er the lowland leas of Fyvie

It's many a time I have walked all night
And never yet was weary
But now it's I must walk alone
For I'll never see my deary

Child #233
words from Sedley, Seeds of Love